THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

Written by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY Arnold KNIGHT. Comaud

Now the seuenth time publiſhed, *with ſome new Additions.*

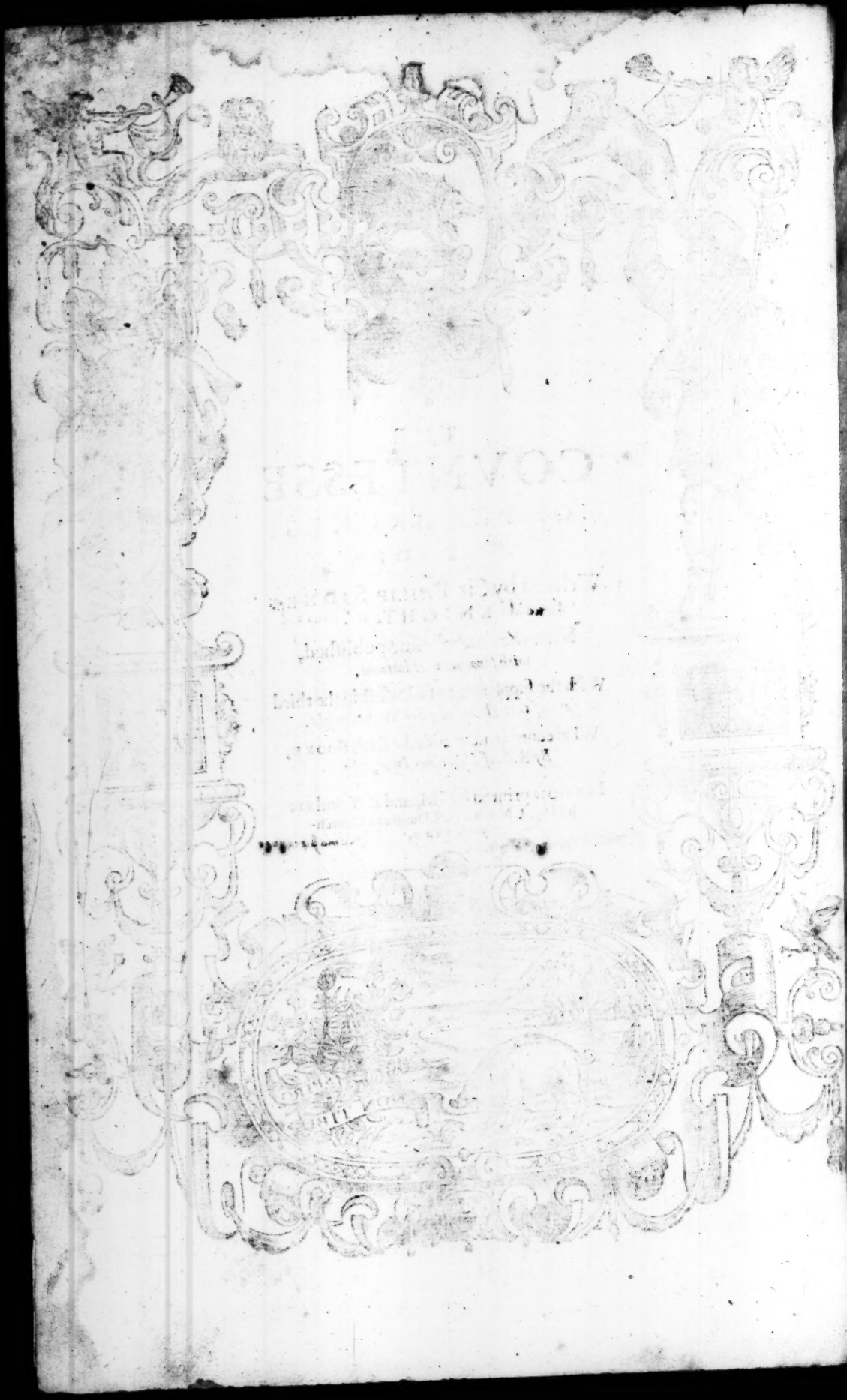
With the ſupplement of a Defect in the third *part of this Hiſtory, by Sir* W.A. *Knight.*

Whereunto is now added a ſixth BOOKE, *By* R.B. *of Lincolnes Inne, Eſq.*

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Nemo [illegible] A





TO MY DEARE LADY AND SISTER, THE COVNTESSE OF Pembroke.

HEre now haue you (moſt deare, and moſt worthy to bee moſt deare Ladie) this idle worke of mine: which I feare (like the Spiders web) will be thought fitter to bee ſwept away, then worne to any other purpoſe. For my part, in very truth (as the cruell Fathers among the Greekes were wont to doe to the babes they would not foſter) I could well find in my heart, to caſt out in ſome Deſert of forgetfulneſſe this child, which I am loth to father. But you deſired me to doe it, and your deſire, to my heart is an abſolute commandement. Now, it is done onely for you, onely to you: if you keepe it to your ſelfe, or to ſuch friends, who will weigh errors in the balance of good will, I hope, for the fathers ſake, it will bee pardoned, perchance made much of, though in it ſelfe it haue deformities. For indeede,

deede, for ſeuerer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your deare ſelfe can beſt witneſſe the manner, being done in looſe ſheetes of Paper, moſt of it in your preſence, the reſt, by ſheetes, ſent vnto you, as faſt as they were done. In ſumme, a young head, not ſo well ſtaied as I would it were (and ſhall bee when God will) hauing many many fancies begotten in it, if it had not beene in ſome way deliuered, would haue growne a monſter, and more ſorrie might I be that they came in, then that they gat out. But his chiefe ſafetie, ſhall be the not walking abroad; and his chiefe protection, the bearing the liuerie of your name, which (if much good will doe not deceiue me) is worthy to bee a ſanctuarie for a greater offendor. This ſay I, becauſe I know the vertue ſo; and this ſay I, becauſe it may be euer ſo, or to ſay better, becauſe it will be euer ſo. Reade it then at your idle times, and the follies your good iudgement will find in it, blame not, but laugh at. And ſo, looking for no better ſtuffe, then, as in a Haberdaſhers ſhop, Glaſſes, or Feathers, you will continue to loue the writer, who doth exceedingly loue you, and moſt moſt heartily prayes you may long liue, to bee a principall ornament to the family of the *Sidneis*.

Your louing Brother,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

To The Reader.

THe disfigured face, Gentle Reader, wherewith this Worke not long since appeared to the common view, moued that noble Lady, to whose Honour consecrated, to whose protection it was committed, to take in hand the wiping away those spots wherwith the beauties thereof were vnworthyly blemished. But as often repairing a ruinous house, the mending of some old part occasioneth the making of some new: so here her honourable labour begun in correcting the faults, ended in supplying the defects; by the view of what was ill done, guided to the consideration of what was not done. Which part with what aduice entred into, with what accesse it had beene passed through, most by her doing, all by her directing, if they may be entreated not to define, which are vnfurnisht of meanes to discerne, the rest (it is hoped) will fauourably censure. But this they shall, for their better satisfaction, vnderstand, that though they find not here what might be expected, they may find neuertheless as much as was intended, the conclusion, not the perfection of Arcadia: and that no further then the Authors owne writings, or knowne determinations could direct. Whereof who sees not the reason, must consider there may be reason which he sees not. Albeit I dare affirme he either sees, or from wiser iudgements then his owne may heare, that Sir Philip Sidneies writings can no more be perfected

perfected without Sir Philip Sidneie, *then* APELLES *pictures without* APELLES. *There are that thinke the contrarie: and no wonder. Neuer was* Arcadia *free from the comber of such* Cattell. *To vs, say they, the pastures are not pleasant: and as for the flowers, such as we light on wee take no delight in, but the greater part grow not within our reach. Poore soules! what talke they of flowers? They are Roses, not flowers, must doe them good, which if they find not here, they shall doe well to feede elsewhere: Any place will better like them: For without* Arcadia *nothing growes in more plentie, then* Lettuce *sutable to their* Lippes. *If it bee true that likenesse is a great cause of liking, and that contraries inferre contrarie consequences; then is it true, that the worthlesse Reader can neuer worthyly esteeme of so worthy a writing: and as true, that the noble, the wise, the vertuous, the curteous, as many as haue had any acquaintance with true learning and knowledge, will with all loue and deareneſſe entertaine it, aswell for affinitie with themselues, as being childe to such a father. Whom albeit it do not exactly and in euery lineament represent; yet considering the fathers vntimely death preuented the timely birth of the childe, it may happily seeme a thank-worthy labour, that the defects being so few, so small, and in no principall part, yet the greatest vnlikenesse is rather in defect then in deformitie. But howsoeuer it is, it is now by more then one interest,* The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia: *done as it was, for her; as it is, by her. Neither shall these paines be the last (if no vnexpected accident cut off her determination) which the euerlasting loue of her excellent brother, will make her consecrate to his memorie.*

H. S.

THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA, WRITTEN By Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

IT was in the time that the earth begins to put on her new apparell against the approach of her louer, and that the Sunne running a most euen course, becomes an indifferent arbiter betweene the night and the day; when the hopelesse Shepheard *Strephon* was come to the sands, which lye against the Iland of Cithera where viewing the place with a heauie kind of delight, and sometimes casting his eyes to the Isleward, he called his friendly riuall, the pastor *Claius* vnto him, & setting first down in his darkned countenance a doleful copy of what he would speake: O my *Claius*, said he, hither we are now come to pay the rent, for which weare so called vnto by ouerbusie Remēbrance, Remēbrāce, restlesse Remembrance, which claymes not onely this duetie of vs, but for it will haue vs forget our selues. I pray you when we were amid our flock, & that of other shepheards some were running after their sheepe strayed beyond their bounds, some delighting their eies with seeing thē nibble vpon the shore & sweet grass, some medicining their sicke ewes, some setting a bell for an ensigne of a sheepish squadron, some with more leisure inuenting new games of exercising their bodies, and sporting their wits: did Remembrance graunt vs any holiday, either for pastime or deuotion, nay either for necessarie food or naturall rest? but that still it forced our thoughts to worke vpon this place, where we last (alas that the word last should so long last) did grace our eyes vpon her euer flourishing beautie did: it not still crie within vs? Ah you base minded wretches, are your thoughts so deepely bemyred in the trade of ordinarie worldlings, as for respect of gaine some paultrie wooll may yeeld you, to let so much time passe without knowing perfectly her estate, especially in so troublesome a season? to leaue that shore vnsaluted from whence you may see to the Iland where she dwelleth to leaue those steps vnkissed wherein *Vrania* printed the farewell of all beautie? Well then, Remembrance commanded, we obeyed, and here we find, that as our remembrance came euer cloathed vnto vs in the form of this place, so this place giues new heat to the feauer of our languishing remēbrance. Yonder my *Claius*, *Vrania* lighted the very horse (me thought) bewailed, to be so disburdned: & as for thee, poor *Claius* when thou wentst to help her down, I saw reuerēce & desire so deuide thee, that thou didst at one instant both blush & quake, & in steed of bearing her, wert readie to fall

down thy ſelfe. There ſhe ſate, vouchſafing my cloake (then moſt gorgeous) vnder her: at yonder riſing of the ground ſhe turned her ſelfe, looking backe toward her woonted abode, and becauſe of her parting, bearing much ſorrow in her eyes, the light ſomneſſe whereof had yet ſo naturall a cheerefulneſſe, as it made euen ſorrow ſeeme to ſmile; at that turning ſhee ſpake to vs all, opening the cherrie of her lips, and Lord how greedily mine eares did feed vpon the ſweet words ſhe vttered? And here ſhe laide her hand ouer thine eyes, when ſhe ſaw the teares ſpringing in them, as if ſhe would conceale them from other, and yet her ſelfe feele ſome of thy ſorrow: But woo is me yonder, yonder, did ſhee put her foote into the boate, at that inſtant, as it were diuiding her heauenly beautie, betweene the earth and the ſea. But when ſhe was imbarked, did you not marke how the windes whiſtled, and the ſeas daunc't for ioy? how the ſailes did ſwell with pride, and all becauſe they had *Vrania?* O *Vrania*, bleſſed be thou *Vrania*, the ſweeteſt fairneſſe, and faireſt ſweetneſſe: with that word his voice brake ſo with ſobbing, that he could ſay no further; and *Claius* thus anſwered, Alas my *Strephon* (ſaid hee) what needes this skore to recken vp onely our loſſes? What doubt is there, but that the ſight of this place doth call our thoughts to appeare at the court of affection, held by that racking ſteward, Remembrance? Aſwell may ſheepe forget to feare when they ſpie Wolues, as we can miſſe ſuch fancies, when we ſee any place made happie by her treading. Who can chooſe that ſaw her, but thinke where ſhe ſtayed, where ſhe walkt, where ſhe turned, where ſhe ſpoke? But what is all this? truely no more, but as this place ſerued vs to thinke of thoſe things, ſo thoſe things ſerue as places to call to memorie more excellent matters. No, no, let vs thinke with conſideration, and conſider with ackowledging, and acknowledge with admiration, & admire with loue, and loue with ioy in the midſt of all woes: let vs in ſuch ſort thinke, I ſay, that our poore eyes were ſo inriched as to behold, and our low hearts ſo exalted as to loue a maide, who is ſuch, that as the greateſt thing the world can ſhew, is her beautie, ſo the leaſt thing that may be praiſed in her, is her beautie. Certainly as her eye-lids are more pleaſant to behold, then two white kiddes climbing vp a faire tree, and browſing on his tendreſt branches, and yet are nothing, compared to the day-ſhining ſtarres contained in them; and as her breath is more ſweet then a gentle South-weſt wind, which comes creeping ouer flowrie fields and ſhadowed waters in the extreame heate of Summer and yet is nothing, compared to the honey flowing ſpeech that breath doth carrie: no more all that our eyes can ſee of her (though when they haue ſeene her, what elſe they ſhall euer ſee is but drie ſtubble after clouers graſſe) is to bee matched with the flocke of vnſpeakeable vertues, laid vp delightfully in that beſt builded fold. But indeed, as wee can better conſider the ſunnes beautie, by marking how he guildes theſe waters and mountaines, then by looking vpon his owne face, too glorious for our weake eyes: ſo it may be our conceits (not able to beare her ſun-ſtaining excellencie) will better way it by her workes vpon ſome meaner ſubiect employed. And alas, who can better witneſſe that then we, whoſe experience is grounded vpon feeling? hath not the only loue of her made vs (being ſilly ignorant ſhepheards) raiſe vp our thoughts aboue the ordinarie leuell of the world, ſo as great clerkes doe not diſdaine our conference? hath not the deſire to ſeeme worthy in her eyes, made vs when others were ſleeping, to ſit viewing the courſe of heauens? when others were running at baſe, to run ouer learned writings? when others marke their ſheepe, we to marke our ſelues? hath not ſhe throwne reaſon vpon our deſires, and, as it were giuen eyes vnto *Cupid*? hath in any, but in her, loue-fellowſhip maintayned

friendſhip

friendſhip betweene riuals, & beautie taught the beholders chaſtitie? He was going on with his prayſes, but *Strephon* bad him ſtay, and looke: and ſo they both perceiued a thing which floated drawing neerer and neerer to the banke; but rather by the fauourable working of the ſea, then by any ſelfe induſtry, They doubted a while what it ſhould be; till it was caſt vp euen hard before them: at which time they fully ſaw that it was a man. Whereupon running for pitie ſake vnto him, they found his hands (as it ſhould appeare, conſtanter friends to his life, than his memorie) faſt griping vpon the edge of a ſquare ſmall coffer, which lay all vnder his breſt: elſe in himſelfe no ſhew of life, ſo as the boord ſeemed to be but a Beere to carrie him a land to his Sepulcher. So drew they vp a young man of ſo goodly ſhape, & well pleaſing ſauour, that one would thinke death had in him a louely countenance; and, that though he were naked, nakednesſe was to him an apparell. That ſight increaſed their compaſſion, and their compaſſion called vp their care; ſo that lifting his feete aboue his head, making a great deale of ſalt water come out of his mouth they laid him vpon ſome of their garments, and fell to rub and chafe him, till they brought him to recouer both breath the ſeruant, and warmth the companion of liuing. At length opening his eyes, he gaue a great groan, (a dolefull note but a pleaſant dittie) for by that, they found not only life, but ſtrength of life in him. They therefore continued on their charitable office, vntill (his ſpirits being well returned,) he (without ſo much as thanking them for their paines) gate vp, and looking round about to the vttermoſt limits of his ſight, and crying vpon the name of *Pyrocles*, nor ſeeing nor hearing cauſe of comfort, what (ſaid he) and ſhall *Muſidorus* liue after *Pirocles* deſtruction? there withall he offered wilfully to caſt himſelfe againe into the *Sea*: a ſtrange ſight to the ſhepheards, to whom it ſeemed, that before being in apparance dead, had yet ſaued his life. and now comming to his life, ſhould be a cauſe to procure his death; but they ranne vnto him, and pulling him backe (then too feeble for them) by force ſtickled that vnnaturall fray. I pray you (ſaid he) honeſt men, what ſuch right haue you in me. as not to ſuffer me to do with my ſelfe what I liſt? and what pollicie haue you to beſtow a benefit where it is counted an iniurie? They hearing him ſpeake in Greeke (which was their naturall language) became the more tender hearted towards him; and conſidering by his calling, and looking that the loſſe of ſome deare friend was great cauſe of his ſorrow; told him they were poore men that were bound by courſe of humanitie to preuent ſo great a miſchiefe, and that they wiſht him, if opinion of ſome bodies periſhing bred ſuch deſperate anguiſh in him, that he ſhould be comforted by his owne proofe, who had lately eſcaped as apparant danger as any might be. No, no (ſaid he) it is not for me to attend ſo high a bliſſefulneſſe: but ſince you take care of me, I pray you finde meanes that ſome Barke may be prouided, that will go out of the Hauen, that if it be poſſible we may finde the body ſafe, farre too precious food for fiſhes: and for the hire (ſaid he I haue with in this caſket, of value ſufficient to content them. *Claius* preſently went to a Fiſherman, and hauing agreed with him, and prouided ſome apparell for the naked ſtranger, he imbarked, & the ſhepheards with him: and were no ſooner gone beyond the mouth of the hauen, but that ſome way into the Sea they might diſcerne (as it were (a ſtaine of the waters colour, & by times ſome ſparks & ſmoke mounting thereout. But the young man no ſooner ſaw it, but that beating his breaſt, he cried, that there was the beginning of his ruine, intreating them to bend their courſe as neere vnto it as they could; telling, how that ſmoke was but a ſmall relique of a great fire, which had driuen both him & his friend rather to commit themſelues to the cold mercie of the

Sea, than to abide the hot crueltie of the fire: and that therefore though they both had abandoned the ſhip, that he was (if any where) in that courſe to be met withall. They ſteared therefore as neere thither-ward as they could: but when they came ſo neere as their eyes were full maſters of the obiect, they ſaw a ſight full of piteous ſtrangeneſſe: a ſhip, or rather the carkaſſe of the ſhip, or rather ſome few bones of the carkaſſe, hulling there, part broken, part burned, part drowned: death hauing vſed more than one dart to that deſtructiō. About it floted great ſtore of verie rich things, and many cheſts which might promiſe no leſſe. And amidſt the precious things were a number of dead bodies, which likewiſe did not onely teſtifie both elements violence, but that the chiefe violence was growne of humane inhumanitie: for their bodies were full of griſly wounds, and their blood had (as it were) filled the wrinkles of the Seas viſage: which it ſeemed the Sea would not waſh away, that it might witneſſe it is not alwaies his fault, when we condemne his cruelty. In ſumme, a defeate, where the conquered kept both field and ſpoile: a ſhipwrack without ſtorme or ill footing: and a waſt of fire in the midſt of the water.

But a little way off they ſaw the maſt, whoſe proud height now lay a long; like a widdow hauing loſt her make of whom ſhe held her honour: but vpon the maſt they ſaw a young man (at leaſt if he were a man) bearing ſhew of about eighteene yeares of age, who ſate (as on horſebacke) hauing nothing vpon him but his ſhirt, which being wrought with blew ſilke & gold, had a kind of reſemblance to the Sea: on which the Sunne (then neere his Weſterne home) did ſhoote ſome of his beames. His haire (which the young man of Greece vſed to weare verie long) was ſtirred vp & downe with the wind, which ſeemed to haue a ſport to play with it, as the Sea had to kiſſe his feete; himſelfe full of admirable beautie, ſet foorth by the ſtrangeneſſe both of his ſeat and geſture: for, holding his head vp full of vnmoued maieſtie, he held a ſword aloft with his faire arme, which often he waued about his crowne, as though he would threaten the world in that extremitie. But the fiſhermen, when they came ſo neere him, that it was time to throwe out a rope, by which hold they might draw him, their ſimplicitie bred ſuch amaſement, and their amaſement ſuch ſuperſtition, that (aſſuredly thinking it was ſome God begotten betweene *Neptune* and *Venus*, that had made all this terrible ſlaughter) as they went vnder ſaile by him, held vp their hands and made their prayers. Which when *Muſidorus* ſaw, though he were almoſt as much raviſhed with ioy, as they with aſtoniſhment, he leapt to the Mariner, and tooke the cord out of his hand and (ſaying, doeſt thou liue, and art well? who anſwered, thou canſt tell beſt, ſince moſt of my well being ſtands in thee,) threw it out, but alreadie the ſhip was paſt beyond *Pirocles*: and therefore *Muſidorus* could doe no more but perſwade the Mariners to caſt about againe, aſſuring them that he was but a man, although of moſt diuine excellencies, and promiſing great rewards for their paine.

And now they were alreadie come vpon the ſtayes; when one of the ſailers deſcried a Galley which came with ſailes and oares directly in the chaſe of them; and ſtreight perceiued it was a well knowen Pirate, who hunted not onely for goods but for bodies of men, which he employed either to be his Galley ſlaues, or to ſell at the beſt market. Which when the Maſter vnderſtood, he commaunded forth with to ſet on all the canuaſſe they could, and flie homeward, leauing in that ſort poore *Pyrocles* ſo neere to be reſcued. But what did not *Muſidorus* ſay? what did he not offer to perſwade them to venture the fight? But feare ſtanding at the gates of their eares, put backe all perſwaſions: ſo that he had nothing wherewith to accompanie

Pyrocles,

Pyrocles, but his eyes, not to succour him, but his wishes. Therefore praying for him, and casting a long looke that way, he saw the Galley leaue the pursuite of them, and turne to take vp the spoiles of the other wracke: and lastly he might well see them lift vp the yong man; and alas (said he to himselfe) deare *Pyrocles*, shall that bodie of thine be enchained? shall those victorious hands of thine be commanded to base offices? shall vertue become a slaue to those that be slaues to viciousnes? Alas, better had it bin thou hadst ended nobly thy noble dayes: what death is so euill as vnworthy seruitude? But that opinion soone ceased, when he saw the Galley setting vpon another ship, which held long and strong fight with her: for then he began a fresh to feare the life of his friend, and to wish well to the Pyrates whom before he hated, least in their ruine he might perish. But the fisherman made such speed into the hauen, that they absented his eyes from beholding the issue: where being entred, he could procure neither them, nor any other as then to put themselues into the sea: so that being as full of sorrow for being vnable to doe any thing, as void of councell how to do any thing, besides, that sickenes grew somthing vpon him, the honest shepheards *Strephon* and *Claius* (who being themselues true friends, did the more perfectly iudge the iustnesse of his sorrow) aduise him, that he should mitigate somwhat of his woe, since he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from assured perswasion of his death, to haue no cause to despaire of his life: as one that had lamented the death of his sheepe, should after know they were but strayed, would receiue pleasure though readily he knew not where to finde them.

Now sir (said they) thus for our selues it is; We are in profession but shepheards, and in this countrie of Laconia little better then strangers, and therefore neyther in skill, nor abilitie of power greatly to stead you. But what we can present vnto you is this: Arcadia, of which country wee are, is but a little way hence; and euen vpon the next confines there dwelleth a Gentleman, by name *Kalander*, who vouchsafeth much fauour vnto vs: A man who for his hospitalitie is so much haunted, that no newes stirre, but come to his eares; for his vpright dealing so beloued of his neighbours, that he hath many euer readie to doe him their vttermost seruice, and by the great good will our Prince beares him, may soone obtaine the vse of his name and credite, which hath a principall sway, not onely in his owne Arcadia, but in all these countries of *Peloponnesus*: and (which is worth all) all these things giue him not so much power, as his nature giues him will to benefit: so that it seemes no Musicke is so sweet to his eare as deserued thanks. To him we will bring you, & there you may recouer againe your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent search for your friend: and therefore you must labour for it. Besides, wee are sure the comfort of curtesie, and ease of wise counsell shall not be wanting.

Musidorus (who besides he was meerly vnacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow) gaue easie consent to that, from which hee saw no reason to disagree: and therefore (defraying the Mariners with a ring bestowed vpon them) they tooke their iourney together through Laconia; *Claius* and *Strephon* by course carrying his chest for him, *Musidorus* only bearing in his countenance euident markes of a sorrowfull mind supported with a weake bodie, which they perceiuing and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not at the first to be striuen withall: (being like a mightie beast, sooner tamed with following, than ouerthrowne by withstanding) they gaue way vnto it for that day and the next; neuer troubling him, either with asking questions or finding fault with his melancholy, but rather fitting to his dolor dolorous discourses of their owne and other folks misfortune. Which

ſpeeches, though they had not a liuely entrance to his ſences ſhut vp in ſorrow, yet like one halfe aſleepe he tooke hold of much of the matters ſpoken vnto him, ſo as a man may ſay, ere ſorrow was aware, they made his thoughts beare away ſomthing elſe beſide his own ſorrow, which wrought ſo in him, that at length he grew content to marke their ſpeeches, then to maruell at ſuch wit in ſhepheards, after to like their companie, & laſtly to vouchſafe conference: ſo that the third day after, in the time that the morning did ſtrow roſes and violets in the heauenly floore againſt the comming of the Sunne, the Nightingales (ſtriuing one with the other which could in moſt daintie varietie recount their wrong cauſed ſorrow) made them put off their ſleepe, and riſing from vnder a tree (which that night had bin their pauillion) they went on their iourney, which by and by welcomed *Muſidorus* eies (wearied with the waſted ſoile of Laconia) with delightfull proſpects. There were hills which garniſhed their proud heights with ſtately trees: humble vallies, whoſe baſe eſtate ſeemed comforted with the refreſhing of ſiluer riuers: medowes, enamelled with all ſorts of eye-pleaſing flowers; thickets, which being lined with moſt pleaſant ſhade were witneſſed ſo too, by the cheerfull diſpoſition of many well-tuned birds: each paſture ſtored with ſheep feeding with ſober ſecuritie, while the prettie lambes with bleating oratorie craued the dammes comfort: here a ſhepheards boy piping, as though he ſhould neuer be old: there a young ſhepheardeſſe knitting, and withall ſinging, and it ſeemed that her voice comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voice muſick. As for the houſes of the countrey (for many houſes came vnder their eye) they were all ſcattered, no two being one by th'other, and yet not ſo farre off as that it barred mutuall ſuccor: a ſhew, as it were, of an accompanable ſolitarineſſe, and of a ciuill wildenes. I pray you (ſaid *Muſidorus*, then firſt vnſealing his long ſilent lips) what countries be theſe wee paſſe through, which are ſo diuers in ſhew, the one wanting no ſtore, the other hauing no ſtore but of want.

The country (anſwered *Claius*) where you were caſt a ſhore, and now are paſt through, is Laconia, not ſo poore by the barrennes of the ſoile (though in it ſelfe not paſſing fertill) as by a ciuill warre, which being theſe two yeares within the bowells of that eſtate, betweene the gentlemen and the peaſants (by them named *Helots*) hath in this ſort as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it ſo vnhoſpitall as now you haue found it: the townes neither of the one ſide nor the other, willingly opening their gates to ſtrangers, nor ſtrangers willingly entring for feare of being miſtaken.

But this country (where now you ſet your foot) is Arcadia: and euen hard by is the houſe of *Kalander* whither we lead you: this country being thus decked with peace, & (the child of peace) good husbandry. Theſe houſes you ſee ſo ſcattered are of mē, as we two are, that liue vpon the commoditie of their ſheepe: and therefore in the diuiſion of the Arcadiā eſtate are termed ſhepheards; a happy people, wanting little becauſe they deſire not much. What cauſe then ſaid *Muſidorus*, made you venter to leaue this ſweet life, and put your ſelfe in yonder vnpleaſant & dangerous realme? Guarded with pouertie (anſwered *Strephon*) and guided with loue. But now (ſaid *Claius*) ſince it hath pleaſed you to aske any thing of vs whoſe baſenes is ſuch as the very knowledge is darkeneſſe: giue vs leaue to know ſomething of you, and of the yong man you ſo much lament, that at leaſt wee may be the better inſtructed to enforme *Kalander*, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment. *Muſidorus* (according to the agreement betweene *Pyrocles* and him to alter their names) anſwered, that he called himſelfe *Palladius*, and his friend *Daiphantus*; but till I haue

him

him againe (said he) I am indeed nothing, and therefore my story is of nothing; his entertainement (since so good a man he is) cannot be so low as I account my estate, and in summe, the summe of all his curtesie may be to helpe me by some meanes to seeke my friend.

They perceiued he was not willing to open himselfe further, and therfore without further questioning brought him to the house; about which they might see (with fit consideration both of the aire, the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all such necessarie additions to a great house, as might well shew *Kalander* knew that prouision is the foundation of hospitalitie, & thrift the fewell of magnificence. The house it selfe was built of faire and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinarie kind of finnesse, as an honourable representing of a firme statelinesse. The lights, doores and staires, rather directed to the vse of the guest, then to the eye of the Artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiositie, and homely without loathsomnesse; not so daintie as not to be trode on, nor yet slubbered vp with good fellowship; all more lasting than beautifull, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingnesse made the eye beleeue it was exceeding beautifull. The seruants not so many in number, as cleanely in apparell, & seruiceable in behauiour, testifying euen in their countenances, that their maister tooke aswell care to be serued, as of them that did serue. One of them was forthwith readie to welcome the shepheards, as men, who though they were poore, their maister greatly fauoured; & vnderstanding by them, that the young man with them was to be much accounted of, for that they had seene tokens of more then common greatnesse, howsoeuer now ecclipsed with fortune: he ran to his maister, who came presently forth, and pleasantly welcomming the shepheards, but especialy applying him to *Musidorus*, *Strephon* priuatly told him all what he knew of him and particularly that he found this straunger was loth to be knowne.

No said *Kalander* (speaking aloud) I am no Herald to enquire of mens pedegrees, it sufficeth me if I know their vertues; which (if this young mans face be not a false witnes) do better apparel his mind, then you haue done his body. While he was thus speaking, there came a boy, in shew like a Marchants prentise, who taking *Strephon* by the sleeue, deliuered him a letter, written iointly both to him & *Claius* from *Vrania:* which they no sooner had read, but that with short leaue-taking of *Kalander* (who quickly guessed and smiled at the matter) and once againe) though hastily) recommending the young man vnto him, they went away, leauing *Musidorus* euen loth to part with them, for the good conuersation he had of them, and obligation he accounted himselfe tied in vnto them: and therefore, they deliuering his chest vnto him, he opened it, and would haue presented them with two very rich iewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him, that they were more then enough rewarded in the knowing of him, and without harkning vnto a reply (like men whose hearts disdained all desires but one) gat speedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them flie. But by that sight *Kalander* soone iudged, that his guest was of no meane calling; & therefore the more respectfully entertaining him, *Musidorus* found his sicknes (which the sight, the sea, and late trauell had laid vpon him) grow greatly, so that fearing some sodaine accident, he deliuered the chest to *Kalander*, which was full of most precious stones, gorgeously and cunningly set in diuerse manners, desiring him he would keepe those trifles, and if he died, he would bestow so much of it as was needefull, to find out and redeeme a young man, naming himselfe *Daiphantus*, as then in the hands of Laconia Pyrats.

But

But *Kalander* ſeing him faint more and more, with carefull ſpeed conueyed him to the moſt commodious lodging in his houſe: where being poſſeſt with an extreame burning feuer, hee continued ſome while with no great hope of life: but youth at length got the victorie of ſickneſſe, ſo that in ſixe weekes the excellency of his returned beautie was a credible Embaſſador of his health, to the great ioy of *Kalander*, who, as in this time he had by certaine friends of his, that dwelt neare the ſea in Miſſenia, ſet forth a ſhip and a galley to ſeeke and ſuccour *Daiphantus*: ſo at home did hee omit nothing which hee thought might either profit or gratifie *Palladius*.

For, hauing found in him (beſides his bodily gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by daily diſcourſes, which he delighted himſelfe to haue with him, a mind of moſt excellent compoſition, a piercing wit quite voyd of oſtentation, high erected thoughts ſeated in a heart of courteſie, an eloquence as ſweet in the vttering, as ſlow to come to the vttering, a behauiour ſo noble, as gaue a maieſtie to aduerſitie: and all in a man whoſe age could not be aboue one and twentie yeares) the good olde man was euen enamoured with a fatherly loue towards him, or rather became his ſeruant by the bonds ſuch vertue laid vpon him; once, he acknowledged himſelfe ſo to bee, by the badge of diligent attendance.

But *Palladius* hauing gotten his health, and only ſtaying there to to bein place, where he might heare anſwere of the ſhips ſet forth; *Kalander* one afternoone led him abroad to a well arrayed ground he had behind his houſe, which he thought to ſhew him before his going, as the place himſelfe more then in any other delighted. The backſide of the houſe was neither field, garden, nor orchard; or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard: for as ſoone as the deſcending of the ſtaires had deliuered them downe, they came into a place cunningly ſet with trees of the moſt taſt-pleaſing fruits: but ſcarcely they had taken that into their conſideration, but that they were ſodainly ſtept into a delicate greene, of each ſide of the greene a thicket, & behind the thickets againe new beds of flowers, which being vnder the trees, the trees were to them a Pauillion, and they to the trees a Moſaicall floore, ſo that it ſeemed that Art therein would needs be delightfull, by counterfeyting his enemie Errour, and making order in confuſion.

In the middeſt of all the place was a faire pond, whoſe ſhaking criſtall was a perfect mirrour to all the other beauties, ſo that it bare ſhew of two gardens, one in deede, the other in ſhadowes: and in one of the thickets was a fine fountaine made thus: A naked *Venus* of white marble, wherein the grauer had vſed ſuch cunning, that the natural blew veines of the marble were framed in fit places, to ſet forth the beautifull veines of her bodie. At her breaſt ſhe had her babe *Æneas*, who ſeemed (hauing begun to ſucke) to leaue that, to looke vpon her faire eyes, which ſmiled at the babes folly, meane while the breaſt running. Hard by was a houſe of pleaſure built for a ſommer retiring place, whither *Kalander* leading him, he found a ſquare roome full of delightfull pictures, made by the moſt excellent workman of Greece. There was *Diana* when *Acteon* ſaw her bathing, in whoſe cheeks the Painter had ſet ſuch a colour, as was mixt betweene ſhame and diſdaine, and one of her fooliſh Nymphes who weeping, and withall lowring, one might ſee the workeman meant to ſet forth teares of anger. In another table was *Atalanta*; the poſture of whoſe limmes was ſo liuely expreſſed, that if the eyes were only iudges, as they bee the only ſeers, one would haue ſworne the very picture had run. Beſides many mo as of *Helena*, *Omphale Iole*: but in none of them all beautie ſeemed to ſpeake ſo much as in a large table,

which

which contained a comely olde man, with a Lady of middle age, but of excellent beautie, and more excellent would haue bin deemed, but that there ſtood betweene them a yong maide whoſe wonderfulnes tooke away all beautie from her, but that which it might ſeeme ſhe gaue her back againe by her verie ſhadow. And ſuch difference (being knowne that it did indeed counterfeit a perſon liuing) was there betweene her & all the other, though Goddeſſes, that it ſeemed the skill of the Painter beſtowed on the other new beautie, but that the beautie of her beſtowed new skill of the Painter. Though he thought inquiſitiuenes an vncomely gueſt, hee could not chooſe but aske who ſhe was, that bearing ſhew of one being indeed, could with naturall gifts goe beyond the reach of inuention. *Kalander* anſwered, that it was made by *Philoclea*, the younger daughter of his Prince, who alſo with his wife were contained in that Table: the Painter meaning to repreſent the preſent condition of the young Lady, who ſtood watched by an ouer-curious eye of her parents; and that he would alſo haue drawne her eldeſt ſiſter, eſteemed her match for beautie, in her ſhepheardiſh attire, but that the rude clowne her gardian would not ſuffer it; neither durſt he aske leaue of the Prince for feare of ſuſpition. *Palladius* perceiued that the matter was wrapt vp in ſome ſecrecie, and therefore would for modeſtie demand no further, but yet his countenance could not but with dumbe eloquence deſire it: Which *Kalander* perceiuing; well (ſaid he) my deare gueſt, I know your minde, and I will ſatisfie it: neither will I doe it like a niggardly anſwerer, going no further then the bounds of the queſtion, but I will diſcouer vnto you, aſwell that wherein my knowledge is common with others, as that which by extraordinarie meanes is deliuered vnto me; knowing ſo much in you (though not long acquainted) that I ſhall finde your eares faithfull treaſurers. So then ſitting downe in two chaires, and ſometimes caſting his eye to the picture, he thus ſpake.

This country Arcadia among all the prouinces of Greece, hath euer beene hadin ſingular reputation; partly for the ſweetnes of the ayre, and other naturall benefits, but principally for the well tempered mindes of the people, who (finding that the ſhining title of glorie, ſo much affected by other nations, doth indeed helpe little to the happineſſe of life) are the onely people, which as by their iuſtice and prouidence giue neither cauſe nor hope to their neighbours to annoy them, ſo are they not ſtirred with falſe praiſe to trouble others quiet, thinking it a ſmall reward for the waſting of their owne liues in rauening, that their poſteritie ſhould long after ſay, they had done ſo. Euen the Muſes ſeeme to approue their good determination, by chooſing this country for their chiefe repairing place, and by beſtowing their perfections ſo largely here, that the verie ſhepheards haue their fancies lifted to ſo high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names, and imitate their cunning.

Here dwelleth and raigneth this Prince (whoſe picture you ſee) by name *Baſilius*, a Prince of ſufficient skill to gouern ſo quiet a country, where the good minds of the former Princes had ſet downe good lawes; and the well bringing vp of the people doth ſerue as a moſt ſure bond to hold them. But to be plaine with you, he excels in nothing ſo much, as the zealous loue of his people, wherein he doth not only paſſe all his owne fore-goers, but as I thinke, all the Princes liuing. Whereof the cauſe is, that though he exceed not in the vertues which get admiration; as depth of wiſedome, height of courage and largenes of magnificence, yet is he notable in thoſe which ſtirre affection, as truth of word, meekeneſſe, curteſie, merciſulneſſe, and liberalitie.

He being alreadie well ſtriken in yeares, married a yong Princeſſe named *Gynecia* daugh-

daughter to the king of Cyprus of notable beautie, as by her picture you ſee: a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely vertues than her husband; of moſt vnſpotted chaſtitie, but of ſo working a minde, and ſo vehement ſpirits, as a man may ſay, it was happei ſhe tooke a good courſe, for otherwiſe it would haue beene terrible.

Of theſe two are brought to the world two daughters, ſo beyond meaſure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reaſonable creatures, that wee may thinke they were borne to ſhew, that nature is no ſtepmother to that ſexe, how much ſoeuer ſome men (ſharpe witted only in euill ſpeaking) haue ſought to diſgrace them. The elder is named *Pamela*; by many men not deemed inferiour to her ſiſter: for my part, when I marked them both, me thought there was (if at leaſt ſuch perfections may receiue the word of more) more ſweetnes in *Philoclea*, but more maieſtie in *Pamela*: mee thought loue plaid in *Philocleas* eies, & threatned in *Pamelas*: me thought *Philocleas* beautie only perſwaded, but ſo perſwaded as all hearts muſt yeeld; *Pamelas* beautie vſed violence, and ſuch violence as no heart could reſiſt. And it ſeems that ſuch proportion is betweene their mindes: *Philoclea* ſo baſhfull, as though her excellencies had ſtolne into her before ſhe was aware; ſo humble, that ſhe will put all pride out of countenance; in ſumme, ſuch proceeding as will ſtirre hope, but teach hope good maners. *Pamela* of high thoughts, who auoids not pride whith not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride; her mothers wiſedome, greatneſſe, nobilitie, but (if I can gueſſe aright) knit with a more conſtant temper. Now then, our *Baſilius* being ſo publikely happie as to be a Prince, and ſo happie in that happineſſe, as to be a beloued Prince, and ſo in his priuate bleſſed as to haue ſo excellent a wife, and ſo ouer excellent children, hath of late taken a courſe, which yet makes him more ſpoken of than all theſe bleſſings. For, hauing made a iourney to Delphos, and ſafely returned, within ſhort ſpace he brake vp his Court, and retired himſelfe, his wife & children into a certaine forreſt hereby, which he calleth his deſert; wherein (beſides a houſe appointed for ſtables, and lodgings for certaine perſons of meane calling, who doe all houſhold ſeruices) he hath builded two fine lodges: in the one of them himſelfe remaines with his yonger daughter *Philoclea*, which was the cauſe they three were matched together in this picture, without hauing any other creature liuing in that lodge with him.

Which, though it be ſtrange, yet not ſo ſtrange, as the courſe he hath taken with the Princeſſe *Pamela*, whom he hath placed in the other lodge: but how thinke you accompanied? truely with none other but one *Dametas*, the moſt arrant doltiſh clowne, that I thinke euer was without the priuiledge of a bable, with his wife *Miſo* and daughter *Mopſa*, in whom no wit can deuiſe any thing wherein they may plea, ſure her, but to exerciſe her patience, and to ſerue for a foyle of her perfections. This lowtiſh clown is ſuch, that you neuer ſaw ſo ill-fauoured a viſar; his behauiour ſuch that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; & for his apparell, euen as I would wiſh him: *Miſo* his wife, ſo handſome a beldame, that only her face and her ſplay-foote haue made her accuſed for a witch; onely one good point ſhe hath, that ſhe obſerues *decorum*, hauing a froward minde in a wretched body. Between theſe two perſonages (who neuer agreed in any humour, but in diſagreeing) is iſſued forth miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, a fit woman to participate of both their pefections: but becauſe a pleaſant fellow of my acquaintance ſet forth her praiſes in verſe, I will only repeat them, and ſpare mine owne tongue, ſince ſhe goes for a woman. The verſes are theſe, which I haue ſo often cauſed to be ſung, that I haue them without booke:

What

What length of verſe can ſerue braue Mopſas *good to ſhow?*
When vertues ſtrange, and beauties ſuch as no man them may know:
Thus ſhrewdly burdned then, how can my Muſe eſcape?
The gods muſt helpe, and precious things muſt ſerue to ſhew her ſhape.
Like great god Saturne *faire, and like faire* Venus *chaſte:*
As ſmooth as Pan, *as* Iuno *mild, like goddeſſe* Iris *fac't,*
With Cupid *ſhe foreſees and goes god* Vulcans *paſe.*
And for a taſte of all theſe gifts, ſhe ſteales god Momus *grace.*
Her forehead Iacinth like, her cheeks of Opall hue,
Her twinckling eyes bedect with pearle, her lips as Saphir blew:
Her haire like Crapal ſtone, her mouth O heauenly wide:
Her skin like burniſht gold, her hands like ſiluer vre vnſride.
As for her parts vnknowne, which hidden ſure are beſt:
Happy be they which well beleeue, and neuer ſeeke the reſt.

Now truly hauing made theſe deſcriptions vnto you, me thinks you ſhould imagine that I rather faine ſome pleaſant deuiſe, then recount a truth, that a Prince (not baniſhed from his owne wits) could poſſibly make ſo vnworthy a choiſe. But truely (deare gueſt) ſo it is, that Princes (whoſe doings haue beene often ſmoothed with good ſucceſſe) thinke nothing ſo abſurd, which they cannot make honourable. The beginning of his credit was by the Princes ſtraying out of the way, on time he hunted, where meeting this fellow, and asking him the way; and ſo falling into other queſtions, he found ſome of his anſwers (as a dog ſure if he could ſpeake, had wit enough to deſcribe his kennell) not vnſenſible, and all vttered with ſuch rudeneſſe, which he interpreted plainneſſe (though there be great difference betweene them) that *Baſilius* conceiuing a ſodaine delight, tooke him to his Court, with apparant ſhew of his good opinion: where the flattering Courtier had no ſooner taken the Princes minde, but that there were ſtraight reaſons to confirme the Princes doing, & ſhadowes of vertues found for *Dametas*. His ſilence grew wit, bluntneſſe integritie, his beaſtly ignorance vertuous ſimplicitie: and the Prince (according to the nature of great perſons, in loue with that he had done himſelfe) fancied, that his weakeneſſe with his preſence would much be mended. And ſo like a creature of his owne making, he liked him more and more; and thus hauing firſt giuen him the office of principall heardman; laſtly, ſince he tooke this ſtrange determination, he hath in a manner put the life of himſelfe and his children into his hands. Which authoritie (like too great a ſaile for ſo ſmall a boat) doth ſo ouer-ſway poore *Dametas*, that if before he were a good foole in a chamber, he might be allowed it now in a comedie, ſo as I doubt me (I feare me indeed) my maſter will in the end (with his coſt) finde, that his office is not to make men, but to vſe men as men are, no more then a horſe will bee taught to hunt, or an aſſe to manage. But in ſooth I am afraide I haue giuen your eares too great a ſurfet, with groſſe diſcourſes of that heauie peece of fleſh. But the zealous griefe I conceiue to ſee ſo great an errour in my Lord, hath made me beſtow more words then I confeſſe ſo baſe a ſubiect deſerueth.

Thus much now that I haue told you, is nothing more then in effect any Arcadian knowes. But what moued him to this ſtrange ſolitarineſſe, hath been imparted (as I thinke) but to one perſon liuing. My ſelfe can coniecture, and indeed more then coniecture by this accident that I will tell you: I haue an only Sonne by name *Clitophon*, who is now abſent, preparing for his owne marriage, which I meane ſhortly

ſhall

ſhall be here celebrated. This ſonne of mine (while the Prince kept his Court) was of his bed chamber: now ſince the breaking vp thereof, returned home, and ſhewed me (among other things he had gathered) the copie which he had taken of a letter: which when the Prince had read, hee had laid in a window, preſuming no body durſt looke in his writings: but my ſonne not only tooke a time to read it, but to copie it. In trueth I blamed *Clitophon* for the curioſitie, which made him breake his dutie in ſuch a kind, whereby kings ſecrets are ſubiect to be reuealed; but ſince it was done, I was content to take ſo much profit, as to know it. Now here is the letter, that I euer ſince for my good liking, haue caried about me: which before I reade vnto you, I muſt tell you from whom it came. It is a noble-man of his countrey named *Philanax*, appointed by the Prince, regent in this time of his retiring and moſt worthy ſo to be: for, their liues no man, whoſe excellent witte more ſimplie imbraceth integritie, beſide his vnfayned loue to his maſter, wherein neuer yet any could make queſtion, ſauing whether he loued *Baſilius* or the Prince better: a rare temper, while moſt men either ſeruilely yeeld to all appetites, or with an obſtinate auſteritie looking to that they fancie good, in effect neglect the Princes perſon. This then being the man, whom of all other (and moſt worthy) the Prince chiefly loues, it ſhould ſeeme (for more then the letter I haue not to gheſſe by) that the Prince vpon his returne from Delphos, (*Philanax* then lying ſicke) had written vnto him his determination, riſing (as euidently appeares) vpon ſome Oracle he had there receiued: whereunto he wrote this anſwer:

Philanax his letter to Baſilius.

Moſt redoubted and beloued Prince, if as well it had pleaſed you at your going to Delphos as now, to haue vſed my humble ſeruice, both I ſhould in better ſeaſon, and to better purpoſe haue ſpoken: and you (if my ſpeech had preuailed) ſhould haue beene at this time, as no way more in danger, ſo much more in quietneſſe; I would then haue ſaid, that wiſedome and vertue be the only deſtinies appointed to man to follow, whence we ought to ſeeke all our knowledge, ſince they be ſuch guides as cannot faile; which, beſides their inward comfort, doe lead ſo direct a way of proceeding, as either proſperitie muſt inſue; or, if the wickedneſſe of the world ſhould oppreſſe it, it can neuer be ſaid, that euill happeneth to him, who falles accompanied with vertue: I would then haue ſaid, the heauenly powers to be reuerenced, and not ſearched into; and their mercies rather by prayers to be ſought, then their hidden councels by curioſitie. Theſe kinds of ſoothſayings (ſince they haue left vs in our ſelues ſufficient guides) be nothing but fancie, wherein there muſt either be vanitie, or infallibleneſſe, and ſo, either not to be reſpected, or not to be preuented. But ſince it is weakeneſſe too much to remember what ſhould haue beene done, and that your commaundement ſtretched to know what is to be done, I doe (moſt deare Lord) with humble boldneſſe ſay, that the manner of your determination doth in no ſort better pleaſe me, then the cauſe of your going. Theſe thirtie yeares you haue ſo gouerned this Region, that neither your Subiects haue wanted iuſtice in you, nor you obedience in them; and your neighbours haue found you ſo hurteleſly ſtrong, that they thought it better to reſt in your friendſhip, then make new triall of your enmitie. If this then haue proceeded out of the good conſtitution of your ſtate, and out of a wiſe prouidence, generally to preuent all thoſe things, which might encomber your happineſſe: why ſhould you now ſeeke new courſes ſince your owne example comforts you to continue, & that it is to me moſt certaine though

though it pleaſe you not to tell me the verie words of the Oracle) that yet no deſtiny nor influence whatſoeuer, can bring mans wit to a higher point, than wiſedome and goodnes? why ſhould you depriue your ſelfe of gouernment, for feare of loſing your gouernment, like one that ſhould kill himſelfe for feare of death? Nay rather, if this Oracle be to be accounted of, arme vp your courage the more againſt it: for who will ſtick to him that abandons himſelfe, let your ſubiects haue you in their eies, let them ſee the benefits of your iuſtice daily more & more; and ſo muſt they needs rather like of preſent ſuerties then vncertaine changes. Laſtly, whether your time call you to liue or die, do both like a Prince. Now for your ſecond reſolution; which is to ſuffer no worthy Prince to be a ſuter to either of your daughters, but while you liue to keepe them both vnmarried, and, as it were, to kill the ioy of poſteritie, which in your time you may enioy; moued perchance by a miſ-vnderſtood Oracle: what ſhall I ſay, if the affection of a father to his owne children, cannot plead ſufficiently againſt ſuch fancies? once certaine it is, the God which is God of nature, doth neuer teach vnnaturalneſſe; and euen the ſame minde hold I touching your baniſhing them from companie, leaſt I know not what ſtrange loues ſhould follow. Certainlie, ſir, in my Ladies your daughters, nature promiſeth nothing but goodneſſe, and their education by your fatherly care hath beene hitherto ſuch, as hath beene moſt fit to reſtraine all euill, giuing their minds vertuous delights, and not greiuing them for want of well ruled libertie. Now to fall to a ſodaine ſtraightning them, what can it do but argue ſuſpition, a thing no more vnpleaſant, then vnſure, for the preſeruing of vertue. Leaue womens minds, the moſt vntamed that way of any: ſee whether a cage can pleaſe a bird? or whether a dog grow not fiercer with tying? what doth iealouſie, but ſtirre vp the minde to thinke, what it is from which they are reſtrained? for they are treaſures or things of great delight, which men vſe to hide, for the aptneſſe they haue to each mans fancies: and the thoughts once awaked to that, harder ſure it is to keepe thoſe thoughts from accompliſhment, then had beene before to haue kept the minde (which being the chiefe part, by this meanes is defiled) from thinking. Laſtly, for the recommending ſo principall a charge of the Princeſſe *Pamela* (whoſe minde goes beyond the gouerning of many thouſands ſuch) to ſuch a perſon as *Dametas* is (beſides that the thing in it ſelfe is ſtrange) it comes of a verie euill ground, that ignorence ſhould be the mother of faithfulneſſe; O no; he cannot be good that knowes not why he is good, but ſtands ſo farre good as his fortune may keepe him vnaſſailed: but comming once to that, his rude ſimplicitie is either eaſily changed, or eaſily deceiued: and ſo growes that to be the laſt excuſe of his fault, which ſeemed to haue beene the firſt foundation of his faith. Thus farre hath your commaundement and my zeale drawn me, which I, like a man in a vally that may diſcerne hilles, or like a poore paſſenger that may ſpie a rocke, ſo humblie ſubmit to your gracious conſideration, beſeeching you againe to ſtand wholy vpon your owne vertue, as the ſureſt way to maintaine you in that you are, and to auoide any euill which may be imagined.

By the contents of this letter you may perceiue, that the cauſe of all, hath beene the vanitie which poſſeſſeth many, who (making a perpetuall maniſion of this poore biting place of mans life) are deſirous to know the certaintie of things to come, wherein there is nothing ſo certaine as our continuall vncertaintie. But what in particular points the Oracle was, in faith I know not, neither (as you may ſee by one place of *Philanax* letter) he himſelfe diſtinctly knew. But this experience ſhewes vs, that *Baſilius* iudgement corrupted with a Princes fortune, hath rather heard then

followed the wiſe (as I take it) counſell of *Philanax*. For hauing left the ſterne of his gouernement, with much amazement to the people, among whom manie ſtrange bruits are receiued for currant, and with ſome apparence of danger in reſpect of the valiant *Amphialus* his nephew, & much enuying the ambitious number of the Nobilitie againſt *Philanax*, to ſee *Philanax* ſo aduanced, though (to ſpeake ſimply) he deſerue more then as manie of vs as there be in *Arcadia*: the Prince himſelfe hath bidden his head, in ſuch ſort as I told you, not ſticking plainly to confeſſe, that hee meanes not (while he breathes) that his daughters ſhal haue any husband, but keepe them thus ſolitarie with him: where he giues no other body leaue to viſit him at anie time but a certaine Prieſt, who being excellent in poetrie, hee makes him write out ſuch things as he beſt likes, he being no leſſe delightfull in conuerſation, then needfull for deuotion, and about twentie ſpecified ſhepheards, in whom (ſome for exerciſes, and ſome for Eglogs) he taketh greater recreation.

And now you know as much as my ſelfe: wherein if I haue held you ouer long, lay hardly the fault vpon my old age, which in the verie diſpoſition of it, is talkatiue: whether it be (ſaid he ſmilling) that nature loues to exerciſe that part moſt, which is leaſt decayed, and that is our tongue: or, that knowledge being the onely thing whereof we poore olde men can brag, we cannot make it knowne but by vterance: or, that mankind by all meanes ſeeking to eternize himſelfe ſo much the more, as he is neare his end, doth it not only by the children that come of him, but by ſpeeches & writings recommended to the memorie of hearers and readers. And yet thus much I will ſay for my ſelfe, that I haue not laid theſe matters, either ſo openly or largely to any as to your ſelfe: ſo much (if I much faile not) do I ſee in you, which makes me both loue & truſt you. Neuer may he be old, anſwered *Palladius*, that doth not reuerence that age, whoſe heauineſſe, if it waye downe the fraile and fleſhly ballance, it as much lifts vp the noble and ſpirituall part; and well might you haue alleaged another reaſon, that their wiſedome makes them willing to profit others. And that haue I receiued of you, neuer to be forgotten, but with vngratefulneſſe. But among many ſtrange conceits you told me, which haue ſhewed effects in your Prince, truely euen the laſt, that hee ſhould conceiue ſuch pleaſure in ſhepheards diſcourſe, would not ſeeme the leaſt vnto me, ſauing that you told mee at the firſt, that this country is notable in thoſe wits, and that indeed my ſelfe hauing bin brought not onely to this place, but to my life by *Strephon* and *Claius*, in their conference found wits as might better become ſuch ſhepheards as *Homer* ſpeakes of, that be gouernours of peoples, then ſuch Senators who hold their Councell in a ſheepe-cote. For them two (ſaid *Kalander*) eſpecially *Claius*, they are beyond the reſt by ſo much, as learning commonly doth adde to nature: for, hauing neglected their wealth in reſpect of their knowledge, they haue not ſo much impaired the meaner, as they bettered the better. Which all notwithſtanding, it is a ſporte to heare how they impute to loue, which hath indued their thoughts (ſay they) with ſuch a ſtrength.

But certainly all the people of this country from high to lowe, is giuen to thoſe ſports of the wit, ſo as you would wonder to heare how ſoone euen children will begin to verſifie. Once, ordinarie it is amongſt the meaneſt ſort, to make ſongs and dialogues in meeter, either loue whetting their braine, or long peace hauing begun it; example and emulation amending it. Not ſo much, but the Clowne *Dametas* will ſtumble ſometimes vpon ſome ſongs that might become a better braine: but no ſort of people ſo excellent in that kind as the paſtors; for their liuing ſtanding

but

but vpon the looking to their beasts, they haue ease, the Nurse of Poetrie. Neither are our shepheards such, as (I heare) they be in other countries; but they are the verie owners of the sheepe, to which either themselues looke, or their children giue daily attendance. And then truly, it would delight you vnder some tree, or by some riuers side (when two or three of them meete together) to heare their rurall Muse, how prettily it will deliuer out, sometimes ioyes, sometimes lamentations, sometimes challengings one of the other, sometimes vnder hidden formes vttering such matters as otherwise they durst not deale with. Then haue they most commonly one, who iudgeth the prise to the best doer, of which they are no lesse glad, then great Princes are of Triumphs: and his part is to set downe in writing all that is said, saue that it may be, his pen with more leasure doth polish the rudenesse of an vnthought-on song. Now the choise of all (as you may well thinke) either for goodnesse of voice, or pleasantnesse of wit, the Prince hath: among whom also there are two or three strangers, whom inward melancholies hauing made wearie of the worlds eyes, haue come to spend their liues among the countrey people of *Arcadia*, and their conuersation being well approued, the Prince vouchsafeth them his presence, and not onely by looking on, but by great curtesie and liberalitie, animates the shepheards the more exquisitely to labour for his good liking. So that there is no cause to blame the Prince for sometimes hearing them; the blame-worthinesse is, that to heare them, he rather goes to solitarinesse, then makes them come to companie. Neither do I accuse my maister for aduancing a countriman, as *Dametas* is, since God forbid, but where worthinesse is (as truely it is among diuerse of that fellowship) any outward lowneſse should hinder the highest raising, but that he would needs make election of one; the baseness of whose mind is such, that it sinks a thousand degrees lower then the baseſt bodie could carrie the most base fortune: which although it might be answered for the Prince, that it is rather a trust he hath in his simple plainnesse, then any great aduancement, but being chiefe heardman; yet all honest hearts feele, that the trust of their Lord goes beyond all aduancement. But I am euer too long vpon him, when he crosseth the way of my speech, and by the shadow of yonder tower, I see it is a fitter time, with our supper to pay the duties we owe to our stomacks, then to breake the aire with my idle discourses: and more wit I might haue learned of *Homer* (whom euen now you mentioned) who neuer entertained either guests or hosts with long speeches, till the mouth of hunger be throughly stopped. So withall he rose, leading *Palladius* through the Garden againe to the Parler, where they vsed to suppe; *Palladius* assuring him that hee had alreadie been more fed to his liking, then he could be by the skilfullest trenchermen of *Media*.

But being come to the supping place, one of *Kalenders* seruands rounded in his eare; at which (his colour changing) he retired himselfe into his chamber, commanding his men diligently to wait vpon *Palladius*, and to excuse his absence with some necessary businesse he had presently to dispatch: which they accordingly did, for some few dayes forcing themselues to let no change appeare, but though they framed their countenances neuer so cunningly, *Palladius* perceiued there was some ill-pleasing accident fallen out. Wherupon, being againe set alone at supper, he called to the steward, and desired him to tell him the matter of his sudden alteration: who after some trifling excuses, in the end confessed vnto him, that his maister had receiued newes, that his sonne before the day of his neare mariage, chaunc't to be at a battaile, which was to be fought betweene the Gentlemen of Lacedæmon and the

Helots: who winning the victorie, he was there made priſoner, going to deliuer a friend of his taken priſoner by the *Helots*; that the poore young Gentleman had offered great ranſome for his life; but that the hate thoſe peaſants conceiued againſt all Gentlemen was ſuch, that euery houre he was to looke for nothing, but ſome cruell death: which hithervnto had only bene delayed by the Captaines vehement dealing for him, who ſeemed to haue a heart of more manly pitty then the reſt. Which loſſe had ſtricken the old Gentleman with ſuch ſorrow, as if abundance of teares did not ſeeme ſufficiently to witneſſe it, he was alone retired, tearing his beard and haire, and curſing his olde age, that had not made his graue to ſtop his eares from ſuch aduertiſements: but that his faithfull ſeruants had written in his name to all his friends, followers, and tenants (*Philanax* the gouernour refuſing to deale in it as a priuate cauſe, but yet giuing leaue to ſeeke their beſt redreſſe, ſo as they wronged not the ſtate of *Lacedemon*) of whom there were now gathered vpon the frontiers good forces, that he was ſure would ſpend their liues by any way, to redeeme or reuenge *Clitophon*. Now ſir (ſaid he) this is my maſters nature, though his griefe be ſuch, as to liue is a griefe vnto him, and that euen his reaſon is darkened with ſorrow; yet the lawes of hoſpitalitie (long and holily obſerued by him) giue ſtill ſuch a ſway to his proceding, that he will no way ſuffer the ſtranger lodged vnder his roofe, to receiue (as it were) any infection of his anguiſh, eſpecially you, toward whom I know not whether his loue, or admiration be greater. But *Palladius* could ſcarce heare out his tale with patience, ſo was his heart torne in peeces with compaſſion of the caſe, liking of *Kalanders* noble behauiour, kindeneſſe for his reſpect to himward, and deſire to finde ſome remedie, beſides the image of his deareſt friend *Daiphantus*, whom he iudged to ſuffer either a like or worſe fortune. Therefore riſing from the boord, he deſired the Steward to tell him particularly the ground and euent of this accident, becauſe by knowledge of many circumſtances, there might perhaps ſome way of helpe be opened. Whereunto the Steward eaſily in this ſort condiſcended.

My Lord (ſaid he) when our good king *Baſilius*, with better ſucceſſe then expectation, took to wife (euen in his more then decaying years) the faire yong Princeſſe *Gynecia*; there came with her a young Lord, couſin german to her ſelfe, named *Argalus*, led hither, partly with the loue & honor of his noble kinſwoman, partly with the humour of youth, which euer thinkes that good, whoſe goodneſſe he ſees not. And in this Court he receiued ſo good increaſe of knowledge, that after ſome years ſpent, he ſo manifeſted a moſt vertuous mind in all his actions, that *Arcadia* gloried ſuch a plant was tranſported vnto them, being a Gentleman indeed moſt rarely accompliſhed, excellently learned, but without all vaine glorie: friendly, without factiouſnes; valiant, ſo as for my part, I thinke the earth hath no man that hath done more heroicall acts then he; howſoeuer now of late the fame flies of the two Princes of *Theſſalia* and *Macedon*, and hath long done of our noble Prince *Amphialus*; who indeed, in our parts is onely accounted likely to match him: but I ſay for my part, I thinke no man for valour of mind, and abilitie of bodie to be preferred, if equalled to *Argalus*; and yet ſo valliant as he neuer durſt doe any bodie iniurie: in behauiour ſome will ſay euer ſad, ſurely ſober, and ſomewhat giuen to muſing, but neuer vn courteous; his word euer led by his thought, and followed by his deede; rather liberall then magnificent, though the one wanted not, and the other had euer good choiſe of the receiuer: in ſumme (for I perceiue I ſhall eaſily take a great draught of his praiſes, whom both I and all this countrey loue ſo well)

ſuch

ſuch a man was (and I hope is) *Argalus*, as hardly the niceſt eye can find a ſpot in, if the ouer-vehement conſtancie of yet ſpotleſſe affection, may not in hard wreſted conſtructions be counted a ſpot: which in this manner began that worke in him, which hath made both him, and it ſelfe in him ouer all this countrey famous. My maſters ſonne *Clitophon* (whoſe loſſe giues the cauſe to this diſcourſe, and yet giues me cauſe to begin with *Argalus*, ſince his loſſe proceeds from *Argalus*) being a young Gentleman, as of great birth (being our kings ſiſters ſonne) ſo truly of good nature, and one that can ſee good and loue it, haunted more the companie of this worthie *Argalus*, then of any other, ſo as if there were not a friendſhip (which is ſo rare, as it is to be doubted whether it be a thing indeed, or but a word) at leaſt there was ſuch a liking and friendlineſſe, as hath brought forth the effects which you ſhall heare. About two yeares ſince, it ſo fell out, that he brought him to a great Ladies houſe, ſiſter to my maſter, who had with her her onely daughter, the faire *Parthenia*; faire indeed (ſame I thinke it ſelfe daring not to call any fairer, if it be not *Helena* Queene of *Corinth*, & the two incomparable ſiſters of *Arcadia*) & that which made her faireneſſe much the fairer, was, that it was but a faire Embaſſadour of a moſt faire mind, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to iudge it ſelfe, then to ſhew it ſelfe: her ſpeech being as rare as precious; her ſilence without ſullenneſſe; her modeſtie without affectation; her ſhamefaſtneſſe without ignorance: in ſumme, one that to praiſe well, one muſt firſt ſet downe with himſelfe, what it is to be excellent: for ſo ſhee is.

I thinke you think, that theſe perfections meeting, could not chooſe but find one another, and delight in that they found; for likeneſſe of maners is likely in reaſon to draw liking with affection, mens actions doe not alwayes croſſe with reaſon: to be ſhort, it did ſo indeed. They loued, although for a while the fire thereof (hopes wings being cut off) were blowne by the bellowes of diſpaire vpon this occaſion.

There had bin a good while before, & ſo continued, a ſuter to this ſame Ladie, a great noble man, though of Laconia, yet neere neighbour to *Parthenias* mother, named *Demagoras*: a man mightie in riches & power, and proud thereof, ſtubbornly ſtout, louing no body but himſelfe, and for his owne delights ſake *Parthenia*: & purſuing vehemently his deſire, his riches had ſo guilded ouer all his other imperfections, that the old Lady (though contrarie to my Lord her brothers mind) had giuen her conſent; and vſing a mothers authoritie vpon her faire daughter, had made her yeeld thereunto, not becauſe ſhe liked her choiſe, but becauſe her obedient minde had not yet taken vpon it to make choiſe; and the day of their aſſurance drew neare, when my young Lord *Clitophon* brought this noble *Argalus*, perchance principally to ſee ſo rare a ſight, as *Parthenia* by all well iudging eyes was iudged.

But though few dayes were before the time of aſſurance appointed, yet loue that ſaw he had a great iourney to make in ſhort time, haſted ſo himſelfe, that before her word could tye her to *Demagoras*, her heart hath vowed her to *Argalus*, with ſo gratefull a receipt in mutuall affection, that if ſhee deſired aboue all things to haue *Argalus*, *Argalus* feared nothing but to miſſe *Parthenia*. And now *Parthenia* had learned both liking and miſliking, louing and loathing, and out of paſſion began to take the authoritie of iudgement; in ſo much, that when the time came that *Demagoras* (full of proud ioy) thought to receiue the gift of her ſelfe, ſhee with words of reſolute refuſal (though with teares ſhewing ſhe was ſorie ſhe muſt refuſe) aſſured her mother, ſhe would firſt be bedded in her graue, then wedded to *Demagoras*. The chaunge was no more ſtraunge, then vnpleaſant to the mother: who

being determinately (left I ſhould ſay of a great Ladie wilfully) bent to marrie her to *Demagoras*, tried all wayes which a wittie and hard-hearted mother could vſe, vpon ſo humble a daughter; in whom the only reſiſting power was loue. But the more ſhe aſſaulted, the more ſhee taught *Parthenia* to defend; and the more *Parthenia* defended, the more ſhe made her mother obſtinate in the aſſault: who at length finding, that *Argalus* ſtanding betweene them, was it that moſt eclipſed her affection from ſhining vpon *Demagoras*, ſhe ſought all meanes how to remoue him, ſo much the more as he manifeſted himſelfe an vnremoueable ſuter to her daughter: firſt, by employing him in as many dangerous enterpriſes, as euer the euill ſtep-mother *Iuno* recommended to the famous *Hercules*: but the more his vertue was tryed, the more pure it grew, while all the things ſhe did to ouerthrow him, did ſet him vp vpon the height of honour; enough to haue moued her heart, eſpecially to a man euerie way ſo worthie as *Argalus*: but ſhe ſtrugling againſt all reaſon, becauſe ſhe would haue her will, and ſhew her authoritie in matching her with *Demagoras*, the more vertuous *Argalus* was, the more ſhe hated him, thinking her ſelfe conquered in his conqueſts, and therefore ſtill imploying him in more and more dangerous attempts: in the meane while, ſhe vſed all extremities poſſible vpon her faire daughter, to make her giue ouer her ſelfe to her direction. But it was hard to iudge, whether he in doing, or ſhe in ſuffering, ſhewed greater conſtancie of affection: for, as to *Argalus* the world ſooner wanted occaſions, then he valour to goe through them: ſo to *Parthenia*, malice ſooner ceaſed, then her vnchanged patience. Laſtly, by treaſons, *Demagoras* and ſhe would haue made away *Argalus*; but he with prouidence and courage ſo paſt ouer all, that the mother tooke ſuch a ſpiteſull griefe at it, that her heart brake withall, and ſhe dyed.

But then, *Demagoras* aſſuring himſelfe, that now *Parthenia* was her owne, ſhee would neuer be his, and receiuing as much by her owne determinate anſwere, not more deſiring his owne happineſſe, then enuying *Argalus*, whom he ſaw with narrow eyes, euen readie to enioy the perfection of his deſires, ſtrengthning his conceit with all the miſchieuous counſels which diſdained loue, and enuious pride could giue vnto him; the wicked wretch (taking a time that *Argalus* was gone to his countrie, to fetch ſome of his principall friends to honour the mariage, which *Parthenia* had moſt ioyfully conſented vnto) the wicked *Demagoras* (I ſay) deſiring to ſpeake with her, with vnmercifull force (her weake armes in vaine reſiſting) rubd all ouer her face a moſt horrible poyſon: the effect whereof was ſuch, that neuer leaper lookt more vgly then ſhe did: which done, hauing his men and horſes ready, departed away in ſpite of her ſeruants, as readie to reuenge as they could be, in ſuch an vnexpected miſchiefe. But the abhominableneſſe of this fact being come to my L. *Kalander*, he made ſuch meanes, both by our kings interceſſion, & his owne, that by the King and Senate of Lacedæmon, *Demagoras* was vpon paine of death baniſhed the countrey: who hating the puniſhment, where he ſhould haue hated the fault, ioyned himſelfe, with all the powers he could make, vnto the *Helots*, lately in rebellion againſt that ſtate: and they (glad to haue a man of ſuch authoritie among them) made him their Generall: and vnder him haue committed diuers the moſt out-ragious villanies, that a baſſe multitude (full of deſperate reuenge) can imagine.

But within a while after this pitiſull fact commited vpon *Parthenia*, *Argalus* returned (poore Gentleman) hauing her faire image in his heart, & already promiſing his eyes the vttermoſt of his felicitie, when they (no body elſe daring to tell it him) where the firſt meſſengers to thẽſelues of their own misfortune. I meane not to moue

paſſions

passions with telling you the griefe of both, when hee knew her, for at first hee did not, nor at first knowledge could possibly haue vertues aide so readie, as not euen weakely to lament the losse of such a Iewell, so much the more, as that skilfull men in that art assured it was vnrecouerable, but within a while, truth of loue (which still held the first face in his memorie) a vertuous constancie, and euen a delight to bee constant, faith giuen, and inward worthinesse shinning through the foulest mists, tooke so full hold of the noble *Argalus*, that not only in such comfort which wittie arguments may bestow vpon aduersity, but euen with the most abundant kindnesse that an eye-rauished louer can expresse, he laboured both to driue the extremitie of sorrow from her, and to hasten the celebration of their marriage: whereunto he vnfainedly shewed himselfe no lesse cheerefully earnest, then if she had neuer beene disinherited of that goodly portion, which nature had so liberally bequathed vnto her; and for that cause deferred his intended reuenge vpon *Demagoras*, because hee might continually bee in her presence; shewing more humble seruiceableness, and ioy to content her, then euer before.

But as he gaue this rare example, not to be hoped for of any other, but of another *Argalus*: so of the other side, she tooke as strange a course in affection: for, where she desired to enioy him, more then to liue; yet did she ouerthrow both her owne desire and his, and in no sort would yeeld to marrie him; with a strange encounter of loues affects, & effects; that he by an affection sprung from excessiue beautie, should delight in horrible foulnesse; and she of a vehement desire to haue him, should kindly build a resolution neuer to haue him; for truth it is, that so in heart she loued him, as she could not finde in her heart he should be tied to what was vnworthy of his presence.

Truely Sir, a verie good Orator might haue a faire field to vse eloquence in, if he did but only repeate the lamentable, and truely affectionated speeches, while he coniured her by remembrance of her affection, & true oathes of his owne affection, not to make him so vnhappy, as to thinke he had not only lost her face, but her heart; that her face, when it was fairest, had beene but as a marshall, to lodge the loue of her in his minde, which now was so well placed, as it needed no further helpe of any outward harbinger: beseeching her, euen with teares, to know, that his loue was not so superficiall, as to goe no further then the skin; which yet now to him was most faire, since it was hers: how could hee bee so vngratefull, as to loue her the lesse for that which she had only receiued for his sake? that he neuer beheld it, but therein he saw the loueliness of her loue towards him: protesting vnto her, that he would neuer take ioy of his life, if he might not enioy her, for whom principally he was glad he had life. But (as I heard by one that ouer-heard them) shee (wringing him by the hand) made no other answere but this: my Lord (said she) God knowes I loue you, if I were Princesse of the whole world, and had withall, all the blessings that euer the world brought forth, I should not make delay, to lay my selfe, and them vnder your feet, or if I had continued but as I was, though (I must confesse) farre vnworthy of you, yet would (I with too great a ioy for my heart now to thinke of) haue accepted your vouchsafing me to be yours, & with faith and obedience would haue supplied all other defects. But first let me be much more miserable then I am, ere I match *Argalus* to such a *Parthenia*; Liue happie deare *Argalus*, I giue you full libertie, and I beseech you take it; and I assure you I shall reioyce (whatsoeuer become of me) to see you so coupled, as may be fit both for your honour and satisfaction. With that she brust out in crying and weeping, not able longer to containe her selfe from blaming her fortune, and wishing her owne death.

But

But *Argalus* with a moſt heauie heart ſtill purſuing his deſire, ſhe fixt of minde to auoide further intreatie, and to flie all companie; which (euen of him) grew vnpleaſant vnto her, one night ſhe ſtole away: but whither, as yet it is vnknowne, or indeede what is become of her.

Argalus ſought her long, and in many places; at length (diſpairing to finde her, and the more hee deſpaired, the more enraged) wearie of his life, but firſt determining to bee reuenged of *Demagoras*, hee went alone diſguiſed into the chiefe towne held by the *Helots*: where comming into his preſence, garded about by many of his ſouldiers, he could delay his furie no longer for a fitter time: but ſetting vpon him, in deſpight of a great many that helped him, gaue him diuerſe mortall wounds, and himſelfe (no queſtion) had beene there preſently murthered, but that *Demagoras* himſelfe deſired hee might bee kept aliue: perchance with intention to feede his owne eyes with ſome cruell execution to bee layd vpon him, but death came ſooner then he lookt for; yet hauing had leiſure to appoint his ſucceſſor, a young man, not long before deliuered out of the priſon of the King of *Lacedæmon*, where he ſhould haue ſuffered death for hauing ſlaine the Kings Nephew, but him he named, who at that time was abſent, making roades vpon the *Lacedæmonians*, but being returned the reſt of the *Helots*, for the great liking they conceiued of that young man, eſpecially becauſe they had none among themſelues to whom the others would yeelde, where content to follow *Demagoras* appointment. And well hath it ſucceeded with them, hee hauing ſince done things beyond the hope of the youngeſt heads, of whom I ſpeake the rather, becauſe he hath hitherto preſerued *Argalus* aliue vnder pretence to haue him publikly, and with exquiſite torments executed, after the end of theſe warres, of which they hope for a ſoone and proſperous iſſue.

And he hath likewiſe hiterto kept my young Lord *Clitophon* aliue, who (to redeeme his friend) went with certaine other noble men of *Laconia*, and forces gathered by them, to beſiege this young and new ſucceſſor: but hee iſſuing out (to the wonder of all men) defeated the *Laconians*, ſlew many of the noble-men, and tooke *Clitophon* priſoner, whom with much a doe hee keepeth aliue, the *Helots* being villanouſly cruell; but he tempereth them ſo ſometimes, by following their humor, ſometimes by ſtriuing with it, that hitherto he hath ſaued both their liues, but indifferent eſtates; *Argalus* being kept in a cloſe and hard priſon, *Clitophon* at ſome libertie. And now Sir, though (to ſay the truth) we can promiſe our ſelues little of their ſafeties, while they are in the *Helots* hands, I haue deliuered all I vnderſtand touching the loſſe of my Lords ſonne, and the cauſe thereof: which, though it was not neceſſarie to *Clitophons* caſe, to bee ſo particularly told, yet the ſtrangeneſſe of it, made me thinke it would not be vnpleaſant vnto you.

Palladius thanked him greatly for it, being euen paſſionately delighted with hearing ſo ſtraunge an accident, of a knight ſo famous ouer the world, as *Argalus*, with whom he had himſelfe a long deſire to meete: ſo had fame powred a noble emulation in him towards him.

But then (welbethinking himſelfe) he called for armour, deſiring them to prouide him of horſe & guide, & armed all ſauing the head, he went vp to *Kalander*, whom he found lying vpon the ground, hauing euer ſince baniſhed both ſleepe and foode, as enemies to the mourning, which paſſion perſwaded him was reaſonable. But *Palladius* raiſed him vp, ſaying vnto him: No more, no more of this my Lord *Kalander*; let vs labour to finde, before wee lament the loſſe: you know my ſelfe miſſe

one,

one, who though he be not my ſonne, I would diſdaine the fauour of life after him: but while there is hope left, let not the weakeneſſe of ſorrow, make the ſtrength of it languiſh: take comfort, and good ſucceſſe will follow. And with thoſe wordes, comfort ſeemed to lighten in his eyes, and that in his face and geſture was painted victorie. Once, *Kalanders* ſpirits were ſo reuiued withall, that (receiuing ſome ſuſtenance, and taking a little reſt) he armed himſelfe, & thoſe few of his ſeruants he had left vnſent, and ſo himſelfe guided *Palladius* to the place vpon the frontiers; where alreadie there were aſſembled between three & foure thouſand men, all well diſpoſed (for *Kalenders* ſake) to abide any peril: but like men diſuſed with a long peace, more determinate to doe then skilful how to doe: luſtie bodies, and brauer armors; with ſuch courage, as rather grew of deſpiſing their enemies, whom they knew not, then of anie confidence for anie thing which in them ſelues they knew; but neither cunning vſe of their weapons, not art ſhewed in their marching, or incamping. Which *Palladius* ſoone perceiuing, he deſired to vnderſtand (as much as could be deliuered vnto him) the eſtate of the *Helots*.

And he was anſwered by a man well acquainted with the affaires of Laconia, that they were a kind of people, who hauing beene of olde, freemen and poſſeſſioners, the *Lacedæmonians* had conquered them, and laid not onely tribute, but bondage vpon them, which they had long borne, till of late the *Lacedæmonians* through greedineſſe growing more heauie then they could beare, and through contempt leſſe carefull how to make them beare, they had with a generall conſent (rather ſpringing by the generalneſſe or the cauſe, then of anie artificiall practiſe) ſet themſelues in armes, and whetting their courage with reuenge, and grounding their reſolution vpon diſpaire they had proceded with vnlooked for ſucceſſe hauing alreadie taken diuerſe Townes and Caſtles with the ſlaughter of many of the Gentrie; for whom no ſex nor age could be accepted for an excuſe. And that although at the firſt they had fought rather with beaſtly fury, then any ſouldierly diſcipline, practiſe had now made them comparable to the beſt of the *Lacedæmonians*, & more of late then euer; by reaſon, firſt of *Demagaras* a great Lord, who had made himſelfe of their partie, and ſince his death, of another Captaine they had gotten, who had brought vp their ignorance, and brought downe their furie, to ſuch a meane of good gouernement, and withall led them ſo valorouſly, that (beſides the time wherein *Clitophon* was taken) they had the better in ſome other great conflicts: in ſuch wiſe, that the eſtate of *Lacedæmon* had ſent vnto them, offering peace with moſt reaſonable and honourable conditions. *Palladius* hauing gotten his general knowledge of the party againſt whom, as he had already of the party for whom he was to fight, he went to *Kalender*, and told him plainly that by plaine force, there was ſmall apparence of helping *Clitophon*: but ſome deuice was to be taken in hand, wherein no leſſe diſcretion then valour was to be vſed.

Whereupon, the counſell of the chiefe men was called, and at laſt, this way *Palladius*) who by ſome experience, but eſpecially by reading Hiſtories, was acquainted with ſtratagems) inuented, and was by all the reſt approued: that all the men there ſhould dreſſe themſelues like the pooreſt ſort of the people in *Arcadia*, hauing no banners, but bloudie ſhirtes hanged vpon long ſtaues, with ſome bad bagge-pipes in ſtead of drumme & phyfe, their armour they ſhould as well as might be, couer, or at leaſt make them looke ſo ruſtilie, and ill fauourredly as might well become ſuch wearers, and this the whole number ſhould doe, ſauing two hundred of the beſt choſen Gentlemen, for courage and ſtrength;

whereof

whereof *Palladius* himſelfe would bee one, who ſhould haue their armes chained, and be put in cartes like priſoners. This being performed according to the agreement, they marched on towards the towne of *Cardamila* where *Clitophon* was Captaine; and being come two houres before Sunne-ſet within view of the walles, the *Helots* already diſcrying their number, and beginning to ſound the Allarum, they ſent a cunning fellow (ſo much the cunninger as that he could maske it vnder rudeneſſe (who with ſuch a kind of Rhetorike, as weeded out all flowers of Rhetorike, deliuered vnto the *Helots* aſſembled together, that they were countrey people of *Arcadia*, no leſſe oppreſſed by their Lords, and no leſſe deſirous of libertie then they, and therefore had put themſelues in the field, and had already (beſides a great number ſlaine) taken nine or ten ſcore Gentlemen priſoners whom they had there well and faſt chained. Now becauſe they had no ſtrong retiring place in *Arcadia*, and were not yet of number enough to keepe the field againſt their Princes forces, they were come to them for ſuccour; knowing that daily more & more of their quality would flock vnto them, but that in the meane time, leaſt their Prince ſhould purſue them, or the *Lacedæmonian* King & noblitie (for the likeneſſe of the cauſe) fall vpon them, they deſired that if there were not roome enough for them in the towne, that yet they might encampe vnder the walles, and for ſuertie haue their priſoners (who were ſuch men as were able to make their peace) kept within the towne.

The *Helots* made but a ſhort conſultation, being glad that their cõtagion had ſpread it ſelfe into *Arcadia*, and making account that if the peace did not fall out betweene them and their King, that it was the beſt way to ſet fire in all the parts of *Greece*; beſides their greedineſſe to haue ſo many Gentlemen in their hands, in whoſe raunſomes they alreadie meant to haue a ſhare; to which haſt of concluding, two things well helped; the one, that their Captaine, with the wiſeſt of them, was at that time abſent about confirming or breaking the peace with the ſtate of *Lacedæmon*: the ſecond, that ouer many good fortunes began to breed a proud reckleſneſſe in them, therfore ſending to view the Campe, and finding that by their ſpeech they were *Arcadians*, with whom they had had no warre, neuer ſuſpecting a priuate mans credit could haue gathered ſuch a force, and that all other tokens witneſſed them to bee of the loweſt calling (beſides the chaines vpon the Gentlemen) they graunted not onely leaue for the priſoners, but for ſome others of the companie, and to all, that they might harbour vnder the walles. So opened they the grates, and receiued in the carts, which being done, and *Palladius* ſeeing fit time, hee gaue the ſigne, and ſhaking off their chaines (which were made with ſuch arte, that though they ſeemed moſt ſtrong and faſt, he that ware them might eaſily looſe them) drew their ſwords hidden in the carts, and ſo ſetting vpon the ward, made them to flie either from the place, or from their bodies, and ſo giue entry to all the force of the *Arcadians* before the *Helots* could make any head to reſiſt them.

But the *Helots* being men hardened againſt daungers, gathered (as well as they could) together in the market place, and thenſe would haue giuen a ſhrewd welcome to the *Arcadians*, but that *Palladius* (blaming thoſe that were ſlow, heartning them that were forward, but eſpecially with his owne example leading them) made ſuch an impreſſion into the ſquadron of the *Helots*, that at firſt the great bodie of them beginning to ſhake and ſtagger; at length, euerie particular body recommended the protection of his life to his feete. Then *Kalander* cried to goe to the priſon, where he thought his ſonne was, but *Palladius* wiſht him (firſt ſcouring the ſtreets) to houſe all the *Helots*, and make themſelues maſter of the gates.

But

But ere that could be accompliſhed, the *Helots* hat gotten new heart, and with diuers ſorts of ſhot from corners of ſtreetes, and houſe windowes, galled them; which courage was come vnto them by the returne of their Captaine, who though he brought not many with him (hauing diſperſt moſt of his companies to other of his holds (yet meeting a great number running out of the gate, not yet poſſeſt by the *Arcadians*, he made them turne face, and with banners diſplayed, his Trumpet giue the lowdeſt teſtimonie he could of his returne; which once heard, the reſt of the *Helots* which were otherwiſe ſcattered, bent thitherward with a new life of reſolution: as if their Captaine had beene a root, out of which (as into branches) their courage had ſprong. Then began the fight to grow moſt ſharpe, & the encounters of more cruel obſtinacie. The *Arcadians* fighting to keepe that they had won; the *Helots* to recouer what they had loſt. The *Arcadians* as in an vnknowne place, hauing no ſuccour but in their hands; the *Helots*, as in their owne place fighting for their liuings, wiues and children. There was victorie and courage againſt reuenge and deſpaire: ſafetie of both ſides being no otherwiſe to be gotten, but by deſtruction.

At length, the left wind of the *Arcadians* began to looſe ground; which *Palladius* ſeeing, he ſtraight thruſt himſelfe with his choiſe band againſt the throng that oppreſſed them, with ſuch an ouerflowing of valour, that the Captaine of the *Helots* (whoſe eyes ſoone iudged of that wherewith themſelues were gouerned) ſaw that he alone was worth all the reſt of the *Arcadians*: which he ſo wondred at, that it was hard to ſay, whether he more liked his doings, or miſliked the effects of his doings: but determining that vpon that caſt the game lay, and diſdaining to fight with anie other, ſought only to ioine with him: which mind was no leſſe in *Palladius*, hauing eaſily marked, that he was as the firſt mouer of all the other hands. And ſo their thoughts meeting in one point, they conſented (though not agreed) to trye each others fortune: and ſo drawing themſelues to be the vttermoſt of the one ſide, they began a combat, which was ſo much inferior to the battaile in noiſe and number, as it was ſurpaſſing it in brauerie of fighting, & (as it were) delightful terriblenes. Their courage was guided with skill, and their skill was armed with courage; neyther did their hardineſſe darken their wit, nor their wit coole their hardineſſe: both valiant, as men deſpiſing death; both confident, as vnwonted to be ouercome; yet doubtfull by their preſent feeling, & reſpectfull by what they had alreadie ſeene. Their feete ſtedie, their hands diligent, their eyes watchfull, and their hearts reſolute. The parts either not armed, or weakely armed, were well knowne, & according to the knowledge ſhould haue bin ſharpely viſited, but that the anſwer was as quicke as the obiection. Yet ſome lightning; the ſmart bred rage, and the rage bred ſmart againe: till both ſides beginning to waxe faint, and rather deſirous to die accompanied, then hopefull to liue victorious, the Captaine of the *Helots* with a blow, whoſe violence grew of fury, not of ſtrength or of ſtrength proceeding of furie, ſtrake *Palladius* vpon the ſide of the head that he reeled aſtonied: and withall the helmet fell off, he remaining bare headed, but other of the *Arcadians* were readie to ſhield him from any harme might riſe of that nakedneſſe.

But little needed it, for his chiefe enemy inſteed of purſuing that aduantage, kneeled downe, offering to deliuer the pommel of his ſword, in token of yeelding; withall ſpeaking alowd vnto him, that he thought in more liberty to be his priſoner, then any others Generall. *Palladius* ſtanding vpō himſelf, & miſdoubting ſom craft, & the *Helots* (that where next their captain) wauering between looking for ſome ſtratagē, or fearing treſon; what, ſaid the captain, hath *Palladius* forgotē the voice of *Daiphantus*?

By

By that watch word *Palladius* knew that it was his onely friend *Pyrocles*, whom he had loſt vpon the ſea, and therefore both moſt full of wonder, ſo to be met, if they had not been fuller of ioy then wonder, cauſed the retrait to be ſounded, *Daiphantus* by authoritie & *Palladius* by perſwaſion; to which helped well the little aduantage that was of either ſide: & that of the *Helots* partie their Captaines behauiour had made as manie amazed as ſaw or heard of it: and of the *Arcadian* ſide the good old *Kalender* ſtriuing more then his old age could atchieue, was newly taken priſoner. But indeed the chiefe parter of the fray was the night, which with her blacke armes pulled their malicious ſights one from the other. But he that tooke *Kalander*, meant nothing leſſe then to ſaue him, but onely ſo long, as the Captaine might learn the enemies ſecrets, towards whom he led the old Gentleman, when he cauſed the retreit to be ſounded; looking for no other deliuerie from that captiuitie, but by the paihfull taking away of all paine: when, whom ſhould he ſee next to the Captaine (with good tokens how valiantly he had fought that day againſt the *Arcadians*) but his ſonne *Clitophon*? But now the Captaine had cauſed all the principall *Helots* to be aſſembled, as well to deliberate what they had to do, as to receiue a meſſage from the *Arcadians*; Among whom *Palladius* vertue (beſides the loue *Kalender* bare him) hauing gotten principall authoritie, he had perſwaded them to ſeek rather by parley to recouer the Father and the Sonne, then by the ſword: ſince the goodneſſe of the Captaine aſſured him that way to ſpeed, & his value (wherewith he was of old acquainted) made him thinke any other way dangerous. This therefore was done in oderly maner, giuing them to vnderſtand, that as they came but to deliuer *Clitophon*, ſo offering to leaue the footing, they alreadie had in the towne, to goe away without any further hurt, ſo as they might haue the father and the ſonne without ranſome deliuered. Which conditions being heard and conceiued by the *Helots*, *Daiphantus* perſwaded them without delay to accept them. For firſt (ſaid he) ſince the ſtrife is within our owne home, if you looſe, you looſe all that in this life can be deare vnto you: if you winne, it will be a bloudie victorie with no profit, but the flattering in our ſelues that ſame bad humour of reuenge. Beſides, it is like to ſtirre *Arcadia* vpon vs, which now, by vſing theſe perſons well, may be brought to ſome amitie. Laſtly, but eſpecially, leaſt the King and Nobilitie of *Laconia* (with whom now we haue made a perfect peace) ſhould hope by occaſion of this quarell to ioine the *Arcadians* with them, and ſo breake off the profitable agreement alreadie concluded. In ſumme, as in all deliberations (waying the profit of the good ſucceſſe with the hanne of the euill ſucceſſe) you ſhall finde this way moſt ſafe and honourable.

The *Helots*, as much moued by his authoritie, as perſwaded by his reaſons, were content therewith. Whereupon *Palladius* tooke order that the *Arcadians* ſhould preſently march out of the town, taking with them their priſoners, while the night with mutuall diffidence might keepe them quiet, and ere day came they might bee well on of their way, and ſo auoid thoſe accidents which in late enemies, a looke, a word, or a particular mans quarrell might engender. This being on both ſides concluded on, *Kalender* & *Clitophon*, who now (with infinite ioy did know each other) came to kiſſe the hands and feete of *Daiphantus*: *Clitophon* telling his father, how *Daiphantus* (not without danger to himſelfe) had preſerued him from the furious malice of the *Helots*: and euen that day going to conclude the peace (leaſt in his abſence hee might receiue ſome hurt) hee had taken him in his companie, and giuen him armour, vpon promiſe he ſhould take the part of the *Helots*; which hee had in this fight performed, little knowing that it was againſt his father; but (ſaid *Clitophon*)

here

here is he, who (as a father) hath new begotten me, and (as a God) hath ſaued mee from manie deaths, who alreadie laid hold on me: which *Kalander* with teares of ioy acknowledged (beſides his owne deliuerance) onely his benefite. But *Daiphantus*, who loued doing well for it ſelfe, and not for thankes, brake off thoſe ceremonies; deſiring to know how *Palladius* (for ſo he called *Muſidorus*) was come into that companie, and what his preſent eſtate was; whereof receiuing a briefe declaration of *Kalander*, he ſent him word by *Clitophon*, that he ſhould not as now come vnto him, becauſe he held himſelfe not ſo ſure a maiſter of the *Helots* mindes, that hee would aduenture him in their power, who was ſo well knowne with an vnfriendly acquaintance, but that he deſired him to return with *Kalander*, whither alſo he within few dayes (hauing diſpatched himſelfe of the *Helots*) would repaire. *Kalander* would needs kiſſe his hand againe for that promiſe, proteſting he would eſteeme his houſe more bleſſed then a temple of the gods, if it had once receiued him. And then deſiring pardon for *Argalus*. *Daiphantus* aſſured them that hee would die but hee would bring him (though till then kept in cloſe priſon, indeed for his ſafety, the *Helots* being ſo animated againſt him as elſe he could not haue liued) & ſo taking their leaue of him, *Kalander*, *Clitophon*, *Palladius*, and the reſt of the *Arcadians* ſwearing that they would no further in any ſort moleſt the *Helots*, they ſtraight way marched out of the towne, carrying both their dead and wounded bodies with them; and by morning were all readie within the limites of *Arcadia*.

The *Helots* of the other ſide ſhutting their gates, gaue themſelues to burie their dead, to cure their wounds, & reſt their wearied bodies; till (the next day beſtowing the cheerefull vſe of the light vpon them) *Daiphantus* making a generall conuocation, ſpake vnto them in this maner: We are firſt (ſaid he) to thank the gods, that (further then we had eyther cauſe to hope, or reaſon to imagine) haue deliuered vs out of this gulfe of danger, wherein we were alreadie ſwallowed. For all being loſt, (had they not directed my returne ſo iuſt as they did) it had beene too late to recouer that, which being had, wee could not keepe. And had I not happened to know one of the principall men among them, by which meanes the truce began betweene vs, you may eaſily conceiue, what little reaſon we haue to thinke, but that eyther by ſome ſupply out of *Arcadia*, or from the Nobilitie of this Country (who would haue made fruits of wiſedome grow out of this occaſion) we ſhould haue had our power turned to ruine, our pride to repentance and ſorrow. But now the ſtorme, as it fell, ſo it ceaſed: and the error committed, in retaining *Clitophon* more hardly then his age or quarrell deſerued, becomes a ſharpely learned experience, to vſe in other times more moderation.

Now haue I to deliuer vnto you the concluſion betweene the kings with the Nobilitie of Lacedæmon and you; which is in all points as your ſelues deſired: aſwell for that you would haue granted, as for the aſſurance of what is graunted. The Townes and Fortes you preſently haue, are ſtill left vnto you, to be kept either with or without garriſon, ſo as you alter not the lawes of the Countrey, and pay ſuch duties as the reſt of the *Laconians* doe; Your ſelues are made by publique decree, freemen, and ſo capable both to giue and receiue voyce in election of Magiſtrates. The diſtinction of names betweene *Helots* and *Leacedæmonians* to be quite taken away, and all indifferently to enioy both names of priuiledges of *Laconians*. Your children to be brought vp with theirs in the *Spartane* diſcipline: and ſo you (framing your ſelues to be good members of that eſtate) to be hereafter fellowes, and no longer ſeruants.

Which conditions you ſee, carrie in themſelues no more contention then aſſurance; For this is not a peace which is made with them, but this is a peace by which you are made of them. Laſtly a forgetfulneſſe decreed of all what is paſt, they ſhewing themſelues glad to haue ſo valiant men as you are, ioyned with them; ſo that you are to take mindes of peace, ſince the cauſe of warre is finiſhed; and as you hated them before like oppreſſors, ſo now to loue them as brothers; to take care of their eſtate becauſe it is yours, and to labour by vertuous doing, that the poſteritie may not repent your ioyning. But now one Article onely they ſtood vpon, which in the end I with your Commiſſioners haue agreed vnto, that I ſhould no more tarrie here, miſtaking perchance my humour, and thinking me as ſeditious as I am young, or elſe it is the king *Amiclas* procuring, in reſpect that it was my ill hap to kill his nephew *Earileon*; but howſoeuer it be, I haue condiſcended. But ſo will not we, cried almoſt the whole aſſembly, counſelling one another, rather to trie the vttermoſt euent, then looſe him by whom they had beene victorious. But hee as well with generall orations, as particular dealing with the men of moſt credit, made them throughly ſee how neceſſarie it was to preferre ſuch an opportunitie before a vaine affection; but yet could not preuaile, till openly hee ſware, that he would (if at anie time the *Lacedæmonians* brake this treatie) come backe againe, and be their Captaine.

So then after a few dayes, ſetting them in perfect order, he took his leaue of them, whoſe eyes bad him farewell with teares, and mouthes with kiſſing the places where he ſtep, and after making temples vnto him as to a demi-God: thinking it beyond the degree of humanitie to haue a wit ſo farre ouergoing his age, and ſuch dreadfull terror proceede from ſo excellent beautie. But he for his ſake obtained free pardon for *Argalus*, whom alſo (vpon oath neuer to beare armes againſt the *Helots*) hee deliuered: and taking onely with him certaine principall Iewells of his owne, hee would haue parted alone with *Argalus* (whoſe countenance well ſhewed, while *Parthenia* was loſt hee counted not himſelfe deliuered) but that the whole multitude would needs guard him into *Arcadia*. Where againe leauing them all to lament his departure, hee by enquirie got to the well-knowne houſe of *Kalander*: There was hee receiued with louing ioye of *Kalander*, with ioyfull loue of *Palladius*, with humble (though dolefull) demeanour of *Argalus* (whom ſpecially both he and *Palladius* regarded) with gratefull ſeruiceablenes of *Clitophon*, & honourable admiration of all. For being now well viewed to haue no haire on his face, to witneſſe him a man, who had done acts beyond the degree of a man, and to looke with a certaine almoſt baſhfull kinde of modeſtie, as if hee feared the eyes of men, who was vnmooued with ſight of the moſt horrible continuances of death; and as if nature had miſtaken her worke to haue a *Marſes* heart in a *Cupids* bodie: All that beheld him (and all that might behold him, did behold him) made their eyes quicke meſſengers to their mindes, that there they had ſeene the vttermoſt that in mankind might be ſeene. the like wonder *Palladius* had before ſtirred, but that *Daiphantus*, as younger & newer come, had gotten now the aduantage in the moyſt and fickle impreſſion of eye-ſight. But while all men (ſauing poore *Argalus*) made the ioy of their eyes ſpeake for their hearts towards *Daiphantus*: Fortune (that belike was bid to that banket, and ment then to play the good fellow) brought a pleaſant aduenture among them. It was that as they had newly dined, there came into *Kalender* a meſſenger, that brought him word, a yong noble Ladie, neere kinſwoman to the faire *Helen* Queene of *Corinth*, was come thither

thither, and desire to be lodged in his house. *Kalander* (most glad of such an occasion, went out, and all his other worthy guests with him, saving onely *Argalus*, who remained in his chamber, desirous that this companie were once broken vp, that he might goe in his solitarie quest after *Parthenia*. But when they met this Ladie, *Kalander* straight thought the saw his neece *Parthenia*, and was about in such familiar sort to haue spoken vnto her; but shee in graue and honourable manner giuing him to vnderstand that hee was mistaken, hee halfe ashamed excused himselfe with the exceeding likenesse was betweene them, though indeede it seemed that this Ladie was of the more pure and daintie complexion; she said, it might verie well be, hauing beene many times taken one for another. But assoone as she was brought into the house, before she would rest her, shee desired to speake with *Argalus* publikely, who shee heard was in the house. *Argalus* came hastily, and as hastily thought as *Kalander* had done, with sudden changes of ioy into sorrow. But shee when she had staid their thoughts with telling them her name and qualitie, in this sort spake vnto him. My Lord *Argalus*, said she, being of late left in the court of Queene *Helen* of *Corinth*, as chiefe in her absence (she being vpon some occasion gone thence) there came vnto me the Ladie *Parthenia*, so disfigured, as I thinke Greece hath nothing so ougly to behold. For my part, it was many dayes, before with vehement oathes, and some good proofes, she could make me thinke that shee was *Parthenia*. Yet at last finding certainly it was shee, and greatly pittying her misfortune, so much the more, as that all men had euer told me (as now you doe) of the great likenesse betweene vs, I tooke the best care I could of her, and of her vnderstood the whole tragicall historie of her vndeserued aduenture: and there withall, of that most noble constancie in you my Lord *Argalus*: which whosoeuer loues not, shewes himselfe to be a hater of vertue, & vnworthy to liue in the societie of mankinde. But no outward cherishing could salue the inward sore of her minde, but a few daies since she died; before her death earnestly desiring, & perswading me, to thinke of no husband but of you; as of the only man in the world worthy to be loued withall, she gaue me this Ring to deliuer you, desiring you, & by the authoritie of loue commaunding you, that the affection you bare her, you should turne to me; assuring you, that nothing can please her soule more, then to see you and me matched together. Now my Lord though this office be not (perchance) sutable to my estate, nor sex, who should rather looke to be desired; yet, an extraordinarie desert requires an extraordinarie proceeding: and therefore I am come (with faithfull loue built vpon your worthinesse) to offer my selfe, and to beseech you to accept the offer: and if these noble Gentlemen present, will say it is great folly, let them withall, say it is great loue. And then she staid, earnestly attending *Argalus* his answere, who first making most heartie sighes (doing such obsequies as he could to *Parthenia*) thus answered her.

Madame (said he) infinitly am I bound vnto you, for this, no more rare then noble courtesie; but much bound for the goodnesse I perceiue you shewed to the Ladie *Parthenia* (with that the teares ranne downe his eyes, but hee followed on) and as much as so vnfortunate a man, fit to bee the spectacle of miserie, can doe you seruice; determine you haue made a purchase of a slaue (while I liue) neuer to faile you. But this great matter you propose vnto me wherein I am not so blind as not to see what happinesse it should be vnto me; excellent Ladie, know, that if my heart were mine to giue, you before all other should haue it; but *Parthenias* it is though dead: there I began, there I end all matter of affection, I hope I shall not long tarrie after her with whose beautie if I had onely beene in loue, I should be so with

you, who haue the ſame beautie: but it was *Parthenias* ſelfe I loued, and loue, which no likeneſſe can make one; no commaundement diſſolue, no foulneſſe defile, nor no death finiſh. And ſhall I receiue (ſaid ſhe) ſuch diſgrace, as to be refuſed? Noble Lady (ſaid he) let not that hard word be vſed; who know your exceeding worthines farre beyond my deſert: but it is onely happineſſe I refuſe, ſince of the onely happineſſe I could and can deſire, I am refuſed.

He had ſcarce ſpoken thoſe words, when ſhee ranne to him, and imbracing him, why then *Argalus* (ſaid ſhee) take thy *Parthenia*: and *Parthenia* it was indeede. But becauſe ſorrow forbad him too ſoone to beleeue, ſhe told him the trueth, with all circumſtances: how being parted alone, meaning to die in ſome ſolitarie place, as ſhe hapned to make her complaint, the Queene *Helen* of *Corinth* (who likewiſe felt her part of miſeries) being then walking alſo alone in that louely place, heard her, and neuer left till ſhe had knowne the whole diſcourſe. Which the noble Queene greatly pittying, ſhe ſent to her a phyſition of hers, the moſt excellent man in the world, in hope he could helpe her: which in ſuch ſort as they ſaw he had performed, and ſhe taking with her of the Queenes ſeruants, thought yet to make this triall, whether he would quickely forget his true *Parthenia*, or no. Her ſpeech was confirmed by the *Corinthian* Gentlemen, who before had kept her councell, & *Argalus* eaſily perſwaded to what more then ten thouſand yeares of life he deſired: and *Kalander* would needs haue the marriage celebrated in his houſe, principally the longer to hold his deare gueſt, towards whom he was now (beſides his owne habite of hoſpitalitie) carried with loue and dutie: and therefore omitted no ſeruice that his wit could inuent, and his power miniſter.

But no way he ſaw he could ſo much pleaſure them, as by leauing the two friends alone, who being ſhrunke aſide to the banquetting houſe where the pictures were: there *Palladius* recounted vnto him, that after they had both abandoned the burning ſhip (& either of them taken ſomething vnder him, the better to ſupport him to the ſhore) he knew not how, but either with ouer-labouring in the fight, and ſudden cold, or the too much receiuing of ſalt water, he was paſt himſelfe: but yet holding faſt (as the nature of dying men is to do) the cheſt that was vnder him, he was caſt on the ſands, where he was taken vp by a couple of ſhepheards, and by them brought to life againe, and kept from drowning himſelfe, when he deſpaired of his ſaftie. How after hauing failed to take him into the fiſher boate, he had by the ſhepheards perſwaſion come to this Gentlemans houſe; where being dangerouſly ſicke, he had yeelded to ſeeke the recouerie of health, onely for that hee might the ſooner goe ſeeke the deliuerie of *Pyrocles*; to which purpoſe *Kalander* by ſome friends of his in *Meſſena*, had alreadie ſet a ſhippe or two abroad, when this accident of *Clitophons* taking had ſo bleſſedly procured their meeting. Then did hee ſet forth vnto him the noble intertainment and carefull cheriſhing of *Kalander* towards him, and ſo vpon occaſion of the pictures preſent, delinered with the frankes of a friends tongue, as neere as he could, word by word what *Kalander* had told him touching the ſtrange ſtorie (with all the particularities belonging) of *Arcadia*, which did in many ſorts ſo delight *Pyrocles* to heare: that hee would needs haue much of it againe repeated, and was not contented till *Kalander* himſelfe had anſwered him diuerſe queſtions.

But firſt at *Muſidorus* requeſt, thought in briefe manner, his minde much running vpon the ſtrange ſtorie of *Arcadia*, he did declare by what courſe of aduentures hee was come to make vp their mutuall happineſſe in meeting. When (coſin ſaid he)

we

we had ſtript our ſelues, and were both leapt into the Sea, and ſwom a little toward the ſhore. I found by reaſon of ſome wounds I had, that I ſhould not be able to get the land, and therefore returned backe againe to the maſt of the ſhippe, where you found me, aſſuring my ſelfe, that if you came aliue to the ſhoare, you would ſeeke me; if you were loſt, as I thought it as good to periſh as to liue, ſo that place as good to periſh in as another. There I found my ſword among ſome of the ſhrowds, wiſhing (I muſt confeſſe) if I died, to be found with that in my hand, and withall wauing it about my head, that ſaylers by, might haue the better glimpſe of me. There you miſſing me, I was taken vp by Pyrats, who putting mee vnder boord priſoner, preſently ſet vpon another ſhip, and maintaining a long fight, in the end, put them all to the ſword. Amongſt whom I might heare them greatly praiſe one yong man, who fought moſt valiantly, whom (as loue is carefull, and misfortune ſubiect to doubtfulneſſe) I thought certainly to be you. And ſo holding you as dead, from that time till the time I ſaw you, in truth I ſought nothing more then a noble end, which perchance made me more hardie then otherwiſe I would haue beene. Tryall whereof came within two dayes after: for the Kings of *Lacedæmon* hauing ſet out ſome Galleys, vnder the charge of one of their Nephwes, to ſcoure the Sea of the Pyrates, they met with vs, where our Captaine wanting men, was driuen to arme ſome of his priſoners, with promiſe of libertie for well fighting: among whom I was one; and being borded by the Admirall, it was my fortune to kill *Eurylcon* the Kings Nephew: but in the end they preuayled, and wee were all taken priſoners, I not caring much what became of mee (onely keeping the name of *Daiphantus*, according to the reſolution you know is between vs:) but being laid in the iayle of *Tenaria*, with ſpeciall hate to me for the death of *Eurylcon*, the popular ſort of that towne conſpired with the *Helots*, and ſo by night opened them the gates; where entring and killing all of the gentle and rich faction, for honeſtie ſake brake open all priſons, and ſo deliuered me: and I moued with grateſulneſſe, & encouraged with careleſneſſe of life, ſo behaued my ſelfe in ſome conflicts they had within few dayes, that they barbarouſly thinking vnſenſible wonders of mee, and withall ſo much the better truſting mee, as they heard I was hated of the King of *Lacedæmon*, their chiefe Captaine being ſlaine, as you know by the noble *Argalus* (who helped thereunto by his perſwaſion) haning borne a great affection vnto mee, and to auoide the dangerous emulation which grew among the chiefe, who ſhould haue the place, and alſo affected, as rather to haue a ſtranger then a competitor, they elected mee (God wot little proude of that dignitie,) reſtoring vnto mee ſuch things of mine as being taken firſt by the Pyrates, and then by the *Lacedæmonians*, they had gotten in the ſacke of the towne. Now being in it, ſo good was my ſucceſſe with many victories, that I made a peace for them to their owne liking the verie day that you deliuered *Clitophon*, whom I with much a-do had preſerued. And in my peace the king *Amiclas* of *Lacedæmon* would needes haue mee baniſhed, and deprined of the dignitie whereunto I was exalted: which (and you may ſee how much you are bound to mee) for your ſake I was content to ſuffer, a new hope riſing in mee, that you were not dead: and ſo meaning to trauaile ouer the world to ſeeke you; and now heere (my deere *Muſidorus*) you haue mee. And with that (embracing and kiſſing each other) they called *Kalander*, of whom *Daiphantus* deſiring to heare the full ſtorie, which before he had recounted to *Palladius*, and to ſee the letter of *Philanax*, which he read and well marked.

But within ſome dayes after, the marriage betweene *Argalus* and the faire *Parthenia* being to be celebrated, *Daiphantus* and *Palladius* ſelling ſome of their Iewels, furniſhed themſelues of verie faire apparell, meaning to do honour to their louing hoſt; who as much for their ſakes, as for their mariage, ſet forth each thing in moſt gorgeous manner. But all the coſt beſtowed did not ſo much enrich, nor all the fine decking ſo much beautifie, nor all the daintie deuiſes ſo much delight, as the faireneſſe of *Parthenia*, the pearle of all the maides of *Mantinea*: who as ſhe went to the Temple to be maried, her eyes themſelues ſeemed a Temple, wherein loue & beautie were married; her lips though they were kept cloſe with modeſt ſilence, yet with a prety kind of naturall ſwelling, they ſeemed to inuite the gueſts that lookt on them; her cheekes bluſhing, and withall when ſhe was ſpoken vnto, a little ſmiling, were like Roſes, when their leaues are with a little breath ſtirred; her haire being laide at the full length downe her backe, bare ſhew as if the voward failed, yet that would conquer. *Daiphantus* marking her, O *Iupiter* (ſaith he ſpeaking to *Palladius*) how happens it, that beautie is onely confined to *Arcadia*? But *Palladius* not greatly attending his ſpeech, ſome daies were continued in the ſolemnizing the mariage, with all conceipts that might deliuer delight to mens fancies.

But ſuch a chaunge was growne in *Daiphantus*, that (as if cheerefulneſſe had bin tedioufnes, and good entertainment were turned to diſcourteſie) he would euer get himſelfe alone, though almoſt when he was in company, he was alone; ſo little attention he gaue to any that ſpeake vnto him: euen the colour and figure of his face began to receiue ſome alteration, which he ſhewed litle to heed: but euery morning earely going abroad, either to the Garden, or to ſome woods toward the deſert, it ſeemed his onely comfort was to be without a comforter. But long it could not be hid from *Palladius*, whom true loue made readie to marke, and long knowledge able to marke; and therefore being now growne wearie of his abode in *Arcadia*, hauing informed himſelfe fully of the ſtrength and riches of the countrey, of the nature of the people, and maner of their lawes: and ſeeing the Court could not be viſited, prohibited to all men, but to certaine ſhepheardiſh people; he greatly deſired a ſpeedie returne to his owne countrey, after the manie mazes of fortune he had troden. But perceiuing this great alteration in his friend, he thought firſt to breake with him thereof; and then to haſten his returne; whereof he found him but ſmally enclined: whereupon one day taking him alone with certaine graces and countenances, as if he were diſputing with the trees, began in this maner to ſay vnto him.

A minde well trained and long exerciſed in vertue (my ſweet and worthy couſin) doth not eaſily chaunge any courſe it once vndertakes, but vpon well grounded and well wayed cauſes; For being witneſſe to it ſelfe of his owne inward good, it findes nothing without it of ſo high a price, for which it ſhould be altered. Euen the verie countenance and behauiour of ſuch a man doth ſhew forth Images of the ſame conſtancie, by maintaining a right harmony betwixt it and the inward good, in yeelding it ſelfe ſutable to the vertuous reſolution of the minde. This ſpeech I direct to you (noble friend *Pyrocles*) the excellencie of whoſe mind and well choſen courſe in vertue, if I do not ſufficiently know, hauing ſeene ſuch rare demonſtrations of it, it is my weakneſſe, and not your vnworthineſſe: but as indeed I knowe it, and knowing it moſt dearely loue both it, and him that hath it; ſo muſt I needs ſay, that ſince our late comming into this country, I haue marked in you, I will not ſay an alteration, but a relenting truly, & a ſlacking of the maine career, you had ſo notably begun & almoſt performed, & that in ſuch ſort, as I cannot find ſufficient reaſon in my great

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loue toward you how (to allow it: for to leaue off other ſecreter arguments which my acquaintance with you makes me eaſily find) this in effect to anie man may be manifeſt that wheras you were wont in all places you came, to giue your ſelfe vehemently to the knowledge of thoſe things which might better your minde, to ſeeke the familiaritie of excellent men in learning and ſouldiery, and laſtly, to put all theſe things in practiſe both by continuall wiſe proceeding, and worthy entrepriſes, as occaſion fell for them; you now leaue all theſe things vndone: you let your mind fall aſleep: beſide your countenance troubled, which ſurely comes not of vertue; for vertue (like the cleere heauen) is without clouds: and laſtly, you ſubiect your ſelfe to ſolitarines, the ſlie enemy, that doth moſt ſeperate a man from weldoing. *Pyrocles* mind was all this while ſo fixed vpō another deuotion, that he no more attentiuely marked his friends diſcourſe, then the child that hath leaue to play, marks the laſt part of his leſſon, or the diligent Pilot in a dangerous tempeſt doth attend the vnskilfull words of a paſſenger: yet the very ſound hauing imprinted the general points of his ſpeech in his heart, pierced with any miſlike of ſo deerely an eſteemed friend, & deſirous by degrees to bring him to a gentler conſideration of him, with a ſhamefac't looke (witneſſing he rather could not help, then did not know his fault) anſwered him to this purpoſe: Excellent *Muſidorus*, in the praiſe you gaue me in the beginning of your ſpeech, I eaſily acknowledge the force of your good will vnto me, for neither could you haue thought ſo well of me, if extremity of loue had not made your iudgment partiall; nor you could haue loued me ſo entirely, if you had not bin apt to make ſo great (though vndeſerued) iudgements of me; and euen ſo muſt I ſay to thoſe imperfections, to which though I haue euer through weakenes beene ſubiect, yet you by the daily mending of your mind haue of late bin able to looke into them, which before you could not diſcerne; ſo that the change you ſpeake of, falls not out by my impairing, but by your bettering. And yet vnder the leaue of your better iudgment, I muſt needs ſay thus much, my deere couſin, that I find not my ſelfe wholly to be condemned, becauſe I do not with continuall vehementie follow thoſe knowledges, which you call the bettering of my mind; for both the mind it ſelfe muſt (like other things) ſomtimes be vnbent, or elſe it will be either weakned, or broken: And theſe knowledges, as they are of good vſe, ſo are they not all the mind may ſtretch it ſelfe vnto: who knowes whether I feed not my mind with higher thoughts? Truly, as I know not all the particularities, ſo yet I ſee the bounds of all theſe knowledges: but the workings of the mind, I finde much more infinite, then can be led vnto by the eye, or imagined by any, that diſtract their thoughts without themſelues.

And in ſuch contemplation, or (as I thinke) more excellent, I enioy my ſolitarineſſe, & my ſolitarines perchance, is the nurſe of theſe contemplations Eagles we ſee flie alone, & they are but ſheep, which alwaies Heard together; condemne not therfore my mind ſometimes to enioy it ſelfe; nor blame not the taking of ſuch times as ſerue moſt fit for it. And alas, deare *Muſidorus*, if I be ſadde, who knowes better then you the iuſt cauſes I haue of ſadneſſe? And here *Pyrocles* ſuddenly ſtopped, like a man vnſatisfied in himſelfe, though his wit might well haue ſerued to haue ſatisfied another. And ſo looking with a countenance, as though hee deſired hee ſhould know his minde without hearing him ſpeake, and yet deſirous to ſpeake, to breathe out ſome part of his inward euill, ſending againe new blood to his face, he continued his ſpeech in this maner: And Lord (deere couſin, ſaid hee) dooth not the pleaſantnes of this place carrie in it ſelfe ſufficient reward for any time loſt in it? Doe you not ſee how all things conſpire together to make this country a heauenly

dwelling?

dwelling? Doe you not see the grasse, how in colour they excell the Emeralds, every one striuing to passe his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equall height? And see you not the rest of these beautyfull flowers, each of which would require a mans wit to know, and his life to expresse? Do not these stately trees seeme to maintaine their flourishing old age with the only happinesse of their seat, being cloathed with a cõtinuall spring, because no beautie here should euer fade? Doth not the ayre breath health, which the birds (delightfull both to eare & eye) do daily solemnize with the sweet consent of their voices? Is not euerie *Eccho* the reof a perfect Musick? & these fresh & delightfull brookes how slowly they slide away, as loth to leaue the companie of so many things vnited in perfection? and with how sweet a murmure they lament their forced departure? Certainly, certainly, cousin, it must needs be that some goddesse inhabit het this Region, who is the soule of this soile: for neither is any lesse then a goddesse, worthy to be shrined in such a heape of pleasures: nor any lesse then a goddesse could haue made it so perfect a plotte of the cœlestiall dwellings. And so ended with a deepe sight, rewfully casting his eye vpon *Musidorus* as more desirous of pittie then pleading. But *Musidorus* had all this while held his looke fixed vpon *Pyrocles* countenance; and with no lesse louing attention marked how his words proceeded from him: but in both these, he perceiued such strange diuersities, that they rather increased new doubts, then gaue him ground to settle anie iudgement: for besides his eyes sometimes euen great with teares, the oft changing of his colour, with a kind of shaking vnstayednesse ouer all his body, he might see in his countenance some great determination mixed with feare; and might perceiue in him store of thoughts, rather stirred then digested; his words interrupted continually with sighes (which serued as a burthen to each sentence) and the tenour of his speech (though of his wonted phrase) not knit together to one constant end but rather dissolued in it selfe, as the vehemencie of the inward passion preuailed: which made *Musidorus* frame his answere neerest to that humour, which should soonest put out the secret. For hauing in the beginning of *Pyrocles* speech which defended his solitarines, framed in his mind a reply against it, in the praise of honourable action, in shewing that such a kind of contemplation is but a glorious title to idlenesse; that in action a man did not onely better himselfe but benefit others; that the gods would not haue delinered a soule into the bodie, which had armes and legges, onely instruments of doing, but that it were intended the minde should imploy them, and that the minde should best know his owne good or euill by practise, which knowledge was the onely way to encrease the one, and correct the other: besides manie other arguments, which the plentifulnesse of the matter yeelded to the sharpenesse of his wit. When hee found *Pyrocles* leaue that, and fall into such an affected praysing of the place, he left it likewise, and ioyned with him therin: because he found him in that humour vtter more store of passion; and euen thus kindly embracing him, he said, Your words are such (noble cousin) so sweetly & strongly handled in the praise of solitarines, as they would make me likewise yeelde my selfe vp into it, but that the same words make me know, it is more pleasant to enioy the companie of him that can speake such words, then by such words to be perswaded to follow solitarines. And euen so doe I giue you leaue (sweet *Pyrocles*) euer to defend solitarines so long as to defend it, you euer keepe companie. But I marvell at the excessiue praises you giue to this country; in truth it is not vnpleasant, but yet if you would returne into *Macedon*, you should either see many heauens, or find this no more then earthly. And euen *Tempe* in my *Thessalia* (where you and

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I to my great happineſſe were brought vp togther) is nothing inferiour vnto it. But I thinke you will make me ſee, that the vigour of your wit can ſhew it ſelfe in any ſubiect: or elſe you feede ſometimes your ſolitarineſſe with the conceits of the Poets, whoſe liberall pennes can as eaſily trauaile ouer mountaines, as mole-hills: and ſo like well diſpoſed men, ſet vp euery thing to the higheſt note; eſpecially, when they put ſuch words in the mouthes of one of theſe fantaſticall mind-infected people, that children & Muſitians cal Louers. This word, Louer, did no leſſe pierce poore *Pyrocles*, then the right tune of muſicke toucheth him that is ſicke of the *Tarantula*. There was not one part of his bodie, that did not feele a ſudden motion, while his heart with panting, ſeemed to dance to the ſound of that word, yet after ſome pauſe (lifting vp his eyes a little from the ground, and yet not daring to place them in the eyes of *Muſidorus*) armed with the verie countenance of the poore priſoner at the barre, whoſe anſwer is nothing but guiltie: with much adoe he brought forth this queſtion. And alas, ſaid he, deare coſin, what if I be not ſo much the Poet (the freedome of whoſe pen can exerciſe it ſelfe in any thing) as euen that miſerable ſubiect of his cunning, whereof you ſpeake? Now the eternall gods forbid (mainely cryed out *Muſidorus*) that euer my eare ſhould be poyſoned with ſo euill newes of you. O let me neuer know that any baſe affection ſhould get any Lordſhippe in your thoughts. But as he was ſpeaking more, *Kalander* came, & brake off their diſcourſe, with inuiting them to the hunting of a goodly Stagge, which being harboured in a wood thereby, he hoped would make them good ſport, and driue away ſome part of *Daiphantus* melancholy. They condiſcended, and ſo going to their lodgings, furniſhed themſelues as liked them, *Daiphantus* writing a few words which he left ſealed in a letter againſt the returne.

Then went they together abroad, the good *Kalander* entertaining them with pleaſant diſcourſing, how well he loued the ſport of hunting, when he was a yong man, how much in the compariſon thereof hee diſdayned all chamber delights, that the Sunne (how great a iourney ſoeuer he had to make) could neuer preuent him with earlineſſe, nor the Moone (with her ſober countenance) diſſwade him from watching till midnight for the Deeres feeding. O ſaid he, you will neuer liue to my age, without you keepe your ſelues in breath with exerciſe, & in heart with ioyfulneſſe: too much thinking doth conſume the ſpirits, and oft it fals out, that while one thinkes too much of his doing, he leaues to doe the effect of his thinking. Then ſpared hee not to remember, how much *Arcadia* was chaunged ſince his youth: actiuitie and good fellowſhippe being nothing in the price it was then held in, but according to the nature of the old growing world, ſtill worſe and worſe. Then would he tell them ſtories of ſuch gallants as he had knowne: and ſo with pleaſant companie beguiled the times haſt and ſhortned the wayes length, till they came to the ſide of the wood, where the hounds were in couples ſtaying their comming, but with a whining accent grauing libertie; many of them in colour and markes ſo reſembling, that it ſhewed they were of one kinde. The huntſmen handſomly attired in their greene liueries, as though they were children of Summer, with ſtaues in their hands to beate the guiltleſſe earth, when the houndes were at a ſault, and with hornes about their neckes, to ſound an alarum vpon a ſilly fugytiue: The hounds were ſtraight vncoupled, and ere long the Stagge thought it better to truſt to the nimbleneſſe of his feete, then to the ſlender fortification of his lodging: but euen his feete betrayed him; for howſoeuer they went, they themſelues vttered themſelues to the ſent of their enemies; who one taking it of another,

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and ſometimes beleeuing the windes aduertiſements, ſometimes the view of (their faithfull counſellers) the huntſmen, with open mouthes then denounced warre, when the warre was already begunne. Their crie being compoſed of ſo well ſorted mouths, that any man would perceiue therein ſome kind of proportion, but the skilfull woodmen did finde a muſicke. Then delight and variety of opinion, drew the horſemen ſundry waies, yet cheering their hounds with voice and horne, kept ſtill (as it were) together. The wood ſeemed to conſpire with them againſt his owne Citizens, diſperſing their noiſe through all his quarters, and euen the Nymph *Eccho* left to bewaile the loſſe of *Narciſſus*, and became a hunter. But the Stagge was in the end ſo hotly purſued, that (leauing his flight) hee was driuen to make courage of diſpaire; and ſo turning his head, made the hounds, with change of ſpeech, to teſtifie that he was at a bay: as if from hot purſuit of their enemie, they were ſuddenly come to a parley.

But *Kalender* (by his skill of coaſting the countrey) was among the firſt that came into the beſieged Deere; whom when ſome of the younger ſort would haue killed with their ſwords, he would not ſuffer: but with a Croſſe-bow ſent a death to the poore beaſt, who with teares ſhewed the vnkindneſſe he tooke of mans crueltie.

But by the time that the whole companie was aſſembled, and that the Stagge had beſtowed himſelfe liberally among them that had killed him, *Daiphantus* was miſt, for whom *Palladius* carefully enquiring, no newes could be giuen him, but by one that ſaid, hee thought he was returned home; for that hee markt him, in the chiefe of the hunting, take a by-way, which might leade to *Kalanders* houſe. That anſwer for the time ſatisfiyng, and they hauing performed all dueties, as well for the Stagges funerall, as the hounds triumph, they returned: ſome talking of the fatneſſe of the Deeres body; ſome of the faireneſſe of his head; ſome of the hounds cunning; ſome of their ſpeed, and ſome of their crye; till comming home (about the time that the candles begin to inherite the Sunnes office) they found *Daiphantus* was not to be found. Whereat *Palladius* greatly maruelling, and a day or two paſſing, while neither ſearch nor enquirie could helpe him to knowledge, at laſt he lighted vpon the letter, which *Pyrocles* had written before he went a hunting, and left in his ſtudie among other of his writings. The letter was directed to *Palladius* himſelfe, and contained theſe words.

My onely friend, violence of loue leades me into ſuch a courſe, whereof your knowledge may much more vexe you, then helpe me. Therfore pardon my concealing it from you, ſince, if I wrong you, it is in the reſpect I beare you. Returne into *Theſſalia*, I pray you, as full of good fortune, as I am of deſire: and if I liue, I will in ſhort time follow you; if I die, loue my memorie.

This was all, and this *Palladius* read twice or thrice ouer. Ah (ſaid he) *Pyrocles*, what meanes this alteration? what haue I deſerued of thee, to be thus baniſhed of thy councels? Heretofore I haue accuſed the ſea, condemned the Pyrats, and hated my euill fortune that depriued me of thee; but now thy ſelfe is the ſea, which drownes my confort, thy ſelfe is the Pyrat that robs thy ſelfe from me: thy owne will becomes my euill fortune. Then turned he his thoughts to all formes of gheſſes that might light vpon the purpoſe and courſe of *Pyrocles*: for hee was not ſo ſure by his words, that it was loue, as he was doubtfull where the loue was. One time he thoght, ſome beautie in *Laconia* had laid hold of his eyes; another time hee feared, that it might be *Parthenias* excellencie, which had broken the bands of all former reſolution, but the more he thought, the more he knew not what to think, armies of obiection riſing againſt any accepted opinion.

Then

Then as carefull he was what to doe himselfe: at length determined, neuer to leaue seeking him, till his search should be eyther by meeting accomplished, or by death ended. Therefore (for all the vnkindnes bearing tender respect, that his friends secret determination should be kept from any suspition in others) he went to *Kalander*, and told him, that he had receiued a message from his friend, by which hee vnderstood he was gone backe againe into *Laconia*, about some mattersgreatly importing the poore men, whose protection he had vndertaken, & that it was in any sort fit for him, to follow him, but in such priuate wise, as not to be knowne, and that therefore he would as then bid him farewell; arming himselfe in a blacke armour, as either a badge, or prognostication of his minde: and taking only with him good store of money, and a few choise jewels, leauing the greatest number of them, and most of his apparel with *Kalander*; which he did partly to giue the more cause to *Kalander* to expect their returne, and so to be the lesse curiously inquisitiue after them: and partly to leaue those honourable thankes vnto him, for is charge and kindnesse, which hee knew he would not other way receiue. The good olde man hauing neither reason to dissuade, nor hope to perswade, receiued the things, with minde of a keeper, not of an owner; but before he went, desired hee migh haue the happinesse, fully to know what they were; which he said, he had euer till then delayed, fearing to be any way importune: but now he could not be so much an enemy to his desires, as any longer to imprison them in silence; *Palladius* told him, that the matter was not so secret, but that so worthy a friend deserued the knowledge, and should haue it as soone as he might speake with his friend; without whose consent (because their promise bound him otherwise) he could not reueale it: but bad him hold for most assured, that if they liued but a while, he should find, that they which bare the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, would giue him and his, cause to thinke his noble courtesie welimployed. *Kalander* would presse him no further, but desiring that he might haue leaue to goe, or at least to send his sonne and seruants with him: *Palladius* brake off all ceremonies, by telling him, his case stood so, that his greatest fauour should be in making least a-doe of his parting. Wherewith *Kalander* knowing it to be more cumber then curtesie, to striue, abstained from further vrging him, but not from heartie mourning the losse of so sweet a conuersation.

Onely *Clitophon* by wehement importunitie obtained to goe with him, to come againe to *Daiphantus*, whom hee named and accounted his Lord. And in such priuate guise departed *Palladius*, though hauing a companion to talke withall, yet talking much more with vnkindnesse. And first they went to *Mantinea*; whereof because *Parthenia* was, he suspected there might be some cause of his abode. But finding there no newes of him, he went to *Tegea*, *Ripa*, *Enispe*, *Stimphalus*, and *Phineus*, famous for the poysonous *Stygian* water, & through all the rest of *Arcadia*, making their eyes, their eares, and their tongues serue almost for nothing, but that enquirie. But they could know nothing but that in none of those places hee was knowne. And so went they, making one place succeede to another, in like vncertainty to their search, many times encountring strange aduentures, worthy to be registred in the rolls of fame: but this may not be omitted. As they past in a pleasant valley (of either side of which high hills lifted vp their beetle-browes, as if they would ouer looke the pleasantnesse of their vnder prospect) they were by the daintinesse of the place, & the wearines of themselues, inuited to light from their horses; and pulled off their bits, that they might something refresh their mouths vpon the grasse (which plentifully grew, brought vp vnder the care of those well shading

trees)

trees) they themſelues layed them downe hard by the murmuring muſicke of certaine waters, which ſpouted out of the ſide of the hils, and in the bottom of the vallie made of many ſprings a prettie brooke, like a common-wealth of many families: but when they had a while harkened to the perſwaſion of ſleepe, they roſe, and walk't onward in that ſhadie place, til *Clitophon* eſpyed a piece of armour, & not far off another peece: and ſo the ſight of one peece teaching him to looke for more, hee at length found all, with head-peece and ſhield, by the deuice whereof, which was he ſtraight knew it to be the armour of his couſin, the noble *Amphialus*. Whereupon (fearing ſome inconuenience hapned vnto him) hee told both his doubt and cauſe of doubt to *Palladius*, who (conſidering thereof) thought beſt to make no longer ſtay, but to follow on: leaſt perchance ſome violence were offered to ſo worthy a knight, whom the fame of the world ſeemed to ſet in ballance with any Knight liuing. Yet with a ſudden conceipt, hauing long borne great honour to the name of *Amphialus*, *Palladius* thought beſt to take that armour, thinking thereby to learne by them that ſhould know that armour, ſome newes of *Amphialus*, and yet not hinder him in the ſearch of *Daiphantus* too. So he by the helpe of *Clitophon* quickly put on that armour, whereof there was no one peece wanting, though hacked in ſome places, bewraying ſome fight not long ſince paſſed. It was ſomething too great, but yet ſerued well enough. And ſo getting on their horſes, they trauelled but a little way, when in opening of the mouth of the valley into a faire field, they met with a Coach drawne with foure milke white horſes furniſhed all in blacke, with a black-a-Moore boy vpon euery horſe, they all apparelled in white, the Coach it ſelfe verie richly furniſhed in black & white. But before they could come ſo neere as to diſcerne what was within, there came running vpon them aboue a douzen horſemen, who cried to them to yeeld themſelues priſoners, or elſe they ſhould die. But *Palladius* not accuſtomed to graunt ouer the poſſeſſion of himſelfe vpon ſo vniuſt titles, with ſword drawne, gaue them ſo rude an anſwere, that diuerſe of them neuer had breath to reply againe: for being well backt by *Clitophon*, and hauing an excellent horſe vnder him, when he was ouerpreſt by ſome, he auoided them, & ere th'other thought of it, puniſhed in him his fellows faults: and ſo eyther with cunning or with force, or rather with a cunning force, left none of them either liuing, or able to make his life ſerue to others hurt. Which being done, he approched the Coach, aſſuring the blacke boyes they ſhould haue no hurt, who were elſe readie to haue run away, and looking into the Coach, he found in the one end a Lady of great beautie, & ſuch a beautie, as ſhewed forth the beames both of wiſedome and good nature, but all as much darkned, as might be, with ſorrow. In the other, two Ladies (who by their demeanure ſhewed well, they were but her ſeruants) holding before them a picture; in which was a goodly Gentleman (whom he knew not) painted, hauing in their faces a certaine waiting ſorrow, their eyes being infected with their miſtres weeping. But, the chiefe Lady hauing not ſo much as once head the noiſe of his cõflict (ſo had ſorrow cloſed vp all the entries of her mind, & loue tied her ſenſes to that beloued picture) now the ſhadow of him falling vpon the picture made her caſt vp her eye, & ſeeing the armour which too well ſhe knew, thinking him to be *Amphialus* the Lord of her deſires (bloud cõming more freely into her cheeks, as though it would be bold, & yet there growing new againe pale for feare) with a pitiful look (like one vniuſtly condemned:) My Lord *Amphialus* ſaid ſhe, you haue enough puniſhed me: it is time for crueltie to leaue you, and euill fortune me; If not I pray you (and to graunt my prayer, fitter time nor place you can haue)

haue)accompliſhed the one euen now,&finiſh the other. With that,ſorrow impatient to be ſlowly vttered in her often ſtaying ſpeeches,poured it ſelfe ſo faſt in teares, that *Palladius* could not hold her longer in error,but pulling off his helmet,Madam (ſaid he) I perceiue you miſtake me; I am a ſtranger in theſe parts,ſet vpon (without any cauſe giuen by me) by ſome of your ſeruants, whom becauſe I haue in my iuſt defence euill entreated, I came to make my excuſe to you,whom ſeeing ſuch as I do, I find greater cauſe why I ſhould craue pardon of you. When ſhe ſaw his face, and heard his ſpeech, ſhe looked out of the Coach; & ſeeing her men, ſome ſlaine, ſome lying vnder their dead horſes,and ſtriuing to get from vnder them,without making more account of the matter: Truly (ſaid ſhe) they are well ſerued that durſt lift vp their armes againſt that armour. But ſir knight (ſaid ſhe) I pray you tell me,how come you by this armour? for if it be by the death of him that owed it,then haue I more to ſay vnto you. *Palladius* aſſured her it was not ſo, telling her the true maner how he found it. It is like enough (ſaid ſhe) for that agrees with the maner he hath lately vſed. But I beſeech you ſir (ſaid ſhe) ſince your proweſſe hath bereft me of my companie,let it yet ſo far heale the wounds it ſelfe hath giuen, as to guard me to the next towne. How great ſoeuer my buſines be faire Ladie,ſaid he,it ſhall willingly yeeld to ſo noble a cauſe: but firſt euen by the fauour you beare to the Lord of this noble armour, I coniure you to tell me the ſtorie of your fortune herein, leſt hereafter when the image of ſo excellent a Ladie in ſo ſtrange a plight come before mine eyes, I condemne my ſelfe of want of conſideration in not hauing demanded thus much. Neither aske I it without proteſtation,that wherin my ſword and faith may auaile you, they ſhall bind themſelues to your ſeruice. Your coniuration,faire Knight (ſaid ſhe) is too ſtrong for my poore ſpirit to diſobey,and that ſhall make me (without any other hope my ruine being but by one vnreleeuable) to graunt your will herein: and to ſay the truth,a ſtrange niceneſſe were it in mee to refraine that from the eares of a perſon repreſenting ſo much worthines, which I am glad euen to rocks and woods to vtter. Know you then that my name is *Helen*, Queene by birth,and hitherto poſſeſſed of the faire cittie and territorie of *Corinth*. I can ſay no more of my ſelfe, but beloued of my people; and may iuſtly ſay beloued, ſince they are content to beare with my abſence,and folly. But I being left by my fathers death,& accepted by my people, in the higheſt degree that countrey could receiue; aſſoone, or rather, before that my age was ripe for it, my Court quickly ſwarmed full of ſuters: ſome perchance louing my eſtate,others my perſon, but once I know all of them,howſoeuer my poſſeſſions were in their hearts, my beautie (ſuch as it is) was in their mouthes, manie ſtrangers of princely & noble blood,and all of mine owne countrie,to whom either birth or vertue gaue courage to auow ſo high a deſire.

Among the reſt,or rather before the reſt, was the Lord *Philoxenus*,ſonne & heire to the vertuous noble man *Timotheus*; which *Timotheus* was a man both in power, riches,parentage, and (which paſſed all theſe) goodneſſe, and (which followed all theſe) loue of the people, beyond any of the great men of my countrie. Now this ſonne of his, I muſt ſay truly,not vnworthie of ſuch a father, bending himſelfe by all meanes of ſeruiceablenes to mee,and ſetting forth of himſelfe to win my fauour, wan thus farre of mee,that in truth I leſſe miſliked him then any of the reſt: which in ſome proportion, my countenance deliuered vnto him. Though I muſt proteſt it was a verie falſe embaſſadour, if it deliuered at all any affection, whereof my heart was vtterlie void, I as then eſteeming my ſelfe borne to rule,& thinking foule ſcorne willingly to ſubmit my ſelfe to be ruled.

But whiles *Philoxenus* in good ſort purſued my fauour, and perchance nou-

riſhed himſelfe with ouer much hope, becauſe hee found I did in ſome ſort acknowledge his valew, one time among the reſt hee brought with him a deare friend of his, with that ſhee looked vpon the picture before her, and ſtraight ſighed, and ſtraight teares followed, as if the Idole of dutie ought to bee honoured with ſuch oblations, and then her ſpeech ſtaied the tale, hauing brought her to that looke, but that looke hauing quite put her out of her tale. But *Palladius* greatly pittying ſo ſweete a ſorrow in a Ladie, whom by fame hee had alreadie knowne and honoured, beſought for her promiſe ſake, to put ſilence ſo long vnto her mooning, till ſhee had recounted the reſt of this ſtorie. Why ſaid ſhe, this is the picture of *Amphialus*: what need I ſay more vnto you? What eare is ſo barbarous but hath heard of *Amphialus*? who followes deeds of armes, but euerie where finds monuments of *Amphialus*? who is courteous, noble, liberal, but he that hath the example before his eyes of *Amphialus*? where are all heroicall parts, but in *Amphialus*? O *Amphialus*, I would thou were not ſo excellent, or I would I thought thee not ſo excellent, & yet would I not that I would ſo: with that ſhee wept againe; till hee againe ſoliciting the concluſion of her ſtorie: Then muſt you (ſaid ſhee) know the ſtorie of *Amphialus*: for his will is my life, his life my hiſtorie: and indeed in what can I better imploy my lips then in ſpeaking of *Amphialus*.

This Knight then whoſe figure you ſee, but whoſe minde can bee painted by nothing, but by their true ſhape of vertue, is brothers ſonne to *Baſilius* king of *Arcadia*, and in his childhood eſteemed his heire: till *Baſilius* in his old yeares, marrying a young and afaire Ladie, had of her thoſe two daughters, ſo famous for their perfection in beautie: which put by their young coſin from that expectation. Wherupon his mother (a woman of a haughtie heart, being daughter to the King of *Argos*, either diſdaining, or fearing, that her ſonne ſhould liue vnder the power of *Baſilius*, ſent him to that Lord *Timotheus*) betweene whom and her dead husband there had paſſed ſtraight bands of mutuall hoſpitalitie, to be brought vp in companie with his ſonne *Philoxenus*.

A happie reſolution for *Amphialus*, whoſe excellent nature was by this meanes trained on with as good education, as any Princes ſonne in the world could haue, which otherwiſe it is thought his mother (farre vnworthie of ſuch a ſonne) would not haue giuen him. The good *Timotheus* no leſſe louing him then his own ſonne. Well, they grew in yeares; and ſhortly occaſions fell aptly to trie *Amphialus*, and all occaſions were but ſteppes for him to clime fame by. Nothing was ſo hard, but his valour ouercame; which yet ſtill he ſo guided with true vertue; that although no man was in our parts ſpoken of but he for his manhood, yet as though therein he excelled himſelfe, he was commonly called the courteous *Amphialus*. An endleſſe thing it were for me to tell, how manie aduentures (terrible to be ſpoken of) he atchieued; what Monſters, what Giants, what conqueſts of countries, ſometimes vſing policie, ſometimes force, but alwayes vertue well followed, and but followed by *Philoxenus*: betweene whom, and him, ſo faſt a friendſhip by education was knit, that at laſt *Philoxenus* hauing no greater matter to employ his friedſhip in, then to win me, therein deſired, and had his vttermoſt furtherance: to that purpoſe brought he him to my Court, where truly I may iuſtly witneſſe with him, that what his wit could conceiue (and his wit can conceiue as farre as the limits of reaſon ſtretch) was all directed to the ſetting forward the ſuite of his freind *Philoxenus*: mine eares could beare nothing from him, but touching the worthineſſe of *Philoxenus*, and of the great happineſſe it would be vnto mee to haue ſuch a husband; with many arguments, which God knowes, I cannot well remember, becauſe I did not much be-

leeue.

leeue. For why ſhould I vſe many circumſtances to come to that where alreadie I am, & euer while I liue muſt continue? in few words, while he pleaded for another, he wan me for himſelfe: if at leaſt (with that ſhe ſighed) he would account it a winning, for his fame had ſo framed the way to my minde, that his preſence ſo full of beautie, ſweetnes, and noble conuerſation, had entred there before he vouchſafed to call for the keyes. O Lord, how did my ſoule hang at his lipps while hee ſpake! O when he infeeling maner would deſcribe the loue of his friend, how well (thought I) doth loue betweene thoſe lip! when he would with daintieſt eloquence ſtirre pittie in me toward *Philoxenus*, why ſure (ſaid I to my ſelfe) *Helen*, be not afraid, this heart cannot want pittie: and when he would extoll the deeds of *Philoxenus*, who in deed had but wayted of him therein, alas (thought I) good *Philoxenus*, how euill doth it become thy name to be ſubſcribed to his letter? what ſhould I ſay? nay, what ſhould I not ſay (noble Knight) who am not aſhamed, nay am delighted, thus to expreſſe mine owne paſſions?

Dayes paſt, his eagernes for his friend neuer decreaſed, my affection to him euer increaſed. At length, in way of ordinarie curteſie, I obtained of him (who ſuſpected no ſuch matter) this his picture, the only *Amphialus*, I feare that I ſhall euer enioy: and growne bolder, or madder, or bold with madneſſe, I diſcouered my affection vnto him. But Lord, I ſhall neuer forget, how anger and curteſie, at one inſtant appeared in his eyes, when hee heard that motion: how with his bluſh hee taught me ſhame. In ſumme, he left nothing vnaſſayed, which might diſgrace himſelf, to grace his friend; in ſweet termes making me receiue a moſt reſolute refuſall of himſelfe. But when he found that his preſence did far more perſwade for himſelfe, then his ſpeech could do for his friend, he left my Court; hoping that forgetfullneſſe (which commonly waits vpon abſence) would make roome for his friend; to whom he would not vtter thus much (I think) for a kind feare not to grieue him, or perchance (though he cares little for me) of a certaine honourable gratefulneſſe, not yet to diſcouer ſo much of my ſecrets: but as it ſhould ſeeme, meant to trauel into farre countries, vntill his friends affection either ceaſed, or prevailed. But within a while, *Philoxenus* came to ſee how onward the fruits were of his friends labour, when (as in trueth I cared not much how he took it) he found me ſitting, beholding this picture, I know not with how affectionate countenance, but I am ſure with a moſt affectionate minde. I ſtraight found ielouſie and diſdaine took hold of him, and yet the froward paine of mine own heart made me ſo delight to puniſh him, whom I eſteemed the chiefeſt let in my way; that when he with humble geſture, & vehement ſpeeches ſued for my fauour, I told him, that I would heare him more willingly, if he would ſpeake for *Amphialus*, as well as *Amphialus* had done for him: hee neuer anſwered me, but pale & quaking, went ſtraight away; & ſtraight my heart miſgaue me ſome euill ſucceſſe: and yet though I had authoritie enough to haue ſtayed him (as in theſe fatall things it fals out, that the high-working powers make ſecond cauſes vnwittingly acceſſorie to their determinations) I did no further, but ſent a foot-man of mine (whoſe faithfulnes to me I well knew) from place to place to follow him, & bring me word of his proceedings: which (alas) haue brought forth that which I feare I muſt euer rewe.

For he had trauelled ſcarce a dayes iourney out of my countrey, but that (not far from this place) he ouer-tooke *Amphialus*, who (by ſuccouring a diſtreſſed Ladie) had beene here ſtaied: and by and by called him to fight with him, proteſting that one of them two ſhould die, you may eaſily iudge how ſtrange it was to *Amphialus*, whoſe hart could accuſe it ſelfe of no fault, but too much affection toward him, which

he(refuſing to fight with him)would faine haue made *Philoxenus* vnderſtand,but(as my ſeruant ſince told me(the more *Amphialus* went backe,the more he followed,calling him Traytor,& coward,yet neuer telling the cauſe of this ſtrange alteration. Ah *Philoxenus* (ſaid *Amphialus*) I know I am no traytor,& thou well knoweſt I am no coward:but I pray thee content thy ſelfe with this much,& let this ſatisfie thee,that I loue thee,ſince I beare thus much of thee:but he leauing words,drew his ſword & gaue *Amphialus* a great blow or two,which but for the goodnes of his armor would haue ſlaine him: & yet ſo farre did *Amphialus* containe himſelfe,ſtepping aſide, and ſaying to him:Well *Philoxenus*,& thus much villany am I contēt to put vp,not any longer for thy ſake(whom I haue no cauſe to loue,ſince thou doſt iniure me, & wilt not tell me the cauſe) but for thy vertuous fathers ſake, to whom I am ſo much bound;I pray thee go away,and conquer thine owne paſſions,& thou ſhalt make me ſoone yeeld to be thy ſeruant. But he would not attend his words, but ſtill ſtrake ſo fiercely at *Amphialus*, that in the end(nature preuailing aboue determination) hee was fain to defend himſelfe,& withall ſo to offend him,that by an vnlucky blow the poore *Philoxenus* fell dead at his feete;hauing had time only to ſpeake ſome words, wherby *Amphialus* knew it was for my ſake:which whē *Amphialus* ſaw,he forth with gaue ſuch tokens of true-felt ſorrow, that as my ſeruant ſaid, no imagination could conceiue greater wo.But that by & by,an vnhappy occaſion made *Amphialus* paſſe himſelfe in ſorrow:for *Philoxenus* was but newly dead,when there comes to the ſame place,the aged and vertuous *Timotheus*; who (hauing heard of his ſonnes ſodaine & paſſionate manner of parting from my Court) had followed him as ſpeedily as he could: but alas not ſo ſpeedily,but that he found him dead before he could ouertake him. Though my heart be nothing but a ſtage of Tragedies,yet I muſt confeſſe,it is euen vnable to beare the miſerable repreſentation thereof;knowing *Amphialus* and *Timotheus* as I haue done. Alas what ſorrow, what amaſement,what ſhame was in *Amphialus*,when he ſaw his deere foſter father,find him the killer of his only ſonne? In my heart I know, he wiſhed mountaines had laine vpon him, to keepe him from that meeding. As for *Timotheus*, ſorrow of his ſonne, and (I thinke principally) vnkindneſſe of *Amphialus* ſo deuoured his vitall ſpirits, that able to ſay no more but *Amphialus*, *Amphialus*,haue I? he ſanke to the earth,and preſently died.

But not my tongue,though daily vſed to complaints;no nor if my heart (which is nothing but ſorrow) wereturned to tongues, durſt it vndertake to ſhew the vnſpeakeablenes of his griefe. But (becauſe this ſerues to make you know my fortune) hee threw away his armour, euen this which you haue now vpon you, which at the firſt ſight I vainly hoped hee had put on againe; and then (as aſhamed of the light)he ran into the thickeſt of the woods, lamenting, and euen crying out ſo pittifully,that my ſeruant,(though of a fortune not vſed to much tenderneſſe)could not refraine weeping when he told it me. He once ouertooke him, but *Amphialus* drawing his ſword, which was the onely part of his armes (God knowes to what purpoſe) he carried about him, threatned to kill him if he followed him,and withall bad him deliuer this bitter meſſage,that he well enough found,I was the cauſe of all this miſchiefe;and that if I were a man,he would go ouer the world to kill me: but bad me aſſure my ſelfe,that of all creatures in the world, he moſt hated me. Ah ſir knight(whoſe eares I think by this time are tyred with the rugged waies of theſe misfortunes)now weigh my caſe, if at leaſt you know what loue is. For this cauſe haue I left my countrey,putting in hazard how my people will in time deale by me, aduenturing what perils or diſhonors might enſue, onely to follow him, who proclaimeth hate againſt me, and to bring my necke vnto him,if that may redeeme my treſpaſſe,

treſpace, and aſſwage his fury. And now ſir (ſaid ſhe) you haue your requeſt, I pray you take paines to guide me to the next towne, that there I may gather ſuch of my companie againe, as your valour hath left me. *Palladius* willingly condiſcended: but ere they began to go, there came *Clitophon*, who hauing bin ſomthing hurt by one of them, had purſued him a good way: at length ouertaking him and readie to kill him, vnderſtood they were ſeruants to the faire Queene *Helen*, and that the cauſe of this entrepriſe was for nothing, but to make *Amphialus* priſoner, whom they knew their miſtres ſought; for ſhe concealed her ſorrow, nor cauſe of her ſorrow from no bodie.

But *Clitophon* (very ſorie for this accident) came back to comfort the Queen, helping ſuch as were hurt in the beſt ſort that he could, and framing friendly conſtructions of this raſhly vnder-taken enmitie, when in comes another (til that time vnſeen) all armed, with his beuer down, who firſt looking round about vpon the company, as ſoone as he ſpied *Palladius*, he drew his ſword, and making no other prologue, let flie at him. But *Palladius* (ſorie for ſo much harme as had alreadie happened) ſought rather to retire, and ward, thinking he might be ſome one that belonged to the faire Queene, whoſe caſe in his heart he pittied. Which *Clitophon* ſeeing, ſtept betweene them, asking the new-come knight the cauſe of his quarrel; who anſwered him, that he would kill that theefe, who had ſtolne away his Maſters armour- if he did not reſtore it. With that *Palladius* lookt vpon him, and ſaw that he of the other ſide had *Palladius* own armour vpon him: truly (ſaid *Palladius*) if I haue ſtolne this armour; you did not buy that, but you ſhall not fight with me vpon ſuch a quarrell, you ſhall haue this armour willingly, which I did onely put on to doe honour to the owner. But *Clitophon* ſtraight knew by his words and voyce, that it was *Iſmenus*, the faithfull and diligent Page of *Amphialus*: and therefore telling him that he was *Clitophon*, and willing him to acknowledge his error to the other, who deſerued all honor, the young Gentleman pulled off his head-piece, and (lighting) went to kiſſe *Palladius* hands, deſiring him to pardon his folly, cauſed by extreame greife, which eaſily might bring forth anger, Sweete Gentleman (ſaid *Palladius*) you ſhall onely make me this amends that you ſhall carrie this your Lords armour from me to him, and tell him from an vnknown knight (who admires his worthines) that he cannot caſt a greater miſt ouer his glorie, then by being vnkind to ſo excellent a Princeſſe as this Queene is. *Iſmenus* promiſed he would as ſoone as he durſt find his Maſter: and with that went to doe his duetie to the Queene, whom in all theſe encounters aſtoniſhment made hardie; but aſſoone as ſhe ſaw *Iſmenus* (looking to her picture,) *Iſmenus*, ſaid ſhe, here is my Lord, where is yours? or come you to bring mee ſome ſentence of death from him? if it be ſo, welcome be it. I pray you ſpeake, and ſpeake quickly. Alas Madam, ſaid *Iſmenus*, I haue loſt my Lord, with that teares came vnto his eyes) for aſſoone as the vnhappie combate was concluded with the death both of father and ſonne, my Maſter caſting off his armour, went his way: forbidding me vpon paine of death to follow him. Yet diuers dayes I followed his ſteppes, till laſtly I found him, hauing newly met with an excellent Spaniell, bellonging to his dead companion *Philoxenus*. The dogge ſtraight fawned on my Maſter for olde knowledge: but neuer was there thing more pitifull then to heare my Maſter blame the dogge for louing his maſters murtherer, renewing a freſh his complaints, with the dumbe councellor, as if they might comfort one another in their miſeries. But my Lord hauing ſpyed me, roſe vp in ſuch rage, that in truth I feared hee would kill me: yet as then he ſaid only, if I would not diſpleaſe him I ſhould not come neer him till he ſent for me; too hard a commandement for me to diſobey: I yeelded, leauing him only waited on by his dog, and as I thinke ſeeking out the moſt ſolitarie

places, that this or any other countrie can graunt him: and I returning where I had left his armour, found another in ſtead thereof, and (diſdaining I muſt confeſſe that any ſhould beare the armour of the beſt Knight liuing) armed my ſelfe therein to play the foole, as euen now I did. Faire *Iſmenus* (ſaid the Queene) a fitter meſſenger could hardly be to vnfold my Tragedie: I ſee the end, I ſee my end.

With that (ſobbing) ſhe deſired to be conducted to the next towne, where *Palladius* left her to be wayted on by *Clitophon*, at *Palladius* earneſt entreatie, who deſired alone to take that melancholy courſe of ſeeking his friend; and therefore changing armours againe with *Iſmenus* (who went withall to a caſtle belonging to his maſter) he continued his queſt for his friend *Daiphantus*.

So directed he his courſe to *Laconia*, aſwell among the *Helots*, as *Spartans*: There indeed he found his fame flouriſhing, his monuments engrauen in Marble, and yet more durably in mens memories, but the vniuerſall lamenting his abſented preſence, aſſured him of his preſent abſence. Thence into the *Elean* prouince, to ſee whether at the Olympian games (there celebrated) hee might in ſuch concourſe bleſſe his eyes with ſo deſired an encounter: but that huge and ſportfull aſſembly grew to him a tedious lonelineſſe, eſteeming no bodie found, ſince *Daiphantus* was loſt. Afterward he paſſeth through *Achaia* and *Sicyonia*, to the *Corinthians*, proude of their two Seas, to learne whether by the ſtreight of that *Iſthmus*, it were poſſible to know of his paſſage. But finding euerie place more dumbe then other to his demaunds, and remembring that it was late taken loue, which had wrought this new courſe, hee returned againe (after two moneths trauaile in vaine) to make a freſh ſearch in *Arcadia*; ſo much the more, as then firſt he bethought himſelfe of the picture of *Philoclea* (which reſembling her he had once loued) might perhaps awake againe that ſleeping paſſion. And hauing alreadie paſt ouer the greateſt part of *Arcadia*, one day comming vnder the ſide of the pleaſant mountaine *Mænalus*, his horſe (nothing guiltie of his inquiſitiueneſſe) with flat-tyring taught him, that diſcreete ſtayes makes ſpeedie iournies: and therefore lighting down, & vnbridling his horſe, he himſelfe went to repoſe himſelfe in a little wood he ſaw thereby. Where lying vnder the protection of a ſhadie tree, with intention to make forgetting ſleepe comfort a ſorrowfull memorie, he ſaw a ſight which perſwaded, & obtayned of his eyes, that they would abide yet a while open. It was the appearing of a Lady, who becauſe ſhe walked with her ſide toward him, he could not perfectly ſee her face; but ſo much he might ſee of her, that was a ſuertie for the reſt, that all was excellent.

Well might he perceiue the hanging of her haire in faireſt quantitie, in lockes ſome curled, and ſome as it were frogotten, with ſuch a careleſſe care, and an art ſo hiding art, that ſhe ſeemed ſhe would lay them for a patterne, whether nature ſimply, or nature helped by cunning, be the more excellent: the reſt whereof was drawne into a Coronet of gold richly ſet with pearle, and ſo ioined all ouer with gold wyers, & couered with feathers of diuers colours, that it was not vnlike to an helmet, ſuch a glittering ſhew it bare, & ſo brauely it was held vp from the head. Vpon her bodie ſhe ware a doublet of skie colour Satin, couered with plates of golde, and as it were nailed with precious ſtones, that in it ſhe might ſeeme armed; the neather part of her garment was full of ſtuffe, and cut after ſuch a faſhion, that though the length of it reached to the ankles, yet in her going one might ſometimes diſcerne the ſmall of her legge, which with the foot was dreſſed in a ſhort paire of crimſon Veluet Buſkins, in ſome places open (as the ancient maner was) to ſhew the fairenes of the skin. Ouer all this ſhe wore a certaine mantell, made in ſuch maner, that comming vnder her right arme, and couering moſt of that ſide, it had no faſtning on the left ſide.

but

but onely vpon the top of the ſhoulder, where the two ends met, and were cloſed together with a verie rich jewell: the deuice whereof, as he after ſaw, was this; a *Hercules* made in little forme, but ſet with a diſtaffe in his hand, as he once was by *Omphales* commandement, with a word in Greeke, but thus to be interpreted, *Neuer more valiant*. On the ſame ſide, on her thigh ſhe ware a ſword, which as it witneſſed her to be an *Amazon*, or one following that profeſſion, ſo it ſeemed but a needleſſe weapon, ſince her other forces were without withſtanding. But this Lady walked out right till he might ſee her enter into a fine cloſe arbour: it was of trees, whoſe branches ſo louingly enterlaced one the other, that it could reſiſt the ſtongeſt violēce of eye-ſight; but ſhe went into it by a doore ſhe opened, which moued him as warily as he could to follow her, and by & by he might heare her ſing this ſong, with a voice no leſſe beautiful to his eares, then her goodlineſſe was full of harmonie to his eyes.

TRansform'd in ſhew, but more transformed in mind,
I ceaſe to ſtriue with double conqueſt foild:
For (woe is me) my powers all I find
With outward force and inward treaſon ſpoild.

For from without came to mine eyes the blow,
Whereto mine inward thoughts did faintly yeeld:
Both theſe conſpir'd poore Reaſons ouerthrow;
Falſe in my ſelfe, thus haue I loſt the field.

Thus are my eyes ſtill captiue to one ſight,
Thus all my thoughts are ſlaues to one thought ſtill:
Thus Reaſon to his ſeruants yeelds his right,
Thus is my power transformed to your will:
What maruell then I take a womans hue,
Since what I ſee, thinke, know, is all but you?

The dittie gaue him ſome ſuſpition, but the voyce gaue him almoſt aſſurance, who the ſinger was. And therefore boldly thruſting open the doore, and entring into the arbour, he perceiued indeed that it was *Pyrocles* thus diſguiſed, wherewith not receiuing ſo much ioy to haue found him, as griefe ſo to haue found him, amazedly looking vpon him (as *Apollo* is painted when he ſaw *Daphne* ſodenly turned into a Laurell) he was not able to bring forth a word. So that *Pyrocles* (who had as much ſhame as *Muſidorus* had ſorrow) riſing to him, would haue formed a ſubſtanciall excuſe; but his inſinuation being of bluſhing, and his diuiſion of ſighes, his whole oration ſtood vpon a ſhort narration, which was the cauſe of this Metamorphoſis. But by that time *Muſidorus* had gathered his ſpirits together, and yet caſting a gaſtfull countenance vpon him (as if he would coniure ſome ſtrange ſpirits) he thus ſpake vnto him.

And is it poſſible, that this is *Pyrocles*, the onely young Prince in the world, formed by nature, and framed by education to the true exerciſe of vertue? or is it indeed ſome *Amazon* that hath counterfeited the face of my friend, in this ſort to vexe me? for likelier ſure I would haue thought it, that any outward face might haue bin diſguiſed, then that the face of ſo excellent a mind could haue bin thus blemiſhed. O ſweet *Pyrocles*, ſeperate your ſelfe a little (if it be poſſible) from your ſelfe, and let your owne minde looke vpon your owne proceedings, ſo ſhall my words be needleſſe

leſſe, and you beſt inſtructed. See with your ſelfe, how fit it will be for you in this your tender youth, borne ſo great a Prince, and of ſo rare not onely expectation but proofe, deſired of your old father, and wanted of your natiue country, now ſo neare your home, to diuert your thoughts from the way of goodnes, to looſe, nay to abuſe your time. Laſtly, to ouerthrow all the excellent things you haue done, which haue filled the world with your fame; as if you ſhould drowne your ſhip in the long deſired hauen: or like an ill player, ſhould marre the laſt act of his Tragedie. Remember (for I know you know it) that if we will be men, the reaſonable part of our ſoule is to haue abſolute commandement; againſt which if any ſenſuall weakeneſſe ariſe, we are to yeeld all our ſound forces to the ouerthrowing of ſo vnnaturall a rebellion, wherein how can we want courage, ſince we are to deale againſt ſo weake an aduerſarie, that in it ſelfe is nothing but weakeneſſe? Nay, we are to reſolue, that if reaſon direct it, we muſt do it; and if we muſt do it, we will do it: for to ſay I cannot, is childiſh, and I will not, womaniſh. And ſee how extreamely euerie way you endaunger your mind; for to take this womaniſh habite (without you frame your behauiour accordingly) is wholly vaine: your behauiour can neuer come kindly from you, but as the mind is proportioned vnto it. So that you muſt reſolue, if you will play your part to any purpoſe, what ſoeuer peeuiſh imperfections are in that ſex, to ſoften your heart to receiue them, the verie firſt down-ſtep to all wickednes: for doe not deceiue your ſelfe, my deare couſin, there is no man ſodainly either excellently good, or extreamely euill, but growes either as he holds himſelfe vp in vertue, or lets himſelfe ſlide to viciouſnes. And let vs ſee, what power is the author of all theſe troubles; forſooth loue, loue, a paſſion, and the baſeſt & fruitleſſeſt of all paſſions: feare breedeth wit, anger is the cradle of courage; ioy openeth and enableth the heart: ſorrow, as it cloſeth, ſo it draweth it inward to looke to the correcting of it ſelfe; and ſo all of them generally haue power towards ſome good by the direction of Reaſon. But this baſtard Loue (for indeed the name of Loue is moſt vnworthily applied to ſo hatefull a humour) as it is engendred betwixt luſt & idlenes; as the matter it works vpon is nothing but a certaine baſe weakenes, which ſome gentlefooles calla gentle heart; as his aioyned companions be vnquietnes, longings, fond comforts, faint diſcomforts, hopes, iealouſies, vngrounded rages, cauſleſſe yeelding: ſo is the higheſt end it aſpires vnto, a little pleaſure with much paine before, and great repentance after. But that end how endleſſe it runs to infinite euills, were fit enough for the matter we ſpeak of, but not for your eares, in whom indeed there is ſo much true diſpoſition to vertue; yet thus much of his worthy effects in your ſelfe is to be ſeene, that (beſides your breaking lawes of hoſpitalitie with *Kalander*, & of frindſhip with me) it vtterly ſubuerts the courſe of nature, in making reaſon giue place to ſence, & man to woman. And truely I thinke hereupon it firſt gate the name of Loue: for indeed the true loue hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transforme the very eſſence of the louer into the thing loued; vniting, and as it were incorporating it with a ſecret and inward working. And herein do theſe kinds of loues imitate the excellent: for as the loue of heauen makes one heauenly, the loue of vertue, vertuous; ſo doth the loue of the world make one become worldly: and this effeminate loue of a woman, doth ſo womanize a man, that (if he yeeld to it) it will not only make him an *Amazon*, but a launder, a diſtafe, a ſpinner, or what ſoeuer other vile occupation their idle heads can imagine, and their weake hands performe. Therefore (to trouble you no longer with my tedious, but louing words) if either you remember what you are, what you haue beene, or what you muſt be: if you conſider what it is that moued you, or by what kinde of creature you are moued, you ſhall finde the cauſe ſo

ſmall,

ſmall, the effect ſo dangerous, your ſelfe ſo vnworthy to run into the one, or to be driuen by the other, that I doubt not, I ſhall quickly haue occaſion rather to praiſe you for hauing conquered it, then to giue you further councell, how to doe it. But in *Pyrocles* this ſpeech wrought no more, but that hee, who before hee was eſpyed, was afraid; after, being perceiued, was aſhamed, now being hardly rubd vpon, left both feare and ſhame, and was moued to anger. But the exceeding good will he bare to *Muſidorus* ſtriuing with it; hee thus partly to ſatisfie him, but principally to looſe the reines to his owne motions, made him anſwere: Couſin, whatſoeuer good diſpoſition nature hath beſtowed vpon me, or howſoeuer that diſpoſition hath bin by bringing vp confirmed, this I muſt confeſſe, that I am not yet come to that degree of wiſedome, to thinke light of the ſexe, of whom I haue my life, ſince if I be any thing (which your friendſhip rather finds, then I acknowledge) I was to come to it. borne of a woman, & nurſed of a woman. And certainly (for this point of your ſpeech doth neereſt touch me) it is ſtrange to ſee the vnmanlike cruelty of mankind, who not content with their tyrannous ambition, to haue brought the others vertuous patience vnder them (like childiſh maſters) thinke their maſterhood nothing, without doing iniurie to them, who (if we will argue by reaſon) are framed of nature with the ſame parts of the minde for the exerciſe of vertue, as wee are. And for example, euen this eſtate of *Amazons* (which I now for my greateſt honour do ſeeke to counterfeit) doe well witneſſe, that if generally the ſweetneſſe of their diſpoſition did not make them ſee the vaineneſſe of theſe things, which we account glorious, they neither want valour of mind, nor yet doth their faireneſſe take away their force. And truely we men, and praiſers of men, ſhould remember, that if wee haue ſuch excellencies, it is reaſon to thinke them excellent creatures, of whom wee are; ſince a Kyte neuer brought forth a good flying Hawke. But to tell you true, as I thinke it ſuperfluous to vſe any words of ſuch a ſubiect, who is ſo praiſed in it ſelfe as it needes no praiſes; ſo withall I feare leſt my conceit (not able to reach vnto them) bring forth words, which for their vnworthineſſe may be a diſgrace to them I ſo inwardly honour. Let this ſuffice, that they are capable of vertue, and vertue (you your ſelues ſay) is to be loued, and I too, truly: but this I willingly confeſſe, that it likes me much better, when I finde vertue in a faire lodging, then when I am bound to ſeeke it in an ill-fauored creature, like a pearle in a dunghill. As for my fault of being an vnciuill gueſt to *Kalander*, if you could feele what an inward gueſt my ſelfe am hoſte vnto, ye would thinke it verie excuſable, in that I rather perform the duties of an hoſt, then the ceremonies of a gueſt. And for my breaking the lawes of friendſhip with you (which I would rather die, then effectually doe,) truely I could finde in my heart to aske you pardon for it, but that your nowhandling of me giues me reaſon to confirme my former dealing. And here *Pyrocles*, ſtaied, as to breathe himſelfe, hauing beene tranſported with a little vehemencie becauſe it ſeemed him *Muſidorus* had ouer-bitterly glaunced againſt the reputation of womankind: but then quieting his countenance (aſwell as out of an vnquiet mind it might be) he thus proceeded on: And poore Loue (ſaid he) deere couſin, is little beholding vnto you, ſince you are not contented to ſpoile it of the honour of the higheſt power of the mind, which notable men haue attributed vnto it, but yee deiect it below all other paſſions, in truth ſomewhat ſtrangely; ſince, if loue receiue any diſcrace; it is by the companie of theſe paſſions you preferre before it. For thoſe kinds of bitter obiections (as, that luſt, idleneſſe, and a weake heart, ſhould be, as it were, the matter and forme of loue) rather touch me, deere *Muſidorus*, then loue, but I am good witneſſe of mine owne imperfections, and therefore will not defend my

ſelfe:

ſelfe: but herein I muſt ſay, you deale contrarie to your ſelfe: for if I be ſo weake, then can you not with reaſon ſtir me vp as ye did, by remembrance of mine owne vertue: or if indeed I be vertuous, then muſt ye confeſſe, that loue hath his working in a vertuous heart; and ſo no doubt hath it, whatſoeuer I be: for, if we loue vertue, in whom ſhall we loue it but in a vertuous creature? without your meaning be, I ſhould loue this word *Vertue*, where I ſee it written in a booke. Thoſe troubleſome effects you ſay it breeds, be not the faults of loue, but of him that loues, as an vnable veſſell to beare ſuch a liquor, like euill eyes, not able to looke on the Sunne; or like a weake braine ſooneſt ouerthrowne with the beſt wine. Euen that heauenly loue you ſpeake of, is accompanied in ſome hearts with hopes, griefes, longings, and diſpaires. And in that heauenly loue, ſince there are two parts, the one the loue it ſelfe, th'other the excellencie of the thing loued; I, not able at the firſt leape to frame both in me, doe now (like a diligent workeman) make readie the chiefe inſtrument, and firſt part of that great worke, which is loue it ſelfe; which when I haue a while practiſed in this ſort, then you ſhall ſee mee turne it to greater matters. And thus gently you may (if it pleaſe you) thinke of me. Neither doubt yee, becauſe I weare a womans apparell, I will be the more womaniſh, ſince I aſſure you (for all my apparell) there is nothing I deſire more, then fully to proue my ſelfe a man in this entrepriſe. Much might be ſaid in my defence, much more for loue, and moſt of all for that diuine creature, which hath ioyned me and loue together. But theſe diſputations are fitter for quiet ſchooles then my troubled braines, which are bent rather in deeds to performe, then in words to defend the noble deſire that poſſeſſeth me. O Lord (ſaid *Muſidorus*) how ſharpe-witted you are to hurt your ſelfe; No (anſwered he) but it is the hurt you ſpeake of, which makes me ſo ſharp-witted. Euen ſo (ſaid *Muſidorus*) as euerie baſe occupation makes one ſharpe in that practiſe, and fooliſh in all the reſt. Nay rather (anſwered *Pyrocles*) as each excellent thing once well learned ſerues for a meaſure of all other knowledges. And is that become (ſaid *Muſidorus*) a meaſure for other things, which neuer receiued meaſure in it ſelfe? It is counted without meaſure (anſwered *Pyrocles*) becauſe the workings of it are without meaſure, but otherwiſe, in nature it hath meaſure, ſince it hath an end allotted vnto it, The beginning being ſo excellent, I would gladly know the end, Enioying, anſwered *Pyrocles*, with a deep ſigh. O (ſaid *Muſidorus*) now ſet ye forth the baſenes of it, ſince if it end in enioying, it ſhewes all the reſt was nothing. Ye miſtake me (anſwered *Pyrocles*,) I ſpeake of the end to which it is directed; which end ends not, no ſooner then the life. Alas, let your owne braine diſenchant you (ſaid *Muſidorus*.) My heart is too farre poſſeſſed (ſaid *Pyrocles*.) But the head giues you direction: And the heart giues me life anſwered *Pyrocles*.

But *Muſidorus* was ſo grieued to ſee his welbeloued friend obſtinate (as hee thought) to his owne deſtruction, that it forced him with more then accuſtomed vehemencie to ſpeake theſe words. Well, well (ſaid he) you liſt to abuſe your ſelfe; it was a very white & red vertue, which you could picke out of a painterly gloſe of a viſage. Confeſſe the truth, and ye ſhall finde the vtmoſt was but beautie; a thing, which though it be in as great excelency in your ſelfe as may be in any, yet I am ſure you make no further reckning of it, then of an outward fading benefit nature beſtowed vpon you. And yet ſuch is your want of a true grounded vertue, which muſt be like it ſelfe in all points; that what you wiſely account a trifle in your ſelfe, you fondly become a ſlaue vnto another. For my part I now proteſt, I haue left nothing vnſaid, which my wit could make me know, or my moſt entire friendſhip to you requires of me; I do now beſeech you euen for the loue betwixt vs (if this other loue

haue

haue left any in you towards me) and for the remembrance of your old carefull father (if you can remember him that forget yourselfe,) lastly, for *Pyrocles* owne sake (who is now vpon the point of falling or rising) to purge your selfe of this vile infection, otherwise giue me leaue to leaue off this name of friendship, as an idle title of a thing which cannot be, where vertue is abolished. The length of these speeches before had not so much cloyed *Pyrocles*, though he were very impatient of long deliberations, as this last farewell of him he loued as his own life, did wound his soule. For thinking himselfe afflicted, he was the apter to conceiue vnkindnesse deepely: insomuch that shaking his head, and deliuering some shew of teares, he thus vttered his griefes: Alas (said he) Prince *Musidorus*, how cruelly you deale with me; if you seeke the victorie, take it, and if ye list the triumph: haue you all the reason of the world, and with me remaine all the imperfections; yet such as I can no more lay from me, then the Crow can be perswaded by the Swan to cast off all his blacke feathers. But truly you deale with me like a Physition, that seeing his Patient in a pestilent feuer, should chide him in stead of ministring helpe, & bid him be sick no more; or rather like such a friend, that visiting his friend condemned to perpetuall prison, and loaden with grieuous fetters, should wil him to shake off his fetters, or he would leaue him. I am sicke, and sicke to the death; I am prisoner, neither is there any redresse, but by her to whom I am a slaue. Now if you list, leaue him that loues you in the highest degree: But remember euer to carrie this with you, that you abandon your friend in his greatest extremitie.

And herewith the deepe wound of his loue being rubbed a fresh with this new vnkindnesse, began as it were to bleed again, in such sort that he was vnable to beare it any longer, but gushing out a boundance of teares, and crossing his armes ouer his wofull heart, he sunke downe to the ground: which sodaine trance went so to the heart of *Musidorus*, that falling downe by him, and kissing the weeping eyes of his freind, he besought him not to make account of his speech; which if it had bin ouervehement, yet was it to be borne withall, because it came out of a loue much more vehement, that he had not thought fancie could haue receiued so deepe a wound; but now finding in him the force of it, hee would no further contrarie it, but employ all his seruice to medicine it, in such sort as the nature of it required. But euen this kindnesse made *Pyrocles* the more melt in the former vnkindnesse, which his manlike teares well shewed, with a silent looke vpon *Musidorus*, as who should say, And is it possible that *Musidorus* should threaten to leaue me? And this strooke *Musidorus* mind and sences so dumbe too, that for griefe being not able to say any thing, they rested with their eyes placed one vpon another, in such sort, as might well paint out the true passion of vnkindnesse to be neuer aright, but betwixt them that most dearely loue.

And thus remained they a time, till at length *Musidorus* embracing him, said, And will you thus shake of your freind? It is you that shake me off (said *Pyrocles*) being for my vnperfectnesse vnworthie of your freindship. But this (said *Musidorus*) shewes you more vnperfect, to be cruell to him, that submits himselfe vnto you, but since you are vnperfect (said he, smiling) it is reason you be gouerned by vs wise and perfect men. And that authority will I begin to take vpon mee, with three absolute commandements: the first, that you increase not your euill with further griefes: the second, that you loue her with all the powers of your mind: and the last commandement shall be, you command me to doe what seruice I can towards the attaining of your desires. *Pyrocles* heart was not so oppressed with the two mightie passions of loue and vnkindnesse, but that it yeelded to some mirth at this commandement of

Musidorus

Muſidorus, that he ſhould loue, ſo that ſomething clearing his face from his former ſhewes of griefe; Well (ſaid he) deere couſin, I ſee by the well chuſing of your commandements, that you are farre fitter to be a Prince than a Councellor, and therfore I am reſolued to imploy all my endeuour to obey you, with this condition, that the commandements ye command me to lay vpon you, ſhall only be, that you continue to loue me, & looke vpon my imperfections with more affection than iudgement. Loue you (ſaid he,) alas, how can my heart be ſeparated from the true imbracing of it, without it burſt, by being too full of it? But (ſaid he) let vs leaue off theſe flowers of new begun friendſhip; and now I pray you againe tell me, but tell it me fully, omitting no circumſtance, the ſtorie of your affections, both beginning, and proceeding; aſſuring your ſelfe, that there is nothing ſo great, which I will feare to doe for you, nor nothing ſo ſmall, which I will diſdaine to do for you. Let me therefore receiue a cleere vnderſtanding, which manie times we miſſe, while thoſe things we account ſmall, as a ſpeech, or a looke, are omitted, like as a whole ſentence may faile of his congruitie by wanting one particle. Therefore betweene freinds all muſt be laid open, nothing being ſuperfluous nor tedious. You ſhall be obeied (ſaid *Pyrocles*) and here are we in as fit a place for it as may be; for this arbor no bodie offers to come into but my ſelfe, I vſing it as my melancholie retiring place, and therfore that reſpect is borne vnto it: yet if by chaunce any ſhould come, ſay that you are a ſeruant ſent from the Queene of the *Amazons* to ſeeke me, and then let me alone for the reſt. So ſate they downe, and *Pyrocles* thus ſaid:

Couſin (ſaid he) then began the fatall ouerthrow of all my libertie, when walking among the pictures in *Kalanders* houſe, you your ſelfe deliuered vnto mee what you had vnderſtood of *Philoclea*, who much reſembling (though I muſt ſay) much ſurpaſſing) the Ladie *Zelmane*, whom ſo well I loued: there were mine eyes infected, and at your mouth did I drink my poiſon. Yet alas, ſo ſweet was it vnto me, that I could not be contented, till *Kalander* had made it more and more ſtrong with his declaration. Which the more I queſtioned, the more pittie, I conceiued of her vnworthie fortune; and when with pittie once my heart was made tender, according to the aptneſſe of the humour, it receiued quickly a cruell impreſſion of that wonderful paſſion, which to be defined is impoſſible, becauſe no words reach to the ſtrange nature of it: they only know it, which inwardly feele it; it is called Loue. Yet did I not (poor wretch) at firſt know my diſeaſe, thinking it only ſuch a wonted kind of deſire to ſee rare ſights, and my pittie to be no other, but the fruits of of a gentle nature. But euen this arguing with my ſelfe came of further thoughts, and the more I argued, the more my thoughts encreaſed. Deſirous I was to ſee the place where ſhe remained, as though the Architecture of the Lodges would haue beene much for my learning; but more deſirous to ſee her ſelfe, to be iudge, forſooth, of the Painters cunning. For thus at the firſt did I flatter my ſelfe, as though my wound had beene no deeper: but when within ſhort time I came to the degree of vncertaine wiſhes, and that thoſe wiſhes grew to inquiet longings, when I could fixe my thoughts vpon nothing, but that within little varying they ſhould end with *Philoclea*: when each thing I ſaw, ſeemed to figure out ſome part of my paſſions; when euen *Parthenia's* faire face became a lecture to me of *Philoclea's* imagined beautie; when I heard no word ſpoken, but that me thought it carried the ſound of *Philoclea's* name; then indeed, then I did yeeld to the burthen, finding my ſelfe priſoner, before I had leiſure to arme my ſelfe: and that I might well, like the Spaniell, gnaw vpon the chaine that ties him; but I ſhould ſooner marre my teeth, then procure libertie: yet I take to witneſſe the eternall ſpring of vertue, that I had neuer read, heard, nor ſeene any thing; I had neuer

any

any taſt of Philoſophie, nor inward feeling in my ſelfe, which for a while I did not call to my ſuccor. But (alas) what reſiſtance was there, whenere long my verie reaſon was, (you will ſay corrupted) I muſt confeſſe, conquered, and that me thought euen reaſon did aſſure me, that all eyes did degenerate from their creation, which did not honour ſuch beautie? Nothing in truth could hold any plea with it, but the reuerend friendſhip I beare vnto you. For as it went againſt my heart to breake any way from you, ſo did I feare more then any aſſault to breake it to you: finding (as it is indeed) that to a heart fully reſolute, councell is tedious, but reprehenſion is lothſome: and that there is nothing more terrible to a guilitie heart, then the eye of a reſpected friend. This made me determine with my ſelfe (thinking it a leſſe fault in friendſhip to doe a thing without your knowledge, then againſt your will) to take this ſecret courſe; which conceit was moſt builded vp in me, the laſt day of my parting and ſpeaking with you, when vpon your ſpeech with me, & my but naming loue (when elſe perchance I would haue gone further) I ſaw your voyce and countenance ſo chaunge, as it aſſured me, my reuealing it ſhould but purchaſe your griefe with my cumber, and therefore (deare *Muſidorus*) euen ran away from my well knowne chiding: for hauing written a letter, which I know not whether you found or no, and taken my chiefe iewels with me, while you were in the middeſt of your ſport, I got a time (as I thinke) vnmarked by any, to ſteale away I cared not whither, ſo I might eſcape you, and ſo came I to *Ithonia* in the Prouince of *Meſſenia*; where lying ſecret, I put this in practiſe, which before I had deuiſed. For remembring by *Philanax* his letter & *Kalanders* ſpeech, how obſtinately *Baſilius* was determined not to marie his daughters, and therefore fearing leaſt any publike dealing ſhould rather increaſe her captiuitie, then further my loue; Loue (the refiner of inuention) had put in my head thus to diſguiſe my ſelfe, that vnder that maske I might (if it were poſſible) get acceſſe; & what acceſſe could bring forth, commit to fortune & induſtrie, determining to beare the countenance of an *Amazon*. Therefore in the cloſeſt maner I could naming my ſelfe *Zelmane*, for that deare Ladies ſake, to whoſe memorie I am ſo much bound, I cauſed this apparell to be made, and bringing it neare the Lodges, which are hard at hand, by night thus, dreſſed my ſelfe, reſting till occaſion might make me to be found by them whom I ſought; which the next morning happned as well as mine own plot could haue laid it. For after I had run ouer the whole petigree of my thoughts, I gaue my ſelfe to ſing a little, which, as you know, I euer delighted in, ſo now eſpecially, whether it be the nature of this clime to ſtirre vp Poeticall fancies, or rather as I thinke, of loue, whoſe ſcope being pleaſure, will not ſo much as vtter his griefes, but in ſome forme of pleaſure.

But I had ſung verie little, when (as I thinke, diſpleaſed with my bad muſike) comes maiſter *Dametas* with a hedging bill in his hand, chafing and ſwearing by the pantable of *Pallace*, and ſuch other oathes as his ruſticall brauerie could imagine; and when he ſaw me, I aſſure you, my beautie was no more beholding to him then my harmonie; for leaning his hands vpon his bill, and his chin vpon his hands, with the voice of one that playeth *Hercules* in a play, but neuer had his fancie in his head, the firſt word he ſpake vnto me, was, Am not I *Dametas*? why am not I *Dametas*? he needed not name himſelf, for *Kalanders* deſcription had ſet ſuch a note vpon him as made him verie notable vnto me, and therefore the height of my thoughts would not deſcend ſo much as to make him any anſwer, but continued on my inward diſcourſes; which hee (perchance witneſſe of his owne vnworthineſſe, and therefore the apter to thinke himſelfe contemned) tooke in ſo hainous maner, that ſtanding vpon his tiptoes, and ſtaring, as if he would haue had a mote pulled out of his eye,

Why, (ſaid he) thou woman, or boy, or both, whatſoeuer thou be, I tell thee here is no place for thee, get thee gone, I tell thee it is the Princes pleaſure, I tell thee it is *Dametas* pleaſure. I could not chuſe but ſmile at him, ſeeing him looke ſo like an Ape that had newly taken a purgation; yet taking my ſelfe with the manner, ſpake theſe words to my ſelfe: O ſpirit (ſaid I) of mine, how canſt thou receiue any mirth in the midſt of thine agonies? and thou mirth, how dareſt thou enter into a minde ſo growne of late thy profeſſed enemie? Thy ſpirit (ſaid *Dametas*,) doſt thou thinke me a ſpirit? I tell thee I am *Baſilius* officer, & haue charge of him and his daughters. O only pearle (ſaid I ſobbing) that ſo vile an oyſter ſhould keep thee? By the combecaſe of *Diana* (ſware *Dametas*) this woman is mad: oyſters and pearles? doeſt thou thinke I will buy oyſters? I tell the once againe get thee packing, and with that lifted vp his bill to hit me with the blunt end of it: but indeed that put me quite out of my leſſon; ſo that I forgat all *Zelmanes* ſhip, and drawing out my ſword, the baſeneſſe of the vilaine yet made me ſtay my hand, and he (who, as *Kalander* told me, from his child-hood euer feared the blade of a ſword) ran backe, backward (with his hands aboue his head) at leaſt twentie paces, gaping and ſtaring, with the verie grace (I thinke) of the clownes, that by *Latonas* prayers were turned into Forgs. At length ſtaying, finding himſelfe without the compaſſe of blowes, hee fell to a freſh ſcoulding, in ſuch manerly maner, as might well ſhew hee had paſſed through the diſcipline of a Tauerne; But ſeeing mee walke vp and downe, without marking what he ſaid, he went his way (as I perceiued after) to *Baſilius*: for within a while hee came vnto mee, bearing indeed ſhewes in his countenance of an honeſt and well minded Gentleman, & with as much curteſie as *Dametas* with rudeneſſe ſaluting me: Faire Ladie (ſaid hee) it is nothing ſtrange, that ſuch a ſolitarie place as this ſhould receiue ſolitarie perſons; but much doe I marueil, how ſuch a beautie as yours is, ſhould be ſuffered to be thus alone. I (that now knew it was my part to play) looking with a graue maieſtie vpon him, as if I found in my ſelfe cauſe to be reuerenced. They are neuer alone (ſaid I) that are accompanied with noble thoughts. But thoſe thoughts (replyed *Baſilius*) cannot in this your lonelineſſe neither warrant you from ſuſpition in others, nor defend you from melancholy in your ſelfe: I then ſhewing a miſlike that he preſſed me ſo farre; I ſeek no better warrant, ſaid I, then my owne conſcience, nor no greater pleaſure then mine owne contentation. Yet vertue ſeekes to ſatisfie others, ſaid *Baſilius*. Thoſe that be good, ſaid I, and they will be ſatisfied as long as they ſee no euill: yet will the beſt in this countrie, ſaid *Baſilius*, ſuſpect ſo excellent beautie being ſo weakely guarded. Then are the beſt but ſtarke naught, anſwered I; for open ſuſpecting others, comes of ſecret condemning themſelues: but in my countrie (whoſe maners I am in all places to maintaine and reuerence) the generall goodneſſe (which is nouriſhed in our hearts (makes euerie one thinke the ſtrength of vertue in another, whereof they find the aſſured foundation in themſelues. Excellent Ladie, ſaid he, you praiſe ſo greatly (and yet ſo wiſely) your countrie, that I muſt needs deſire to know what the neſt is, out of which ſuch birds doe flie. You muſt firſt deſerue it, ſaid I, before you may obtaine it. And by what meanes, ſaid *Baſilius*, ſhall I deſerue to know your eſtate? By letting me firſt know yours, anſwered I. To obey you, ſaid he, I will doe it, although it were ſo much more reaſon yours ſhould be knowne firſt, as you do deſerue in all points to be preferd. Know you, faire Ladie, that my name is *Baſilius*, vnworthily Lord of this countrie: the reſt, either fame hath alreadie brought to your eares, or (if it pleaſe you to make this place happie by your preſence (at more leiſure you ſhal vnderſtand of me: I that from the beginning aſſured my ſelfe it was he, but would not

ſeeme

ſeeme I did ſo, to keepe my grauitie the better, making a peece of reuerence vnto him; Mightie Prince (ſaid I) let my not knowing you ſerue for the excuſe of my boldneſſe, and the little reuerence I doe you, impute to the maner of my countrie, which is the inuincible land of the *Amazons*: my ſelfe Neece to *Senicia*, Queene thereof, lineally deſcended of the famous *Pentheſilea*, ſlaine by the bloodie hand of *Pyrrhus*: I hauing in this my youth determined to make the world ſee the *Amazons* excellencies, as well in priuate, as in publike vertue, haue paſſed ſome dangerous aduentures in diuerſe countries, till the vnmercifull ſea depriued me of my companie; ſo that ſhipwracke caſting me not farre hence, vncertaine wandring brought me to this place. But *Baſilius*) who now began to taſte of that, which ſince he had ſwallowed vp, as I will tell you) fell to more cunning intreating my abode, then any greedie hoſt would vſe to well paying paſſengers. I thought nothing could ſhoot righter at the marke of my deſires; yet had I learned alreadie ſo much, that it was againſt my womanhood to be forward in my own wiſhes. And therefore he (to proue whether interceſſions in fitter mouthes might better preuaile) commanded *Dametas* to bring forthwith his wife and daughters thither, three Ladies, although of diuerſe, yet of excellent beautie.

His wife in graue Matronlike attire, with countenance and geſture ſutable, and of ſuch faireneſſe (being in the ſtrength of her age) as if her daughters had not beene by, might with iuſt price haue purchaſed admiration; but they being there, it was enough that the moſt daintie eye would thinke her a worthie mother of ſuch children. The faire *Pamela*, whoſe noble heart I finde doth greatly diſdaine, that the truſt of her vertue is repoſed in ſuch a louts hands as *Dametas*, had yet, to ſhew an obedience, taken on ſhepheardiſh apparell, which was but of ruſſet cloath, cut after their faſhion: with a ſtraight bodie, open breaſted, the neather part full of pleights, with long and wide ſleeues: but beleeue me ſhe did apparell her apparell, & with the preciouſneſſe of her bodie made it moſt ſumptuous. Her haire at the full length, wound about with gold lace, only by the compariſon to ſhew how farre her haire doth excell in colour: betwixt her breaſts (which ſweetly roſe vplike two faire mountainets in the pleaſant vale of *Tempe*) there hung a verie rich Diamond ſet but in a blacke horne: the word I haue ſince read is this, *Yet ſtill my ſelfe*. And thus particularly haue I deſcribed them, becauſe you may know that mine eyes are not ſo partiall, but that I marked them too. But when the ornament of the earth, the modell of heauen, the triumph of nature, the life of beautie, the Queene of loue, young *Philoclea* appeared in her Nimph-like apparell, ſo neere nakedneſſe, as one might well diſcerne part of her perfections; and yet ſo apparelled, as did ſhew ſhee kept beſt ſtore of her beautie to her ſelfe: her haire (alas too poore a word, why ſhould I not rather call them her beames) drawne vp into a net, able to haue caught *Iupiter* when he was in the form of an Eagle; her bodie (ô ſweet bodie) couered with a light Taffata garment, ſo cut, as the wrought ſmock came through it in many places, enough to haue made your reſtrained imagination haue thought what was vnder it: with the caſt of her blacke eyes, blacke indeed, whether nature ſo made them, that we might be the more able to behold & beare their wonderfull ſhining, or that ſhe (goddeſſe-like) would worke this miracle with her ſelfe, in gining blackenes the price aboue all beautie. Then (I ſay) indeed me thought the Lillies grew pale for enuie, the Roſes me thought bluſhed to ſee ſweeter Roſes in her cheeks, & the apples, me thought, fell downe from the trees, to do homage to the apples of her breaſt; then the clouds gaue place, that the heauens might more freely ſmile vpon her, at the leaſt the clouds of my thoughts quite vaniſhed; and my ſight (then more cleere and

forcible then euer) was ſo fixed there, that (I imagine) I ſtood like a well wrought Image, with ſome life in ſhew, but none in practiſe. And ſo had I bin like enough to haue ſtayed long time, but that *Gynecia* ſtepping betweene my ſight and the onely *Philoclea*, the chaunge of obiect made me recouer my ſenſes; ſo that I could with reaſonable good maner receiue the ſalutation of her, and of the Princeſſe *Pamela*, doing them yet no further reuerence then one Princeſſe vſeth to another. But when I came to the neuer-enough praiſed *Philoclea*, I could not but fall downe on my knees, and taking by force her hand, and kiſſing it (I muſt confeſſe) with more then womanly ardencie, Diuine Lady, ſaid I, let not the world, nor theſe great Princeſſes maruell, to ſee me (contrarie to my maner) doe this ſpeciall honour vnto you, ſince all both men & women, do owe this to the perfection of your beautie. But ſhe bluſhing (like a faire morning in May) at this my ſingularitie, and cauſing me to riſe, Noble Ladie, ſaid ſhee, it is no marueil to ſee your iudgement much miſtaken in my beautie, ſince you begin with ſo great an errour, as to do more honour vnto me then to them, to whom I my ſelfe owe all ſeruice. Rather (anſwered I with a bowed downe countenance) that ſhewes the power of your beautie, which forced me to doe ſuch an errour, if it were an errour. You are ſo well acquainted (ſaid ſhe ſweetly, moſt ſweetly ſmiling) with your owne beautie, that it makes you eaſily fall into the diſcourſe of beautie. Beautie in me? (ſaid I truly ſighing) alas if there be any, it is in my eyes, which your bleſſed preſence hath imparted vnto them.

But then (as I think *Baſilius* willing her ſo to do) Well, ſaid ſhe, I muſt needs confeſſe I haue heard that it is a great happineſſe to be praiſed of them that are moſt praiſe worthie: and well I finde that you are an inuincible *Amazon*, ſince you will ouercome, though in a wrong matter. But if my beautie be any thing, then let it obtaine thus much of you, that you will remaine ſome while in this companie, to eaſe your owne trauell and our ſolitarineſſe. Firſt let me die (ſaid I) before any word ſpoken by ſuch a mouth ſhould come in vaine. And thus with ſome other words of entertaining, was my ſtaying concluded, and I ledde among them to the Lodge; truelie a place for pleaſantneſſe, not vnfit to flatter ſolitarineſſe, for it being ſet vpon ſuch an vnſenſible riſing of the ground, as you are come to a prettie height before almoſt you perceiue that you aſcend, it giues the eye Lordſhip ouer a good large circuit, which according to the nature of the countrie, being diuerſified betweene hills and dales, woods and plaines, one place more cleere, another more darkeſome, it ſeemes a pleaſant picture of nature, with louely light ſomneſſe and artificiall ſhadowes. The Lodge is of a yellow ſtone, built in the forme of a ſtarre, hauing round about a garden framed into like points; and beyond the garden ridings cut out, each anſwering the angles of the Lodge: at the end of one of them is the other ſmaller Lodge, but of like faſhion, where the gracious *Pamela* liueth; ſo that the Lodge ſeemeth not vnlike a faire Comet, whoſe taile ſtretcheth it ſelfe to a ſtarre of leſſe greatneſſe.

So *Gynecia* her ſelfe bringing me to my lodging, anon after I was inuited and brought downe to ſup with them in the Garden, a place not fairer in naturall ornaments, then artificiall inuentions; where, in a banqueting houſe among certain pleaſant trees, whoſe heads ſeemed curled with the wrappings about of Vine-branches. The table was ſet neere to an excellent water-worke; for by the caſting of the water in moſt cunning maner, it makes (with the ſhining of the Sunne vpon it) a perfect rain-bow, not more pleaſant to the eye then to the mind, ſo ſenſible to ſee the proofe of the heauenly *Iris*. There were birds alſo made ſo finely, that they did not onely deceiue the ſight with their figure, but the hearing with their ſongs, which the waterie

inſtruments

inſtruments did make their gorge deliuer. The table at which wee ſate was round, which being faſt to the floore whereon wee ſate, and that deuided from the reſt of the buildings, with turning a vice (which *Baſilius* at firſt did, to make me ſport) the table, and we about the table did all turne round, by meanes of water which ran vnder, and carried it about as a mill. But alas, what pleaſure did it to me, to make diuers times the full circle round about, ſince *Philoclea* (being alſo ſet) was carried ſtill in equall diſtance from me, and that onely my eyes did ouertake her? which when the table was ſtayed, and wee began to feede, dranke much more eagerly of her beautie, then my mouth did of any other liquor. And ſo was my common ſence deceiued, (being chiefly bent to her that as I dranke the wine, and withall ſtole a looke on her, me ſeemed I taſted her deliciouſneſſe. But alas, the one thirſt was much more inflamed then the other quenched. Sometimes my eyes would lay themſelues open to receiue all the darts ſhee did throw, ſometimes cloſe vp with admiration, as if with a contrarie fancie, they wold preſerue the riches of that ſight they had gotten, or caſt my lids as curtaines ouer the image of beautie, her preſence had painted in them. True it is, that my Reaſon (now growne a ſeruant to paſſion) did yet often tell his maiſter, that he ſhould more moderately vſe his delight. But he, that of a rebell was become a Prince, diſdained almoſt to allow him the place of a counceller: ſo that my ſenſes delights being too ſtrong for any other reſolution, I did euen looſe the reines vnto them; hoping that (going for a woman) my lookes would paſſe, either vnmarked, or vn ſuſpected.

Now thus I had (as me thought) well plaide my firſt act, aſſuring my ſelfe, that vnder that diſguiſement, I ſhould find oportunitie to reueale my ſelfe to the owner of my heart. But who would thinke it poſſible (though I feele it true) that in almoſt eight weekes ſpace I haue liued here (hauing no more companie but her parents; and I being familiar, as being a woman, and watchfull, as being a louer) yet could neuer find oportunitie to haue one minutes leaſure of priuate conference: the cauſe whereof is as ſtrange, as the effects are to me miſerable. And (alas) this it is.

At the firſt ſight that *Baſilius* had of me (I think *Cupid* hauing headed his arrows with my misfortune) he was ſtriken (taking me to be ſuch as I profeſſe) with great affection towards me, which ſince is growne to ſuch a doting loue, that till I was faine to get this place (ſometimes to retire vnto freely) I was euen choaked with his tediouſneſſe. You neuer ſaw foureſcore yeares daunce vp and downe more liuely in a young louer; now, as fine in his apparell, as if hee would make me in loue with a cloake, and verſe for verſe with the ſharpeſt-witted Louer in *Arcadia*. Doe you not thinke that this is a ſallet of wormewood, while mine eyes feed vpon the *Ambroſia* of *Philoclea*'s beautie. But this is not all; no, this is not the worſt: for he (good man) were eaſie enough to be dealt with, but, as I thinke, Loue & miſchiefe hauing made a wager, which ſhould haue moſt power in me, haue ſet *Gynecia* alſo on ſuch a fire towards me, as will neuer (I feare) be quenched but with my deſtruction. For (ſhe being a woman of excellent wit, and of ſtrong working thoughts) whether ſhe ſuſpected me by my ouer-vehement ſhewes of affection to *Philoclea* (which loue forced me vnwiſely to vtter, while hope of my maske fooliſhly encouraged me) or that ſhe hath taken ſome other marke of me, that I am not a woman; or what diuell it is hath reuealed it vnto her, I know not: but ſo it is, that all her countenances, words, and geſtures, are euen miſerable portraitures of a deſperate affection. Wherby a man may learne, that theſe auoidings of companie, doe but make the paſſions more violent, when they meet with fit ſubiects. Truly it were a notable dum ſhew of *Cupids* kingdome, to ſee my eies (languiſhing with ouer-vehement longing) direct them-

ſelues to *Philoclea* and *Baſilius*, as buſie about me as a Bee, & indeed as cumberſom, making ſuch vehement ſuits to me, who neither could if I would, nor would if I could, helpe him, while the terrible wit of *Gynecia*, carried with the Beere of violent loue, runes through vs all. And ſo iealous is ſhe of my loue to her daughter, that I could neuer yet begin to open my mouth to the vnenitable *Philoclea*, but that her vnwiſhed preſence gaue my tale a concluſion, before it had a beginning. And ſurely if I be no deceiued, I ſee ſuch ſhewes of liking, & (if I be acquainted with paſſions) of almoſt a paſſionate liking in the heauenly *Philoclea* towards me, that I may hope her eares would not abhorre my diſcourſe. And for good *Baſilius*, he thought it beſt to haue lodged vs together, but that the eternall hatefulneſſe of my deſtinie made *Gynecia's* iealouſie ſtop that, and all other my bleſſings. Yet muſt I confeſſe, that one way her loue doth me pleaſure; for ſince it was my fooliſh fortune, or vnfortunate folly, to be knowne by her, that keepes her from bewraying me to *Baſilius*. And thus (my *Muſidorus*) you haue my Tragedie plaied vnto you by my ſelfe, which I pray the gods may not indeed proue a Tragedie, And therewith he ended, making a full point of a heartie ſigh.

Muſidorus recommended to his beſt diſcourſe, all which *Pyrocles* had told him. But therin he found ſuch intricateneſſe, that he could ſee no way to lead him out of the maze; yet preceiuing his affection ſo grounded, that ſtriuing againſt it, did rather anger then heale the wound, and rather call his friendſhipp in queſtion then giue place to any friendly councell. Well (ſaid he) deere couſin, ſince it hath pleaſed the gods to mingle your other excellencies with this humour of loue, yet happie it is, that your loue is imployed vpon ſo rare a woman: for certainly, a noble cauſe doth eaſe much a grieuous caſe. But as it ſtands now, nothing vexeth me, as that I cannot ſee wherein I can be ſeruiceable vnto you. I deſire no greater ſeruice of you (anſwered *Pyrocles*) then that you remaine ſecretly in this countrie, and ſomtimes come to this place, either late in the night or early in the morning, where you ſhall haue my key to enter, becauſe as my fortune either amends or impaires, I may declare it vnto you, and haue your counſell & furtherance: and here by I will of purpoſe leade her, that is the praiſe, and yet the ſtaine of all womankinde, that you may haue ſo good a view, as to allow my iudgement: and as I can get the moſt conuenient time, I will come vnto you; for though by reaſon of yonder wood you cannot ſee the Lodge, it is hard at hand. But now (ſaid ſhe) it is time for me to leaue you, and towards euening wee will walke out of purpoſe hitherward, therefore keepe your ſelfe cloſe in that time. But *Muſidorus* bethinking himſelfe that his horſe might happen to bewray him, thought it beſt to returne for that day to village not farre off, and diſpatching his horſe in ſome ſort, the next day early to come a foot thither, and ſo to keepe that courſe afterward, which *Pyrocles* verie well liked of. Now farewell deere couſin (ſaid he) from me, no more *Pyrocles*, nor *Daiphantus* now, but *Zelmane*: *Zelmane* is my name, *Zelmane* is my title, *Zelmane* is the only hope of my aduancement. And with that word going out, and ſeeing that the coaſt was cleere, *Zelmane* diſmiſſed *Muſidorus*, who departed as full of care to help his friend, as before he was to diſſwade him.

Zelmane returned to the lodge, where (inflamed by *Philoclea*, watched by *Gynecia*, and tired by *Baſilius*) ſhe was like a horſe deſirous to runne, and miſerably ſpurred, but ſo ſhort rained as he cannot ſtirre forward; *Zelmane* ſought occaſion to ſpeake with *Philoclea*, *Baſilius* with *Zelmane*, and *Gynecia* hindred them all. If *Philoclea* happned to ſigh (and ſigh ſhe did often) as if that ſigh were to be waited on, *Zelmane* ſighed alſo, whereto *Baſilius* and *Gynecia* ſoone made vp foure parts of ſorrow. Their

affection

affection increased their conuersation; & their conuersation increased their affection. The respect borne, bred due ceremonies; but the affection shined so through them, that the ceremonies seemed not ceremonies. *Zelmanes* eyes were (like children before sweet meat) eager, but fearfull of their ill-pleasing gouernours. Time, in one instant, seeming both short and long vnto them: short, in the pleasingnesse of such presence: long, in the stay of their desires.

But *Zelmane* failed not to intice them all many times abroad, because she was desirous her friend *Musidorus* (neere whom of purpose she led them) might haue full sight of them. Sometimes angling to a litle riuer neere hand, which for the moisture it bestowed vpon rootes of some flourishing trees, was rewarded with their shadow. There would they sit downe, and pretie wagers be made between *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, which could soonest beguile silly fishes, while *Zelmane* protested that the fit prey for them was hearts of Princes. She also had an angle in her hand; but the taker was so taken, that she had forgotten taking. *Basilius* in the meane time would be the Cooke himselfe of what was so caught, and *Gynecia* sit still, but with no still pensiueneesse. now she brought them to see a seeled Done, who the blinder she was, the higher shee stroue. Another time a Kite, which hauing a gut cunningly pulled out of her, and so let fly, caused all the Kites in that quarter, who (as oftentimes the world is deceiued) thinking her prosperous when indeed shee was wounded, made the poore Kite finde, that opinion of riches may well be dangerous.

But these recreations were interrupted by a delight of more galant shew; for one euening, as *Basilius* returned from hauing forced his thoughts to please themselues in such smal conquest, there came a Shepheard, who brought him word, that a Gentleman desired leaue to doe a message from his Lord vnto him. *Basilius* graunted, whereupon the Gentleman came; and after the dutifull ceremonies obserued in his maisters name, told him, that he was sent from *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, to craue licence, that as he had done in many other Courts, so he might in his presence defie all *Arcadian* Knights in the behalfe of his Mistris beautie, who would besides, her selfe in person bee present, to giue euident proofe what his Launce should affirme. The conditions of his challenge were, that the defendant should bring his Mistrisse picture, which being set by the image of *Artesia* (so was the mistresse of *Phalantus* named) who in sixe courses should haue better of the other, in the iudgement of *Basilius*, with him both the honors and the pictures should remaine. *Basilius* (though he had retired himselfe into that solitarie dwelling, with intention to auoide, rather then to accept any matters of drawing companie; yet because hee would entertaine *Zelmane*, (that she might not thinke the time so gaine full to him, losse to her) granted him to pitch his tent for three dayes, not farre from the lodge, and to proclaime his challenge, that what *Arcadian* Knight (for none els but vpon his perrill was licensed to come) would defend what he honored against *Phalantus*, should haue the like freedome of accesse and returne.

This obtained and published, *Zelmane* being desirous to learne what this *Phalantus* was, hauing never knowne him further then by report of his good iusting, in so much as he was commonly called, the faire man of armes, *Basilius*, told her that he had had occasion by one verie inward with him, to know in part the discourse of his life, which was, that he was bastard-brother to the faire *Helen* Quene of *Corinth*, and deerely esteemed of her for his exceeding good parts, being honourably courteous, and wrongfully valiant, considerately pleasant in conuersation, and an excellent Courtier without vnfaithfulnesse; who finding his sisters vnperswadeable melancholy, (throvgh the loue of *Amphialus*) had for a time left her Court, & gone

into

into *Laconia*, where in the warre against the *Helots*, he had gotten the reputation of one, that both durst and knew. But as it was rather choise then nature, that led him to matters of armes, so as soone as the spur of honour ceased, he willingly rested in peaceable delights, being beloued in all companies for his louely qualities, and (as a man may terme it) winning cheerefulnesse, whereby to the Prince and Court of *Laconia*, none was more agreeable then *Phalantus*: and he not giuen greatly to struggle with his own disposition, followed the gentle current of it, hauing a fortune sufficient to content, and he content with a sufficient fortune. But in that court he saw, and was acquainted with this *Artheſia*, whose beautie he now defends, became her seruant, said himselfe, and perchance thought himselfe her louer. But certainly, said *Basilius*, manie times it falls out, that these yong companions make themselues beleeue they loue at the first liking of a likely beautie, louing, because they will loue for want of other businesse, not because they feele indeed that diuine power, which makes the heart find a reason in passion, and so (God knowes) as inconstantly leaue vpon the next chaunce that beautie casts before them. So therefore taking loue vpon him like a fashion, he courted this Ladie *Artheſia*, who was as fit to pay him in his owne monie as might be: for shee thinketh shee did wrong to her beautie if shee were not proud of it, called her disdaine of him chastitie, and placed her honour in little setting by his honouring her; determining neuer to marrie, but him, whom she thought worthie of her: and that was one, in whom all worthinesses were harboured. And to this conceipt not only nature had bent her, but the bringing vp shee receiued at my sister in law *Cecropia*, had confirmed her; who hauing in her widowhood taken this yong *Artesia* into her charge, because her father had beene a deare friend of her dead husbands, had taught her to thinke that there is no wisedome but in including both heauen and earth in ones selfe; and that loue, curtesie, gratefulnesse, friendship, and all other vertues are rather to be taken on, then taken in ones selfe. And so good a disciple she found of her, that liking the fruits of her own planting, she was content (if so her sonne could haue liked of it) to haue wished her in marriage to my Nephew *Amphialus*. But I thinke that desire hath lost some of his heat, since she hath knowne, that such a Queene as *Helen* is, doth offer so great a price as a kingdome, to buy his fauour; for if I be not deceiued in my good sister *Cecropia*, she thinkes no face so beautifull, as that which lookes vnder a Crowne. But *Artesia* indeed liked wel of my Nephew *Amphialus*: for I can neuer deeme that loue, which in haughtie hearts proceeds of a desire onely to please, and as it were, peacock themselues; but yet she hath shewed vehemencie of desire that way, I think, because all her desires be vehement, insomuch that she hath both placed her onely brother a fine youth called *Ismenus*) to be his squire, and her selfe is content to wait vpon my sister, till she may see the vttermost what she may worke in *Amphialus*, who being of a melancholy (though I must say truely courteous and noble) minde, seemes to loue nothing lesse then Loue: and of late hauing through some aduenture, or inward misconteutment, withdrawne himselfe from any bodies knowledge, where he is; *Artesia* the easier condiscended to goe to the Court of *Laconia*, wither she was sent for by the kings wife, to whom she is somewhat allied.

And there, after the warre of the *Helots*, this Knight *Phalantus* (at least for tongue-delight) made himselfe her seruant; and she so little caring, as not to shew mislike thereof, was content onely to be noted to haue a notable seruant. For truely one in my Court neerely acquainted with him, within these few dayes made mee a pleasant description of their loue, while he with cheerefull lookes would speake sorrowfull words, vsing the phrase of his affection in so high a stile, that *Artesia* would not

haue

haue woed *Venus* with more magnificent Eloquence: but els neither in behauiour, nor action, accuſing in himſelfe any great trouble in minde, whether he ſped or no. And ſhee on the other ſide, well finding how little it was, and not caring for more yet taught him, that often it falleth out but a fooliſh wittineſſe, to ſpeake more then one thinkes.

For ſhe made earneſt benefite of his ieſt, forcing him in reſpect of his profeſſion, to do her ſuch ſeruices, as were both cumberſome and coſtly vnto him, while he ſtill thought he went beyond her, becauſe his heart did not commit the idolatrie. So that laſtly, ſhe (I thinke) hauing in mind to make the fame of her beautie an oratour for her to *Amphialus*, (perſwading her ſelfe perhaps, that it might fall out in him as it doth in ſome that haue delightfull meate before them, and haue no ſtomack to it, before other folks praiſe it) ſhe tooke the aduantage one day vpon *Phalantus* vnconſcionable praiſing of her, & certaine caſt-away vowes, how much he would doe for her ſake, to arreſt his word aſſoon as it was out of her mouth, & by the vertue thereof to charge him to goe with her through all the courts of *Greece*, & with the challenge now made to giue her beautie the principallitie ouer all other. *Phalantus* was entrapped, & ſaw round about him, but could not get out. Exceedingly perplexed he was (as hee confeſt to him that told me the tale) not for doubt hee had of himſelfe, (for indeed he had little cauſe, being accounted, with his Launce eſpecially, whereupon the challenge is to be tried) as perfect as any that *Greece* knoweth; but becauſe he feared to offend his ſiſter *Helen*, and withall (as he ſaid) he could not ſo much beleeue his loue, but that he muſt thinke in his heart (whatſoeuer his mouth affirmed) that both ſhe, my daughters, & the faire *Parthenia* (wife to a moſt noble Gentleman my wiues neere kinſman) might far better put in their claime for that prerogatiue. But his promiſe had bound him prentiſe, and therefore it was now better with willingneſſe to purchaſe thankes, then with a diſcontented doing to haue the paine and not the reward; and therefore went on, as his faith, rather then loue, did leade him. And now hath he alreadie paſſed the courts of *Laconia*, *Elis*, *Argos*, & *Corinth*. & (as manie times it happens) that a good pleader makes a bad cauſe to preuaile; ſo hath his Launce brought captiues to the triumph of *Artheſia's* beautie, ſuch, as though *Artheſia* be among the faireſt, yet in that companie were to haue the preheminence: for in thoſe courts many Knights (that had bin in other farre countries) defended ſuch as they had ſeene, and liked in their trauell: but their defence had been ſuch, as they had forfeited the pictures of their Ladies, to giue a forced falſe teſtimonie to *Artheſia's* excellencie. And now laſtly is he come hither where he hath leaue to trie his fortune. But I aſſure you, if I thought it not in due and true conſideration an iniurious ſeruice and churliſh curteſie, to put the danger of ſo noble a title in the deciding of ſuch a dangerleſſe combat, I would make young maiſter *Phalantus* know, that your eyes can ſharpen a blunt Launce, & that age, which my gray haires (onely gotten by the louing care of others) make ſeeme more then it is, hath not diminiſhed in me the power to protect an vndeniable veritie: with that he buſtled vp himſelfe, as though his heart would faine haue walked abroad. *Zelmane* with an inward ſmiling gaue him outward thankes, deſiring him to reſerue his force for worthier cauſes. So paſſing their time according to their wont, they waited for the comming of *Phalantus*, who the next morning hauing alreadie cauſed his tents to be pitched, neere to a faire tree hard by the Lodge, had vpon the tree made a ſhield to be hanged vp, which the defendant ſhould ſtrike, that would call him to the maintaining his challenge. The *Impreſſa* in the ſhield, was a heauen full of ſtarres, with a ſpeech, ſignifying, that it was *the beautie which gaue the praiſe*.

Him

Himſelfe came in next after a triumphant Chariot, made of Carnation velvet, enriched with purple and pearle, wherein *Arteſia* ſate, drawne by foure winged horſes with artificiall flaming mouthes, and fierie wings, as if ſhe had newly borowed them of *Phœbus*. Before her marched, two after two, certaine footmen pleaſantly attired, who betweene them held one picture after another of them, that by *Phalantus* well running had loſt the prize in the race of beautie, and at euerie pace they ſtayed, turning the pictures to each ſide, ſo leiſurely, that with perfect iudgement they might be diſcerned. The firſt that came in (following the order of the time wherein they had been woone) was the picture of *Andromana*, Queene of *Iberia*, whom a *Laconian* Knight hauing ſometime (and with ſpeciall fauour) ſerued, (though ſome yeares ſince returned home) with more gratefulneſſe then good fortune defended. But therein *Fortune* had borrowed wit; for indeed ſhe was not comparable to *Artheſia*; not becauſe ſhe was a good deale elder (for time had not yet beene able to impoueriſh her ſtore thereof) but an exceeding red haire with ſmall eyes, did (like ill companions) diſgrace the other aſſembly of moſt commendable beauties.

Next after her was borne the counterfeit of the Princeſſe of *Elis*, a Ladie that taught the beholders no other point of beautie, but this, That as liking is not alwaies the child of beautie, ſo whatſoeuer liketh is beautifull; for in that viſage there was neither maieſtie, grace, fauour, nor faireneſſe, yet ſhe wanted not a ſeruant that would haue made her fairer then the faire *Artheſia*. But he wrote her praiſes with his helmet in the duſt, and left her picture to be as a true witneſſe of his ouerthrow, as his running was of her beautie.

After her was the goodly *Artaxia*, great Q of *Armenia*, a Ladie vpon whom nature beſtowed, and well placed her moſt delightfull colours; and withall, had proportioned her without any fault, quickly to be diſcouered by the ſenſes, yet altogether ſeemed not to make vp that harmonie, that *Cupid* delights in, the reaſon wherof might ſeeme a manniſh countenance, which ouerthrew that louely ſweetneſſe, the nobleſt power of womankind, farre fitter to preuaile by parley then by battell.

Of a farre contrarie conſideration was the repreſentation of her that next followed, which was *Erona* Queene of *Licia*, who though of ſo browne a haire, as no man ſhould haue iniured it to haue called it black, and that in the mixture of her cheekes the white did ſo much ouercome the redde (though what was, was verie pure) that it came neare to paleneſſe, and that her face was a thought longer then the exact *Symmetrians* perhaps would allow: yet loue plaid his part ſo well in euerie part, that it cought hold of the iudgement, before it could iudge, making it firſt loue, & after acknowledge it faire; for there was a certaine delicacie, which in yeelding conquered, and with a pitifull looke made one find cauſe to craue helpe himſelfe.

After her came two Ladies, of noble, but not of royall birth: the former was named *Baccha*, who though verie faire, & of a fatneſſe rather to allure, then to miſlike, yet her breaſts ouer-familiarly laid open, with a made countenãce about her mouth, betweene ſimpring and ſmiling, her head bowed ſomewhat downe, ſeemed to languiſh with ouer-much idleneſſe, and with an inuiting looke caſt vpward, diſſwaded with too much perſwading, while hope might ſeeme to ouer-run deſire.

The other (whoſe name was written *Leucippe*) was of a fine daintineſſe of beautie, her face carrying in it a ſober ſimplicitie, like one that could do much good, and meant no hurt, her eyes hauing in them ſuch a cheerefulneſſe, as nature ſeemed to ſmile in them, though her mouth and cheekes obeyed to that pretie demureneſſe, which the more one markt, the more one would iudge the poore ſoule apt to beleeue, and therefore the more pittie to deceiue her.

Next

Next came the Queene of *Laconia*, one that ſeemed borne in the confines of beauties kingdome: for all her lineaments were neither perfect poſſeſſioners thereof, nor abſolute ſtrangers thereto: but ſhe was a Queene, and therefore beautifull.

But ſhe that followed, conquered indeed with being conquered, and might well haue made all the beholders wait vpon her triumph, while her ſelfe wereled captiue. It was the excellently faire Queene *Helen*, whoſe Iacinth haire curled by nature, but intercurled by art (like a fine brooke through golden ſands) had a rope of faire pearle, which now hiding now hidden by the haire, did as it were play at faſt and looſe each with other, mutually giuing and receiuing richneſſe. In her face ſo much beautie and fauour expreſſed, as if *Helen* had not been knowne, ſome would rather haue iudged it the Painters exerciſe, to ſhew what he could doe, then the counterfeiting of any lyuing pattern, for no fault the moſt fault-finding wit could haue found, if it were not, that to the reſt of the bodie the face was ſomewhat too little: but that little was ſuch a ſparke of beautie, as was able to enflame a world of loue, for euerything was full of a choiſe fineneſſe, that if it wanted any thing in maieſtie, it ſupplied it with increaſe in pleaſure, and if at the firſt it ſtrake not admiration, it rauiſhed with delight. And no indifferent ſoule there was, which if it could reſiſt from ſubiecting it ſelfe to make it his Princeſſe, that would not long to haue ſuch a play fellow. As for her attire, it was coſtly and curious, though the looke (fixt with more ſadneſſe then it ſeemed nature had beſtowed to any that knew her fortune) bewrayed, that as ſhe vſed thoſe ornaments, not for her ſelfe, but to preuaile with another, ſo ſhe feared that al would not ſerue. Of a far differing (though eſteemed equall) beautie, was the faire *Parthenia*, who next waited on *Artheſia's* triumph, though farr better ſhe might haue ſitin the throne. For in her euerie thing was goodly, & ſtately, yet ſo, that it might ſeeme that great-mindednes was but the auncient-bearer to the humblenes. For her great gray eye, which might ſeeme full of her owne beautie: a large, and exceedingly faire forehead, with all the reſt of her face & bodie, caſt in the mould of Nobleneſſe, was yet ſo attired, as might ſhew, the miſtres thought it either not to deſerue, or not to need any exquiſite decking, hauing no adorning but cleanlineſſe; and ſo farre from all art, that it was full of careleſneſſe; vnleſſe that careleſneſſe it ſelfe (in ſpight of it ſelfe) grew artificiall. But *Baſilius* could not abſtaine from praiſing *Parthenia*, as the perfect picture of a womanly vertue, and wiuely faithfulneſſe: telling withall *Zelmane*, how he had vnderſtood, that when in the court of *Laconia*, her picture (maintained by a certaine *Sycionian* Knight) was loſt, through want rather of valour, then iuſtice: her huſband (the famous *Argalus*) would in a chafe haue gone & redeemed it with a new triall. But ſhe (more ſporting then ſorrowing for her vndeſerued champion) tolde her husband, ſhe deſired to be beautifull in no bodies eye but his: and that ſhe would rather marre her face as euill as euer it was, then that it ſhould be a cauſe to make *Argalus* put on armour. Then would *Baſilius* haue told *Zelmane* that which he alreadie knew, of the rare triall of that coupled affection: but the next picture made their mouthes giue place to their eyes.

It was of a young maid, which ſate pulling out a thorne out of a Lambes foote, with her looke ſo attentiue vpon it, as if that little foote could haue beene the circle of her thoughts; her apparell ſo poore, as it had nothing but the inſide to adorne it; a ſheephooke lying by her, with a bottle vpon it. But with all that pouertie, beautie plaid the Prince, and commanded as many hearts as the greateſt Queene there did. Her beautie and her eſtate made her quickly to be knowne to be the faire ſhepheardeſſe *Urania*, whom a rich knight called *Lacemon*, farre in loue with her, had vnluckily defended.

The

The laſt of all in place, becauſe laſt in the time of her being captiue, was *Zelmane*, daughter to the King *Plexirtus*: who at the firſt ſight ſeemed to haue ſome reſembling of *Philoclea*, but with more marking (comparing it to the preſent *Philoclea*, who indeed had no paragon but her ſiſter) they might ſee, it was but ſuch a likenes as an vnperfect glaſſe doth giue; anſwerable enough in ſome features and colours, but erring in others. But *Zelmane* ſighing, turning to *Baſilius*, Alas ſir, ſaid ſhee here be ſome pictures which might better become the tombes of their Miſtreſſes, then the triumph of *Artheſia*. It is true ſweeteſt Ladie (ſaid *Baſilius*) ſome of them be dead, & ſome other captiue; but that hath hapned ſo late, as it may be the Knights that defended their beautie, knew not ſo much: without we will ſay (as in ſome other hearts I know it would fall out) that death it ſelfe could not blot out the image which loue hath engrauen in them. But diuers beſides theſe (ſaid *Baſilius*) hath *Phalantus* won, but he leaues the reſt, carrying onely ſuch, who either for greatneſſe of eſtate, or of beautie, may iuſtly glorifie the glorie of *Artheſias* triumph.

Thus talked *Baſilius* with *Zelmane*, glad to make any matter ſubiect to ſpeake of with his miſtres, while *Phalantus* in this pompous maner, brought *Artheſia* with her gentlewomen into one Tent, by which he had another: where they both waited who would firſt ſtrike vpon the ſhield, while *Baſilius* the Iudge appointed ſticklers and trumpets, to whom the other ſhould obey. But none that day appeared, nor the next, till allreadie it had conſumed halfe his allowance of light; but then there came in a knight, proteſting himſelfe as contrarie to him in minde, as he was in apparell. For *Phalantus* was all in white, haning in his baſes, and capariſon imbroidered a waning water: at each ſide whereof he had nettings caſt ouer, in which were diuerſe fiſhes naturally made, and ſo prettily, that as the horſe ſtirred, the fiſhes ſeemed to ſtriue, and leape in the net.

But the other Knight by name *Neſtor*, by birth an *Arcadian* & in affection vowed to the faire Shepherdeſſe, was all in blacke, with fire burning both vpon his armour and horſe. His *impreſa* in his ſhield, was a fire made of Iuniper, with this word, *More eaſie, and more ſweet*. But this hot Knight was cooled with a fall, which at the third courſe he receiued of *Phalantus*, leauing his picture to keepe companie with the other of the ſame ſtampe; he going away remedileſly chafing at his rebuke. The next was *Polycetes*, greatly eſteemed in *Arcadia*, for deedes he had done in armes: & much ſpoken of for the honourable loue he had long borne to *Gynecia*; which *Baſilius* himſelfe was content, not onely to ſuffer, but to be delighted with he carried it in ſo honourable and open plaineneſſe, ſetting to his loue no other marke, then to doe her faithfull ſeruice. But neither her faire picture, nor his faire running, could warrant him from ouerthrow, and her from becomming as then the laſt of *Artheſia's* victories: a thing *Gynecia's* vertues would little haue recked at another time, nor then, if *Zelmane* had not ſeene it. But her champion went away as much diſcomforted, as diſcomfited. Then *Thelamon* for *Polexena*, & *Eurilion* for *Elpine*, and *Leon* for *Zoana*, all braue Knights, all faire Ladies, with their going downe, lifted vp the ballance of his praiſe for actiuitie, and hers for faireneſſe.

Vpon whoſe loſſe as the beholders were talking, there comes into the place where they ranne, a ſhepheard ſtripling (for his height made him more then a boy, and his face would not allow him a man) browne of complexion (whether by nature or by the Sunnes familiaritie) but verie louely withall; for the reſt ſo perfectly proportioned, that Nature ſhewed, ſhe doth not like men, who ſlubber vp matters of meane account. And well might his proportion be iudged, for he had nothing vpon him but a paire of ſloppes, and vpon his bodie a Goate-ſtinne, which heecaſt ouer his

his ſhoulder, doing all things with ſo prettie a grace that it ſeemed ignorance could not make him do amiſſe, becauſe he had a heart to do well, holding in his right hand a long ſtaffe, and ſo comming with a looke full of amiable fierceneſſe, as in whom choller could not take away the ſweetneſſe; hee came towards the King, and making a reuerence (which in him was comely becauſe it was kindly.) my liege Lord (ſaid hee) I pray you heare a few words; for my heart will breake if I ſay not my minde to you: I ſee heere the picture of *Vrania*, which I cannot tell how, nor why theſe men when they fall downe, they ſay, is not ſo faire as yonder gay woman. But pray God, I may neuer ſee my old mother aliue, if I thinke ſhee be any more match to *Vrania*, then a Goat is to a fine Lambe; or then the Dogge that keepes our flocke at home, is like your white Grey hound, that pulled downe the Stagge laſt daye.

And therefore I pray you let me be dreſt as they be, and my heart giues me, I ſhall tumble him on the earth: for indeede he might aſwell ſay, that a Couſlip is as white as a Lillie: or elſe I care not, let him come with his great ſtaffe, and I with this in my hand, and you ſhall ſee what I can doe to him. *Baſilius* ſaw it was the fine ſhepheard *Lalus*, whom once hee had afore him in Paſtorall ſportes, and had greatly delighted in his wit full of pretie ſimplicitie, and therefore laughing at his earneſtneſſe, he bad him bee content, ſince hee ſaw the pictures of ſo great Queenes, were faine to follow their champions fortune. But *Lalus* (euen weeping ripe) went among the reſt, longing to ſee ſome bodie that would reuenge *Vranias* wrong; and praying hartily for euerie bodie that ran againſt *Phalantus*, then beginning to feele povertie, that hee could not ſet himſelfe to that triall. But by and by, euen when the Sunne (like a noble Hart) began to ſhew his greateſt countenance in his loweſt eſtate, there came in a Knight, called *Phebilus*, a Gentleman of that countrie, for whom hatefull fortune had borrowed the dart of loue, to make him miſerable by the ſight of *Philoclea*. For he had euen from her infancie loued her, & was ſtriken by her before ſhe was able to know what quiuer of arrowes her eies carried; but he loued & diſpaired, and the more he diſpaired, the more hee loued. He ſaw his owne worthineſſe, & thereby made her excellencie haue more terrible aſpect vpon him: hee was ſo ſecret therein, as not daring to bee open, that to no creature hee euer ſpake of it, but his heart made ſuch ſilent complaints within it ſelfe, that while all his ſenſes were attentiue thereto, cunning iudges might perceiue his minde: ſo that he was known to loue though he denied, or rather was the better known, becauſe he denied it. His armour & his attire was for a Sea colour, his *Impreſſa*, the fiſh called *Sepia*, which being in the net, caſtes a blacke inke about it ſelfe, that in the darkeneſſe thereof it may ſcape: his word was, *Not ſo*. *Philocleas* picture with almoſt an idolatrous magnificence was borne in by him. But ſtraight iealouſie was a harbinger for diſdaine in *Zelmanes* heart, when ſne ſaw any (but her ſelfe) ſhould be auowed a champion for *Philoclea*: in ſo much that ſhe wiſht his ſhame, till ſhe ſaw him ſhamed. For at the ſecond courſe he was ſtriken quite from out of the ſaddle, ſo full of griefe, & rage withall, that he would faine with the ſword haue reuenged it, but that being contrarie to the order ſet downe, *Baſilius* would not ſuffer: ſo that wiſhing himſelfe in the bottome of the earth, hee went his way, leauing *Zelmane* no leſſe angry with his loſſe, then ſhe would haue bin with his victorie. For if ſhe thought before a riuals praiſe would haue angred her, her Ladies diſgrace did make her much more forget what ſhe then thought, whil: that paſſion raigned ſo much the more, as ſhe ſaw a prettie bluſh in *Philocleas* cheekes bewray a modeſt diſcontentment. But the night commanded truce for thoſe ſports, & *Phalantus* (though intreated) would not leaue *Arteſia*, who in no caſe would come into the houſe, hauing (as it were) ſuckt of *Cecropias* breath a mortall miſlike againe *Baſilius*

But the night meaſured by the ſhort ell of ſleepe, was ſoone paſt ouer, and the next morning had giuen the watchfull ſtarres leaue to take their reſt, when a trumpet ſummoned *Baſilius* to play his Iudges part: which hee did, taking his wife and daughters with him; *Zelmane* hauing lockt her dore, ſo as they would not trouble her for that time: for alreadie there was a Knight in the field, readie to proue *Helen* of *Corinth* had receiued great iniurie, both by the erring iudgement of the chalenger, and the vnluckie weakeneſſe of her former defender. The new Knight was quickly knowne to be *Clitophon* (*Kalanders* ſonne of *Baſilius* his ſiſter) by his armour, which all guilt, was ſo well handled, that it ſhewed like a glittering ſand and grauell, enterlaced with ſiluer riuers: his deuiſe hee had put in the picture of *Helen* which hee defended; it was the *Ermion* with a ſpeech that ſignified, *Rather dead then ſpotted.* But in that armour ſince hee had parted from *Helen* (who would no longer his companie, finding him to enter into tearmes of affection) hee had performed ſo honourable actions) ſtill ſeeking for his two friends by the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*) that though his face were couered, his being was diſcouered, which yet *Baſilius* (which had brought him vpin his Court) would not ſeeme to doe; but glad to ſee the triall of him, of whom he had heard verie well, hee commaunded the trumpets to ſound, to which the two braue Knights obeying, they performed their courſes, breaking their ſixe ſtaues, with ſogood, both skill in the hitting, and grace in the manner, that it bred ſomedifficultie in the iudgement. But *Baſilius* in the end gaue ſentence againſt *Clitophon*, becauſe *Phalantus* had broken more ſtaues, vpon the head, and that once *Clitophon* had receiued ſuch a blow, that he had loſt the reines of his horſe, with his head well nie touching the croper of the horſe. But *Clitophon* was ſo angrie with the iudgement (wherein he thought he had receiued wrong) that he omitted his dutie to his Prince, and vncle; and ſodainly went his way ſtill in the queſt of them, whom as then he had left by ſeeking and ſo yelded the field to the next commer.

Who comming in about two houres after, was no leſſe marked then all the reſt before, becauſe hee had nothing worth the marking. For he had neither picture, nor deuice, his armour of as old a faſhion (beſides the ruſtie pooreneſſe,) that it might better ſeeme a monument of his grandfathers courage: about his middle hee had in ſteede of baſes, a long cloake of ſilke, which as vnhanſomely, as it needss muſt, became the wearer: ſo that all that lookton, meaſured his length on the earth alreadie, ſince he had to meete one who had beene victorious of ſo many gallants. But he went on towards the ſhield, and with a ſober grace ſtrake it; but as hee let his ſword fall vpon it, another Knight, all in blacke came ruſtling in, who ſtrake the ſhield almoſt as ſoone as hee, and ſo ſtrongly, that he brake the ſhield in two: the ill appointed Knight (for ſo the beholders called him) angrie with that, (as hee accounted) inſolent iniurie to himſelfe, hit him ſuch a ſound blow, that they that looked on ſaid, it well became a rude arme. The other anſwered him againe in the ſame caſe, ſo that Launces were put to ſilence, the ſwords were ſo buſie.

But *Phalātus* angry of this defacing ſhield, came vpon the black knight, & with the pommell of his ſword ſet fire to his eyes, which preſently was reuenged, not only by the Blacke but thē ill apparelled knight, who diſdained another ſhould enter into his quarrell, ſo as, who euer ſaw a matachin dance to imitate fighting, this was a fight that did imitate the matachin: for they being but three that fought, euery one had two aduerſaries, ſtriking him, who ſtrook the third, & reuenging perhaps that of him which he had receiued of the other. But *Baſilius* riſinghimſelf came to part them, the ſtickler authority ſcarcely able to perſwade cholericke hearers; & partthem hee did.

But

But before he could determine, comes in a fourth, halting on foote, who complained to *Basilius*, demaunding iustice on the blacke Knight, for hauing by force taken away the picture of *Pamela* from him, which in little forme he ware in a Tablet, and couered with silke had fastened it to his Helmet, purposing for want of a bigger, to paragon the little one with *Artesias* length, not doubting but euen in that little quantitie, the excellencie of that would shine thorow the weakenesse of the other; as the smallest starre doth thorow the whole Element of fire. And by the way he had met with this blacke Knight, who had (as he said) robbed him of it. The iniurie seemed grieuous, but when it came fully to be examined, it was found, that the halting Knight meeting the other, asking the cause of his going thitherward, and finding it was to defend *Pamelas* diuine beautie against *Artesias*, with a prowd iollitie commanded him to leaue that quarrell onely for him, who was onely worthie to enter into it. But the black Knight obeying no such commandements, they fell to such a bickering, that he gat a halting, and lost his picture. This vnderstood by *Basilius*, he told him he was now fitter to looke to his owne bodie, then anothers picture, and so (vncomforted therein) he sent him away to learne of *Æsculapius*, that he was not fit for *Venus*. But then the question arising, who should be the former against *Phalantus*, of the blacke, or the ill apparelled Knight (who now had gotten the reputation of some sturdie lout, he had so well defended himselfe;) of the one side, was alleaged the hauing a picture, which the other wanted: of the other side, the first striking the shield; but the conclusion was, that the ill apparelled Knight should haue the precedence, if he deliuered the figure of his mistresse to *Phalantus*; who asking him for it, Certainly (said he) her liuelieſt picture (if you could see it) is in my heart, and the best comparison I could make of her, is of the Sunne ond of all the other heauenly beauties. But because perhaps all eyes cannot taste the diuinitie of her beautie, and would rather be dazeled, then taught by the light, if it be not clowded by some meaner thing; know yee then, that I defend that same Ladie, whose image *Phebilus* so feebly lost yesternight, and in stead of another (if you ouercome me) you shall haue me your slaue to carrie that image in your mistresse triumph. *Phalantus* easily agreed to the bargaine, which readily he made his owne.

But when it came to the triall, the ill apparelled Knight choosing out the greatest staues in all the store, at the first course gaue his head such a remembrance, that he lost almost his remembrance, he himselfe receiuing the incounter of *Phalantus* without any extraordinarie motion: and at the second gaue him such a counterbuffe, that because *Phalantus* was so perfit a horseman, as not to be driuen from the saddle, the saddle with broken girtes was driuen from the horse; *Phalantus* remaining angrie and amazed, because now being come almost to the last of his promised enterprise, that disgrace befell him, which he had neuer before knowne.

But the victorie being by the Iudges giuen, and the Trumpets witnessed to the ill apparelled Knight; *Phalantus* disgrace was ingrieued in lieu of comfort of *Artesia*, who telling him she neuer lookt for other, bad him seeke some other mistresse. He excusing himselfe, and turning ouer the fault to fortune, Then let that be your ill fortune too (said she) that you haue lost me.

Nay truely Madam (said *Phalantus*) it shall not be so: for I thinke the losse of such a Mistresse will proue a great gaine, and so concluded; to the sport of *Basilius*, to see yong folks loue, that came in maskt with so great põpe, go out with so little constancie. But *Phalantus* first professing great seruice to *Basilius* for his courteous intermitting his solitarie course for his sake, would yet conduct *Artesia* to the Castle of *Cecropia*, whither she desired to goe: vowing in himselfe, that neither heart, nor

mouth-loue, ſhould euer any more intangle him, and with that reſolution he left the companie. Whence all being diſmiſſed (among whom the black Knight went away repining at his luck, that had kept him from winning the honor, as he knew he ſhould haue done to the picture of *Pamela*) the ill apparelled Knight (who was onely deſired to ſtay, becauſe *Baſilius* meant to ſhew him to *Zelmane*) puld of his Helmet, & then was knowne himſelfe to be *Zelmane*: who that morning (as ſhe told) while the others were buſie, had ſtolne out to the Princes Stable, which was a mile off from the Lodge, had gotten a horſe (they knowing it was *Baſilius* pleaſure ſhe ſhould be obeyed) & borrowing that homely armour for want of a better, had come vpon the ſpur to redeeme *Philoclea's* picture, which ſhe ſaid, ſhe could not beare, (being one of that little wilderneſſe-companie) ſhould be in captiuitie, if the cunning ſhe had learned in her countrie of the noble *Amazons*, could withſtand it; and vnder that pretext ſaine ſhe would haue giuen a ſecret paſport to her affection. But this act painted at one inſtant redneſſe in *Philoclea's* face, & paleneſſe in *Gynecia*, but brought forth no other countenances but of admiration, no ſpeeches but of commendations: all theſe few (beſides loue) thinking they honoured themſelues, in honouring ſo accompliſhed a perſon as *Zelmane*: whom daily they ſought with ſome or other ſports to delight; for which purpoſe *Baſilius* had in a houſe not far off, ſeruants, who though they came not vncalled, yet at call were readie.

And ſo manie dayes were ſpent, & manie wayes vſed, while *Zelmane* was like one that ſtood in a tree waiting a good occaſion to ſhoot, and *Gynecia* a blancher, which kept the deareſt deere from her. But the day being come, on which according to an appointed courſe, the ſhepheards were to aſſemble, and make their paſtorall ſports afore *Baſilius*. *Zelmane* (fearing leſt manie eyes, and comming diuers wayes, might hap to ſpie *Muſidorus*) went out to warne him thereof.

But before ſhe could come to the Arbour, ſhe ſaw walking from her-ward, a man in ſhepheardiſh apparell, who being in the ſight of the Lodge, it might ſeeme he was allowed there. A long cloke he had on, but that caſt vnder his right arme, wherein he held a ſheephooke, ſo finely wrought, that it gaue a brauerie to pouertie; and his rayments, though they were meane, yet receiued they handſomneſſe by the grace of the wearer; though he himſelfe went but a kind of languiſhing pace, with his eyes ſometimes caſt vp to heauen, as though his fancies ſtraue to mount higher; ſometimes throwne downe to the ground, as if the earth could not beare the burthen of his ſorrows; at length, with a lamentable tune, he ſung theſe few verſes.

Come ſhepheards weedes, become your maſters minde:
Yeeld outward ſhew, what inward change he tryes:
Nor be abaſht, ſince ſuch a gueſt you finde,
Whoſe ſtrongeſt hope in your weake comfort lyes.

Come ſhepheards weeds, attend my wofull cryes:
Diſuſe your ſelues from ſweet Menalcas *voyce:*
For other be thoſe tunes which ſorrow tyes,
From thoſe cleere notes which freely may reioyce.
Then powre out plaint, and in one word ſay this:
Helpleſſe his plaint, who ſpoiles himſelfe of bliſſe.

And hauing ended, he ſtrake himſelfe on the breaſt, ſaying, O miſerable wretch, whither doe thy deſtinies guide thee? The voyce made *Zelmane* haſten her pace to ouertake

ouertake him; which hauing done, she plainly perceiued that it was her deare friend *Musidorus*, whereat marualing not a little, shee demaunded of him, whether the Goddesse of those woods had such a power to transforme euerie bodie, or whether, as in all entrepriſes else he had done, he meant thus to match her in this new alteration. Alas (said *Musidorus*) what shall I say, who am loth to say, & yet faine would haue said? I finde indeed, that all is but lip-wisedome, which wants experience. I now (woe is me) do trie what loue can do. O *Zelmane*, who will resist it, must either haue no wit, or put out his eyes: can any man resist his creation? certainly by loue we are made, and to loue we are made. Beasts onely cannot discerne beautie, and let them be in the roll of Beasts that dot not honor it. The perfect friendship *Zelmane* bare him, and the great pitie she (by good triall) had of such cases, could not keepe her from smiling at him, remembring how vehemently he had cried out against the folly of louers. And therefore a little to punish him, Why how now deare cousin (said she) you that were last day so high in the pulpet against louers, are you now become so meane an auditor? Remember that loue is a passion, & that a worthy mans reason must euer haue the masterhood. I recant, I recant (cryed *Musidorus*) & withall falling downe proſtrate, O thou celestiall, or infernall spirit of Loue, or what other heauenly or hellish title thou list to haue (for effects of both I find in my selfe) haue compassion of me, & let thy glorie be as great in pardoning them that be submitted to thee, as in conquering those that were rebellious. No, no, said *Zelmane*, I see you well enough; you make but an enterlude of my mishaps, and do but counterfeit thus, to make me see the deformitie of my passions: but take heed, that this ieſt doe not one day turne to earneſt. Now I beseech thee (said *Musidorus*, taking her fast by the hand) euen for the truth of our friendship, of which (if I be not altogether an vnhappie man) thou hast some remembrance, & by those secret flames which (I know) haue likewise neerely touched thee, make no ieſt of that, which hath so earnestly pierced me thorow, nor let that be light to thee, which is to me so burdenous, that I am not able to beare it. *Musidorus* both in words and behauiour, did so liuely deliuer out his inward griefe, that *Zelmane* found indeed, he was throughly wounded: but there rose a new iealousie in her mind, left it might be with *Philoclea*, by whom, as *Zelmane* thought, in right all hearts and eyes should be inherited. And therefore desirous to be cleered of that doubt, *Musidorus* shortly (as in haſt and full of passionate perplexednesse) thus recounted his case vnto her.

The day (said he) I parted from you, I being in mind to returne to a towne, from whence I came hither, my horse being before tired, would scarce beare me a mile hence, where being benighted, the sight of a candle (I saw a good way off) guided me to a young shepheards house, by name *Menalcas*, who seeing me to be a straying stranger, with the right honeſt hospitalitie which seemes to be harboured in the *Arcadian* breasts and though not with curious costlinesse, yet with cleanly sufficiencie, entertained me: and hauing by talke with him, found the maner of the countrie, something more in particular, then I had by *Kalanders* report I agreed to soiourne with him in secret, which he faithfully promised to obserue. And so hither to your arbour diuerse times repaired, and here by your meanes had the sight (O that it had neuer beene so, nay, O that it might euer be so) of the goddesse, who in a definite compasse can set forth infinitie beautie. All this while *Zelmane* was racked with iealousie. But he went on, for (said he) I lying close, and in truth thinking of you, and saying thus to my selfe, O sweet *Pyrocles*, how art thou bewitched? where is thy vertue? where is the vse of thy reason? how much am I inferior to thee in the state of minde? And yet know I that all the heauens cannot bring me such a thraldome.

Scarcely, thinke I, had I spoken this word, when the Ladies came forth; at which sight, I thinke the verie words returned backe againe to strike my soule; at least, an vnmeasurable sting I felt in my selfe, that I had spoken such words. At which sight (said *Zelmane*) not able to beare him any longer. O (said *Musidorus*) I know your suspition; No, no, banish all such feare, it was, it is, and must be *Pamela*. Then all is safe (said *Zelmane*,) proceed deere *Musidorus*. I will not, said he, impute it to my late solitarie life, (which yet is prone to affections,) nor to the much thinking of you (though that call'd the consideration of loue into my mind, which before I euer neglected) nor to the exaltation of *Venus*, nor reuenge of *Cupid*, but euen to her, who is the Planet, nay, the Goddesse, against which, the onely shield must be my Sepulcher. When I first saw her, I was presently striken, and I (like a foolish child, that when any thing hits him, will strike himselfe vpon it) would needs looke againe, as though I would perswade mine eyes, that they were deceiued. But alas, well haue I found, that Loue to a yeelding heart is a King: but to a resisting, a tyrant. The more with arguments I shaked the stake, which he had planted in the ground of my hearts, the deeper still it sanke into it. But what meane I to speake of the causes of my loue, which is as impossible to describe, as to measure the backside of heauen? Let this word suffice, I loue.

And that you may know I doe so, it was I that came in blacke armour to defend her picture, where I was both presented, and beaten by you. And so, I that waited here to doe you seruice, haue now my selfe most need of succor. But whereupon got you your selfe this apparell, said *Zelmane*? I had forgotten to tell you, said *Musidorus*, though that were one principall matter of my speech, so much am I now maister of my owne mind. But thus it happened: being returned to *Menalcas* house, full of tormenting desire, after a while fainting vnder the weight, my courage stird vp my wit to seeke for some reliefe, before I yeelded to perish. At last this came into my head, that verie euening, that I had to no purpose last vsed my horse and armour. I told *Menalcas*, that I was a *Thessalian* Gentleman, who by mischaunce hauing killed a great fauorite of the Prince of that countrey, was pursued so cruelly, that in no place, but either by fauour, or corruption, they would obtaine my destruction; & that therefore I was determined (till the furie of my persecutors might be asswaged) to disguise my selfe among the shepheards of *Arcadia*, and (if it were possible) to be one of them that were allowed the Princes presence; because if the woorst should fall that I were discouered yet hauing gotten the acquaintance of the Prince, it might happen to moue his heart to protect me. *Menalcas* (being of an honest disposition) pitied my case, which my face through my inward torment made credible; and so (I giuing him largely for it) let mee haue this raiment, instructing me in all the particularities, touching himselfe, or my selfe, which I desired to know: yet not trusting so much to his constancie, as that I would lay my life, and life of my life, vpon it, I hired him to goe into *Thessalia* to a friend of mine, and to deliuer him a letter from me; conuring him to bring me as speedie an answere as he could, because it imported me greatly to know, whether certaine of my friends did yet possesse any fauour, whose intercessions I might vse for my restitution. He willingly tooke my letter, which being well sealed, indeede contained other matter, For I wrote to my trustie seruant *Calodoulus* (whom you know) that assoone as he had deliuered the letter, he should keepe him prisoner in his house, not suffering him to haue conference with any bodie, till he knew my further pleasure: in all other respects that he should vse him as my brother. And is *Menalcas* gone, and I here a poore shepheard? more proud of this estate then of any kingdome, so

manifest

manifest it is, that the highest point outward things can bring one vnto, is the contentment of the mind, with which, no estate, without which, all estates bee miserable. Now haue I chosen this day, because (as *Menalcas* tolde me) the other shepheards are called to make their sports, and hope that you will with your credite, find meanes to get me allowed among them. You need not doubt (answered *Zelmane*) but that I will be your good mistresse: marrie the best way of dealing must be by *Dametas*, who since his blunt braine hath perceiued some fauour the Prince doth beare vnto me (as without doubt the most seruile flatterie is lodged most easily in the grossest capacitie, for their ordinarie conceipt draweth a yeelding to their greater, and then haue they not wit to discerne the right degrees of duetie) is much more seruiceable vnto mee, then I can finde any cause to wish him. And therefore dispaire not to winne him: for euerie present occasion will catch his senses, and with that bridle and saddle you shall well ride him. O heauen and earth (said *Musidorus*) to what a passe are our mindes brought, that from the right line of vertue, are wryed to these crooked shifts? But O Loue, it is thou that doest it: thou chaungest name vpon name, thou disguisest our bodies, and disfigurest our minds. But indeed thou hast reason, for though the wayes besoule, the iourney end is most faire and honourable.

No more sweet *Musidorus* (said *Zelmane*) of these philosophies, for here comes the verie person of *Dametas*. And so he did indeed, with a sword by his side, a forrest bill on his necke, and a chopping knife vnder his girdle: in which well prouided sort he had euer gone since the feare *Zelmane* had put him in. But he no sooner saw her, but with head & armes he laid his reuerence afore her, enough to haue made any man forsweare all curtesie. And then in *Basilius* name he did inuite her to walke downe to the place, where that day they were to haue the pastorals.

But when he spied *Musidorus* to be none of the shepheards allowed in that place, he would faine haue perswaded himselfe to vtter some anger, but that he durst not; yet muttering and champing, as though his cud troubled him, he gaue occasion to *Musidorus* to come neere him, and feine his tale of his owne life: that he was a younger brother of the shepheard *Menalcas*, by name *Dorus*, sent by his father in his tender age to *Athens*, there to learne some cunning more then ordinarie, that he might be the better liked of the Prince: and that after his fathers death, his brother *Menalcas* (lately gone thither to fetch him home) was also deceased, where (vpon his death) he had charged him to seeke the seruice of *Dametas*, and to be wholly & euer guided by him, as one in whose iudgement & integritie the Prince had singular confidence. For token whereof, he gaue to *Dametas* a good summe of gold in ready coine: which *Menalcas* had bequeathed vnto him, vpon condition he should receiue this poore *Dorus* into his seruice, that his mind and maners might grow the better by his daily example. *Dametas*, that of all maners of stile could best conceiue of golden eloquence, being withall tickled by *Musidorus* praises, had his braine so turned, that he became slaue to that, which he that sued to be his seruant offered to giue him; yet for countenance sake, he seemed verie squeamish, in respect of the charge he had of the Princesse *Pamela*. But such was the secret operation of the gold, helped with the perswasion of the Amazon *Zelmane* (who said it was pittie so handsome a yong man should be any where else then with so good a maister) that in the end he agreed (if that day he behaued himselfe so to the liking of *Basilius*, as he might be contented) that then he would receiue him into his seruice.

And thus went they to the Lodge, where they found *Gynecia* and her daughters readie

readie to goe to the field, to delight themſelues there a while, vntill the ſhepheards comming: whither alſo taking *Zelmane* with them, as they went, *Dametas* told them of *Dorus*, and deſired hee might bee accepted there that daye in ſtead of his brother *Menalcas*. As for *Baſilius*, he ſtayed behind to bring the ſhepheards, with whom hee meant to conferre, to breed the better *Zelmanes* liking (which hee onely regarded) while the other beautifull band came to the faire field appointed for the ſhepheardiſh paſtimes. It was indeede a place of delight; for through the middeſt of it there ran a ſweet brooke, which did both hold the eie open with her azure ſtrames, & yet ſeeke to cloſe the eye with the purling noiſe it made vpon the pibble ſtones it ranne ouer: the field it ſelfe being ſet in ſome places with roſes, and in all the reſt conſtantly preſeruing a flouriſhing greene: the roſes added ſuch a rudie ſhew vnto it, as though the field were baſhfull at his owne beautie: about it (as if it had beene to incloſe a Theatre) grew ſuch ſort of trees, as either excellencie of fruit, ſtatelineſſe of growth, continuall greeneneſſe, or poeticall fancies, haue made at any time famous. In moſt part of which there had beene framed by art ſuch pleaſant arbors, that (one anſwering another) they became a gallerie aloft from tree to tree almoſt round about, which below gaue a perfect ſhadow; a pleaſant refuge then from the cholerike looke of *Phœbus*.

In this place while *Gynecia* walked hard by them, carrying many vnquiet contentions about her, the Ladies ſate them downe, (inquiring diuerſe queſtions of the ſhepheard *Dorus*; who (keeping his eye ſtill vpon *Pamela*,) anſwered with ſuch a trembling voice, and abaſhed countenance, and oftentimes ſo farre from the matter, that it was ſome ſport to the young Ladies, thinking it want of education, which made him ſo diſcountenanced with vnwonted preſence. But *Zelmane* that ſaw in him the glaſſe of her owne miſerie, taking the hand of *Philoclea*, and with burning kiſſes ſetting it cloſe to her lips (as if it ſhould ſtand there like a hand in the margine of a booke, to note ſome ſaying worthy to be marked) began to ſpeake theſe words: O Loue, ſince thou art ſo changeable in mens eſtates, how art thou ſo conſtant in their torments? when ſodenly there came out of a wood a monſtrous Lyon, with a ſhee Beare not farre from him, of little leſſe fierceneſſe, which (as they gheſt) hauing beene hunted in forreſts farre off, were by chaunce come thither, where before ſuch beaſts had neuer bene ſeene. Then care, not feare, or feare; not for themſelues, altered ſomething the countenances of the two Louers, but ſo, as any man might perceiue, was rather an aſſembling of powers, then diſmaiedneſſe of courage. *Philoclea* no ſooner eſpied the Lion, but that obeying the commaundement of feare, ſhe leapt vp, and ranne to the Lodge-ward, as faſt as her delicate legges could carrie her, while *Dorus* drew *Pamela* behind a tree, where ſhee ſtood quaking like the Patridge, on which the Hawke is euen ready to ſeaze. But the Lion (ſeeing *Philoclea* run away) bent his race to her ward, and was readie to ſeaze himſelfe on the praie, when *Zelmane* (to whom daunger then was a cauſe of dreadleſneſſe, all the compoſition of her elements being nothing but fierie) with ſwiftneſſe of deſire croſt him, and with force of affection ſtrake him ſuch a blow vpon his chine, that ſhee opened all his bodie: wherewith the valiant beaſt turning her with open iawes, ſhee gaue him ſuch a thruſt through his breaſt, that all the Lion could doe, was with his paw to teare off the mantle & ſleeue of *Zelmane*, with a little ſcratch, rather then a wound his death blow hauing taken away the effect of his force: but there withall hee fell downe, and gaue *Zelmane* leaſure to take off his head, to carrie it for a preſent to her Ladie *Philoclea*: who all this while (not knowing what was done behind her) kept on her courſe, like *Arethuſa* when ſhe ran from *Alpheus*; her light apparell being carried

vp

vp with the wind, that much of thoſe beauties, ſhe would at another time haue willingly hidden, was preſented to the ſight of the twiſe wounded *Zelmane*. Which made *Zelmane* not follow her ouer-haſtily, leſt ſhe ſhould too ſoone deprive her ſelfe of that pleaſure: but carrying the Lions head in her hand, did not fully ouertake her, till they came to the preſence of *Baſilius*. Neither were they long there, but that *Gynecia* came thither alſo; who had beene in ſuch a traunce of muſing, that *Zelmane* was fighting with the Lion, before ſhe knew of any Lions comming: but then affection reſiſting, and the ſoone ending of the fight preuenting all extremitie of feare, ſhe marked *Zelmanes* fighting: and when the Lions head was off, as *Zelmane* ranne after *Philoclea*, ſo ſhe could not find in her heart but run after *Zelmane*: ſo that it was a new fight, Fortune had prepared to thoſe woods, to ſee theſe great perſonages thus run one after the other, each carried forward with an inward violence; *Philoclea* with ſuch feare, that ſhe thought ſhe was ſtill in the Lions mouth; *Zelmane* with an eager and impatient delight; *Gynecia* with wings of loue, flying ſhe neither knew, nor cared to know whither. But now, being all come before *Baſilius*, amazed with this ſight, and feare hauing ſuch poſſeſſion in the faire *Philoclea*, that her bloud durſt not yet come to her face, to take away the name of paleneſſe from her moſt pure whiteneſſe; *Zelmane* kneeled downe, and preſented the Lions head vnto her: Only Ladie (ſaid ſhe) here ſee you the puniſhment of that vnnatural beaſt, which contrary to his own kind, would haue wronged Princes bloud, guided with ſuch traiterous eyes, as durſt rebell againſt your beautie. Happie am I, and my beautie both (anſwered the ſweet *Philoclea* then bluſhing, for Feare had bequeathed his roome to his kinſman Baſhfulneſſe) that you excellent *Amazon*, were there to teach him good maners. And euen thanks to that beautie (anſwered *Zelmane*) which can giue an edge to the bluntеſt ſwords. There *Philoclea* told her father how it had happened: but as ſhe had turned her eyes in her tale to *Zelmane*, ſhe perceiued ſome bloud vpon *Zelmanes* ſhoulder, ſo that ſtarting with the louely grace and pittie, ſhe ſhewed it to her father and mother; who, as the nurſe ſometimes with ouer-much kiſſing may forget to giue the babe ſucke, ſo had they with too much delighting, in beholding & prayſing *Zelmane*, left off to marke whether ſhe needed ſuccor. But then they ran both vnto her like a father and mother to an onely child, and (though *Zelmane* aſſured them it was nothing) would needs ſee it, *Gynecia* hauing skill in Chirurgerie, an art in thoſe daies much eſteemed, becauſe it ſerued to vertuous courage, which euen Ladies would (euer with the contempt of cowards) ſeeme to cheriſh. But looking vpon it (which gaue more inward bleeding wounds to *Zelmane*, for ſhe might ſometimes feele *Philocleas* touch, whiles ſhe helped her mother) ſhe found it was indeed of no importance; yet applied ſhe a precious baulme vnto it, of power to heale a greater griefe.

But euen then, and not before, they remembred *Pamela*, and therefore *Zelmane* (thinking of her friend *Dorus*) was running backe to be ſatisfied, when they might all ſee *Pamela* comming betweene *Dorus* and *Dametas*, hauing in her hand the paw of a Beare, which the ſhepheard *Dorus* had newly preſented vnto her, deſiring her to accept it, as of ſuch a beaſt, which though ſhe deſerued death for her preſumption, yet was her wit to be eſteemed, ſince ſhe could make ſo ſweet a choiſe. *Dametas* for his part came piping and dauncing, the merrieſt man in a pariſh: but when he came ſo neere as he might be heard of *Baſilius*, he would needs breake through his eares with this ioyfull ſong of their good ſucceſſe:

NOw thanked be the great god Pan,
Which thus preſerues my loued life:

Thanked

Thanked be I that keepe a man,
who ended hath this bloudie ſtrife:
For if my man muſt praiſes haue,
what then muſt I that keepe the knaue?

For as the Moone the eye doth pleaſe,
with gentle beames not hurting ſight:
Yet hath ſir Sunne the greateſt praiſe,
becauſe from him doth come her light:
So if my man muſt praiſes haue,
what then muſt I that keepe the knaue?

Being all now come together, and all deſirous to know each others aduentures, *Pamelas* noble heart would needs gratefully make known the valiant meane of her ſafetie, which (directing her ſpeech to her mother) ſhe did in this maner: Aſſoone, ſaid ſhe, as ye were all run away, & that I hoped to be in ſafetie, there came out of the ſame woods a horrible foule Beare, which (fearing belike to deale, while the Liõ was preſent, as ſoone as he was gone) came furiouſly towards the place where I was, and this yong ſhepheard left alone by me; I truly (not guiltie of any wiſdome, which ſince they lay to my charge, becauſe they ſay, it is the beſt refuge againſt that beaſt, but euen pure feare bringing forth that effect of wiſdome) fell downe flat on my face, needing not counterfeit being dead, for indeed I was little better. But this young ſhepheard with a wonderfull courage, hauing no other weapon but that knife you ſee, ſtanding before the place where I lay, ſo behaued himſelfe, that the firſt ſight I had (when I thought my ſelfe alreadie neere *Charons* ferrie) was the ſhepheard ſhewing me his bloudy knife in token of victorie. I pray you (ſaid *Zelmane* ſpeaking to *Dorus*, whoſe valor ſhe was carefull to haue manifeſted) in what ſort, ſo ill weaponed, could you atchieue this entrepriſe? Noble Lady, ſaid *Dorus*, the maner of theſe beaſts fighting with any man, is to ſtand vp vpon their hinder feet, & ſo this did, & being ready to giue me a ſhrewd embracement, I thinke the god *Pan* (euer carefull of the chiefe bleſſing of *Arcadia*) guided my hand ſo iuſt to the heart of the beaſt, that neither ſhe could once touch me, nor (which is the only matter in this worthy remembrance) breed any danger to the Princeſſe. For my part, I am rather (with all ſubiected humbleneſſe) to thanke her excellencies, ſince the dutie thereunto gaue me heart to ſaue my ſelfe, then to receiue thankes for a deed, which was her only inſpiring. And this *Dorus* ſpake, keeping affection as much as he could backe from comming into his eyes and geſtures. But *Zelmane* (that had the ſame character in her heart) could eaſily decipher it, and therefore to keepe him the longer in ſpeech, deſired to vnderſtand the concluſion of the matter, and how the honeſt *Dametas* was eſcaped. Nay, ſaid *Pamela*, none ſhall take that office from my ſelfe, being ſo much bound to him as I am, for my education. And with that word, ſcorne borowiug the countenance of mirth, ſomewhat ſhe ſmiled, and thus ſpake on: When (ſaid ſhe) *Dorus* made me aſſuredly perceiue, that all cauſe of feare was paſſed (the truth is) I was aſhamed to find my ſelfe alone with this ſhepheard; and therefore looking about me, if I could ſee any bodie; at length we both perceiued the gentle *Dametas*, lying with his head and breaſt as far as he could thruſt himſelfe into a buſh, drawing vp his legs as cloſe vnto him as he could: for, like a man of a verie kind nature, ſoone to take pittie of himſelfe, he was full reſolued not to ſee his owne death. And when this ſhepheard puſhed him, bidding him to be of good chere; it was a great while ere wee could perſwade

perſwade him, that *Dorus* was not the Beare: ſo that he was faine to pull him out by the heeles: and ſhew him the beaſt, as dead as hee could wiſh it: which you may beleeue me, was a verie ioyfull ſight vnto him. But then he forgate all curteſie, for hee fell vpon the beaſt, giuing it many a manfull wound: ſwearing by much, it was not well ſuch beaſts ſhould be ſuffered in a common-wealth. And then my Gouernour as full of ioy, as before of feare came dauncing and ſinging before, as euen now you ſaw him. Well well (ſaid *Baſilius*) I haue not choſen *Dametas* for his fighting, nor for his diſcourſing, but for his plaineſſe & honeſty; & therein I know he will not deceiue me. But then he told *Pamela* (not ſo much becauſe ſhee ſhould know it; as becauſe he would tell it) the wonderfull act *Zelmane* had performed, which *Gynecia* likewiſe ſpake of, both in ſuch extremity of praiſing, as was eaſie to be ſeene, the conſtruction of their ſpeech might beſt be made by the Grammer rules of affection. *Baſilius* told with what a gallant grace ſhe ranne with the Lions head in her hand, like another *Pallas* with the ſpoiles of *Gorgon*. *Gynecia* ſware ſhee ſaw the verie face of the young *Hercules* killing the *Nemean* Lion; & all with a gratefull aſſent confirmed the ſame praiſes: onely poore *Dorus* (though of equall deſert, yet not proceeding of equall eſtate) ſhould haue beene left forgotten; had not *Zelmane* againe with great admiration begun to ſpeake of him; asking, whether it were the faſhion or no, in *Arcadia*, that ſhepheards ſhould performe ſuch valorous entrepriſes.

This *Baſilius* (hauing the quicke ſence of a louer) tooke, as though his Miſtreſſe had giuen him a ſecret reprehenſion, that hee had not ſhewed more gratefulneſſe to *Dorus*; and therefore (as nimbly as hee could) enquired of his eſtate, adding promiſe of great rewards: among the reſt, offering to him, if he would exerciſe his courage in ſouldierie, hee would commit ſome charge vnto him vnder his Lieutenant *Philanax*. But *Dorus* (whoſe ambition climed by another ſtaire) hauing firſt anſwered touching his eſtate, that he was brother to the ſhepheard *Menalcas*; who among other, was wont to reſort to the Princes preſence, and excuſed his going to ſouldiery, by the vnaptneſſe he found in himſelfe that way, he told *Baſilius*, that his brother in his laſt teſtament had willed him to ſerue *Dametas*, and therefore (for due obedience thereunto) he would thinke his ſeruice greatly rewarded, if he might obtain by that meane to liue in the ſight of his Prince, and yet practiſe his owne choſen vocation. *Baſilius* (liking well his goodly ſhape and handſome maner) charged *Dametas* to receiue him like a ſonne into his houſe; ſaying, that his valour, and *Dametas* trueth would be good Bulwarkes againſt ſuch miſchiefes, as (he ſticked not to ſay) were threatned to his daughter *Pamela*.

Dametas, no whit out of countenance with all that had beene ſaid (becauſe he had no worſe to fall into then his owne) accepted *Dorus*; and withall telling *Baſilius*, that ſome of the ſhepheards were come, demaunded in what place hee would ſee their ſports: who firſt, curious to know whether it were not more requiſite for *Zelmanes* hurt to reſt, then ſit vp at thoſe paſtimes; and ſhee (that felt no wound but one) earneſtly deſired to haue the paſtorals. *Baſilius* commaunded it ſhould be at the gate of the Lodge, where the throne of the Prince being, (according to the ancient maner) he made *Zelmane* ſit betweene him and his wife therein, who thought her ſelfe betweene drowning and burning; and the two young Ladies of either ſide the throne, and ſo prepared their eyes and eares to be delighted by the ſhepheards.

But before all of them were aſſembled to begin their ſports, there came a fellow who being out of breath (or ſeeming ſo to be for haſte) with humble haſtineſſe told *Baſilius*, that his Miſtreſſe, the Ladie *Cecropia*, had ſent him to excuſe the miſchance of her beaſt ranging in that dangerous ſort, being happened by the folly of the Keeper,

Keeper; who thinking himſelfe able to rule them, had carried them abroad, & ſo was deceiued: whom yet (if *Baſilius* would puniſh for it) ſhe was readie to deliuer. *Baſilius* made no other anſwer, but that his miſtreſſe if ſhe had any more ſuch beaſts, ſhould cauſe them to be killed: & then he told his wife & *Zelmane* of it, becauſe they ſhould not feare thoſe words, as though they harboured ſuch beaſts where the like had neuer beene ſeene. But *Gynecia* tooke a further conceit of it, miſtruſting greatly *Cecropia*, becauſe ſhe had heard much of the diuelliſh wickedneſſe of her heart, and that particularly ſhe did her beſt to bring vp her ſonne *Amphialus* (being brothers ſon to *Baſilius*) to aſpire to the Crowne, as next heire male after *Baſilius*, and therfore ſaw no reaſon but that ſhe might coniecture, it proceeded rather of ſome miſchieuous practiſe, then of misfortune. Yet did ſhe only vtter her doubt to her daughters, thinking, ſince the worſt was paſt, ſhe would attend a further occaſion, leaſt ouermuch haſt might ſeeme to proceede of the ordinarie miſlike betweene ſiſters in law, only they maruelled that *Baſilius* looked no further into it, who (good man) thought ſo much of his late conceiued common wealth, that all other matters were but digreſſions vnto him. But the ſhepheards were readie, and with well handling themſelues, called their ſenſes to attend their paſtimes.

THE FIRST ECLOGVE.

Baſilius, becauſe *Zelmane* ſo would haue it, vſed the artificiall day of Torches, to lighten the ſports their inuentions could miniſter: and becauſe manie of the ſhepheards were but newly come, hee did in a gentle maner chaſtiſe their negligence, with making them (for that night) the Torch-bearers; and the others, he willed with all freedome of ſpeech & behauiour to keepe their accuſtomed method: which while they prepared to doe, *Dametas*, who much diſdained (ſince his late authoritie) all his old companions, brought his ſeruant *Dorus* in good acquaintance and allowance of them, and himſelfe ſtood like a directer ouer them, with nodding, gaping, winking, or ſtamping, ſhewing how hee did like or miſlike thoſe things hee did not vnderſtand. The firſt ſports the ſhephards ſhewed, were full of ſuch leaps and gambolds, as being accorded to the pipe (which they bare in their mouthes, euen as they daunced) made a right picture of their chiefe god *Pan*, and his companions the *Satyres*. Then would they caſt away their pipes, and holding hand in hand daunce as it were in a braule, by the onely cadence of their voyces, which they would vſe in ſinging ſome ſhort coplets, whereto the one halfe beginning, the other halfe ſhould anſwer as the one halfe, ſaying:

We loue, and haue our loues rewarded.
The others would anſwer,
We loue, and are no whit regarded.
The firſt againe,
We find moſt ſweet affections ſnare.
With like tune it ſhould be as in a Quire ſent back againe,
That ſweet, but ſowre deſpaire full care.
A third time likewiſe thus:
Who can deſpaire, whom hope doth beare?
The anſwer,
And who can hope that feeles deſpaire?

Then

Then ioying all their voyces, and dauncing a faſter meaſure, they would conclude with ſome ſuch words:

As without breath no pipe doth moue,
No muſicke kindly without loue.

Hauing thus varied both their ſong and daunces into diuers ſorts of inuentions; their laſt ſport was, one of them to prouoke another to a more large expreſſing of his paſſions: which *Thyrſis* (accounted one of the beſt ſingers amongſt them) hauing marked in *Dorus* dauncing, no leſſe good grace and handſome behauiour, then extreame tokens of a troubled mind; began firſt with his pipe, and then with his voice, thus to challenge *Dorus*, and was by him anſwered in the vnderwritten ſort.

THYRSIS and *DORVS.*

Thyrſis. *Come* Dorus, *come, let ſongs thy ſorrowes ſignifie,*
And if for want of vſe thy mind aſhamed is,
That verie ſhame with loues high title dignifie.
No ſtile is held for baſe where loue well named is:
Each eare ſucks vp the words a true-loue ſcattereth,
And plaine ſpeech oft, than quaint phraſe better framed is.

Dorus. *Nightingales ſeldome ſing the Pie ſtill chattereth,*
The wood cryes moſt, before it throughly kindled be,
Deadly wounds inward bleed, each ſleight ſore mattereth.
Hardly they heard, which by good hunters ſingled be:
Shallow brookes murmur moſt, deep deep ſilent ſlide away,
Nor true-loue, his loue with others mingled be.

Thyrſis. *If thou wilt not be ſeene, thy face goe hide away,*
Be none of vs, or elſe maintaine our faſhion:
Who frownes at others feaſts, doth better bide away.
But if thou haſt a loue, in that loues paſſion.
I challenge thee by ſhew of her perfection,
Which of vs two deſerueth moſt compaſſion.

Dorus. *Thy challenge great, but greater my protection:*
Sing then, and ſee (for now thou haſt inflamed me)
Ty health too meane a match for my infection.
No though the heau'ns for high attempts haue blamed me,
Yet high is my attempt. O Muſe *hiſtorifie*
Her praiſe, whoſe praiſe to learne your skill hath framed me.

Thyrſis. Muſe *hold your peace: but thou my god* Pan *glorifie*
My Kalas *gifts, who with all good gifts filled is.*
Thy pipe, O Pan, *ſhall helpe, though I ſing ſorily.*
A heape of ſweets ſhe is, where nothing ſpilled is;
Who though ſhe be no Bee, yet full of honey is:
A Lilly field, with plough of Roſe which tilled is:
Milde as a Lambe, more daintie then a Copie is:

Her eyes my eye-ſight is, her conuerſation
More glad to me, then to a miſer money is.
What coy account ſhe makes of eſtimation?
How nice to touch? how all her ſpeeches peiſed be?
A Nymph thus turn'd, but mended in tranſlation.

Dorus. *Such* Kala *is: but ah my fancies raiſed be*
In one, whoſe name to name were high preſumption,
Since vertues all, to make her tittle, pleaſed be
O happie Gods, which by inward aſſumption
Enioy her ſoule, in bodies faire poſſeſſion,
And keepe it ioyn'd, fearing your ſeats conſumption.
How oft with raine of teares skies make confeſſion,
Their dwellers rapt with ſight of her perfection,
From heau'nly throne to her heau'n vſe digreſſion?
Of beſt things then what world ſhall yeeld confection
To liken her? decke your with your compariſon:
She is her ſelfe of beſt things the collection.

Thyrſis. *How oft my dolefull Sire cride to me, tarie ſonne,*
When firſt he ſpied my loue? how oft he ſaid to me,
Thou art no ſouldier fit for Cupids *garriſon?*
My ſonne, keepe this, that my long toyle hath layd to me:
Loue well thine owne, me thinkes wools whitneſſe paſſeth all:
I neuer found long loue ſuch wealth hath payd to me.
This wind he ſpent: but when my Kala *glaſſeth all*
My ſight in her faire limmes, I then aſſure my ſelfe,
Not rotten ſheepe, but high crownes ſhe ſurpaſſeth all.
Can I be poore, that her gold haire procure my ſelfe?
Want I white wool, whoſe eyes her white skin garniſhed?
Till I get her, ſhall I to keepe inure my ſelfe?

Dorus. *How oft, when Reaſon ſaw, loue of her harneſed*
With armour of my heart he cryed, ô vanitie
To ſet a pearle in ſteele ſo meanely varniſhed?
Looke to thy ſelfe, reach not beyond humanitie.
Her minde, beames, ſtate, farre from the weake wings baniſhed:
And loue which louer hurts is inhumanitie:
Thus Reaſon ſaid: but ſhe came, Reaſon vaniſhed;
Her eyes ſo maiſtering me, that ſuch obiection
Seem'd but to ſpoile the foode of thoughts long famiſhed,
Her peereleſſe height my minde to high erection
Drawes vp; and if hope fayling end lifes pleaſure,
Of fairer death how can I make election?

Thyrſis. *Once my well waiting eyes eſpied my treaſure,*
With ſleeues turn'd vp, looſe haire, and breaſt enlarged,
Her fathers corne (moning her faire limmes) meaſure.

O cryed

O cryed I, of ſo meane worke be diſcharged:
Meaſure my caſe how by thy beauties filling
With ſeed of woes my heart brimfull is charged.
Thy father bids thee ſaue, and chids for ſpilling;
Saue then my ſoule, ſpill not my thoughts well heaped,
No lowely pruiſe was euer got by killing:
Theſe bold words ſhe did beare, this fruit I reaped,
That ſhe whoſe looke alone might make me bleſſed,
Did ſmile on me, and then away ſhe leaped.

Dorus. *Once, O ſweet once, I ſaw with dread oppreſſed*
Her whom I dread; ſo that with proſtrate lying
Her length the earth enioy ſo deare a couer,
But decke therewith my ſoule for your ſake dying:
Lay all your feare vpon your fearfull Louer:
Shine eyes on me that both our liues be guarded;
So I your ſight, you ſhall your ſelues recouer.
I cryed, and was with open eyes rewarded:
But ſtraight they fled, ſummond by cruell honour,
Honour, the cauſe deſert is not regarded.

Thyrſis. *This Maide, thus made for ioyes, ô* Pan *bemone her,*
That without loue ſhe ſpends her yeares of loue:
So faire a field would well become an owner.
And if enchantment can a hard heart moue,
Teach me what circle may acquaint her ſprite,
Affections charmes in my behalfe to proue.
The circle is my (round about her) ſight,
The power I will inuoke dwels in her eyes:
My charme ſhould be, ſhe haunt me day and night.

Dorus. *Farre other caſe, ô Muſe, my ſorrow tries,*
Bent to ſuch one in whom my ſelfe muſt ſay,
Nothing can mend one point that in her lies.
What circle then in ſo rare force beares ſway?
Whoſe ſprite all ſprites can foile, raiſe, damne or ſaue:
No charme holds her, but well poſſeſſe ſhe may,
Poſſeſſe ſhe doth, and makes my ſoule her ſlaue,
My eyes the bands, my thoughts the fatall knot.
No thrall like them that inward bondage haue.

Thyrſis. *Kala at length conclude my lingring lot:*
Diſdaine me not, although I be not faire.
Who is an heire of manie hundreth ſheepe,
Doth beauties keepe which neuer ſunne can burne,
Nor ſtormes doe turne: faireneſſe ſerues oft to wealth.
Yet all my health I place in your good will:
which if you will (ô doe) beſtow on me,

Such as you ſee, ſuch ſtill you ſhall me finde,
Conſtant and kind, my ſheepe your food ſhall breed,
Their wooll your weed, I will you muſicke yeeld
In flowrie field; and as the day begins
With twentie ginnes we will the ſmall birds take,
And paſtimes make, as nature things hath made.
But when in ſhade we meet of Mirtle bowes,
Then loue allowes our pleaſures to enrich,
The thought of which doth paſſe all wordly pelfe.

Dorus. *Ladie your ſelfe whom neither name I dare,*
And titles are but ſpots to ſuch a worth,
Here plaints come forth from dungeon of my mind.
The nobleſt kind reiects not others woes.
I haue no ſhewes of wealth: my wealth is you,
My beauties hue your beames, my health your deeds;
My mind for weeds your vertues linerie weares.
My foode is teares, my tunes lamenting yeeld
Diſpaire my field; the flowers ſpirits warres:
My day new cares; my ginnes my daily ſight,
In which doe light ſmall birds of thoughts orethrowne:
My paſtimes none: time paſſeth on my fall.
Nature made all, but me of dolours made:
I finde no ſhade, but where my ſunne doth burne:
No place to turne; without, within if fries:
Nor helpe by life or death, who liuing dies.

Thyrſis. *But if my* Kala *thus my ſute denies,*
Which ſo much reaſon beares:
Let Crowes picke out mine eyes, which too much ſaw.
If ſhe ſtill hate loues law,
My earthly mould doth melt in watrie teares.

Dorus. *My earthly mould doth melt in watrie teares,*
And they againe reſolue
To aire of ſighes, ſighes to the hearts fire turne,
Which doth to aſhes burne.
Thus doth my life within it ſelfe diſſolue.

Thyrſis. *Thus doth my life within it ſelfe diſſolue,*
That I grow like the beaſt,
Which beares the bit a weaker force doth guide,
Yet patient muſt abide.
Such weight it hath, which once is full poſſeſt.

Dorus. *Such weight it hath which once is full poſſeſt,*
That I become a viſion.
Which hath in others head his onely being,
And liues in fancie ſeeing.
O wretched ſtate of man in ſelfe diuiſion!

Thyrſis. *O wretched ſtate of man in ſelfe diuiſion!*
O well thou ſayeſt! a feeling declaration
Thy tongue hath made, of Cupids *deepe inciſion.*
But now hoarſe voice, doth faile this occupation,
And others long to tell their loues condition:
Of ſinging thou haſt got the reputation.

Dorus. *Of ſinging thou haſt got the reputation,*
Good Thyrſis *mine, I yeeld to thy abilitie;*
My hearth doth ſeeke another eſtimation.
But ah my Muſe, I would thou hadſt facilitie
To worke my goddeſſe ſo by thy inuention,
On me to caſt thoſe eyes where ſhine Nobilitie:
Seene and vnknowne; heard, but without attention.

Darus did ſo well in anſwering *Thyrſis*, that euerie one deſired to heare him ſing ſomething alone. Seeing therfore a Lute lying vnder the Princeſſe *Pamelas* feet, glad to haue ſuch an errand to approach her, he came, but came with a diſmayed grace, all his bloud ſtirred betwixt feare and deſire: and playing vpon it with ſuch ſweetneſſe, as euerie bodie wondred to ſee ſuch skill in a ſhepheard, he ſang vnto it with a ſorrowing voice, theſe Elegiake verſes:

Dorus. --*Fortune, Nature, Loue, long haue contented about me,*
Which ſhould moſt miſeries caſt on a worme that I am.
--*Fortune thus gan ſay: miſerie and misfortune is all one,*
And of misfortune, fortune hath onely the gift.
--*With ſtrong foes on land, on ſea with contrarie tempeſts,*
Still doe I croſſe this wretch, what ſo he taketh in hand.
--*Tuſh, tuſh, ſaid Nature, this is all but a trifle, a mans ſelfe*
Giues haps or miſhaps, eu'n as he ordreth his heart.
--*But ſo his humour I frame, in a mould of choller adusted,*
That the delights of life ſhall be to him dolorous.
--*Lone ſmiled, and thus ſaid; Want ioyn'd to deſire is vnhappie:*
But if he nought doe deſire, what can Heraclitus *aile?*
--*None but I worke by deſire: by deſire haue I kindled in his ſoule*
Infernall agonies into a beautie diuine:
--*Where thou poore Nature left'ſt all thy due glorie, to Fortune*
Her vertue is ſoueraigne, Fortune a vaſſall of hers.
--*Nature abaſht went backe: Fortune bluſht: yet ſhe replide thus:*
And eu'n in that loue ſhall I reſerue him a ſpite.
--*Thus, thus, alas! wofull by Nature, vnhappie by Fortune,*
But moſt wretched I am, now Loue awakes my deſire.

Dorus when he had ſung this; hauing had all the while a free beholding of the faire *Pamela* (who could well haue ſpared ſuch honor, & defended the aſſault he gaue vnto her face with bringing a faire ſtaine of ſhamefaſtnes vnto it) let fall his armes, and remained ſo faſtned in his thoughts, as it *Pamela* had graffed him there to grow in continuall imagination. But *Zelmane* eſpying it, & fearing he ſhould too much forget himſelf, ſhe came to him, & took out of his hand the lute, & laying faſt hold of *Philocleas* face with her eies, ſhe ſung theſe Saphiks, ſpeaking as it were to her own hope.

If mine eyes can ſpeake to doe heartie errand,
Or mine eyes language ſhe doe hap to iudge of,
So that eyes meſſage be of her receiued,
Hope we doe liue yet.
But if eyes faile then, when I moſt doe need them,
Or if eyes language be not vnto her knowne,
So that eyes meſſage doe returne reiected,
Hope we do both die.
Yet dying, and dead, doe we ſing her honour;
So becomes our tombes monuments of her praiſe;
So becomes our loſſe the triumph of her gaine;
Hers be the glorie.
If the ſpheares ſenſeleſſe doe yet hold a muſique,
If the ſwanes ſweete voice be not heard, but as death,
If the mute timber when it hath the life loſt
Yeeldeth a Lutes tune.
Are then humane mindes priuiledg'd ſo meanly,
As that hatefull death can a bridge them of powre
With the vowe of truth to record to all worlds
That we be her ſpoiles?
Thus not ending, ends the due praiſe of her praiſe:
Fleſhly vaile conſumes; but a ſoule hath his life,
Which is held in loue; loue it is, that hath ioynd
Life to this our ſoule.
But if eyes can ſpeake to heartie errand,
Or mine eyes language ſhe doth hap to iudge of,
So that eyes meſſage be of her receiued,
Hope we doe liue yet.

Great was the pleaſure of *Baſilius*, and greater would haue beene *Gynacia's*, but that ſhee found too well it was intended to her daughter. As for *Philoclea* ſhe was ſweetly rauiſhed withall. When *Dorus* deſiring in a ſecret maner to ſpeake of their caſes, as perchance the parties intended might take ſome light of it, making low reuerence to *Zelmane*, began this prouoking ſong in hexamither verſe vnto her. Whereunto ſhee ſoone finding whither his words were directed (in like tune and verſe) anſwered as followeth:

DORVS. *ZELMANE.*

Dorus. *Lady reſerued by the heau'ns to doe paſtors companie honor,*
Ioyning your ſweete voice to the rurall muſe of a deſert,
Here you fully doe finde this ſtrange operation of loue,
How to the woods loue runnes as well as rides to the Pallace,
Neither he beares reuerence to a Prince nor pittie to begger,
But (like a point in midſt of a circle) is ſtill of a neereneſſe,
All to a leſſon he draw's, neither hills nor caues can auoide him.

Zelmane. *Worthy ſhepheard by my ſong to my ſelfe all fauour is hapned,*
That to the ſacred Muſe my annoyes ſomewhat be reuealed,

Sacred

Sacred Muſe, who in one containes what nine doe in all them.
But O happie be you, which ſafe from fierie reflection
Of Phœbus *violence in ſhade of ſweet* Cypariſſus,
Or pleaſant myrtell, may teach th'vnfortunate Eccho.
In theſe woods to reſound the renowned name of a goddeſſe.
Happie be you that may to the ſaint, your onely Idea,
(Although ſimply attirde) your manly affection vtter.
Happie be thoſe miſhaps which iuſtly proportion holding,
Giue right ſound to the eares, and enter aright to the iudgement;
But wretched be the ſoules, which vaild in a contrarie ſubiect:
How much more we doe loue, ſo the leſſe our loues be beleeued.
What skill ſaluteth a ſore of a wrong infirmitie iudged?
What can iuſtice auaile, to a man that tells not his owne caſe?
You though feares do abaſh, in you ſtill poſsible hopes be:
Nature againſt we doe ſeeme to rebell, ſeeme fooles in a vaine ſuite.
But ſo vnheard, condemn'd, kept thence we doe ſeeke to abide in,
Selfe-loſt in wandring, baniſhed that place we doe come from,
What meane is there alas, we can hope our loſſe to recouer?
What place is there left, we may hope our woes to recomfort?
Vnto the heau'ns? our wings be too ſhort: earth thinkes vs a burden,
Aire we doe ſtill with ſighes encreaſe: to the fire? we doe want none.
And yet his outward heat our teares would quench, but an inward
Fire no liquor can coole: Neptunes *realme would not a vaile vs.*
Happie ſhepheard, with thankes to the gods, ſtill thinke to be thankfull,
That to thy aduancement their wiſedomes haue thee abaſed.

Dorus. *Vnto the gods with a thankfull heart all thankes I doe render,*
That to my aduancement their wiſedomes haue me abaſed.
But yet, alas! O but yet alas! our haps be but hard haps,
Which muſt frame contempt to the fitteſt purchaſe of honor.
Well may a Paſtor plaine, but alas his plaints be not eſteem'de:
Silly ſhepheards poore pipe, when his harſh ſound teſtifies anguiſh,
Into the faire looker on, paſtime, not paſſion, enters.
And to the woods or brookes, who doe make ſuch dreery recitall?
What be the panges they beare, and whence thoſe pangs be deriued,
Pleaſed to receiue that name by rebounding anſwer of Eccho,
May hope thereby to eaſe their inward horrible anguiſh,
When treee dance to the pype, and ſwift ſtreames ſtay by the muſicke,
Or when an Eccho *begins vnmou'd to ſing them a loue ſong;*
Say then, what vantage doe we get by the trade of a Paſtor?
(Since no eſtates be ſo baſe, but loue vouchſafeth his arrow,
Since no refuge doth ſerue from wounds we doe carrie about vs,
Since outward pleaſures be but halting helps to decayed ſoules)
Saue that daily we may diſcerne what fire we doe burne in.
Farre more happie be you, whoſe gratneſſe gets a free acceſſe;
Whoſe faire bodily gifts are fram'd moſt louely to each eye,
Vertue you haue, of vertue you haue left proofe to the whole world.
And vertue is gratefull, with beautie and richneſſe adorned:
Neither doubt you a whit, time will your paſſion vtter.

Hardly

Hardly remaines fire hid where skill is bent to the hiding,
But in a mind that would his flames ſhould not be repreſſed,
Nature worketh enough with a ſmall helpe for the reuealing:
Giue therefore to the Muſe great praiſe, in whoſe verie likeneſſe
You doe approch to the fruit your onely deſires be to gather.

Zelmane. *Firſt ſhall fertill grounds not yeeld increaſe of a good ſeed:*
Firſt the riuers ſhall ceaſe to repay their flouds to the Ocean:
Firſt may a truſtie Greyhound transforme himſelfe to a Tygre:
Firſt ſhall vertue be vice, and beautie be counted a blemiſh,
Eare that I leaue with ſong of praiſe her praiſe to ſolemnize,
Her praiſe, whence to the world all praiſe hath his onely beginning:
But yet well I do finde each man moſt wiſe in his owne caſe.
None can ſpeake of a wound with skill, if he haue not a wound felt.
Great to thee my ſtate ſeemes, thy ſtate is bleſt by my iudgement:
And yet neither of vs great or bleſt deemeth his owne ſelfe.
For yet (weigh this alas!) great is not great to the greater.
What iudge you doth a hillocke ſhew, by the loftie Olympus?
Such my minute greatnes, doth ſeeme compar'd to the greateſt.
When Cedars to the ground fall downe by the weight of an Emmot,
Or when a rich rubies iuſt price be the worth of a Walnut,
Or to the Sunne *for wonders ſeeme ſmall ſparkes of a candle:*
Then by my high Cedar, rich Rubie, *and onely ſhining* Sunne,
Vertue, riches, beauties of mine ſhall great be reputed.
Oh, no, no, worthie ſhepheard, worth can neuer enter a title,
Where proofes iuſtly do teach, thus matcht, ſuch worth to be nought worth,
Let not a puppet abuſe thy ſprite, Kings Crownes doe not helpe them
From the cruell head-ach, nor ſhooes of gold doe the gowt heale:
And precious couches full oft are ſhak't with a feauer.
If then a bodily euill in a bodily glaze be not hidden,
Shall ſuch morning deawes be an eaſe to the heat of a lones fire?

Dorus. *O glittring miſeries of man, if this be the fortune*
Of thoſe fortunes lulls? ſo ſmall reſts reſts in a kingdome?
What maruaile tho a Prince transforme himſelfe to a Paſtor?
Come from marble bowres manie times the gay harbor of anguiſh,
Vnto a ſilly caban, thought weake, yet ſtronger againſt woes.
Now by thy words I begin, moſt famous Ladie to gather
Comfort into my ſoule I doe find, I doe find what a bleſſing
Is chanced to my life, that from ſuch muddie abundance
Of carking agonies (to ſtates which ſtill be adherent)
Deſtinie keepes me aloofe, for if all this ſtate to thy vertue
Ioyn'd by thy beautie adorn'd be no meanes theſe griefes to aboliſh:
If neither by that helpe, thou canſt clime vp to thy fancie,
Nor yet fancie ſo dreſt doe receiue more plauſible hearing:
Then doe I thinke indeed, that better it is to be priuate
In ſorrows torments, then, tyed to the pompes of a pallace,
Nurſe inward maladies, which haue not ſcope to be breath'd out:
But perforce digeſt all bitter ioyes of horror

In ſilence, from a mans owne ſelfe with companie robbed.
Betteryet doe I liue, that though by my thoughts I be plunged
Into my liues bondage, yet may I disburden a paſſion
(Oppreſt with ruinous conceits) by the helpe of an outcry:
Not limited to a whiſpering note, the Lament of a Courtier.
But ſometimes to the woods, ſometimes to the heau'n do decyphire
With bold clamor vnheard, vnmarkt, what I ſeeke, what I ſuffer:
And when I meete theſe trees, in the earths faire liuerie clothed,
Eaſe I doe feele (ſuch eaſe as falls to one wholly diſeaſed)
For that I finde in them part of my ſtate repreſented.
Lawrell *ſhew's what I ſeeke, by the Myrre is ſhow'd how I ſeeke it,*
Olive paints me the peace that I muſt aſpire to by the conqueſt:
Mirtel *makes my requeſt, my requeſt is crown'd with a willow?*
Cyprus *promiſeth helpe, but a helpe where comes no recomfort:*
Swet Iuniper, ſaith this, though I burne. yet I burne in a ſweet fire.
Ewe *doth make me thinke what kinde of bow the boy holdeth*
Which ſhootes ſtrongly without anie noiſe, and deadly without ſmart,
Firre tres great and greene, fixt on a hie hill but a barren,
Like to my noble thoughts, ſtill new, well plac'd, to me fruitleſſe.
Figge that yeelds moſt pleaſant fruits, his ſhadow is hurtfull:
Thus be her gifts moſt ſweet, thus more danger to be neere her,
Now in a palme when I marke, how he doth riſe vnder a burden,
And may I not (ſay then) get vp though griefe be ſo weightie?
Pine is a maſt to a ſhippe, to my ſhip ſhall hope for a maſt ſerue.
Pine is hie, hope is as hye, ſharpe leau'd, ſharpe yet be my hopes buddes.
Elme embrac't by a vine, embracing fancie reuiueth:
Popler changeth his hue from a riſing ſunne to a ſetting:
Thus to my ſunne doe I yeeld, ſuch lookes her beames do afford me
Olde aged oke cut downe, of new worke ſerues to the building:
So my deſires by my feare cut downe, be the frames of her honor.
As he makes ſpeares with ſhields doe reſiſt, her force no repulſe takes.
Palmes doe reioyce to be ioynd by the match of a male to a female,
And ſhall ſenſiue things be ſo ſenſeleſſe as to reſiſt ſenſe?
Thus be my thoughts diſperſt, thus thinking nurſeth a thinking,
Thus both trees and each thing elſe, be the bookes of a fancie.
But to the Cedar Queene of woods, when I lift my beteard eyes,
Then doe I ſhape to my ſelfe that forme which raign's ſo with in me,
And thinke there ſhe doth dwell and heare what plaints I doe vtter:
When that noble top doth nod I beleeue ſhe ſalutes me;
When by the winde it maketh a noiſe, I doe thinke ſhe doth anſwer.
Then kneeling to the ground, oft thus doe I ſpeake to that Image:
Onely Iewell, O only Iewell, which onely deſerueſt,
That mens hearts be thy ſeate, and endleſſe fame be thy ſeruant,
O deſcend for a while, from this great height to behold me.
But nought elſe doe behold (elſe is nought worth the beholding)
Saue what a worke, by thy ſelfe is wrought: and ſince I am altred
Thus by thy worke, diſdaine not that which is by thy ſelfe done.
In meane caues oft treaſure abides, to an hoſtrie a King comes.
And ſo behind fowle clowds full oft faire ſtarres doe lie hidden.

Hardly

Zelmane. *Hardie Shepheard, ſuch as thy merits, ſuch may be her inſight*
Iuſtly to graunt thee reward, ſuch enuie I beare to thy fortune.
But to my ſelfe what wiſh can I make for a ſalue to my ſorrowes,
Whom both nature ſeemes to debarre from meanes to be helped,
And if a meane were found, fortune th' whole courſe of it thunders:
This plagu'd how can I frame to my ſore anie hope of amendment?
Whence may I ſhew to my minde anie light of poſſible eſcape?
Bound and bound by ſo noble bands, as loth to be vnbound,
Iaylor I am to my ſelfe, priſon and priſoner to mine owne ſelfe.
Yet be my hopes thus plac't, here fixt liues all my comfort,
That that deare Diamond, *where wiſedome holdeth a ſure ſeate,*
Whoſe force had ſuch force ſo to transforme, nay to reforme me,
Will at length perceiue theſe flames by her beames to be kindled,
And will pittie the wound feſtred ſo ſtrangely within me.
O be it ſo, graunt ſuch an euent, o gods, that euent giue.
And for a ſure ſacrifice I doe daily oblation offer
Of miue owne heart, where thoughts be the temple, ſight is an aultar.
But ceaſe worthie Shepheard, now ceaſe we to wearie the hearers
With moneſull melodies, for enough our griefes be reuealed,
If the parties meant our meanings rightly be marked,
And ſorrows doe require ſome reſpit vnto the ſenſes.

What exclaiming praiſes *Baſilius* gaue to this Eclogue anie man may gheſſe, that knowes loue is better then a paire of ſpectacles to make euerie thing ſeeme greater which is ſeene through it: and then is neuer tongue tyed where fit commendation (whereof womankind is ſo likerous) is offered vnto it. But before anie other came in to ſupply the place, *Zelmane* hauing heard ſome of the ſhepheards by chaunce name *Strephon* and *Claius*, ſuppoſing thereby they had beene preſent, was deſirous both to heare them for the fame of their friendly loue, and to know them for their kindneſſe towards her beſt loued friend. Much grieued was *Baſilius*, that anie deſire of his miſtreſſe ſhould be vnſatisfied, and therefore to repreſent them vnto her (as well as in their abſence it might be) he commaunded one *Lamon*, who had at large ſet down their countrie paſtimes & firſt loue to *Vrania*, to ſing the whole diſcourſe, which he did in this manner.

A Shepheard tale no height of ſtile deſires,
To raiſe in words what in effect is low:
A plaining ſong plaine-ſinging voice requires,
For warbling notes from chearing flow.
I them, whoſe burd'ned breaſt but thus aſpires
Of Shepheards two the ſeely cauſe to ſhow,
Need not the ſtately Muſes helpe inuoke,
For creeping rimes, which often ſighings choke.
But you, O you, that thinke not teares too deare,
To ſpent for harmes, although they touch you not:
And deigne to deeme your neighbours miſchiefe neare,
Although they be of meaner parents got:
You I inuite with eaſie eares to heare
The poore-clad truth of loues wrong-ordred lot.

Who

Who may be glad, be glad you be not ſuch:
Who ſhare in woe, weigh others haue as much.
There was (ö ſeldome bleſſed word of was!)
A paire of friends, or rather one cald two,
Train'd in the life which no ſhort-bitten graſſe
In ſhine or ſtorme muſt ſet the clouted ſhoe:
He, that the other in ſome yeares did paſſe,
And in thoſe gifts that yeares diſtribute doe,
Was Klaius *cald, (ah* Klaius, *wofull wight!)*
The later borne, yet too ſoone Strephon *hight.*
Epeirus *high was honeſt* Klaius *neſt,*
To Strephon Æoles *land firſt breathing lent:*
But Eaſt and Weſt were ioyn'd by friendſhip; heſt.
As Strephons *eare and heart to* Klaius *bent,*
So Klaius *ſoule did in his* Strephon *reſt.*
Still both their flocks flocking together went,
As if they would of owners humour be,
As eke their pipes did well, as frends agree:
Klaius *for skill of hearbs and ſhepheards art,*
Among the wiſeſt was accounted wiſe;
Yet no ſo wiſe, as of vnſtained hart:
Strephon *was yong, yet markt with humble eyes*
How elder rul'd their flockes and cur'd their ſmart;
So that the graue did not his words deſpiſe.
Both free of mind, both did cleare-dealing loue
And both had skill in verſe their voice to moue.
Their chearfull minds, till pois'ned was their cheare,
The honeſt ſports of earthly lodging proue;
Now for a clod-like Hare in forme they peere,
Now bolt and cudgell Squirrels leape doe moue.
Now the ambitious Larke with mirror cleare
They catch, while he (foole!) to himſelfe makes loue:
And now at keels they try a harmleſſe chaunce,
And now their curre they teach to fetch and daunce,
When merrie May firſt early cals the morne,
With merrie maids a Maying they doe goe:
Then doe they pull from ſharp and niggard thorne
The plenteous ſweets (can ſweets ſo ſharply grow?)
Then ſome greene gownes are by the laſſes worne
In chaſteſt playes, till home they walke arowe,
While daunce about the May-pole is begun,
When, if need were, they could at quintain run:
While thus they ran a low, but leueld race,
While thus they liu'd (this was indeede a life)
With nature pleas'd, content with preſent caſe,
Free of proud feares, braue begg'ry, ſmiling ſtrife,
Of clime-fall Court, the enuy hatching place:
While thoſe reſtleſſe deſires in great men riſe

To viſite ſo low of folkes did much diſdaine,
This while, though poore, they in themſelues did raigne,
One day (ô day, that ſhin'd to make them darke!)
While they did ward ſunne-beames with ſhadie bay,
And Claius *taking for his yongling carke.*
(Leſt greedie eyes to them might challenge lay)
Buſie with oker did their ſhoulders marke,
(His marke a Piller was deuoid of ſtay,
As bragging that free of all paſſions mone,
Well might he others beare, but but leane to none.)
Strephon *with leauy twigs of* Laurell *tree,*
A garlant made on temples for to weare,
For he then choſen was the dignitie
Of village Lord that Witſontide to beare:
And full, poore foole, of boyiſh brauerie,
With triumphs ſhewes would ſhew he nought did feare.
But fore-accounting oft makes builders miſſe,
They found, they felt, they had no leaſe of bliſſe.
For ere that either had his purpoſe done,
Behold (beholding well it doth deſerue)
They ſaw a maid who thither ward did runne,
To catch her ſparrow which from her did ſwerue,
As ſhe a black-ſilke capon him begune
To ſett for foile of his milke-white to ſerue.
Shee chirping ran, he peeping flew away,
Till hard by them both he and ſhe did ſtay.
Well for to ſee they kept themſelues vnſeene,
And ſaw this faireſt maid of fairer minde:
By fortune meane; in Nature borne a Queene,
How well apaid ſhe was her bird to finde:
How tender-ly her tender hands betweene
In yuorie cage ſhe did the micher binde:
How Roſie moiſt' ned lipes about his beake
Mouing ſhe, ſeem'd at once to kiſſe, and ſpeake.
Chaſtned but thus, and thus his leſſon thought,
The happie wretch ſhe put into her breſt,
Which to their eyes the bowels of Venus *brought,*
For they ſeem'd made euen of skie mettall beſt,
And that the bras of her bloud was wrought.
Betwixt them two the peeper tooke his neſt,
Where ſnuging well he well appear'd content,
So to haue done amiſſe, ſo to be ſhent.
This done, but done with captiue-killing grace,
Each motion ſeeming ſhot from beauties bow,
With length laid downe ſhe deckt the louely place.
Proud grew the graſſe that vnder her did growe,
The trees ſpread out their armes to ſhade her face,
But ſhe on elbow leau'd, with ſighs did ſhow

No graſſe, no trees, nor yet her ſparrow might
The long perplexed mind breed long delight.
She troubled was (alas that it mought be!)
With tedious brawlings of her parents deare
Who would haue her in will and word agree
To wed Antaxius *their neighbour weare.*
A heardman rich of much account was he,
In whom no euill did raigne, nor good appeare.
In ſome ſuch one ſhe lik'd not his deſire,
Faine would be free, but dreadeth parents ire.
Kindly, ſweet ſoule, ſhe did vnkindneſſe take
That bagged baggage of a miſers mudd,
Should price of her, as in a market, mak-
But gold can guild a rotten piece of wood,
To yeeld ſhe found her noble heart did ake:
To ſtrine ſhe fear'd how it with vertue ſtood.
Thus doubting clouds ore-caſting heau'nly braine,
At length in rowes of Kiſſe-cheeks teares they raine.
Cupid *the wagg, that lately conquer'd had*
Wiſe Councellours, ſtout Captaines, puiſſant Kings,
And ti'd them faſt to lead his triumph bad,
Glutted with them now playes with meaneſt things.
So oft in feaſts with coſtly changes clad
To cramm'd mawes a ſprat new ſtomacke brings.
So Lords with ſport of Stagg *and* Hearon *full*
Sometimes we ſee ſmall birds from neſts do pull.
So now for pray theſe Shepheards two he tooke,
Whoſe metall ſtiffe he knew he could not bend
With hear-ſay pictures, or a window looke;
With one good dance, or letter finely pend,
That were in court a well proportion'd booke,
Where piercing witts doe quickly apprehend,
Their ſences rude plaine obiects only moue,
And ſo muſt ſee great cauſe before they loue.
Therefore Loue arm'd in her now takes the field,
Making her beames his brauerie and might:
Her hands whichpierc'd the ſoules ſeau'n-double ſhield,
Were now his darts leauing his wonted fight.
Braue creſt to him her ſcorne-gold haire did yeeld,
His compleat harneis was her pureſt white.
But fearing leſt all white might ſeeme too good,
In cheekes and lipps the Tyrant threatens blood.
Beſides this force, within her eyes he kept
A fire, to burne the priſoners he geines,
Whoſe boiling heart encreaſed as ſhe wept:
For eu'n in forge cold water fire maintaines.
Thus proud and fierce vnto the hearts he ſtept
Of them poore ſoules: and cutting Reaſons raines,

Made them his owne before they had it wiſt.
But if they had, could ſheephookes this reſiſt?
Klaius *ſtraight felt, and groned at the blowe,*
And call'd, now wounded, purpoſe to his aide:
Strephon, *fond boy, delighted did not knowe,*
That it was Loue that ſhin'd in ſhining maid:
But lickrous, Poiſon'd, faine to her would goe,
If him new learned manners had not ſtai'd.
For then Vrania *homeward did ariſe,*
Leauing in paine their well fed hungry eyes.
She went, they ſtaid, or rightly for to ſay,
She ſtaid in them, they went in thought with her:
Klaius *indeed would faine haue puld away*
This mote from out his eye, this inward burre,
And now proud Rebell gan for to gainſay
The leſſon which but late he learn'd too furre:
Meaning with abſence to refreſh the thought
To which her preſence ſuch a feauer brought.
Strephon *did leape with ioy and iollitie,*
Thinking it iuſt more therein to delight,
Then in good Dog, faire field, or ſhading tree.
So haue I ſeene trim-bookes in Veluet dight,
With golden leaues, and painted baberie
Of ſeely boyes pleaſe vnacquainted ſight:
But when the rod began to play his part,
Faine would, but could not flie from golden ſmart.
He quickly learn'd Vrania *was her name,*
And ſtraight for failing, grau'd it in his heart:
He knew her haunt, and haunted in the ſame,
And taught his ſheepe her ſheepe in food to thwart,
Which ſoone as it did bateſull queſtion frame,
He might on knees confeſſe his faultie part,
And yeeld himſelfe vnto her puniſhment,
While nought but game, the ſelfe-hurt wanton ment.
Nay euen vnto her home he oft would go,
Where bold and hurtleſſe many play he tries,
Her parents liking wel it ſhould be ſo,
For ſimple goodneſſe ſhined in his eyes.
There did he make her laugh in ſpite of woe,
So as good thoughts of him in all ariſe,
While into none doubt of his loue did ſinke,
For not himſelfe to be in loue did thinke.
But glad Deſire, his late emboſom'd gueſt,
Yet but a babe, with milke of Sight he nurſt:
Deſire the more he ſuckt, more ſought the breſt,
Like dropſie folke ſtill drinke to be a thirſt.
Till one faire eau'n an houre ere Sunne did reſt,
Who then in Lions caue did enter firſt,

By neighbours prai'd ſhe went abroad thereby,
At Barley-brake her ſweet ſwift foot to try.
Neuer the earth on his round ſhoulders bare
A maid train'd vp from high or low degree,
That in her doings better could compare
Mirth with reſpect, few words with curteſie,
A careleſſe comlineſſe with comely care,
Selfe-gard with mildneſſe, Sport with Maieſtie:
Which made her yeeld to deck this ſhepheards band,
And ſtill, beleeue me, Strephon was at hand.
A field they got, where manie lookers be,
And thou ſeek-ſorow Klaius them among:
Indeed thou ſaid'ſt it was thy friend to ſee
Strephon, whoſe abſence ſeem'd vnto thee long,
While moſt with her he leſſe did keepe with thee.
No, no, it was in ſpite of wiſedomes ſong
Which abſence wiſht: loue plai'd a victors part:
The beau'n-loue load-ſtone drew thy yron hart.
Then couples three be ſtreight allotted there,
They of both ends the middle two doe flie,
The two that in mid place, Hell called were,
Muſt ſtriue with waiting foot, and watching eye
To catch of them, and them to hell to beare,
That they, aſwell as they, Hell may ſupplye:
Like ſome which ſeeke to ſalue their blotted name
With others blot, till all doe taſte of ſhame.
There may you ſee, ſoone as the middle two
Doe coupled towards either couple make,
They falſe and fearfull doe their hands vndoe,
Brother his brother, friend doth friend forſake,
Heeding himſelfe, cares not how fellow doe,
But of a ſtranger mutuall helpe doth take:
As periur'd cowards in aduerſitie
With ſight of feare from friends to fremb'd doe flie.
Theſe ſports ſhepheards deuizd ſuch faults to ſhow.
Geron, though old yet gameſome, kept one end
With Coſma, for whoſe loue Pas paſt in vaine.
Faire Nous with Pas the lot to hell did ſend:
Pas thought it hell, while he was Coſma fre.
At other end Vran did Strephon lend
Her happie-making hand, of whom we looke
From Nous and Coſma all their beautie tooke.
The play began: Pas durſt not Coſma chace,
But did intend next bout with her to meete,
So he with Nous to Geron turn'd their race,
With whom to ioyne faſt ran Vrania ſweet:
But light-legg'd Pas had got the middle ſpace.
Geron ſtraue hard, but aged were his feet,

And therefore finding force now faint to be,
He thought gray haires affoorded ſubtiltie.
And ſo when Pas *hand reached him to take,*
The Fox on knees and elbowes tumbled downe;
Pas *could not ſtay, but ouer him did rake,*
And crown'd the earth with his firſt touching crowne:
His heeles grow'n proud did ſeeme at heau'n to ſhake,
But Nous *that ſlipt from* Pas, *did catch the clowne.*
So laughing all, yet Pas *to eaſe ſome dell*
Geron *with* Vran *were condemn'd to hell.*
Coſma *this while to* Strephon *ſafely came,*
And all to ſecond barley-breake are bent:
The two in hell did toward Coſma *frame,*
Who ſhould to Pas, *but they would her preuent.*
Pas *mad with fall, and madder with the ſhame,*
Moſt mad with beames which he thought Coſma *ſent,*
With ſuch mad haſt he did to Coſma *goe,*
That to her breaſt he gaue a noyſome blow.
She quick, and proud, and who did Pas *diſpiſe,*
Vp with her fiſt, and tooke him on the face,
Another time, quoth ſhe, become more wiſe.
Thus Pas *did kiſſe her hand with little grace,*
And each way luckleſſe, yet in humble guiſe
Did hold her faſt for feare of more diſgrace,
While Strephon *might with prettie* Nous *haue met,*
But all this while another courſe he fet.
For as Vrania *after* Coſma *ran.*
He rauiſhed with ſight how gracefully
She mou'd her limbs, and drew the aged man,
Leſt Nous *to coaſt the loued beautie nie:*
Nous *cri'd, and chaf'd but he no other can.*
Till Vran *ſeeing* Pas *to* Coſma *flye,*
And Strephon *ſingle, turned after him.*
Strephon *ſo chas'd did ſeeme in milke to ſwimme.*
He ran, but ran with eye ore ſhoulder caſt,
More marking her, then how himſelfe did goe,
Like Numid *Lyons by the hunters chas'd,*
Though they doe flie, yet backward'ly doe glowe
With proud aſpect, diſdaining greater haſt.
What rage in them, that loue in him did ſhew.
But God giues them inſtinct the man ſo ſhun,
And he by law of Barly-breake muſt run.
But as his heat with running did augment,
Much more his ſight encreaſt his hote deſire:
So is in her the beſt of nature ſpent,
The aire her ſweet race mou'd doth blow the fire.
Her feet be Purſeuants from Cupid *ſent,*
With [illegible] *hoſe fine ſteps all loues and ioyes conſpire.*

The hidden beauties ſeem'd in wait to lye,
To drowne proud hearts that would not willing dye.
Thus, faſt he fled from her he follow'd ſore,
Still ſhunning Nous to lengthen pleaſing race,
Till that he ſpied old Geron could no more,
Then did he ſlacke his loue-enſtructed pace.
So that Vran, whoſe arme old Geron bore,
Laid holdon him with moſt lay-holding grace.
So caught, him ſeem'd he caught of ioyes the beſt,
And thought it heau'n ſo to be drawne to heſt.
To hell he goes, and Nous with him muſt dwell.
Nous ſware it was no right; for his default
Who would be caught, that ſhe ſhould goe to hell:
But ſo ſhe muſt. And now the third aſſault
Of Barley-brake among the ſixe befell,
Pas Coſma matcht, yet angry with his fault,
The other end Geron with Vran gard.
I thinke you thinke Strephon bent thitherward.
Nous counſeld Strephon Geron to purſue,
For he was old, and eaſie would be cought:
But he drew her as loue his fancie drew,
And ſo to take the gemme Vrania ſought.
While Geron old came ſafe to Coſma true,
Though him to meet at all ſhe ſtirred nought.
For Pas, whether it were for feare or loue,
Mou'd not himſelfe, nor ſuffered her to moue.
So they three did together idly ſtay,
While deare Vran, whoſe courſe was Pas to meet,
(He ſtaying thus) was faine abroad to ſtray
With larger round, to ſhun the following feet.
Strephon, whoſe eyes on her back-parts did play,
With loue drawne on, ſo faſt with pace vnmeet
Drew daintie Nous, that ſhe not able ſo
To runne, brake from his hands, and let him goe.
He ſingle thus hop'd ſoone with her to be,
Who nothing earthly, but of fire and aire,
Though with ſoft legges, did runne as faſt as he.
He thrice reacht, thrice deceiu'd, when her to beare
He hopes, with daintie turnes ſhe doth him flee.
So on the Down's we ſee, neere Wilton faire,
A haſtn'd Hare from greedie Greyhound goe,
And paſt all hope his chaps to fruſtrate ſo.
But this ſtrange race more ſtrange conceits did yeeld,
Who victor ſeem'd, was to his ruine brought:
Who ſeem'd ore throwne was miſtreſſe of the field:
She fled, and tooke; he followed, and was cought.
So haue I heard to pierce purſuing ſhield,
By parents train'd the Tartars wilde are tought,

With ſhafts ſhot out from their back-turned bow.
But ah! her darts did farre more deeply goe.
As Venus *bird the white, ſwift, louely Doue,*
(O happie Doues that are compar'd to her!)
Doth on her wings her vtmoſt ſwiftneſſe proue,
Finding the gripe of Falcon fierce not furre:
So did Vran: *the narre, the ſwifter moue,*
(Yet beautie ſtill as faſt as ſhe did ſturre)
Till with long race deare ſhe was breathleſſe brought,
And then the Phœnix *feared to be cought.*
Among the reſt that there did take delight
To ſee the ſports of double-ſhining day.
And did the tribute of their wondring ſight
To Natures heire, the faire Vrania *pay,*
I told you Klaius *was the hapleſſe wight,*
Who earneſt found what they accounted play.
He did not there doe homage of his eyes,
But on his eyes his heart did ſacrifice.
With gazing lookes, ſhort ſighes, vnſetled feet
He ſtood, but turn'd, as Giroſol, *to Sunne:*
His fancies ſtill did her in halfe way meet,
His ſoule did flie as ſhe was ſeene to runne.
In ſumme, proud Boreas *neuer ruled Fleet*
(Who Neptunes *web on daungers diſtaffe ſpunne)*
With greater power, then ſhe did make them wend
Each way, as ſhe that ages praiſe, did bend.
Till ſpying well ſhe wellnigh wearie was,
And ſurely taught by his loue-open eye,
His eye, that eu'n did marke her trodden graſſe,
That ſhe would faine the catch of Strephon *her flie,*
Giuing his reaſon paſport for to paſſe
Whither it would, ſo it would let him die,
He that before ſhund her, to ſhunne ſuch harmes,
Now runnes, and takes her in his clirping armes.
For with pretence from Strephon *her to guard,*
He met her full, but full of warefulneſſe,
With in bow'd boſome well for her prepar'd,
When Strephon *curſing his owne backwardneſſe,*
Came to her backe, and ſo with double ward
Impriſond her, who both them did poſſeſſe
As heart-bound ſlaues: and happie then embrace
Vertues proofe, fortunes victor, beauties place.
Her race did not her beauties beames augment,
For they were euer in the beſt degree,
But yet a ſetting forth it ſome way lent,
As Rubies luſtre when they rubbed be.
The daintie deaw on face and bodie went

As on ſweet flowers, when mornings drops we ſee.
Her breath then ſhort, ſeem'd loth from home to paſſe,
Which more it mou'd, the more it ſweeter was.
Happy, ô hapry! if they ſo might bide,
To ſee their eyes, with how true humbleneſſe,
They looked downe to triumph ouer pride:
With how ſweet ſawce ſhe blam'd their ſawcineſſe,
To feele the panting heart, which through her ſide,
Did beat their hands, which durſt ſo neere to preſſe,
To ſee, to feele, to heare, to taſte, to know
More then, beſides her, all the earth could ſhow.
But neuer did Medeas golden weed
On Creons child his poyſon ſooner throw'
Then thoſe delights through all their ſinewes breed,
A creeping ſerpent-like of mortall woe.
Till ſhe brake from their armes (although indeed
Going from them, from them ſhe could not goe)
And fare-welling the flocke, did homeward wend,
And ſo that euen the barley-brake did end.
It ended, but the other woe began,
Began at leaſt to be conceiu'd as woe.
For then wiſe Klaius found no abſence can
Helpe him, who can no more her ſight fare goe.
He found mans vertue is but part of man,
And part muſt follow where whole man goth goe.
He found that Reaſons ſelfe now reaſons found
To faſten knots, which fantie firſt had bound.
So doth he yeeld, ſo takes he on his yoke,
Not knowing who did draw with him therein;
Srephon, poore youth, becauſe he ſaw no ſmoke,
Did not conceiue what fire he had within:
But after this to greater rage it broke,
Till of his life it did full conqueſt win,
Firſt killing mirth, then baniſhing all reſt,
Filling his eyes with teares, with ſighes his breaſt.
Then ſports grew paines, all talking tedious:
On thoughts he feeds, his lookes their figure chaunge,
The day ſeemes long, but night is odious,
No ſleeps, but dreames, no dreames, but viſions ſtrange,
Till finding ſtill his euill encreaſing thus,
One day he with his flocke abroad did range:
And comming where he hop'd to be alone,
Thus on a hillocke ſet, he made his mone.
Alas! what weights are theſe that load my heart!
I am as dull as Winter-ſterued ſheep,
Tir'd as a tade in ouer loden cart,
Yet thoughts doe flie, though I can ſcarcely creepe.

All viſions ſeeme, at euerie buſh I ſtart:
Drowſie am I, and yet can rarely ſleepe.
Sure I bewitched am, it is euen that,
Late neare a croſſe I met an vgly Cat.
For, but by charmes, how fall theſe things on me,
That from thoſe eyes, where heau'nly apples bene,
Thoſe eyes, which nothing like themſelues can ſee,
Of faire Vrania fairer then a greene,
Proudly bedect in Aprils liuery,
A ſhot vnheard gaue me a wound vnſeene?
He was inuiſible that hurt me ſo,
And none inuiſible, but ſpirits, can goe.
When I ſee her, my ſinewes ſhake for feare,
And yet, deare ſoule, I know ſhe hurteth none:
Amid my flocke with woe my voice I teare,
And, but bewitch'd, who to his flocke would mone?
Her cherrie lips, milke hands, and golden haire
I ſtill doe ſee, though I be ſtill alone.
Now make me thinke that there is not a fiend,
Who hid in Angels ſhape my life would end.
The ſports wherein I wonted to doe well,
Come ſhe, and ſweet the aire with open breaſt,
Then ſo I faile, when moſt I would doe well,
That at me ſo amaz'd my fellowes ieſt:
Sometimes to her newes of my ſelfe to tell
I goe about, but then is all my beſt
Wry words, and ſtam'ring, or elſe doltiſh dombe,
Say then, can this but of enchantement come?
Nay each thing is bewitcht to know my caſe:
The Nightingales for woe their ſongs refraine:
In riuer as I look'd, my pining face,
As pin'd a face as mine I ſaw againe,
The curteous mountaines grieu'd at my diſgrace
Their ſnowie haire teare off in melting paine.
And now the dropping trees doe weepe for me,
And now faire euenings bluſh my ſhame to ſee.
But you my pipe, whilome my chiefe delight,
Till ſtrange delight, delight to nothing ware,
And you my flocke, care of my carefull ſight,
While I was I, and ſo had cauſe to care:
And thou my dogge, whoſe truth and valiant might
Made wolues (not inward wolues) my Ewes to ſpare:
Goe you not from your maiſter in his woe,
Let it ſuffice that he himſelfe forgoe.
For though like waxe this magicke makes me waſte,
Or like a Lambe, whoſe damme away is fet,
(Stolne from her young by theeues vnchooſing-haſte)

He

He treble beas for helpe, but none can get,
Though thus, and worſe, though now I am at laſt,
Of all the games that here ere now I met,
Doe you remember ſtill you once were mine,
Till mine eyes had their curſe from bleſſed eyne.
Be you with me while I vnheard doe crie,
While I doe ſcore my loſſes on the wind,
While I in heart my will write ere I die.
In which by will, my will and wits I bind,
Still to be hers, about her aye to flie.
As this ſame ſprite about my fancies blind
Doth daily haunt; but ſo, that mine become
As much more louing, as leſſe cumberſome.
Alas! a cloud hath ouercaſt mine eyes:
And yet I ſee her ſhine amid the cloud.
Alas! of ghoſts I heare the ghaſtly cries:
Yet there, me ſeemes, I heare her ſinging loud.
This ſong ſhe ſings in moſt commanding wiſe:
Come ſhipheards boy, let now thy heart be bow'd,
To make it ſelfe to my leaſt looke a ſlaue:
Leaue ſleepe, leaue all, I will no piecing haue.
I will, I will, alas, alas, I will:
Wilt thou haue more? more haue, if more I be.
Away ragg'd rammes, care I what murraine kill?
Out ſhreaking Pipe, made of ſome witched tree:
Goe bawling curre, thy hungrie maw goe fill
On you foule flocke belonging not to mee.
With that his dog he hewc'd, his flocke he curſt,
With that (yet kiſſed firſt) his pipe he burſt.
This ſaid, this done, he roſe, euen tyr'd with reſt,
With heart as carefull, as with careleſſe grace,
With ſhrinking legges, but with a ſwelling breſt,
With eyes which threatned they would drowne the face.
Fearing the worſt, not knowing what were beſt,
And giuing to his ſight a wandring race,
He ſaw behind a buſh where Klaius ſate:
His well knowne friend, but yet his vnknowne mate.
Klaius the wretch, who lately yeelden was
To beare the bonds which time nor wit could breake,
(With bluſhing ſoule at ſight of iudgements glaſſe,
While guiltie thoughts accus'd his reaſon weake)
This morne alone to lonely Walke did paſſe,
Within himſelfe of her deare ſelfe to ſpeake,
Till Strephons plaining voice him nearer drew,
Where by his words his ſelfe-like caſe he knew.
For fearing him ſo oft with words of woe
Vrania name, whoſe force he knew ſo well,
He quickly knew what Witchcraft gaue the blow,

Which

Which made his Strephon *thinke himſelfe in hell.*
Which when he did in perfect image ſhow
To his owne wit, thought vpon thought did ſwell,
Breading huge ſtormes within his inward part,
Which thus breath'd out with earthquake of his heart.

As *Lamon* would haue proceeded, *Baſilius* knowing, by the waſting of the torches that the night alſo was farre waſted, and withall remembring *Zelmanes* hurt, asked her, wether ſhe thought it not better to reſerue the complaint of *Klaius* till another day. Which ſhe, perceiuing the ſong had alreadie worne out much time, and not knowing when *Lamon* would end, being euen now ſtepping ouer to a new matter, though much delighted with what was ſpoken, willingly agreed vnto. And ſo of all ſides they went to recommend themſelues to the elder brother of death.

The end of the firſt Booke.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

IN theſe paſtorall times a great number of dayes were ſent to follow their flying predeceſſors, while the cup of poyſon (which was deepely taſted of the noble companie) had left no ſinew of theirs without mortally ſearching into it; yet neuer manifeſting his venemous work, til once, that the night (parting away angry, that ſhee could diſtill no more ſleepe into the eyes of Louers) had no ſooner giuen place to the breaking out of the morning light, and the Sunne beſtowed his beames vpon the toppes of the mountaines, but that the wofull *Gynecia* (to whom reſt was no eaſe) had left her loathed lodging, and gotten her ſelfe into the ſolitarie places, thoſe deſerts were ful off, going vp and down with ſuch vnquiet motions, as a grieued and hopleſſe mind is wont to bring forth. There appeared vnto the eies of her iudgement, the euils ſhe was like to run into, with vgly infamie waiting vpon them: ſhee felt the terrors of her owne conſcience: ſhee was guiltie of a long exerciſed vertue, which made this vice the fuller of deformitie. The vttermoſt of the good ſhe could aſpire vnto, was a mortall wound to her vexed ſpirits: & laſtly, no ſmall part of her euils was, that ſhe was wiſe to ſee her euils. In ſo much, that hauing a great while throwne her countenance ghaſtly about her (as if ſhe had called all the powers of the world to be witneſſe of her wretched eſtate) at lenght caſting vp her waterie eyes to heauen; O Sunne (ſaid ſhe) whoſe vnſpotted light directs the ſteps of mortall mankind, art thou not aſhamed to impart the cleareneſſe of thy preſence to ſuch a duſt-creeping worme as I am? O you heauens (which continually keepe the courſe allotted vnto you) can none of your influences preuaile ſo much vpon the miſerable *Gynecia*, as to make her preſerue a courſe ſo long imbraced by her? O deſerts, deſerts, how fit a gueſt am I for you, ſince my heart can people you with wild rauenous beaſts, which in you are wanting? O Vertue, where doeſt thou hide thy ſelfe? What hideous thing is this which doth eclipſe thee? Or is it true that thou wert neuer but a vaine name, and no eſſentiall thing, which haſt thus left thy profeſſed ſeruant, when ſhe had moſt needs of thy louely preſence? O imperfect proportion of reaſon, which can too much foreſee, and too little preuent? Alas, alas (ſaid ſhe) if there were but one hope for all my paines, or but one excuſe for all my faultineſſe. But wretch that I am, my torment is beyond all ſuccor, and my euill deſeruing doth exceed my euill fortune. For nothing elſe did my husband take this ſtrange reſolution to liue ſo ſolitarily: for nothing elſe haue the windes deliuered this ſtrange gueſt to my countrey: for nothing elſe haue the deſtinies

reſerued

reſerued my life to this time, but that onely I (moſt wretched I) ſhould become a plague to my ſelfe, and a ſhame to womankind. Yet if my deſire (how vniuſt ſoeuer it be) might take effect, though a thouſand deaths followed it, and euerie death were followed with a thouſand ſhames, yet ſhould not my ſepulchre receiue mee without ſome contentment. But alas, though ſure I am, that *Zelmane* is ſuch as can anſwer my loue; yet as ſure I am, that this diſguiſing muſt needs come for ſome foretaken conceit: and then wretched *Gynecia*, where canſt thou find any ſmall ground plot for hope to dwel vpon? No, no, it is *Philoclea* his hart is ſet vpon it, is my daughter I haue borne to ſupplant me: but if it be ſo, the life I haue giuen thee (vngratefull *Philoclea*) I will ſooner with theſe hands bereaue thee of, then my birth ſhall glorie ſhe hath bereaued me of my deſires: in ſhame there is no comfort, but to be beyond all bounds of ſhame.

Hauing ſpoken thus, ſhe began to make a piteous warre with her faire haire; when ſhe might heare (not farre from her) an extreamely dolefull voyce, but ſo ſuppreſſed with a kind of whiſpring note, that ſhe could not conceiue the words diſtinctly. But (as a lamentable tune is the ſweeteſt muſicke to a wofull mind) ſhe drew thither neare-away, in hope to finde ſome companion of her miſerie) and as ſhe paced on, ſhe was ſtopped with a number of trees, ſo thickly placed together, that ſhee was afraid ſhe ſhould (with ruſhing through) ſtoppe the ſpeech of the lamentable partie, which ſhe was ſo deſirous to vnderſtand: and therefore ſetting her downe as ſoftly as ſhe could (for ſhe was now in diſtance to heare) ſhe might firſt perceiue a Lute excellently well plaid vpon, and then the ſame dolefull voice accompanying it with theſe verſes:

IN vaine, mine eyes, your labour to amend
With flowing teares your fault of haſtie ſight:
Since to my heart her ſhape you did ſo ſend,
That her I ſee, though you did loſe your light.

In vaine, my heart, now you with ſight are burn'd,
With ſighes you ſeeke to coole your hot deſire:
Since ſighes (into mine inward furnace turn'd.)
For bellowes ſerue to kindle more the fire.

Reaſon in vaine (now you haue loſt my heart)
My head you ſeeke, as to your ſtrongeſt fort:
Since there mine eyes haue plaid ſo falſe a part,
That to your ſtrength your foes haue ſure reſort.
Then ſince in vaine I find were all my ſtrife,
To this ſtraunge death I vainly yeeld my life.

The ending of the ſong ſerued but for a beginning of new plaints, as if the mind (oppreſſed with too heauie a burthen of cares) was faine to diſcharge it ſelfe of all ſides, and as it were, paint out the hideouſneſſe of the paine in all ſorts of colours. For the wofull perſon (as if the Lute had euil ioyned with the voice) threw it, to the ground with ſuch like words, alas, poore Lute, how much art thou deceiued to thinke that in my miſeries thou couldſt eaſe my woes, as in my careleſſe times thou was wont to pleaſe my fancies? The time is changed, my Lute, the time is changed; and no more did my ioyfull mind then receiue euerie thing to a ioyfull conſideration, then my carefull mind now makes each thing taſte like the bitter iuice of care. The euill is in-

ward

ward, my Lute, the euill is inward; which all thou doſt, doth ſerue but to make me thinke more freely of. And alas, what is then thy harmonie, but the ſweet meats of ſorrow? the diſcord of my thoughts, my Lute, doth ill agree to the concord of thy ſtrings, therefore be not aſhamed to leaue thy maſter, ſince he is not afraid to forſake himſelfe.

And thus much ſpoke (in ſtead of a concluſion) was cloſed vp with ſo heartie a groning, that *Gynecia* could not refraine to ſhew her ſelf, thinking ſuch griefs could ſerue fitly for nothing but her own fortune. But as ſhe came into the little Arbor of this ſorrowfull muſick, her eyes met with the eyes of *Zelmane*, which was the partie that thus had endited her ſelfe of miſerie: ſo that either of them remained confuſed with a ſudden aſtoniſhment; *Zelmane* fearing leſt ſhe had heard ſome part of thoſe complaints, which ſhe had riſen vp that morning early of purpoſe, to breathe out in ſecret to her ſelf. But *Gynecia* a great while ſtood ſtil, with a kind of dull amaſement, looked ſtedfaſtly vpon her: at length returning to ſome vſe of her ſelfe, ſhe began to aske *Zelmane*, what cauſe carried her ſo early abroad? But, as if the opening of her mouth to *Zelmane* had opened ſome great floud-gate of ſorrow (whereof her heart could not abide the violent iſſue) ſhe ſanke to the ground, with her hands ouer her face, crying vehemētly, *Zelmane* help me, O *Zelmane* haue pitty on me. *Zelmane* ran to her, maruelling what ſudden ſickneſs had thus poſſeſſed her: & beginning to aske her the cauſe of her paine, & offring her ſeruice to be imployed by her. *Gynecia* opening her eies wildly vpon her, pricked with the flames of loue, & the torments of her own conſcience; O *Zelmane*, *Zelmane*, ſaid ſhe, doſt thou offer me phyſick, which art my only poiſon? or wilt thou doe me ſeruice, which haſt already brought me into eternall ſlauerie? *Zelmane* then knowing wel at what marke ſhe ſhot, yet loth to enter into it; Moſt excellent Lady (ſaid ſhe) you were beſt retire your ſelfe into your lodging, that you the better may paſſe this ſudden fit. Retire my ſelfe? (ſaid *Gynecia*) If I had retired my ſelfe into my ſelf, when thou to me (vnfortunate gueſt) cameſt to draw me from my ſelfe, bleſſed had I bin, and no need had I had of this counſel. But now alas, I am forced to flie to thee for ſuccour, whom I accuſe of all my hurt, and make thee iudge of my cauſe, who art the only author of my miſchiefe. *Zelmane* the more aſtoniſhed, the more ſhe vnderſtood her; Madam (ſaid ſhe) wherof doe you accuſe me, that I will not cleare my ſelfe? Or wherein may I ſteed you, that you may not command me? Alas, anſwered *Gynecia*, what ſhall I ſay more? Take pittie of me, O *Zelmane*, but not as *Zelmane*, and diſguiſe not with me in words, as I know thou doeſt in apparell. *Zelmane* was much troubled with that word, finding her ſelfe brought to this ſtraight. But as ſhe was thinking what to anſwer her, they might ſee old *Baſilius* paſſe hard by them, without euer ſeeing them; complaining likewiſe of loue very freſhly, and ending his complaint with this ſong, Loue hauing renewed both his inuention and voice:

Let not old age diſgrace my high deſire,
O heauenly ſoule, in humane ſhape containd:
Old wood inflam'd, doth yeeld the braueſt fire,
when yonger doth in ſmoke his vertue ſpend.

Ne let white haires, which on my face doe grow,
Seeme to your eyes of a diſgracefull hue:
Since whiteneſſe doth preſent the ſweeteſt ſhow,
Which makes all eyes doe homage vnto you.

Old age is wiſe, and full of conſtant truth;
Old age well ſtayed, from ranging humour liues:
Old age hath knowne what euer was in youth:
Old age orecome, the greater honour giues.
And to old age ſince you your ſelfe aſpire,
Let not old age diſgrace my high deſire.

Which being done, he looked very curiouſly vpon himſelfe, ſometimes fetching a little skip, as if he had ſaid his ſtrength had not yet forſaken him: But *Zelmane* hauing in this time gotten ſome leiſure to thinke for an anſwer, looking vpon *Gynecia*, as if ſhe thought ſhe did her ſome wrong: Madam (ſaid ſhee) I am not acquainted with thoſe words of diſguiſing, neither is it the profeſſion of an *Amazon*, neither are you a partie with whom it is to be vſed: if my ſeruice may pleaſe you, imploy it, ſo long as you doe me no wrong in miſ-iudging of me. Alas *Zelmane* (ſaid *Gynecia*) I perceiue you know full little how piercing the eyes are of a true louer: there is no one beame of thoſe thoughts you haue planted in me, but is able to diſcerne a greater cloud than you doe goe in. Seek not to conceale your ſelf further from me, nor force not the paſſion of loue into violent extremities. Now was *Zelmane* brought to an exigent, when the king turning his eyes that way through the trees, perceiued his wife and miſtreſſe together, ſo that framing the moſt louely countenance he could, he came ſtraight way towards them; and at the firſt word (thanking his wife for hauing entertained *Zelmane*) defired her ſhe would now returne into the Lodge, becauſe he had certaine matters of eſtate to impart to the Lady *Zelmane*. The Queene (being nothing troubled with iealouſie in that point) obeyed the kings commandement, full of raging agonies, and determinatly bent; that as ſhee would ſeeke all louing meanes to winne *Zelmane*, ſo ſhe would ſtirre vp terrible tragedies, rather than faile of her intent. And ſo went ſhe from them to the Lodge-ward, with ſuch a battell in her thoughts, and ſo deadly an ouerthrow giuen to her beſt reſolutions, that euen her bodie (where the field was fought) was oppreſſed withall: making a languiſhing ſickneſſe wait vpon the triumph of paſſion; which the more it preuailed in her, the more it made her iealouſie watchfull, both ouer her daughter, and *Zelmane*, hauing euer one of them entruſted to her owne eyes.

But as ſoone as *Baſilius* was rid of his wiues preſence, falling downe on his knees, O Ladie (ſaid he) which haſt onely had the power to ſtirre vp againſt thoſe flames which had ſo long laine dead in me; ſee in me the power of your beautie, which can make old age come to aske counſel of youth; and a Prince vnconquered to become a ſlaue to a ſtranger: and when you ſee that power of yours, loue that at leaſt in me, ſince it is yours, although of me you ſee nothing to be loued. Worthie Prince (anſwered *Zelmane*, taking him vp from his kneeling) both your manner, and your ſpeech are ſo ſtrange vnto me, as I know not how to anſwer it better than with ſilence. If ſilence pleaſe you (ſaid the king) it ſhall neuer diſpleaſe me, ſince my heart is wholly pledged to obey you: otherwiſe, if you would vouchſafe mine eares ſuch happineſſe as to heare you, they ſhall conuay your words to ſuch a mind, which is with the humbleſt degree of reuerence to receiue them. I diſdaine not to ſpeake to you (mightie Prince, ſaid *Zelmane*) but I diſdaine to ſpeake to any matter which may bring my honour into queſtion: and therewith, with a braue counterfeited ſcorne ſhe departed from the king; leauing him not ſo ſorie for his ſhort anſwer, as proud in himſelfe that he had broken the matter. And thus did the king (feeding his mind with thoſe thoughts) paſſe great time in writing verſes, and making more of himſelfe,

selfe, than he was wont to doe, that with a little helpe hee would haue growne into a prettie kinde of dotage.

But *Zelmane* being rid of this louing, but little-loued companie, Alas (said shee) poore *Pyrocles*, was there euer one, but I, that had receiued wrong, and could blame no bodie? that hauing more than I desire, am still in want of what I would? Truly loue, I must needs lay this much on thy behalfe, thou hast employed my loue there, where all loue is deserued, and for recompence hast sent mee more loue than euer I desired. But what wilt thou doe *Pyrocles*? which way canst thou finde to rid thee of thy intricate troubles? To her whom I would be known to, I liue in darknesse: and to her am reuealed, from whom I would bee most secret. What shift shall I finde against the diligent loue of *Basilius*? what shield against the violent passions of *Gynecia*? And if that bee done, yet how am I the neerer to quench the fire that consumes mee? Well, well, sweet *Philoclea*, my whole confidence must bee builded in thy diuine spirit, which cannot bee ignorant of the cruell wound I haue receiued by you.

But as sicke-folkes when they are alone, thinke companie would relieue them, and yet hauing companie doe find it noysome, changing willingly outward obiects, when indeed the euill is inward: so poore *Zelmane* was no more wearie of *Basilius*, than she was of her selfe, when *Basilius* was gone: and euer the more, the more shee turned her eyes to become her owne iudges. Tired therewith, she longed to meete her friend *Dorus*; that vpon the shoulders of friendship, shee might lay the burthen of sorrow, and therefore went toward the other lodge, where among certaine Beeches shee found *Dorus*, appatelled in flannen, with a Goats-skin cast vpon him, and a garland of Laurell mixt with Cypres-leaues on his head, waiting on his master *Dametas*, who at that time was teaching him how with his sheephooke to catch a wanton Lambe, and how with the same to cast a little clod at any one that strayed out of companie. And while *Dorus* was practising, one might see *Dametas* holding his hand vnder his girdle behind him, nodding from the waste vpwards, and swearing hee neuer knew man goe more aukewardly to worke: and that they might talke of booke-learning what they would, but for his part, hee neuer saw more vnfeatie fellowes than great clerkes were.

But *Zelmanes* comming saued *Dorus* from further chiding. And so shee beginning to speake with him of the number of his masters sheepe, and which prouince of *Arcadia* bare the finest wool, drew him on to follow her in such country discourses, till (being out of *Dametas* hearing) with such vehemencie of passion, as though her heart would clime into her mouth, to take her tongues office, she declared vnto him, vpon what briars the roses of her affections grew: how time still seemed to forget her, bestowing no one houre of comfort vpon her; shee remaining still in one plight of ill fortune, sauing so much worse, as continuance of euill doth in it selfe increase euill. Alas my *Dorus* (said she) thou seest how long & languishingly the weeks are past ouer since our last talking. And yet I am the same, miserable I, that I was; only stronger in longing, & weaker in hoping. Then fell she to so pitifull a declaration of the insupportablenesse of her desires, that *Dorus* eares (not able to shew what wounds that discourse gaue vnto them) procured his eyes with teares to giue testimony how much they suffered for her suffering: till passion (a most cumbersome guest to it self) made *Zelmane*, (the sooner to shake it off) earnestly intreat *Dorus* that he also (with like freedom of discourse) would bestow a Map of his little world vpon her, that shee might see, whether it were troubled with such vnhabitable climes of cold dispaires, and hot rages as hers was. And so walking vnder a few palm trees,

(which being louing in her owne nature, seemed to giue their shadow the willinglier, because they held discourse of loue) *Dorus* thus entred to the description of his fortune. Alas, said he, deare cousin, that it hath pleased the high powers to throw vs to such an estate, as the onely entercourse of our true friendship, must bee a bartring of miseries; for my part, I must confesse indeed, that from a huge darknesse of sorrowes, I am crept (I cannot say to a light somnesse, but) to a certaine dawning, or rather peeping out of some possibilitie of comfort: but woe is me, so farre from the marke of my desires, that I rather think it such a light, as comes through a smal hole to a dungeon, that the miserable caitiff may the better remember the light, of which hee is depriued; or like a scholler, who is only come to that degree of knowledge to find himselfe vtterly ignorant: but thus stands it with me. After that by your means I was exalted to serue in yonder blessed lodge, for a while I had in the furnace of my agonies, this refreshing; that (because of the seruice I had done in killing of the Beare) it pleased the Princesse (in whom indeed statelinesse shines through courtesie) to let fall some gracious looke vpon me: sometimes to see my exercises, sometimes to heare my songs. For my part, my heart would not suffer me to omit any occasion, whereby I might make the incomparable *Pamela*, see how much extraordinarie deuotion I bare to her seruice: and withall straue to appeare more worthie in her sight; that small desert, ioyned to so great affection, might preuaile something in the wisest Lady. But too well (alas) I found, that a shepheards seruice was but considered of, as from a shepheard, and the acceptation limited to no further proportion, than of a good seruant. And when my countenance had once giuen notice that there lay affection vnder it, I saw straight, Maiestie (sitting in the throne of beautie) draw forth such a sword of iust disdaine, that I remained as a man thunder-striken, not daring, no not able to behold that power. Now to make my estate known, seemed againe impossible, by reason of the suspitiousnesse of *Dametas*, *Miso* & my young mistresse *Mopsa*: for *Dametas* (according to the constitution of a dull head) thinkes no better way to shew himselfe wise, than by suspecting euery thing in his way: which suspition *Miso* (for the hoggish shrewdnesse of her braine) and *Mopsa* (for a very vnlikely enuie she hath stumbled vpon against the Princesses vnspeakeable beauty) were very glad to execute: so that I (finding my seruice by this means lightly regarded, my affection despised, and my selfe vnknowne) remained no fuller of desire, than voyd of counsell how to come to my desire; which (alas) if these trees could speake, they might well witnesse: for, many times haue I stood here, bewailing my selfe vnto them: many times haue I, leaning to yonder Palme, admired the blessednesse of it, that it could beare loue without sense of paine: many times, when my Masters cattell came hither to chew their cud in this fresh place, I might see the young Bull testifie his loue: but how? with proud looks and ioyfulnesse. O wretched mankinde (said I then to my selfe) in whom wit (which should be the gouernour of his welfare) becomes the traytor to his blessednesse: these beastes like children to nature, inherit her blessings quietly; we like bastards are laid abroad euen as foundlings to be trained vp by griefe and sorrow. Their mindes grudge not at their bodies comfort, nor their senses are letted from enioying their obiects: wee haue the impediments of honour, and the torments of conscience. Truely in such cogitations haue I sometimes so long stood, that mee thought my feete began to grow into the ground, with such a darknesse and heauinesse of minde, that I might easily haue been perswaded to haue resigned ouer my very essence. But loue (which one time layeth burthens, another time giueth wings) when I was at the lowest of my downward thoughts, pul'd vp my heart to remember, that nothing is atchieued before

before it be throughly attempted, and that lying ſtill, doth neuer goe forward; and that therefore it was time, now or neuer, to ſharpen my inuention, to pierce through the hardneſſe of this enterpriſe; neuer ceaſing to aſſemble all my conceits, one after another, how to manifeſt both my mind, & eſtate, till at laſt I lighted & reſolued on this way, which yet perchance you will thinke was a way rather to hide it. I began to counterfeit the extreameſt loue towards *Mopſa* that might be; & as for the loue, ſo liuely it was indeed within me, (although to another ſubiect) that little I needed to counterfeit any notable demonſtrations of it; and ſo making a contrarietie the place of my memorie, in her foulneſſe I beheld *Pamela's* fairenſſe, ſtill looking on *Mopſa*, but thinking on *Pamela*; as if I ſaw my Sun ſhine in a puddle water: I cried out of nothing but *Mopſa*; to *Mopſa* my attendance was directed; to *Mopſa* the beſt fruits I could gather were brought; to *Mopſa* it ſeemed ſtill that mine eye conueyed my tongue: for that *Mopſa* was my ſaying; *Mopſa* was my ſinging; *Mopſa* (that is only ſutable) in laying a foule complexion vpon a filthy fauour, ſetting forth both in ſlut-ſhneſſe, ſhe was the load-ſtarre of my life; ſhe the bleſſing of mine eyes; ſhe the ouerthrow of my deſires, and yet the recompence of my ouerthrow; ſhee the ſweetneſſe of my heart, euen ſweetning the death, which her ſweetneſſe drew vpon me. In ſumme, whatſoeuer I thought of *Pamela*, that I ſaid of *Mopſa*; whereby as I gate my Maſters good will, who beſpited me, fearing leſt I ſhould win the Princeſſe fauour from him, ſo did the ſame make the Princeſſe the better content to allow me her preſence: whether indeed it were that a certaine ſpacke of noble indignation did riſe in her, not to ſuffer ſuch a baggage not to winne away any thing of hers, how meanely ſoeuer ſhe reputed of it, or rather (as I thinke) my words being ſo paſſionate, & ſhooting ſo quite contrary from the marks of *Mopſa's* worthineſſe, ſhee perceiued well enough whither they were directed; and therefore being to maſked, ſhe was contented as a ſport of wit to attend them: whereupon one day determining to ſing ſome meanes to tell (as of a third perſon) the tale of mine owne loue and eſtate, finding *Mopſa* (like a Cuckoe by a Nightingale) alone with *Pamela*, I came in vnto them, and with a face (I am ſure) full of clowdie ſinicies, tooke a Harpe and ſung this ſong.

Since eſt haine eyes are ſubiect to your ſighes,
Think in your ſight they ſixed haue my braines.
Since ſo his heart is filled with that light,
That in ſlight dothhull my life maintaine.
Since in ſweet you all goods ſo richly raigne,
That where you are no wiſhed good can want:
Since ſo your liuing image lines in me,
That in my ſelfe your ſelfe ſtraunge doth plaine:
How can you hide vnworthy then thereof,
In whoſe cheeſe part your worthes implanted be?

The ſong being ended, which I had often broken off in the middeſt with grieuous ſighes, which ouertooke euery verſe I ſang, I let fall my Harpe from me, and caſting mine eye ſometime vpon *Mopſa*, but ſetling my ſight principally vpon *Pamela*; And is it the only fortune, moſt beautifull *Mopſa* (ſaid I) of wretched *Dorus*, that fortune muſt be the meaſure of his minde? Am I onely he, that becauſe I am in miſerie, more miſerie muſt be laid vpon me? muſt that which ſhould be cauſe of

compassion, become an argument of crueltie against me? Alas excellent *Mopsa*, consider that a vertuous Prince requires the life of his meanest subiect, and the heauenly Sunne disdaines not to giue light to the smallest worme. O *Mopsa*, *Mopsa*, if my hart could be as manifest to you, as it is vncomfortable to me, I doubt not the height of my thoughts should well counteruaile the lowenesse of my qualitie. Who hath not heard of the greatnesse of your estate? who seeth not, that your estate is much excelled with that sweet vniting of all beauties, which remaineth & dwelleth with you? who knowes not, that all these are but ornaments of that diuine sparke within you, which being descended from heauen, could not elsewhere pick out so sweet a mansion? But if you will know what is the band that ought to knit all these excellencies together, it is a kind mercifulnesse to such a one, as is in his soule deuoted to those perfections. *Mopsa* (who alreadie had had a certaine smacking towards me) stood all this while with her hand sometimes before her face, but most commonly with a certaine speciall grace of her owne, wagging her lips, and grinning in stead of smiling: but all the words I could get of her, was, wrying her waste, and thrusting out her chinne, In faith you iest with me, you are a merrie man indeed. But the euer pleasing *Pamela* (that well found the Comedie would be marred, if she did not helpe *Mopsa* to her part) was content to vrge a little further of me. Master *Dorus* (said the faire *Pamela*) me thinkes you blame your fortune very wrongfully, since the fault is not in Fortune, but in you, that cannot frame your selfe to your fortune: and as wrongfully doe require *Mopsa* to so great a disparagement as to her fathers seruant, since she is not worthie to be loued, that hath not some feeling of her owne worthinesse. I staide a good while after her words, in hope shee would haue continued her speech (so great a delight I receiued in hearing her,) but seeing her say no further (with a quaking all ouer my body) I thus answered her: Ladie, most worthie of all dutie, how falls it out that you in whom all vertues shines, will take the patronage of fortune, the only rebellious handmaid against vertue; especially, since before your eies you haue a pittiful spectacle of her wickednes, a forlorn creature, which must remaine not such as I am, but such as she makes me, since shee must be the ballance of worthinesse or disparagement. Yet alas, if the condemned man (euen at his death) haue leaue to speake, let my mortall wound purchase thus much consideration, since the perfections are such in the partie I loue, as the feeling of them cannot come into any vnnoble heart, shall that heart, which doth not only feele them, but hath all the working of his life placed in them, shall that heart, I say, lifted vp to such a height, be counted base? O let not an excellent spirit doe it selfe such wrong, as to thinke where it is placed, imbraced, and loued, there can be any vnworthinesse, since the weakest mist is not easilier driuen away by the Sunne, than that is chased away with so high thoughts. I will not denie (answered the gracious *Pamela*) but that the loue you beare to *Mopsa*, hath brought you to the consideration of her vertues, and that consideration may haue made you the more vertuous, and so the more worthie: But euen that then (you must confesse) you haue receiued of her, and so are rather gratefully to thanke her, than to presse any further, till you bring something of your owne, whereby to claime it. And truly *Dorus*, I must in *Mopsa's* behalfe say thus much to you, that if her beauties haue so ouertaken you, it becomes a true Louer to haue your heart more set vpon her good than your own, and to beare a tenderer respect to her honour, than your satisfaction. Now by my hallidame, Madam (said *Mopsa*, throwing a great number of sheepes eyes vpon me) you haue euen touched mine owne mind to the quicke, for sooth. I finding that the pollicie that I had vsed, had at least wise produced thus much happinesse vnto me, as

that

that I might euen in my Ladies presence, discouer the sore which had deepely festered within me, and that she could better conceiue my reasons applied to *Mopsa*, than she would haue vouchsafed them, whilst her selfe was a partie, thought good to pursue on my good beginning, vsing this fit occasion of *Pamela's* wit, and *Mopsa's* ignorance. Therefore with an humble piercing eye, looking vpon *Pamela*, as if I had rather beene condemned by her mouth, than highly exalted by the other, turning my selfe to *Mopsa*, but keeping mine eye where it was: Faire *Mopsa* (said I) well doe I find by the wise knitting together of your answer, that any disputation I can vse, is as much too weake, as I vnworthie. I find my loue shall be proued no loue, without I leaue to loue, being too vnfit a vessell in whom so high thoughts should be engraued. Yet since the loue I beare you, hath so ioyned it selfe to the best part of my life, as the one cannot depart, but that the other will follow, before I seeke to obey you in making my last passage, let me know which is my vnworthinesse, either of minde, estate, or both? *Mopsa* was about to say, in neither; for her heart I think tumbled with ouer-much kindnesse, when *Pamela* with a more fauourable countenance than before (finding how apt I was to fall into despaire) told me, I might therin haue answered my selfe: for, besides that it was granted mee, that the inward feeling of *Mopsa's* perfections had greatly beautified my mind, there was none could deny, but that my mind and bodie deserued great allowance. But *Dorus* (said shee) you must be so farre master of your loue, as to consider, that since the iudgement of the world stands vpon matter of fortune, and that the sexe of womankind of all other is most bound to haue regardfull eye to mens iudgements, it is not for vs to play the Philosophers, in seeking out your hidden vertues since that, which in a wise Prince would be counted wisedome, in vs will be taken for a light grounded affection: so is not one thing, one, done by diuers persons. There is no man in a burning feuer feeles so great contentment in cold water greedily receiued (which as soone as the drinke ceaseth, the rage reneweth) as poore I found my soule refreshed with her sweetly pronounced words; and newly and more violently againe inflamed, as soone as shee had inclosed vp her delightfull speech, with no lesse well graced silence. But remembring in my selfe, that aswell the Souldier dieth which standeth still, as he that giues the braueſt onset: and seeing that to the making vp of my fortune, there wanted nothing so much as the making knowne of mine estate, with a face well witnessing how deepely my soule was possessed, and with the most submissiue behauiour that a thralled heart could expresse, euen as my words had beene too thicke for my mouth, at length spake to this purpose: Alas, most worthy Princesse (said I) and doe not then your owne sweet words sufficiently testifie, that there was neuer man could haue a iuster action against filthie fortune, than I, since all other things being granted me, her blindnesse is my onely let? O heauenly God, I would either she had such eyes as were able to discern my deserts, or were blind not to see the daily cause of my misfortune. But yet (said I) most honourable Ladie, if my miserable speeches haue not alreadie doted you, and that the very presence of such a wretch become not hatefull in your eyes: let me reply thus much further against my mortall sentence, by telling you a storie, which happened in this same countrie long since (for woes make the shortest time seeme long) wherby you shall see that my estate is not so contemptible, but that a Prince hath beene content to take the like vpon him, and by that only hath aspired to enioy a mightie Princesse. *Pamela* graciously harkned, and I told my tale in this sort.

In the countrie of *Thessalia*, (alas, why name I that accursed countrie, which brings forth nothing but matters for tragedies: but name it I must) in *Thessalia* (I say) there

was

was (well may I say, there was) a Prince (no, no Prince, whom bondage wholly possessed, but yet accounted a Prince, and) named *Musidorus*. O *Musidorus, Musidorus!* But to what serue exclamations, where there are no eares to receiue the sound? This *Musidorus* being yet in the tendrest age, his worthy father payed to nature (with a violent death) her last duties, leauing his childe to the faith of his friends, and the proofe of time: death gaue him not such pangs as the foresightfull care he had of his silly successour. And yet if in his foresight he could haue seene so much, happie was that good Prince in his timely departure, which barred him from the knowledge of his sons miseries, which his knowledge could neither haue preuented nor relieued. The young *Musidorus* (being thus, as for the first pledge of the destenies good will, depriued of his principall stay) was yet for some yeares after (as if the starres would breathe themselues for a greater mischiefe) lulled vp in as much good luck, as the heedfull loue of his dolefull mother, and the flourishing estate of his countrie could breed vnto him.

But when the time now came, that miserie seemed to bee ripe for him, because hee had age to know miserie, I thinke there was a conspiracie in all heauenly and earthly things, to frame fit occasions to leade him vnto it. His people (to whom all forereine matters in foretime were odious) began to wish in their beloued Prince, experience by trauaile; his deare mother whose eyes were held open (onely with the ioy of looking vpon him) did now dispence with the comfort of her widowhead life, desiring the same her subiects did, for the encrease of her sonnes worthinesse.

And herein did *Musidorus* owne vertue (see how vertue can bee a minister to mischiefe) sufficiently prouoke him: for indeede thus much must I say for him, although the likenesse of our mishaps makes mee presume to patterne my selfe vnto him, That well-doing was at that time his scope, from which no faint pleasure could withhold him. But the present occasion which did knit all this together, was his vncle the King of *Macedon*, who hauing lately before gotten such victories, as were beyond expectation, did at this time send both for the Prince his sonne (brought vp together, to auoid the warres, with *Musidorus*) and for *Musidorus* himselfe, that his ioy might be the more full, hauing such partakers of it. But alas, to what a Sea of miseries my plaintfull tongue doth lead mee! and thus out of breath, rather with that I thought, than that I said, I stayed my speech, till *Pamela* shewing by countenance that such was her pleasure, I thus continued it. These two young Princes, to satisfie the King, took their way by Sea, towards *Thrace*, whither they would needs goe with a Nauie to succour him: hee being at that time before *Bizantium* with a mightie Army besieging it, where at that time his court was. But when the conspired heauens had gotten this Subiect of their wrath vpon so fit a place, as the Sea was, they straight began to breathe out in boystrous windes some part of their malice against him, so that with the losse of all his Nauie, he onely with the Prince his cousin, were cast a land, farre off from the place whither their desires would haue guided them. O cruell winds, in your vnconsiderate rages, why either began you this furie, or why did you not end it in his end? But your cruelties was such, as you would spare his life for many deathfull torments. To tell you what pitifull mishaps fell to the young Prince of *Macedon* his cousin, I should too much fill your eares with strange horrours; neither will I stay vpon those labourfome aduentures, nor lothsome misaduentures, to which, and through which his fortune and courage conducted him; My speech hastneth it selfe to come to the full point of *Musidorus* infortunes. For, as wee finde the most pestilent diseases doe gather into themselues all the infirmities with which the bodie before was annoyed; so did his last miserie

miſerie embrace in extremitie of it ſelfe all his former miſchiefes. *Arcadia*; *Arcadia* was the place prepared to be the ſtage of his endleſſe ouerthrow; *Arcadia* was, (alas well might I ſay it is) the charmed circle, where all his ſpirits for euer ſhould be enchanted. For here (and no where elſe) did his infected eyes make his minde know, what power heauenly beautie had to throw it downe to helliſh agonies. Here, here did hee ſee the *Arcadian* Kings eldeſt daughter, in whom he forthwith placed ſo all his hopes of ioy, and ioyfull parts of his heart, that hee left in himſelfe nothing but a maze of longing, and a dungeon of ſorrow. But alas, what can ſaying make them beleeue, whom ſeeing cannot perſwade? Thoſe paines muſt be felt before they can be vnderſtood; no outward vtterance can command a conceipt. Such was as then the ſtate of the King, as it was no time by direct meanes to ſeeke her. And ſuch was the ſtate of his captiued will, as hee could delay no time of ſeeking her.

In this intangled cauſe, he clothed himſelfe in a ſhepheards weede, that vnder the baſeneſſe of that forme, hee might at laſt haue free acceſſe to feed his eyes with that which ſhould at length eate vp his heart. In which doing, thus much without doubt he hath manifeſted, that this eſtate is not alwayes to be reiected, ſince vnder that vaile there may be hidden things to bee eſteemed. And if he might with taking on a ſhepheards looke caſt vp his eyes to the faireſt Princeſſe Nature in that time created; the like, nay the ſame deſire of mine need no more to be diſdained, or held for diſgracefull. But now alas mine eyes waxe dimme, my tongue begins to falter, and my heart to want force to helpe either, with the feeling remembrance I haue, in what heape of miſeries the caitiffe Prince lay at this time buried: Pardon therefore moſt excellent Princeſſe, if I cut off the courſe of my dolorous tale, ſince if I be vnderſtood, I haue ſaid enough for the defence of my baſeneſſe, & for that which after might befall to that patterne of ill fortune (the matters are too monſtrous for my capacitie) his hatefull deſtinies muſt beſt declare their owne workmanſhip.

Thus hauing deliuered my tale in this perplexed manner, to the end the Princeſſe might iudge that hee meant himſelfe, who ſpake ſo feelingly; her anſwer was both ſtrange, and in ſome reſpect comfortable. For would you thinke it? ſhee hath heard heretofore of vs both, by meanes of the valiant Prince *Plangus*, and particularly of our caſting away, which ſhe (following mine owne ſtile) thus delicately brought forth: You haue told (ſaid ſhe) *Dorus*, a prettie tale; but you are much deceiued in the latter end of it. For the Prince *Muſidorus* with his couſin *Pyrocles* did both periſh vpon the coaſt of *Laconia*; as a noble gentleman called *Plangus* (who was well acquainted with the Hiſtorie) did aſſure my Father. O how that ſpeech of hers did poure ioyes in my heart! O bleſſed name (thought I) of mine, ſince thou haſt beene in that tongue, and paſſed through thoſe lips, though I can neuer hope to approach them. As for *Pyrocles* (ſaid I) I will not denie it, but that he is periſhed: (which I ſaid, leſt ſooner ſuſpition might ariſe of your being here, than your ſelfe would haue it) and yet affirmed no lye vnto her, ſince I onely ſaid, I would not deny it. But for *Muſidorus* (ſaid I) I perceiue indeed you haue either heard or read the ſtorie of that vnhappy Prince; for this was the very obiection, which that peerleſſe Princeſſe did make vnto him, when he ſought to appeare ſuch as he was before her wiſdome: and thus as I haue read it faire written in the certainty of my knowledge, he might anſwer her, that indeed the ſhip wherein he came, by a treaſon was periſhed: and therefore that *Plangus* might eaſily be deceiued: but that he himſelfe was caſt vpon the coaſt of *Laconia*, where hee was taken vp by a couple of ſhepheards, who liued in thoſe dayes famous; for that both louing one faire maide, they yet remained

mained constant friends; one of whose songs not long since was sung before you by the shepheard *Lamon*, and brought by them to a noble-mans house, neere *Mantua*, whose sonne had a little before his marriage, beene taken prisoner, and by the helpe of this Prince, *Musidorus* (though naming himselfe by another name) was deliuered. Now these circumlocutions I did vse, because of the one side I knew the Princesse would know well the parties I meant; and of the other, if I should haue named *Strephon*, *Claius*, *Kalander* and *Clitophon*, perhaps it would haue rubd some coniecture into the heauie head of Mistresse *Mopsa*.

And therefore (said I) most diuine Ladie, he iustly was thus to argue against such suspitions, that the Prince might easily by those parties be satisfied, that vpon that wrack such a one was taken vp, & therefore that *Plangus* might well erre, who knew not of anies taking vp: againe that hee that was so preserued brought good tokens to bee one of the two, chiefe of that wracked companie: which two, since *Plangus* knew to be *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, hee must needes be one of them, although (as I said) vpon a foretaken vow, hee was otherwise at that time called. Besides, the Princesse must needs iudge, that no lesse than a Prince durst vndertake such en enterprise, which (though hee might get the fauour of the Princesse) hee could neuer defend with lesse than a Princes power, against the force of *Arcadia*. Lastly, (said he) for a certaine demonstration, hee presumed to shew vnto the Princesse a marke he had on his face, as I might (said I) shew this of my necke to the rare *Mopsa*: and withall, shewed my necke to them both, where (as you know) there is a redde spot bearing figure (as they tell me) of a Lyons paw, that shee may ascertaine her selfe, that I am *Menalcas* brother. And so did hee, beseeching her to send some one shee might trust into *Thessalia*, secretly to be aduertised, whether the age, the complexion, and particularly that notable signe, did not fully agree with their Prince *Musidorus*. Doe you not know further (said shee, with a setled countenance not accusing any kinde of inward motion) of that storie? Alas no, (said I) for euen heere the Historiographer stopped, saying, The rest belonged to Astrologie. And therewith, thinking her silent imaginations began to worke vpon somewhat to mollifie them (as the nature of Musicke is to doe) and withall, to shew what kinde of shepheard I was, I tooke vp my Harpe, and sang these few verses:

My sheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and serue:
Their pasture is faire hilles of fruitlesse loue:
On barren sweets they feed, and feeding sterue:
I waile their lot, but will not other proue.
My sheephooke is wanne hope, which all vpholds:
My weedes, Desire, cut out in endlesse folds.
What woll my sheepe shall beare, whiles thus they liue,
In you it is, you must the iudgement giue.

And then, partly to bring *Mopsa* againe to the matter (lest shee should too much take heede to our discourses) but principally, if it were possible, to gather some comfort out of her answers, I kneeled downe to the Princesse, and humbly besought her to moue *Mopsa* in my behalfe, that shee would vnarme her noble heart of that steely resistance against the sweete blowes of Loue: that since all her parts were decked with some particular ornament; her face with beautie, her head with wisedome, her eyes with maiestie, her countenance with gracefulnesse, her lips with louelinesse, her tongue with victorie; that shee would make her heart

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the throne of pitty, being the moſt excellent raiment of the moſt excellent part. *Pamela* without ſhew either of fauour or diſdaine, either of heeding or neglecting what I had ſaid, turned her ſpeech to *Mopſa*, and with ſuch a voice and action, as might ſhew ſhee ſpake of a matter which little did concerne her; Take heed to your ſelfe (ſaid ſhee) *Mopſa*, for your ſhepheard can ſpeake well: but truely, if he do fully proue himſelfe ſuch as he ſaith, I meane, the honeſt ſhepheard *Menalcas* his brother and heire, I know no reaſon why you ſhould thinke ſcorne of him. *Mopſa*, though (in my conſcience) ſhee were euen then farre ſpent towards mee, yet ſhee anſwered her, That for all my quaint ſpeeches, ſhee would keepe her honeſtie cloſe enough: And that as for the way of matrimonie, ſhee would ſteppe neuer a foote further, till my Maſter her Father had ſpoken the whole word himſelfe, no ſhee would not. But euer and anon turning her muzzell towards mee, ſhee threw ſuch a proſpect vpon me, as might well haue giuen a ſurfeit to any weake louers ſtomacke. But Lord what a foole am I, to mingle that driuels ſpeeches among my noble thoughts! but becauſe ſhe was an Actor in this Tragedie, to giue you a full knowledge, and to leaue nothing (that I can remember) vnrepeated.

Now the Princeſſe being about to withdraw her ſelfe from vs, I tooke a Iewell made in the figure of a Crab-fiſh, which, becauſe it lookes one way and goes another, I thought it did fitly paterne out my looking to *Mopſa*, but bending to *Pamela*: The word about it was, *By force, not choiſe*; and ſtill kneeling, beſought the Princeſſe that ſhee would vouchſafe to giue it *Mopſa*, and with the bleſſedneſſe of her hand to make acceptable vnto her that toye which I had found, following of late an acquaintance of mine at the plough. For (ſaid I) as the earth was turned vp, the plow-ſhare lighted vpon a great ſtone: wee puld that vp, and ſo found both that and ſome other pretty things, which wee had diuided betwixt vs.

Mopſa was benummed with ioy when the Princeſſe gaue it her: but in the Princeſſe I could finde no apprehenſion of what I either ſaid or did, but with a calme careleſneſſe letting each thing ſlide, (iuſt as we doe by their ſpeeches who neither in matter nor perſon doe any way belong vnto vs) which kinde of cold temper, mixt with that lightning of her naturall maieſtie, is of all others moſt terrible vnto mee: for yet if I found ſhee contemned me, I would deſparately labour both in fortune and vertue to ouercome it; if ſhe only miſdoubted me, I were in heauen; for quickly I would bring ſufficient aſſurance: laſtly, if ſhee hated mee, yet I ſhould know what paſſion to deale with; and either with infiniteneſſe of deſert I would take away the fewell from that fire; or if nothing would ſerue, then I would giue her my heart bloud to quench it. But this cruel quietneſs, neither retiring to miſſlike, nor proceeding to fauour; gracious, but gracious ſtill after one maner; all her courteſies hauing this engrauen in them, that what is done, is for vertues ſake, not for the parties (euer keeping her courſe like the Sun, who neither for our praiſes, nor curſes, will ſpur or ſtop his horſes.) This (I ſay) heauenlineſſe of hers (for howſoeuer my miſery is, I cannot but ſo entitle it) is ſo impoſſible to reach vnto, that I almoſt begin to ſubmit my ſelfe to the tyrannie of diſpaire, not knowing any way of perſwaſion, where wiſdome ſeemes to be vnſenſible. I haue appeared to her eyes like my ſelfe, by a deuice I vſed with my Maſter, perſwading him that we two might put on certaine rich apparell I had prouided, and ſo practiſe ſomething on horſebacke before *Pamela*, telling him, it was apparell I had gotten for playing well the part of a king in a Tragedie at *Athens*: my horſe indeed was it I had left at *Menalcas* houſe, and *Dametas* got one by friendſhip out of the Princes ſtable. But howſoeuer I ſhew, I am no baſe bodie, all I doe is but to beate a rocke and get ſome.

But

But as *Dorus* was about to tell further, *Dametas* (who came whiſtling, and counting vpon his fingers, how many loade of hay ſeuenteene fat oxen eate vp in a yeare) deſired *Zelmane* from the King that ſhee would come into the lodge, where they ſtayed for her. Alas (ſaid *Dorus*, taking his leaue) the ſumme is this, that you may well finde you haue beaten your ſorrow againſt ſuch a wall, which with the force of rebound may well make your ſorrow ſtronger. But *Zelmane* turning her ſpeech to *Dametas*, I ſhall grow (ſaid ſhe) skilfull in countrie matters, if I haue often conference with your ſeruant. In ſooth (anſwered *Dametas* with a graceleſſe ſcorn) the Lad may proue well enough, if he ouerſoone thinke not too well of himſelfe, & will beare away that he heareth of his elders. And therwith as they walked to the other lodge, to make *Zelmane* finde ſhe might haue ſpent her time better with him, he began with a wilde Methode to runne ouer all the art of husbandrie: eſpecially imploying his tongue about well dunging of a field: while poore *Zelmane* yeelded her eares to thoſe tedious ſtrokes, not warding them ſo much as with any one anſwer, till they came to *Baſilius*, and *Gynecia*, who attended for her in a coach to carrie her abroad to ſee ſome ſports prepared for her. *Baſilius*, and *Gynecia* ſitting in the one end, placed her at the other, with her left ſide to *Philoclea*. *Zelmane* was moued in her minde, to haue kiſſed their feet for the fauour of ſo bleſſed a ſeat: for the narrowneſſe of the coach made them ioyne from the foote to the ſhoulders very cloſe together; the truer touch whereof though it were barred by their enuious apparell, yet as a perfect Magnes, though but in an iuorie boxe, will through the boxe ſend forth his imbracing vertue to a beloued needle; ſo this imparadiſed neighborhood made *Zelmanes* ſoule cleaue vnto her, both thorow the iuory caſe of her body, and the apparell which did ouercloude it. All the bloud of *Zelmanes* bodie ſtirring in her, as wine will doe when ſugar is haſtily put into it, ſeeking to ſuck the ſweetneſſe of the beloued gueſt: her heart, like a Lyon new impriſoned, ſeeing him that reſtraines his libertie, before the grate; not panting, but ſtriuing violently (if it had beene poſſible) to haue leapt into the lappe of *Philoclea*. But *Dametas*, euen then proceeding from being maſter of a Cart, to bee doctor of a Coach, not a little proude in himſelfe, that his whippe at that time guided the rule of *Arcadia*, draue the coach (the couer whereof was made with ſuch ioynts, that as they might) to auoid the weather (pull it vp cloſe when they liſted, ſo when they would they might put each end downe, and remaine as diſcouered and open ſighted as on horſeback) till vpon the ſide of the forreſt they had both Greyhounds, Spaniels, and Hounds: whereof the firſt might ſeeme the Lords, the ſecond the Gentlemen, and the laſt the yeomen of dogges; a caſt of Merlins there was beſides, which flying of a gallant height ouer certaine buſhes, would beate the birds (that roſe) downe vnto the buſhes, as Falcons will doe wild-foule ouer a riuer. But the ſport which for that day *Baſilius* would principally ſhew to *Zelmane*, was the mountie at a Hearne, which getting vpon his waggling wings with paine, till hee was come to ſome height (as though the ayre next to the earth were not fit for his great body to flie through) was now growne to diminiſh the ſight of himſelfe, and to giue example to great perſons, that the higher they be, the leſſe they ſhould ſhew: when a Ierfaulcon was caſt off after her, who ſtreight ſpying where the prey was, fixing her eye with deſire, and guiding her wing by her eye, vſed no more ſtrength than induſtrie. For as a good builder to a high tower will not make his ſtayre vpright, but winding almoſt the full compaſſe about, that the ſteepeneſſe bee the more vnſenſible: ſo ſhee, ſeeing the towring of her purſued chaſe, went circkling, and compaſſing about, riſing ſo with the leſſe ſenſe of riſing; and yet finding that way ſcantly ſerue the greedineſſe

of

of her haſte, as an ambitious bodie will goe farre out of the direct way, to win to a point of height which he deſires; ſo would ſhee (as it were) turne taile to the Heron, and flie out quite another way, but all was to returne in a higher pitch; which once gotten, ſhee would either beate with cruell aſſaults the Heron, who now was driuen to the beſt defence of force, ſince flight would not ſerue; or elſe clafping with him, come down together, to be patted by the ouer-partiall beholders.

Diuers of which flights *Baſilius* ſhewing to *Zelmane*, thus was the riches of the time ſpent, and the day deceaſed before it was thought of, till night like a degenerating ſucceſſour made his departure the better remembred. And therefore (ſo conſtrained) they willed *Dametas* to driue homeward, who (halfe ſleeping, halfe muſing about the mending of a wine-preſſe) guided the horſes ſo ill, that the wheele comming ouer a great ſtub of a tree, it ouerturned the coach. Which though it fell violently vpon the ſide where *Zelmane* and *Gynecia* ſate, yet for *Zelmanes* part, ſhee would haue beene glad of the fall, which made her beare the ſweet burthen of *Philoclea*, but that ſhe feared ſhe might receiue ſome hurt. But indeed neither ſhee did, nor any of the reſt, by reaſon they kept their armes and legs within the coach, ſauing *Gynecia*, who with the onely bruze of the fall, had her ſhoulder put out of ioynt; which though, by one of the Faulkeners cunning, it was ſet well againe, yet with much paine was ſhe brought to the lodge; and paine (fetching his ordinary companion, a feuer with him) draue her to entertaine them both in her bed.

But neither was the feuer of ſuch impatient heate, as the inward plague-ſore of her affection, nor the paine halfe ſo noyſome, as the iealouſie ſhee conceiued of her daughter *Philoclea*, leſt this time of her ſicknes might giue apt occaſion to *Zelmane*, whom ſhe miſdoubted. Therefore ſhee called *Philoclea* to her, and though it were late in the night, commanded her in her eare to goe to the other lodge, & ſend *Miſo* to her, with whom ſhe would ſpeake, & ſhe to lie with her ſiſter *Pamela*. The meane while *Gynecia* kept *Zelmane* with her, becauſe ſhe would be ſure, ſhee ſhould be out of the lodge, before ſhe licenced *Zelmane*. *Philoclea* not skild in any thing better than obedience, went quietly downe; and the Moone then full (not thinking ſcorne to be a torch-bearer to ſuch beautie) guided her ſteppes, whoſe motions beare a mind which bare in it ſelfe farre more ſtirring motions. And alas (ſweete *Philoclea*) how hath my penne till now forgot thy paſſions, ſince to thy memory principally all this long matter is intended? pardon the ſlackeneſſe to come to thoſe woes, which hauing cauſed in others, thou didſt feele in thy ſelfe.

The ſweet minded *Philoclea* was in their degree of well doing, to whom the not-knowing of euill ſerueth for a ground of vertue, and hold their inward powers in better forme with an vnſpotted ſimplicitie, than many, who rather cunningly ſeeke to know what goodneſſe is, than willingly take into themſelues the following of it. But as that ſweete and ſimple breath of heauenly goodneſſe, is the eaſier to be altered, becauſe it hath not paſſed through the worldly wickedneſſe, nor feelingly found the euill, that euill carries with it; ſo now the Lady *Philoclea* (whoſe eyes and ſenſes had receiued nothing, but according as the naturall courſe of each thing required; whoſe tender youth had obediently, liued vnder her parents beheſts, without framing out of her owne will the fore-choſing of any thing) when now ſhee came to a point, wherein her iudgement was to be practiſed, in knowing faultineſſe by his firſt tokens, ſhe was like a yong Faune, who comming in the wind of the hunters, doth not know whether it bee a thing or no to bee eſchewed; whereof at this time ſhe began to get a coſtly experience. For after that *Zelmane* had a while liued in the lodge with her, and that her onely being a noble ſtranger had bred a kinde of

heedfull attention; her comming to that lonely place (where ſhee had no body but her parents) a willingneſſe of conuerſation; her wit and behauiour a liking & ſilent admiration; at length the excellencie of her naturall gifts, ioyned with the extreame ſhewes ſhe made of moſt deuout honouring *Philoclea* (carrying thus in one perſon, the onely two bands of good will, louelineſſe and louingneſſe) brought forth in her heart a yeelding to a moſt friendly affection; which when it had gotten ſo full poſſeſſion of the keyes of her minde, that it would receiue no meſſage from her ſenſes, without that affection were the interpreter; then ſtraight grew an exceeding delight ſtil to be with her, with an vnmeaſurable liking of all that *Zelmane* did: matters being ſo turned in her, that where at firſt liking her manners did breede good-will, now good-will became the chiefe cauſe of liking her manners: ſo that within a while *Zelmane* was not prized for her demeanure, but the demeanure was prized becauſe it was *Zelmanes*. Then followed that moſt naturall effect of conforming her ſelfe to that, which ſhee did like, and not onely wiſhing to be her ſelfe ſuch another in all things, but to ground an imitation vpon ſo much an eſteemed authoritie: ſo that the next degree was to marke all *Zelmanes* doings, ſpeeches, and faſhions, and to take them into her ſelfe, as a patterne of worthie proceeding. Which when once it was enacted, not onely by the cominaltie of Paſſions, but agreed vnto by her moſt noble Thoughts, and that Reaſon it ſelfe (not yet experienced in the iſſues of ſuch matters) had granted his royall aſſent; then Friendſhip (a diligent officer) tooke care to ſee the ſtatute throughly obſerued. Then grew on that not onely ſhee did imitate the ſoberneſſe of her countenance, the gracefulneſſe of her ſpeech, but euen their particular geſtures: ſo that as *Zelmane* did often eye her, ſhe would often eye *Zelmane*, and as *Zelmanes* eyes would deliuer a ſubmiſſiue, but vehement deſire in their looke, ſhe, though as yet ſhee had not the deſire in her, yet ſhould her eyes anſwer in like piercing kindneſſe of a looke. *Zelmane* as much as *Gynecias* iealouſie would ſuffer, deſired to bee neere *Philoclea*; *Philoclea*, as much as *Gynecias* iealouſie would ſuffer, deſired to be neere *Zelmane*. If *Zelmane* tooke her hand, and ſoftly ſtrained it, ſhee alſo (thinking the knots of friendſhip ought to bee mutuall) would (with a ſweete faſtneſſe) ſhew ſhe was loth to part from it. And if *Zelmane* ſighed, ſhe would ſigh alſo; when *Zelmane* was ſad, ſhe deemed it wiſdome, and therefore ſhe would be ſad too. *Zelmanes* languiſhing countenance with croſt armes, and ſometimes caſt-vp eyes, ſhee thought to haue an excellent grace: and therefore ſhe alſo willingly put on the ſame countenance: till at the laſt (poore ſoule, ere ſhe were aware) ſhee accepted not onely the badge, but the ſeruice; not onely the ſigne, but the paſſion ſignified. For whether it were, that her wit in continuance did finde, that *Zelmanes* friendſhip was full of impatient deſire, having more than ordinarie limits, & therefore ſhe was content to ſecond *Zelmane*, though her ſelfe knew not the limits; or that in truth, true loue (well conſidered) hath an infectiue power; at laſt ſhee fell in acquaintance with loues harbinger, wiſhing: Firſt ſhe would wiſh, that they two might liue all their liues together, like two of *Diana's* Nymphes. But that wiſh, ſhe thought not ſufficient, becauſe ſhe knew, there would be more Nymphs beſides them, who alſo would haue their part in *Zelmane*. Then would ſhe wiſh, that ſhe were her ſiſter, that ſuch a naturall band might make her more ſpeciall to her. But againſt that, ſhe conſidered, that, though being her ſiſter, if ſhee happened to be married, ſhe ſhould be robbed of her. Then grown bolder, ſhe would wiſh either her ſelfe, or *Zelmane* a man, that there might ſucceede a bleſſed mariage betweene them. But when that wiſh had once diſplayed his enſigne in her minde, then followed whole ſquadrons of longings, that ſo it might be, with a

maine

maine battell of miſlikings, and repinings againſt their creation, that ſo it was not. Then dreames by night began to bring more vnto her, than ſhee durſt wiſh by day, where out waking did make her know her ſelfe the better by the image of thoſe fancies. But as ſome diſeaſes when they are eaſie to bee cured, they are hard to bee knowne, but when they grow eaſie to be knowne, they are almoſt impoſſible to bee cured: ſo the ſweete *Philoclea*, while ſhe might preuent it, ſhee did not feele it, now ſhee felt it, when it was paſt preuenting; like a riuer, no rampiers being built againſt it, till alreadie it haue ouerflowed. For now indeede loue puld off his maske, and ſhewed his face vnto her, and told her plainely, that ſhe was his priſoner. Then needed ſhe no more paint her face with paſſions, for paſſions ſhone thorough her face; than her roſie colour was often encreaſed with extraordinarie bluſhing, and ſo another time, perfect whiteneſſe deſcended to a degree of paleneſſe: now hot, then cold, deſiring ſhee knew not what, nor how, if ſhee knew what. Then her minde (though too late) by the ſmart was brought to thinke of the diſeaſe, and her owne proofe taught her to know her mothers minde; which (as no error giues ſo ſtrong aſſault, as that which comes armed in the authoritie of a parent) ſo greatly fortified her deſires, to ſee, that her mother had the like deſires. And the more ielous her mother was, the more ſhee thought the Iewell precious which was with ſo many lockes guarded. But that preuailing ſo farre, as to keepe the two louers from priuate conference, then began ſhee to feele the ſweetneſſe of a louers ſolitarineſſe, when freely with words and geſtures, as if *Zelmane* were preſent, ſhee might giue paſſage to her thoughts: and ſo as it were, vtter out ſome ſmoke of thoſe flames, wherewith elſe ſhee was not onely burned, but ſmothered. As this night, that going from the one lodge to the other by her mothers commandement, with dolefull geſtures and vncertaine paces, ſhee did willingly accept the times offer, to bee a while alone: ſo that going a little aſide into the wood, where many times before ſhe had delighted to walke, her eyes were ſaluted with a tuft of trees, ſo cloſe ſet together, as with the ſhade the Moone gaue through it, it might breede a fearefull kinde of deuotion to looke vpon it. But true thoughts of loue baniſhed all vaine fancie of ſuperſtition. Full well ſhee did both remember and like the place; for there had ſhee often with their ſhade beguiled *Phebus* of looking vpon her: There had ſhee enioyed her ſelfe often, while ſhee was miſtreſſe of her ſelfe, and had no other thoughts, but ſuch as might ariſe out of quiet ſenſes.

But the principall cauſe that inuited her remembrance, was a goodly white marble ſtone, that ſhould ſeeme had beene dedicated in ancient time to the *Siluan* gods: which ſhee finding there a few dayes before *Zelmanes* comming, had written theſe words vpon it, as a teſtimonie of her minde, againſt the ſuſpition her captiuitie made her thinke ſhe liued in. The writing was this:

YOu liuing powers enclos'd in ſtately ſhrine
Of growing trees: you rurall Gods that wield
Your ſcepters here, if to your eares diuine
A voice may come, which troubled ſoule doth yeeld;
This vow receiue, this vow O Gods maintaine;
My virgin life no ſpotted thought ſhall ſtaine.

Thou pureſt ſtone; whoſe pureneſſe doth preſent
My pureſt minde; whoſe temper hard doth ſhow
My tempred heart; by thee my promiſe ſent

Vnto my selfe let after-liuers know.
No fancie mine, nor others wrong suspect
Make me, O vertuous shame, thy lawes neglect.

O Chastitie, the chiefe of heauenly lights,
Which makst vs most immortall shape to weare,
Hold thou my heart, establish thou my sprights:
To onely thee my constant course I beare;
Till spotlesse soule vnto thy bosome flie.
Such life to leade, such death I vowe to die.

But now that her memory serued as an accuser of her change, and that her owne hand-writing was there, to beare testimonie against her fall; shee went in among those few trees, so closed in the tops together, as they might seeme a little chappell: and there might shee by the helpe of the Moone-light perceiue the goodly stone, which serued as an altar in that woodie deuotion. But neither the light was enough to reade the words, and the inke was alreadie foreworne, and in many places blotted: which as shee perceiued, Alas (said she) faire marble, which neuer receiuedst spot but by my writing: well doe these blots become a blotted writer. But pardon her which did not dissemble then, although shee haue changed since. Enioy, enioy the glorie of thy nature, which can so constantly beare the markes of my inconstancie. And herewith hiding her eyes with her soft hand, there came into her head certaine verses, which if she had had present commoditie, shee would haue adioyned as a retraction to the other. They were to this effect.

My words, in hope to blaze a stedfast minde,
Thy marble chose, as of like temper knowne:
But loe, my words defaste my fancies blinde,
Blots to the stone, shames to my selfe I finde:
And witnesse am, how ill agree in one,
A womans hand with constant marble stone.

My words full weake, the marble full of might;
My words in store, the marble all alone;
My words blacke inke, the marble kindly white;
My words vnseene, the marble still in sight,
May witnesse beare, how ill agree in one,
A womans hand, with constant marble stone.

But seeing shee could not see meanes to ioyne as then this recantation to the former vowe (laying all her faire length vnder one of the trees) for a while shee did nothing but turne vp and downe, as if she had hoped to turne away the fancie that maistred her, and hid her face, as if shee could haue hidden her selfe from her owne fancies. At length with a whispring note to her selfe, O me vnfortunate wretch (said she) what poysonous heates bee these, which thus torment mee? How hath the sight of this strange guest inuaded my soule? Alas, what entrance found this desire, or what strength had it thus to conquer me? Then a cloud passing between her sight and the Moone, O *Diana* (said shee) I would either the cloud that now hides the light of my vertue, would as easily passe away, as you will quickely ouercome this

this let; or elſe that you were for euer thus darkened to ſerue for an excuſe of my outragious folly. Then looking to the ſtarres, which had perfectly as then beautified the cleere skie: My parents (ſaid ſhee) haue told me, that in theſe faire heauenly bodies, there are great hidden deities, which haue their working in the ebbing and flowing of our eſtates. If it be ſo; then (O you ſtarres) iudge rightly of me; and if I haue with wicked intent made my ſelfe a prey to fancie, or if by any idle luſts I framed my heart fit for ſuch an impreſſion, then let this plague daily encreaſe in mee, till my name be made odious to womankind. But if extreame and vnreſiſtable violence haue oppreſſed me, who will euer doe any of you ſacrifice (O you ſtars) if you doe not ſuccour me? No, no, you will not helpe me. No, no, you cannot helpe me: Sinne muſt be the mother, and ſhame the daughter of my affection. And yet are theſe but childiſh obiections (ſimple *Philoclea*,) it is the impoſſibilitie that doth torment me: for, vnlawfull deſires are puniſhed after the effect of enioying; but vnpoſſible deſires are puniſhed in the deſire it ſelfe. O then, O tenne times vnhappy that I am, ſince where in all other hope kindleth loue, in me deſpaire ſhould be the bellowes of my affection: and of all deſpaires the moſt miſerable, which is drawne from impoſſibilitie. The moſt couetous man longs not to get riches out of a ground which neuer can beare any thing, Why? becauſe it is impoſſible. The moſt ambitious wight vexeth not his wits to clime into heauen, Why? becauſe it is impoſſible. Alas then, O Loue, why doeſt thou in thy beautifull ſampler ſet ſuch a work for my deſire to take out, which is as much impoſsible? And yet alas, why do I thus condemne my fortune, before I heare what ſhe can ſay for her ſelfe? What doe I, ſilly wench, know what Loue hath prepared for me? Doe I not ſee my mother, as well, at leaſt as furiouſly as my ſelfe, loue *Zelmane*? & ſhould I be wiſer than my mother? Either ſhee ſees a poſsibilitie in that which I thinke impoſsible, or elſe impoſsible loues needs not misbecome me. And doe I not ſee *Zelmane* (who doth not thinke a thought which is not firſt wayed by wiſedome and vertue) doth not ſhe vouchſafe to loue me with like ardour? I ſee it, her eyes depoſe it to be true; What then? and if ſhe can loue poore me, ſhall I thinke ſcorne to loue ſuch a woman as *Zelmane*? Away then all vaine examinations of why and how. Thou loueſt me, moſt excellent *Zelmane*, and I loue thee: and with that, imbracing the very ground whereon ſhe lay, ſhe ſaid to her ſelfe (for euen to her ſelfe ſhe was aſhamed to ſpeake it out in words) O my *Zelmane*, gouerne and direct me: for I am wholly giuen ouer vnto thee.

In this depth of muzes, and diuers ſorts of diſcourſes, would ſhee rauingly haue remained, but that *Dametas* and *Miſo* (who were round about to ſeeke her, vnderſtanding ſhe was to come to their Lodge that night) came hard by her; *Dametas* ſaying, that he would not deale in other bodies matters; but for his part, hee did not like, that maids ſhould once ſtirre out of their fathers houſes, but if it were to milke a cow, or ſaue a chicken from a kites foot, or ſome ſuch other matter of importance. And *Miſo* ſwearing that if it were her daughter *Mopſa*, ſhee would giue her a leſſon for walking ſo late, that ſhould make her keep within doores for one fortnight. But their iangling made *Philoclea* riſe, and pretending as though ſhe had done it but to ſport with them, went with thē (after ſhe had willed *Miſo* to wait vpon her mother) to the Lodge; where (being now accuſtomed by her parents diſcipline, as well as her ſiſter, to ſerue her ſelfe) ſhe went alone vp to *Pamela's* chamber, where, meaning to delight her eyes, and ioy her thoughts with the ſweet conuerſation of her beloued ſiſter, ſhe found her (though it were in the time that the wings of night doth blow ſleepe moſt willingly into mortall creatures) ſitting in a chaire, lying backe-

ward, with her head almoſt ouer the backe of it, and looking vpon a waxe-candle which burnt before her; in one hand holding a letter, in the other her hand-kerchiefe, which had lately drunke vp the teares of her eyes, leauing in ſtead of them, crimſon circles, like redde flakes in the element, when the weather is hotteſt, which *Philoclea* finding (for her eyes had learned to know the badges of ſorrow) ſhee earneſtly intreated to know the cauſe thereof, that either ſhee might comfort, or accompanie her dolefull humour. But *Pamela*, rather ſeeming ſorie that ſhe had perceiued ſo much, than willing to open any further; O my *Pamela* (ſaid *Philoclea*) who are to me a ſiſter in nature, a mother in counſell, a Princeſſe by the law of our countrie, and which name (mee thinkes of all other) is the deareſt, a friend by my choiſe and your fauour, what meanes this baniſhing mee from your counſels? Doe you loue your ſorrow ſo well as to grudge mee part of it? Or doe you thinke I ſhall not loue a ſad *Pamela*, ſo well as a ioyfull? Or be my eares vnworthie, or my tongue ſuſpected? What is it (my ſiſter) that you ſhould conceale from your ſiſter, yea and ſeruant *Philoclea*? Theſe words wanne no further of *Pamela*, but that telling her they might talke better as they lay together; they impoueriſhed their clothes to enrich their bed, which for that night might well ſcorne the ſhrine of *Venus*: and there cheriſhing one another with deare, though chaſte embracements; with ſweete, though cold kiſſes; it might ſeeme that loue was come to play him there without dart; or that wearie of his owne fires, he was there to refreſh himſelfe between their ſweete breathing lippes. But *Philoclea* earneſtly againe intreated *Pamela* to open her griefe; who (drawing the curtaine, that the candle might not complaine of her bluſhing) was readie to ſpeake: but the breath, almoſt formed into words, was againe ſtopt by her, and turned into ſighes. But at laſt, I pray you (ſaid ſhee) ſweete *Philiclea*, let vs talke of ſome other thing: and tell mee whether you did euer ſee any thing ſo amended as our Paſtorall ſports bee, ſince that *Dorus* came hither? O loue, how farre thou ſeeſt with blinde eyes? *Philoclea* had ſtraight found her, and therefore to draw out more, Indeed (ſaid ſhee) I haue often wondred to my ſelfe how ſuch excellencies could be in ſo meane a perſon; but belike fortune was afraid to lay her treaſures, where they ſhould be ſtained with ſo many perfections: onely I maruaile how he can frame himſelf to hide ſo rare gifts vnder ſuch a blocke as *Dametas*. Ah (ſaid *Pamela*) if you knew the cauſe, but no more doe I neither; and to ſay the truth: but Lord, how are we falne to talke of this fellow? And yet indeede if you were ſometimes with mee to marke him, while *Dametas* reades his ruſticke lecture vnto him (how to feede his beaſts before noone, where to ſhade them in the extreame heat, how to make the manger handſome for his Oxen, when to vſe the goad, and when the voyce; giuing him rules of a heardman, though hee pretend to make him a ſhepheard) to ſee all the while with what a grace (which ſeemes to ſet a crowne vpon his baſe eſtate) he can deſcend to thoſe poore matters, certainly you would: but to what ſerues this? no doubt we were better ſleep than talke of theſe idle matters. Ah my *Pamela* (ſaid *Philoclea*) I haue caught you; the conſtancie of your wit was not wont to bring forth ſuch diſioynted ſpeeches: you loue, diſſemble no further. It is true (ſaid *Pamela*) now you haue it; and with leſſe adoe ſhould, if my heart could haue thought thoſe words ſutable for my mouth. But indeed (my *Philoclea*) take heed: for I thinke vertue it ſelfe is no armour of proofe againſt affection. Therefore learne by my example. Alas thought *Philoclea* to her ſelfe, your ſheares come too late to clip the birds wings that alreadie is flown away. But then *Pamela* being once ſet in the ſtreame of her loue, went away amain, withall, telling her how his noble qualities had drawne her liking towards him;

but

but yet euer waying his meanneſſe, and ſo held continually in due limits; till ſeeking many meanes to ſpeake with her, and euer kept from it (as well becauſe ſhee ſhund it, ſeeing and diſdaining his minde, as becauſe of her iealous iaylors) he had at length vſed the fineſt policie that might bee in counterfaiting loue to *Mopſa*, and ſaying to *Mopſa* whatſoeuer hee would haue her know: and in how paſſionate manner he had told his owne tale in a third perſon, making poore *Mopſa* beleeue, that it was a matter fallen out many ages before. And in the end, becauſe you ſhall know my teares come not, neither of repentance nor miſerie, who thinke you, is my *Dorus* fallen out to bee? euen the Prince *Muſidorus*, famous ouer all *Aſia*, for his heroicall enterpriſes, of whom you remember how much good the ſtranger *Plangus* told my father; he not being drowned (as *Plangus* thought) though his couſin *Pyrocles* indeed periſhed. Ah my ſiſter, if you had heard his words, or ſeene his geſtures, when hee made me know what, and to whom his loue was, you would haue matched in your ſelfe (thoſe two rarely matched together) pittie and delight. Tell me deare ſiſter (for the Gods are my witneſſes I deſire to do vertuouſly) can I without the deteſtable ſtaine of vngratefulneſſe abſtaine from louing him, who (farre exceeding the beautifulneſſe of his ſhape with the beautifulneſſe of his minde, and the greatneſſe of his eſtate with the greatneſſe of his acts) is content ſo to abaſe himſelfe, as to become *Dametas* ſeruant for my ſake? You will ſay, but how know I him to be *Muſidorus*, ſince the hand-maid of wiſdome is ſlow of beliefe? That conſideration did not want in me: for the nature of deſire it ſelfe is no eaſier to receiue beliefe, than it is hard to ground beliefe. For as deſire is glad to embrace the firſt ſhew of comfort, ſo is deſire deſirous of perfect aſſurance: and that haue I had of him, not onely by neceſſarie arguments to any of common ſenſe, but by ſufficient demonſtrations. Laſtly, he would haue me ſend to *Theſſalia*: but truely I am not as now in minde to doe my honourable loue ſo much wrong, as ſo farre to ſuſpect him: yet, poore ſoule, knowes he no other, but that I doe both ſuſpect, neglect, yea, and deteſt him. For euery day he findes one way or other to ſet forth himſelfe vnto me, but all are rewarded with like coldneſſe of acceptation.

A few dayes ſince, he and *Dametas* had furniſhed themſelues very richly to run at the ring before me. O how mad a ſight it was to ſee *Dametas*, like rich Tiſſew furd with Lambe-skins? But ô how well it did with *Dorus*, to ſee with what a grace hee preſented himſelfe before mee on horſebacke, making maieſtie wait vpon humbleneſſe: how at the firſt, ſtanding ſtill with his eyes bent vpon me, as though his motions were chained to my look, he ſo ſtaid till I cauſed *Mopſa* bid him do ſomthing vpon his horſe: which no ſooner ſaid, but (with a kinde rather of quicke geſture, than ſhew of violence) you might ſee him come towards me, beating the ground in ſo due time, as no dancer can obſerue better meaſure. If you remember the ſhip we ſaw once, when the ſea went high vpon the coaſt of *Argos*; ſo went the beaſt. But he (as if Centaur-like he had beene one peece with the horſe) was no more mooued than one with the going of his owne leggs: and in effect ſo did hee command him, as his owne limmes: for though he had both ſpurres and wand, they ſeemed rather markes of ſoueraignetie, than inſtruments of puniſhment, his hand and legge (with moſt pleaſing grace) commanding without threatning, & rather remembring than chaſtiſing; at leaſt if ſometimes he did, it was ſo ſtolne, as neither our eyes could diſcerne it, nor the horſe with any change did complaine of it: he euer going ſo iuſt with the horſe, either foorth-right, or turning, that it ſeemed, as hee borrowed the horſes bodie, ſo he lent the horſe his minde: in the turning one might perceiue the bridle-hand ſomething gently ſtirre. but indeed ſo gently, as it did rather diſtill

vertue,

vertue, than vſe violence. Himſelfe (which mee thinkes is ſtrange) ſhewing at one inſtant both ſteadineſſe and nimbleneſſe; ſometimes making him turne cloſe to the ground, like a cat, when ſcratchingly ſhe wheeles about after a mouſe: ſometimes with a little more riſing before, now like a Rauen leaping from ridge to ridge, then like one of *Dametas* kids bound ouer the hillocks: and all ſo done, as neither the luſty kinde ſhewed any roughneſſe, nor the eaſier any idleneſſe: but ſtill like a well obeyed maſter, whoſe becke is enough for a diſcipline, euer concluding each thing he did with his face to me-wards, as if thence came not onely the beginning, but ending of his motions. The ſport was to ſee *Dametas*, how hee was toſt from the ſaddle to the mane of the horſe, and thence to the ground, giuing his gay apparell almoſt as foule an outſide, as it had an inſide. But as before he had euer ſaid, he wanted but horſe and apparell to bee as braue a courtier as the beſt, ſo now bruſed with proofe, hee proclaimed it a folly for a man of wiſedome to put himſelfe vnder the tuition of a beaſt; ſo as *Dorus* was faine alone to take the Ring. Wherein truely at leaſt my womaniſh eyes could not diſcerne, but that taking his ſtaffe from his thigh, the deſcending it a little downe, the getting of it vp into the reſt, the letting of the point fall, and taking the Ring, was but all one motion, at leaſt (if they were diuers motions) they did ſo ſtealingly ſlippe one into another, as the latter part was euer in hand, before the eye could diſcerne the former was ended. Indeed *Dametas* found fault that hee ſhewed no more ſtrength in ſhaking of his ſtaffe: but to my conceite the fine cleaneneſſe of beating it was exceeding delightfull.

But how delightfull ſoeuer it was, my delight might well bee in my ſoule, but it neuer went to looke out of the window to doe him any comfort. But how much more I found reaſon to like him, the more I ſet all the ſtrength of mind to ſuppreſſe it, or at leaſt to conceale it. Indeed I muſt confeſſe, that as ſome Phyſitians haue told me, that when one is cold outwardly, he is not inwardly, ſo truly the cold aſhes layd vpon my fire, did not take the nature of fire from it. Full often hath my breaſt ſwollen with keeping my ſighes impriſoned; full often haue the teares I draue back from mine eyes, turned back to drowne my heart. But alas what did that help poore *Dorus*? whoſe eyes (being his diligent intelligencers) could carry vnto him no other news, but diſcomfortable. I think no day paſt, but by ſome one inuention he would appeare vnto me to teſtifie his loue. One time he daunced the Matachine daunce in armour (O with what a gracefull dexteritie!) I thinke to make mee ſee, that he had been brought vp in ſuch exerciſes: another time he perſwaded his maſter (to make my time ſeem ſhorter) in maner of a Dialogue, to play *Priamus* while he playd *Paris*. Thinke (ſweet *Philoclea*) what a *Priamus* we had: but truly, my *Paris* was a *Paris*, and more than a *Paris*: who while in a ſauage apparell, with naked necke, armes, & legs, hee made loue to *Oenone*, you might well ſee by his changed countenance, and true teares, that hee felt the part hee playd. Tell me (ſweet *Philoclea*) did you euer ſee ſuch a ſhepheard? tell me, did you euer heare of ſuch a Prince? And then tell me, if a ſmall or vnworthy aſſault haue conquered mee. Truely I would hate my life, if I thought vanitie led mee. But ſince my parents deale ſo cruelly with mee, it is time for mee to truſt ſomething to my owne iudgement. Yet hitherto haue my looks beene as I told you, which continuing after many of theſe his fruitleſſe trials, haue wrought ſuch change in him, as I tell you true (with that word ſhee layd her hand vpon her quaking ſide) I do not a little feare him. See what a letter this is (then drew ſhe the curtaine, and took the letter from vnder the pillow) which to day (with an afflicted humbleneſſe) hee deliuered mee, pretending before *Mopſa*, that I ſhould

reade

reade it vnto her, to mollifie (forsooth) her iron stomacke; with that shee reade the letter, contayning thus much:

MOst blessed paper, which shalt kisse that hand, where to all blessednesse is in nature a seruant, doe not yet disdaine to carrie with thee the wofull words of a miser now despairing: neither be affraid to appeare before her, bearing the base title of the sender. For no sooner shall that diuine hand touch thee, but that thy baseneſse shall bee turned to most high preferment. Therefore mourne boldly my inke; for while shee lookes vpon you, your blacknesse will shine: cry out boldly my lamentation; for while shee reades you, your cries will be musicke. Say then (O happy messenger of a most vnhappy message) that the too soone borne, and too late dying creature, which dares not speake, no not looke, no not scarcely thinke (as from his miserable selfe, vnto her heauenly highnesse) onely presumes to desire thee (in the time that her eyes and voyce doe exalt thee) to say, and in this manner to say; not from him, O no, that were not fitte, but of him, thus much vnto her sacred iudgement: O you, the onely honour to women, to men the onely admiration, you that being armed by loue, defie him that armed you, in this high estate wherein you haue placed mee, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing mee to your presence; and let mee remember him, who (since hee is yours, how meane soeuer hee bee) it is reason you haue an account of him. The wretch (yet your wretch) though with languishing steppes, runnes fast to his graue; and will you suffer a temple (how poorely built soeuer, but yet a temple of your deitie) to bee razed? But hee dieth: it is most true, hee dieth; and hee in whom you liue, to obey you, dieth. Whereof though hee plaine, hee doth not complaine: for it is a harme, but no wrong, which hee hath receiued. Hee dies, because in wofull language all his senses tell him, that such is your pleasure: for since you will not that he liue, alas, alas, what followeth, what followeth of the most ruined *Dorus*, but his end? End then, euill destinied *Dorus*, end; and end thou wofull letter, end; for it sufficeth her wisedome to know, that her heauenly will shall bee accomplished.

O my *Philoclea*, is he a person to write these words? and are these words lightly to be regarded? But if you had seen, when with trembling hand he had deliuered it, how he went away, as if he had beene but the coffin that carried himselfe to his sepulchre. Two times (I must confesse) I was about to take courtesie into mine eyes, but both times the former resolution stopt the entrie of it: so that hee departed without obtaining any further kindenesse. But he was no sooner out of the doore; but that I looked to the doore kindly, and truly the feare of him euer since hath put mee into such perplexitie, as now you found mee. Ah my *Pamela* (said *Philoclea*) leaue sorrow. The riuer of your teares will soone lose his fountaine; it is in your hand as well to stitch vp his life againe, as it was before to rent it. And so (though with selfe-grieued minde) shee comforted her sister, till sleepe came to bathe himselfe in *Pamela's* faire weeping eyes.

Which when *Philoclea* found, wringing her hands, O me, (said shee) indeed the onely subiect of the destinies displeasure, whose greatest fortunatenesse is more vnfortunate, than my sisters greatest vnfortunatenesse. Alas, she weepes because shee would be no sooner happy; I weepe, because I can neuer be happy; her teares flow from pitty, mine from being too farre lower than the reach of pittie. Yet doe I not enuie thee, deare *Pamela*, I doe not enuy thee; onely I could wish that being thy sister in nature, I were not so farre off a kin in fortune.

But

But the darkneſſe of ſorrow ouer-ſhadowing her minde, as the night did her eies, they were both content to hide themſelues vnder the winges of ſleepe, till the next morning had almoſt loſt his name, before the two ſweet ſleeping ſiſters awaked from dreames, which flattered them with more comfort, than their walking could, or would conſent vnto. For then they were called vp by *Miſo*; who hauing bin with *Gynecia*, had receiued commandement to bee continually with her daughters, and particularly not to let *Zelmane*, and *Philocles* haue any priuate conference, but that ſhee ſhould be preſent to heare what paſſed. *Miſo* hauing now her authority increaſed, but came with skowling eyes to deliuer a ſlauering good morrow to the two Ladies, telling them, it was a ſhame for them to mar their complexions, yea and conditions too, with long lying a bed: and that, when ſhe was of their age, ſhe trowed, ſhee would haue made a hand-kerchiefe by that time aday. The two ſweete Princes with a ſmiling ſilence anſwered her entertainement, and obeying her direction, couered their dainty beauties with the glad clothes. But as ſoone as *Pamela* was ready (and ſooner ſhe was than her ſiſter) of the agonie of *Dorus* giuing a fit to her ſelfe, which the words of his letter (liuely imprinted in her minde) ſtill remembred her of, ſhee called to *Mopſa*, and willed her to fetch *Dorus* to ſpeake with her; becauſe (ſhee ſaid) ſhe would take further iudgement of him, before ſhee would moue *Dametas* to grant her in mariage vnto him: *Mopſa* (as glad as of ſweet-meat to goe of ſuch an arrant) quickely returned with *Dorus* to *Pamela*, who entended both by ſpeaking with him to giue ſome comfort to his paſſionate heart; and withall to heare ſome part of his life paſt; which although fame had alreadie deliuered vnto her, yet ſhee deſired in more particular certainties to haue it from ſo beloued an hiſtorian. Yet the ſweetneſſe of vertues diſpoſition, iealous, euen ouer it ſelfe, ſuffered her not to enter abruptly into queſtions of *Muſidorus* (whom ſhee was halfe aſhamed ſhee did loue ſo well, and more than halfe ſorie ſhee could loue no better) but thought beſt firſt to make her talke ariſe of *Pyrocles*, and his vertuous father: which thus ſhee did.

Dorus (ſaid ſhee) you told me the laſt day, that *Plangus* was deceiued in that he affirmed the Prince *Muſidorus* was drowned: but withall, you confeſſed his coſin *Pyrocles* periſhed, of whom certainly in that age there was a great loſſe, ſince (as I haue heard) he was a young Prince, of whom all men expected as much, as mans power could bring forth, and yet vertue promiſed for him, their expectation ſhould not be deceiued. Moſt excellent Ladie (ſaid *Dorus*) no expectation in others, nor hope in himſelfe could aſpire to a higher mark, than to be thought worthy to be praiſed by your iudgement, and made worthy to be praiſed by your mouth. But moſt ſure it is, that as his fame could by no means get ſo ſweet & noble an aire to fly in, as in your breath, ſo could not you (leauing your ſelfe aſide) finde in the world a fitter ſubiect of commendation; as noble, as a long ſucceſſion of royall anceſtors, famous and famous for victories, could make him: of ſhape moſt louely, and yet of minde more loucly; valiant, courteous, wiſe, what ſhould I ſay more? ſweet *Pyrocles*, excellent *Pyrocles*, what can my words but wrong thy perfections, which I would to God in ſom ſmall meaſure thou hadſt bequeathed to him that euer muſt haue thy vertues in admiration, that masked at leaſt in them, I might haue found ſome more gracious acceptation? with that he impriſoned his looke for a while vpon *Mopſa*, who thereupon fell into a very wide ſmiling. Truely (ſaid *Pamela*) *Dorus* I like well your minde, that can raiſe it ſelfe out of ſo baſe a fortune, as yours is, to thinke of the imitating ſo excellent a Prince, as *Pyrocles* was. Who ſhootes at the midday Sunne, though he be ſure he ſhall neuer hit the marke; yet as ſure he is, he ſhall ſhoote higher, than

who

who aymes but at a buſh. But I pray you *Dorus* (ſaid ſhe) tell me (ſince I perceiue you are well acquainted with that ſtory) what Prince was that *Euarchus* father to *Pyrocles* of whom ſo much fame goes, for his rightly royall vertues, or by what wayes he got that opinion. And then ſo deſcend to the cauſes of his ſending firſt away from him, and then to him for that excellent ſonne of his, with the diſcourſe of his life and loſſe: and therein you may (if you liſt) ſay ſomething of that ſame *Muſidorus* his coſin, becauſe, they going together, the ſtory of *Pyrocles* (which I onely deſire) may bee the better vnderſtood.

Incomparable Lady (ſaid he) your commandement doth not only giue mee the will, but the power to obey you; ſuch influence hath your excellencie. And firſt, for that famous king *Euarchus*, he was (at this time you ſpeake of) king of *Macedon*, a kingdome, which in elder time had ſuch a ſoueraignetie ouer all the Prouinces of *Greece*, that euen the particular kings therein did acknowledge (with more or leſſe degrees of homage) ſome kind of fealty therunto: as among the reſt, euen this now moſt noble (& by you ennobled) kingdome of *Arcadia*. But he, when he came to his crown, finding by his latter anceſtors either negligence, or misfortune, that in ſome ages many of thoſe dueties had beene intermitted, would neuer ſtirre vp old titles (how apparant ſoeuer) whereby the publike peace (with the loſſe of many not guilty ſoules) ſhould be broken; but contenting himſelfe to guide that ſhippe, wherein the heauens had placed him, ſhewed no leſſe magnanimitie in dangerleſſe deſpiſing, than others in dangerous affecting the multiplying of kingdomes: for the earth hath ſince born enow bleeding witneſſes, that it was no want of true courage. Who as hee was moſt wiſe to ſee what was beſt, and moſt iuſt in the performing what he ſaw, & temperate in abſtaining from any thing any way contrary: ſo thinke I, no thought can imagine a greater heart to ſee and contemne danger, where danger would offer to make any wrongfull threatning vpon him. A Prince, that indeed eſpecially meaſured his greatneſſe by his goodneſſe: and if for any thing hee loued greatneſſe, it was, becauſe therein hee might exerciſe his goodneſſe. A Prince of a goodly aſpect, and the more goodly by a graue maieſtie, wherewith his minde did decke his outward graces; ſtrong of body, and ſo much the ſtronger, as he by a well diſciplined exerciſe taught it both to doe and ſuffer. Of age ſo as hee was aboue fiftie yeares when his Nephew *Muſidorus* tooke on ſuch ſheepheardiſh apparell for the loue of the worlds paragon, as I now weare.

This king left Orphan both of father and mother, (whoſe father and grandfather likewiſe had died young) he found his eſtate, when he came to the age (which allowed his authoritie) ſo diſ-ioynted euen in the nobleſt & ſtrongeſt limbs of gouernment, that the name of a king was growne euen odious to the people, his authoritie hauing bin abuſed by thoſe great Lords, and little kings: who in thoſe betweene times of raigning (by vniuſt fauouring thoſe that were partially theirs, and oppreſſing them that would defend their libertie againſt them) had brought in (by a more felt than ſeene manner of proceeding) the worſt kinde of *Oligarchie*; that is, when men are gouerned in deed by a few, and yet are not taught to know what thoſe few be, to whom they ſhould obey.

For they hauing the power of kings, but not the nature of kings, vſed the authority as men do their farmes, of which they ſee within a yeare they ſhall go out: making the kings ſword ſtrike whom they hated, the kings purſe reward whom they loued: and (which is worſt of all) making the royall countenance ſerue to vndermine the royall ſoueraignetie. For the ſubiects could taſte no ſweeter fruits of hauing a king, than grieuous taxation to ſerue vaine purpoſes; lawes made rather to

finde

finde faults, than to preuent faults: the Court of a Prince rather deemed as a priuiledged place of the vnbridled licentiousnesse, than as the abiding of him, who as a father should giue a fatherly example vnto his people. Hence grew a very dissolution of all estates, while the great men (by the nature of ambition neuer satisfied) grew factious among themselues: and the vnderlings, glad indeed to bee vnderlings to them they hated least, to preserue them from such they hated most. Men of vertue suppressed, least they shining should discouer the others filthinesse; and at length vertue it selfe almost forgotten, when it had no hopefull end whereunto to be directed; old men long nusled in corruption, scorning them that would seeke reformation; yong men very fault-finding, but very faulty: & so giuen to new fangleness both of manners, apparell, and each thing else, by the custome of selfe-guiltie euill, glad to change, though oft for worse; merchandise abused, and so Townes decayed for want of iust and naturall libertie; offices, euen of iudging soules, sold; publike defences neglected; and in summe, (least too long I trouble you) all awrie, & (which wried it to the most wrie course of all) witte abused, rather to faine reason why it should be amisse, than how it should bee amended.

In this, and a much worse plight than it is fit to trouble your excellent eares withall, did the king *Euarchus* finde his estate, when hee tooke vpon him the regiment: which by reason of the long streame of abuse, hee was forced to stablish by some euen extreame seueritie, not so much for the very faults themselues, (which he rather sought to preuent than to punish) as for the faultie ones, who strong, euen in their faults, scorned his youth, and could not learne to disgest, that the man which they so long had vsed to maske their owne appetites, should now be the reducer of them into order. But so soone as some few (but indeed notable) examples, had thundered a dutie into the subiects hearts, hee soone shewed, no baseneesse of suspition, nor the baesest baseneesse of enuy, could any whit rule such a Ruler. But then shined foorth indeed all loue among them, when an awefull feare ingendred by iustice, did make that loue most louely: his first and principall care being to appeare vnto his people, such as he would haue them be, and to be such as he appeared; making his life the example of his lawes, and his lawes as it were, his axiomes arising out of his deeds. So that within small time, he wanne a singular loue in his people, and engraffed singular confidence. For how could they choose but loue him, whom they found so truly to loue them? He euen in reason disdaining, that they that haue charge of beasts, should loue their charge, and care for them; and that hee that was to gouerne the most excellent creature, should not loue so noble a charge. And therefore, where most Princes (seduced by flatterie to build vpon false grounds of gouernment) make themselues (as it were) another thing from the people; and so count it gaine what they get from them: and (as it were two counter-ballances, that their estate goes highest when the people goes lowest) by a fallacy of argument thinking themselues most kings, when the subiect is most basely subiected: He contrariwise, vertuously and wisely acknowledging, that hee with his people made all but one politike body, whereof himselfe was the head; euen so cared for them, as he would for his owne limmes: neuer restraining their libertie, without it stretched to licentiousnesse, nor pulling from them their goods, which they found were not imployed to the purchase of a greater good: but in all his actions shewing a delight in their welfare, brought that to passe, that while by force he took nothing, by their loue he had all. In summe (peereless Princesse) I might as easily set down the whole Art of gouernement, as to lay before your eyes the picture of his proceedings. But in such sort hee flourished in the sweet comfort of doing much good,

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when by an occasion of leauing his country, hee was forced to bring forth his vertue of magnanimitie, as before he had done of iustice.

He had onely one sister, a Lady (lest I should too easily fall to partiall prayses of her) of whom it may be iustly said, that she was no vnfit branch to the noble stocke whereof she was come. Her he had giuen in mariage to *Dorilaus* Prince of *Thessalia*, not so much to make a friendship, as to confirme the friendship betweene their posteritie, which betweene them, by the likenesse of vertue, had beene long before made: for certainly, *Dorilaus* could need no amplifiers mouth for the highest point of prayse. Who hath not heard (said *Pamela*) of the valiant, wise, and iust *Dorilaus*, whose vnripe death doth yet (so many yeares since) draw teares from vertuous eies? And indeed, my father is wont to speake of nothing with greater admiration, than of the notable friendship (a rare thing in Princes, more rare betweene Princes) that so holily was obserued to the last of those two excellent men. But (said she) goe on I pray you. *Dorilaus* (said he) hauing maried his sister, had his mariage in short time blest (for so are folke wont to say, how vnhappie soeuer the children after grow) with a sonne, whom they named *Musidorus*: of whom I must needs first speake before I come to *Pyrocles*; becaus as he was borne first, so vpon his occasion grew (as I may say accidentally) the others birth. For scarcely was *Musidorus* made partaker of this oft-blinding light, when there were found numbers of Southsayers, who affirmed strange & incredible things should be performed by that child; whether the heauens at that time listed to play with ignorant mankinde, or that flatterie be so presumptuous, as euen at times to borrow the face of Diuinity. But certainly, so did the boldnesse of their affirmation accompany the greatnesse of what they did affirme (euen descending to particularities, what kingdomes he should ouercome) that the king of *Phrygia* (who ouer-superstitiously thought himselfe touched in the matter) sought by force to destroy the Infant, to preuent his after-expectations: becaus a skilfull man (hauing compared his natiuitie with the child) so tolde him. Foolish man, either vainly fearing what was not to be feared, or not considering that if it were a worke of the superior powers, the heauens at length are neuer children. But so he did, & by the aid of the kings of *Lydia* and *Crete* (ioyning together their armies) inuaded *Thessalia*, and brought *Dorilaus* to some behind-hand of fortune; when his faithfull friend & brother *Euarchus* came so mightily to his succour, that with some interchanging changes of fortune, they begat of a iust war, the best childe, peace. In which time *Euarchus* made a crosse mariage also with *Dorilaus* his sister, and shortly left her with child of the famous *Pyrocles*, driuen to return to the defence of his owne countrie, which in his absence (helped with some of the ill contented nobilitie) the mightie king of *Thrace*, & his brother, king of *Pannonia*, had inuaded. The succesle of those warres was too notable to be vnknowne to your eares, to which it seemes all worthy fame hath glory to come vnto. But there was *Dorilaus* (valiantly requiring his friends helpe) in a great battaile depriued of life, his obsequies being no more solemnized by the teares of his partakers, than the bloud of his enemies; with so piercing a sorrow to the constant heart of *Euarchus*, that the newes of his sonnes birth could lighten his countenance, with no shew of comfort, although all the comfort that might be in a child, truth it self in him forthwith deliuered. For what fortune onely southsayers foretold of *Musidorus*, that all men might see prognosticated in *Pyrocles*, both Heauens & Earth giuing tokens of the comming forth of an Heroicall vertue. The senate house of the planets was at no time so set, for the decreeing of perfection in a man, as at that time all folks skilfull therein did acknowledge: onely loue was threatned, & promised to him, and so

to his couſin,as both the tempeſt and hauen of their beſt yeeres. But as death may haue preuented *Pyrocles*,ſo vnworthineſſe muſt be the death of *Muſidorus*.

But the mother of *Pyrocles* (ſhortly after her childe-birth) dying, was cauſe that *Euarchus* recommended the care of his onely ſonne to his ſiſter; doing it the rather becauſe the warre continued in cruel heate,betwixt him and thoſe ill neighbours of his. In which meane time thoſe young Princes (the onely comforters of that vertuous widow)grew on ſo, that *Pyrocles* taught admiration to the hardeſt conceits: *Muſidorus* (perchance becauſe among his ſubiects) exceedingly beloued: and by the good order of *Euarchus* (well performed by his ſiſter) they were ſo brought vp, that all the ſparkes of vertue, which nature had kindled in them, were ſo blowne to giue forth their vttermoſt heat,that iuſtly it may be affirmed, they enflamed the affections of all that knew them. For almoſt before they could perfectly ſpeake,they began to receiue conceits not vnworthy of the beſt ſpeakers:excellent deuices being vſed,to make euen their ſports profitable; images of battailes,and fortifications being then deliuered to their memorie, which after, their ſtronger iudgements might diſpence,the delight of tales being conuerted to the knowledge of all the ſtories of worthy Princes,both to moue them to do nobly, & teach them how to doe nobly; the beautie of vertue ſtill being ſet before their eyes, and that taught them with far more diligent care, than Grammaticall rules, their bodies exerciſed in all abilities, both of doing and ſuffering, and their minds acquainted by degrees with dangers, and in ſumme,all bent to the making vp of princely minds: no ſeruile feare vſed towards them,nor any other violent reſtraint,but ſtill as to Princes: ſo that a habite of commanding was naturalized in them,and therfore the farther from Tyranny: Nature hauing done ſo much for them in nothing, as that it made them Lords of truth,whereon all the other goods were builded.

Among which nothing I ſo much delight to recount, as the memorable friendſhip that grew betwixt the two Princes,ſuch as made them more like than the likeneſſe of all other vertues, and made them more neere one to the other, than the neereneſſe of their bloud could aſpire vnto; which I thinke grew the faſter, and the faſter was tyed betweene them, by reaſon that *Muſidorus* being elder by three or foure yeares, it was neither ſo great a difference in age as did take away the delight in ſocietie, and yet by the difference there was taken away the occaſion of childiſh contentions; till they had both paſt ouer the humour of ſuch contentions. For *Pyrocles* bare reuerence full of loue to *Muſidorus*, and *Muſidorus* had a delight full of loue in *Pyrocles*. *Muſidorus*, what hee had learned either for bodie or minde, would teach it to *Pyrocles*; and *Pyrocles* was ſo glad to learne of none, as of *Muſidorus*: till *Pyrocles*, being come to ſixteene yeeres of age, he ſeemed ſo to ouer-run his age in growth,ſtrength,and all things following it,that not *Muſidorus*, no nor any man liuing(I think)could performe any action,either on horſe, or foot, more ſtrongly,or deliuer that ſtrength more nimbly, or become the deliuerie more gracefully,or imploy all more vertuouſly.Which may well ſeeme wonderfull: but wonders are no wonders in a wonderfull ſubiect.

At which time, vnderſtanding that the King *Euarchus*, after ſo many yeeres warre,and the conqueſt of all *Pannonia*, and almoſt *Thrace*, had now brought the concluſion of all to the ſiege of *Bizantium*(to the raiſing of which ſiege,great forces were made) they would needes fall to the practice of thoſe vertues, which they before learned.And therefore the mother of *Muſidorus* nobly yeelding ouer her own affects to her childrens good (for a mother ſhee was in effect to them both) the rather that they might helpe her beloued brother, they brake off all delayes; which

Muſidorus

Muſidorus for his part thought already had deuoured too much of his good time, but that he had once granted a boone (before hee knew what it was) to his deere friend *Pyrocles*: that he would neuer ſeeke the aduentures of armes, vntill he might goe with him: which hauing faſt bound his heart (a true ſlaue to faith) he had bid a tedious delay of following his owne humour for his friends ſake, till now being both ſent for by *Euarchus*, and finding *Pyrocles* able euery way to goe thorow with that kinde of life, he was as deſirous for his ſake, as for his owne, to enter into it. So therefore preparing a nauie, that they might goe like themſelues, and not only bring the comfort of their preſence, but of their power, to their deere parent *Euarchus*, they recommended themſelues to the Sea, leauing the ſhoare of *Theſſalia* full of teares and vowes; and were receiued thereon with ſo ſmooth and ſmiling a face, as if *Neptune* had as then learned falſely to fawne on Princes. The wind was like a ſeruant, wayting behinde them ſo iuſt, that they might fill the ſayles as they lifted; and the beſt ſaylers ſhewing themſelues leſſe couetous of his liberalitie, ſo tempered it, that they all kept together like a beautifull flocke, which ſo well could obey their maſters pipe: without ſometimes, to delight the Princes eyes, ſome two or three of them would ſtriue, who could (either by the cunning of well ſpending the winds breath, or by the aduantageous building of their mouing houſes) leaue their fellowes behinde them in the honour of ſpeede: while the two Princes had leiſure to ſee the practice of that, which before they had learned by bookes: to conſider the arte of catching the winde priſoner, to no other end, but to runne away with it; to ſee how beautie, and vſe can ſo well agree together, that of all the trinkets, wherwith they are attired, there is not one but ſerues to ſome neceſſary purpoſe. And (O Lord) to ſee the admirable power and noble effects of Loue, whereby the ſeeming inſenſible Loadſtone, with a ſecret beautie (holding the ſpirit of iron in it) can draw that hard-hearted thing vnto it, and (like a vertuous miſtreſſe) not onely make it bow it ſelfe, but with it make it aſpire to ſo high a Loue, as of the heauenly Poles; and thereby to bring forth the nobleſt deedes, that the children of the Earth can boaſt of. And ſo the Princes delighting their conceits with confirming their knowledge, ſeeing wherein the Sea-diſcipline differed from Land-ſeruice, they had for a day, and almoſt a whole night, as pleaſing entertainement, as the faileſt heart could giue to him he meanes worſt to.

But by that the next morning began a little to make a gilden ſhew of a good meaning, there aroſe euen with the Sunne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which ſhortly (like inke powred into water) had blacked ouer all the face of heauen, preparing (as it were) a mournefull ſtage for a Tragedie to be played on. For forthwith the windes began to ſpeake lowder, and as in a tumultuous kingdom, to thinke themſelues fitteſt inſtruments of commandement; and blowing whole ſtormes of haile and raine vpon them, they were ſooner in danger, than they could almoſt bethinke themſelues of change. For then the trayterous Sea began to ſwell in pride againſt the afflicted Nauie, vnder which (while the heauen fauoured them) it had layne ſo calmely, making mountaines of it ſelfe, ouer which the toſſed and tottering ſhip ſhould clime, to be ſtreight carried downe againe to a pit of helliſh darkneſſe; with ſuch cruell blowes againſt the ſides of the ſhip (that, which way ſoeuer it went, was ſtill in his malice) that there was left neither power to ſtay, nor way to eſcape. And ſhortly had it ſo diſeuered the louing companie, which the day before had tarried together, that moſt of them neuer met againe, but were ſwallowed vp in his neuer-ſatisfied mouth. Some indeede (as ſince was knowne) after long wandring, returned into *Theſſalia*; other recouered *Bizantium*, and ſerued *Euarchus* in his

warre. But in the ship wherein the Princes were (now left as much alone as proud Lords be when fortune failes them) though they imployed all industrie to saue themselues, yet what they did, was rather for dutie to nature, than hope to escape. So ougly a darkenes (as if it would preuent the nights comming) vsurped the dayes right: which accompanied sometimes with thunders, alwaies with horrible noises of the chafing windes) made the masters and pilots so astonished, that they knew not how to direct; and if they knew, they could scarcely (when they directed) heare their owne whistle. For the sea straue with the windes which should be lowder, and the shrouds of the ship with a ghastfull noise to them that were in it, witnessed, that their ruine was the wager of the others contention, and the heauen roaring out thunders the more amazed them, as hauing those powers for enemies. Certainly there is no danger carries with it more horror, than that which growes in those floting kingdomes. For that dwelling place is vnnaturall to mankinde, and then the terriblenesse of the continuall motion, the desolation of the far-being from comfort, the eye and the eare hauing ougly images euer before it, doth still vexe the minde, euen when it is best armed against it. But thus the day past (if that might be called day) while the cunningest mariners were so conquered by the storm, as they thought it best with striken sayles to yeeld to be gouerned by it: the valiantest feeling inward dismayednes, and yet the fearfullest ashamed fully to shew it, seeing that the Princes (who were to part from the greatest fortunes) did in their countenances accuse no point of feare, but encouraging them to doe what might bee done (putting their hands to euery most painefull office) taught them at one instant to promise themselues the best, and yet to despise the worst. But so were they carried by the tyrannie of the wind, and the treason of the Sea, all that night, which the elder it was, the more wayward it shewed it self towards them: till the next morning (knowne to be a morning better by the houre-glasse, than by the day cleerenesse) hauing run fortune so blindly, as it selfe euer was painted, lest the conclusion should not answer to the rest of the play, they were driuen vpon a rock: which hidden with those outragious waues, did, as it were, closely dissemble his cruell minde, till with an vnbeleeued violence (but to them that haue tried it) the ship ranne vpon it; and seeming willinger to perish than to haue her course stayed, redoubled her blowes, till she had broken her selfe in pieces; and as it were tearing out her owne bowels to feed the seas greedinesse, left nothing within it, but despair of safetie, and expectation of a lothsome end. There was to be seene the diuerse maner of mindes in distresse: some fate vpon the top of the poupe weeping and wayling, till the Sea swallowed them; some one more able to abide death, than feare of death, cut his owne throat to preuent drowning; some prayed: and there wanted not of them which cursed, as if the heauens could not be more angry than they were. But a monstrous cry begotten of many roaring voyces, was able to infect with feare a minde that had not preuented it with the power of reason.

But the Princes, vsing the passions of fearing euill, and desiring to escape, onely to serue the rule of vertue, not to abandon ones selfe, lept to a rib of the ship, which broken from his fellowes, floted with more likelyhood to doe seruice, than any other limme of that ruinous bodie; vpon which there had gotten alreadie two brethren, well knowne seruants of theirs; and straight they foure were carried out of sight, in that huge rising of the Sea, from the rest of the ship. But the piece they were on sinking by little and little vnder them, not able to support the weight of so many, the brethren (the elder whereof was *Leucippus*, the yonger *Nelsus*) shewed themselues right faithfull and gratefull seruants vnto them; gratefull (I say) for

for this cause: Those two gentlemen had beene taken prisoners in the great warre the king of *Phrygia* made vpon *Thessalia*, in the time of *Musidorus* his infancie; and hauing beene sold into another countrie (though peace fell after betweene these Realmes) could not be deliuered, because of their valour knowne, but for a farre greater summe, than either all their friends were able, or the Dowager willing to make, in respect of the great expences her selfe and people had beene put to in those warres; and so had they remained in prison about thirteene yeeres, when the two young Princes (hearing speeches of their good deserts) found meanes both by selling all the Iewels they had of a great price, and by giuing vnder their hands great estates when they should come to be Kings (which promises their vertue promised for them should be kept) to get so much treasure as redeemed them from captiuitie. This remembred, and kindly remembred by these two brothers, perchance helped by a naturall dutie to their Princes bloud, they willingly left holde of the boord, committing themselues to the Seas rage, and euen when they meant to die, themselues praying for the Princes liues. It is true, that neither the paine nor danger, so moued the Princes hearts as the tenderneſſe of that louing part, farre from glory, hauing so few lookers on; farre from hope of reward, since themselues were sure to perish.

But now of all the royall Nauie they lately had, they had left but one little piece of one ship, whereon they kept themselues, in all truth hauing interchanged their cares, while either cared for other, each comforting and counselling how to labour for the better, and to abide the worse. But so fell it out, that as they were carried by the tyde (which there, seconded by the storme, ran exceeding swiftly) *Musidorus* seeing (as he thought) *Pyrocles* not well vpon the boord, as hee would with his right hand haue helped him on better, he had no sooner vnfastened his holde, but that a waue forcibly spoiled his weaker hand of hold, & so for a time parted those friends, each crying to the other; but the noise of the sea drowned their farewell. But *Pyrocles* (then careleſſe of death, if it had come by any meanes, but his own) was shortly brought out of the Seas furie to the Lands comfort, when (in my conscience I know) that comfort was but bitter vnto him: and bitter indeed it fell out euen in it selfe to be vnto him.

For being cast on land much bruised & beaten both with the seas hard farewell, and the shores rude welcome; and euen almost deadly tyred with the length of his vncomfortable labour, as he was walking vp to discouer some bodie, to whom he might goe for relieſe; there came straight running vnto him certaine, who (as it was after knowne) by appointment watched (with many others) in diuers places along the coast: who laid hands on him, and without either questioning with him, or shewing will to heare him, (like men feareſull to appeare curious) or which was worse, hauing no regard to the hard plight he was in (being so wet and weake) they carried him some miles thence, to a house of a principall officer of that country. Who with no more ciuilitie (though with much more businesse than those vnderfellowes had shewed) began in captious manner to put interrogatories vnto him. To which (he vnused to such entertainment) did shortly and plainely answer, what he was, and how he came thither. But that no sooner knowne, with numbers of armed men to guard him (for mischiefe, not from mischiefe) hee was sent to the kings Court, which as then was not aboue a daies iourney off, with letters from that officer, containing his owne seruiceable diligence in discouering so great a personage, adding withall more than was true of his coniectures, because hee would endeare his owne seruice.

This countrie whereon hee fell was *Phrygia*, and it was to the king thereof to whom he was ſent, a Prince of a melancholy conſtitution both of body and minde; wickedly ſad, euer muſing of horrible matters, ſuſpecting, or rather condemning all men of euill, becauſe his minde had no eye to eſpye goodneſſe: and therefore accuſing *Sycophants* of all men did beſt ſort to his nature; but therefore not ſeeming *Sycophants*, becauſe of no euill they ſaid, they could bring any new or doubtfull thing vnto him, but ſuch as already hee had beene apt to determine; ſo as they came but as proofes of his wiſedome: fearefull and neuer ſecure, while the feare he had figured in his minde had any poſſibilitie of euent. A tode-like retiredneſſe, and cloſeneſſe of minde; nature teaching the odiouſneſſe of poyſon, and the danger of odiouſneſſe. Yet while youth laſted in him, the exerciſes of that age, and his humour (not yet fully diſcouered) made him ſomething the more frequentable, and leſſe dangerous. But after that yeares began to come on with ſome, though more ſeldome, ſhewes of a bloudy nature, and that the prophecie of *Muſidorus*, deſtiny came to his eares (deliuered vnto him, and receiued of him with the hardeſt interpretation, as though his ſubiects did delight in the hearing thereof.) Then gaue he himſelfe indeede to the full current of his diſpoſition, eſpecially after the warre of *Theſſalia*, wherein (though in truth wrongly) he deemed, his vnſucceſſe proceeded of their vnwillingneſſe to haue him proſper: and then thinking himſelfe contemned (knowing no countermine againſt contempt, but terrour) began to let nothing paſſe which might beare the colour of a fault, without ſharpe puniſhment: and when hee wanted faults, excellencie grew a fault; and it was ſufficient to make one guiltie, that he had power to be guiltie. And as there is no humour, to which impudent pouertie cannot make it ſelfe ſeruiceable: ſo were there enow of thoſe of deſperate ambition, who would build their houſes vpon others ruines, which after ſhould fall by like practices. So as a ſeruitude came mainly vpon that poore people, whoſe deedes were not onely puniſhed, but words corrected, and euen thoughts by ſome meane or other puld out of them; while ſuſpition bred the mind of crueltie, and the effects of crueltie ſtirred a new cauſe of ſuſpition. And in this plight (full of watchfull fearefulneſſe) did the ſtorme deliuer ſweete *Pyrocles* to the ſtormie minde of that Tyrant, all men that did ſuch wrong to ſo rare a ſtranger (whoſe countenance deſerued both pitie and admiration) condemning themſelues as much in their hearts, as they did brag in their faces.

But when this bloudy king knew what he was, & in what order he and his couſin *Muſidorus* (ſo much of him feared) were come out of *Theſſalia*, aſſuredly thinking (becauſe euer thinking the worſt) that thoſe forces were prouided againſt him; glad of the periſhing (as he thought) of *Muſidorus*, determined in publike ſort to put *Pyrocles* to death. For hauing quite loſt the way of nobleneſſe, he ſtraue to clime to the height of terribleneſſe; and thinking to make all men a dread, to make ſuch one an enemie, who would not ſpare, nor feare to kill ſo great a Prince; and laſtly hauing nothing in him why to make him his friend, he thought he would take him away from being his enemie. The day was appoinsed, and all things prepared, for that cruell blow in ſo ſolemne an order, as if they would ſet forth tyrannie in moſt gorgeous decking. The Princely youth, of inuincible valour, yet ſo vniuſtly ſubiected to ſuch outragious wrong, carrying himſelf in all his demeanour ſo conſtantly abiding extremitie, that one might ſee it was the cutting away of the greateſt hope of the world, and deſtroying vertue in his ſweeteſt growth.

But ſo it fell out, that his death was preuented by a rare example of friendſhip in *Muſidorus*; who being almoſt drowned, had beene taken vp by a fiſherman belonging

ing to the kingdome of *Bithinia*; & being there, & vnderſtanding the full diſcourſe (as Fame was very prodigall of ſo notable an accident) in what caſe *Pyrocles* was; learning withall, that his hate was farre more to him than to *Pyrocles*, hee found meanes to acquaint himſelfe with a Noble man of that Countrie, to whom largely diſcouering what he was, he found him a moſt fit inſtrument to effectuate his deſire. For this Nobleman had beene one, who in many warres had ſerued *Euarchus*, and had been ſo minde-ſtriken by the beauty of vertue in that noble king, that (though not borne his ſubiect) hee euer profeſt himſelfe his ſeruant. His deſire therefore to him was, to keepe *Muſidorus* in a ſtrong Caſtle of his, and then to make the king of *Phrygia* vnderſtand that if hee would deliuer *Pyrocles*, *Muſidorus* would willingly put himſelfe into his hands; knowing well, that how thirſty ſoeuer hee was of *Pyrocles* bloud, hee would rather drinke that of *Muſidorus*.

The Nobleman was loth to preſerue one by the loſſe of another: but time vrging reſolution; the importunitie of *Muſidorus* (who ſhewed a minde not to ouerliue *Pyrocles*) with the affection he bare to *Euarchus*, ſo preuailed, that hee carried this ſtrange offer of *Muſidorus*, which by the Tyrant was greedily accepted.

And ſo vpon ſecuritie of both ſides, they were enterchanged. Where I may not omit the worke of friendſhip in *Pyrocles*, who both in ſpeech and countenance to *Muſidorus*, well ſhewed, that he thought himſelfe iniured, & not relieued by him: aſking him, what hee had euer ſeene in him, why he could not beare the extremities of mortall accidents as well as any man? and why he ſhould enuy him the glory of ſuffering death for his friends cauſe, and (as it were) rob him of his owne poſſeſſion? But in this notable contention (where the conqueſt muſt be the conquerors deſtruction, and ſafety the puniſhment of the conquerour) *Muſidorus* preuailed, becauſe he was a more welcome prey to the vniuſt king; and as cheerefully going towards, as *Pyrocles* went frowardly fromward his death, hee was deliuered to the king, who could not bee enough ſure of him, without he fed his owne eyes vpon one, whom he had begun to feare, as ſoone as the other began to be.

Yet becauſe he would in one act, both make oſtentation of his owne felicitie (into whoſe hands his moſt feared enemie was fallen) and withall cut off ſuch hopes from his ſuſpected ſubiects (when they ſhould know certainely he was dead) with much more skilfull crueltie, and horrible ſolemnitie hee cauſed each thing to be prepared for his triumph of tyrannie. And ſo the day being come, hee was led forth by many armed men (who often had beene the fortifiers of wickednesſe) to the place of execution: where comming with a minde comforted in that he had done ſuch ſeruice to *Pyrocles*, this ſtrange encounter he had.

The excelling *Pyrocles* was no ſooner deliuered by the kings ſeruants to a place of libertie, than he bent his wit and courage (and what would not they bring to paſſe?) how either to deliuer *Muſidorus*, or to periſh with him. And (finding hee could get in that countrie no forces ſufficient by force to reſcue him) to bring himſelfe to die with him, (little hoping of better euent) hee put himſelfe in poore rayment, and by the helpe of ſome few crownes he tooke of that noble-man (who full of ſorrow, though not knowing the ſecret of his intent, ſuffered him to goe in ſuch order from him) he (euen he, borne to the greateſt expectation, and of the greateſt bloud that any Prince might be) ſubmitted himſelfe to bee ſeruant to the executioner that ſhould put to death *Muſidorus*: a farre notabler proofe of his friendſhip, conſidering the height of his minde, than any death could be. That bad officer not ſuſpecting him, being arrayed fit for ſuch an eſtate, and hauing his beautie hidden by many foule ſpots hee artificially put vpon his face, gaue him leaue not onely to

weare

weare a sword himselfe, but to beare his sword prepared for the iustified murther. And so *Pyrocles* taking his time, when *Musidorus* was vpon the scaffold (separated somewhat from the rest, as allowed to say something) hee stept vnto him, and putting the sword into his hand not bound (a point of ciuilitie the officers vsed towards him, because they doubted no such enterprise) *Musidorus*, said hee, die nobly. In truth, neuer man betweene ioy before knowledge what to be glad of, and feare after considering his case, had such a confusion of thoughts, as I had, when I saw *Pyrocles*, so neare mee. But with that *Dorus* blushed, and *Pamela* smiled: and *Dorus* the more blushed at her smiling, and she the more smiled at his blushing: because hee had (with the remembrance of that plight he was in) forgotten in speaking of himselfe to vse the third person. But *Musidorus* turned againe her thoughts from his cheekes to his tongue in this sort: But, said hee, when they were with swords in hands, not turning backes one to the other (for there they knew was no place of defence) but making it a preseruation in not hoping to bee preserued, and now acknowledging themselues subiect to death, meaning onely to doe honour to their Princely birth, they flew amongst them all (for all were enemies) and had quickely either with flight or death, left none vpon the scaffold to annoy them. Wherein *Pyrocles* (the excellent *Pyrocles*) did such wonders beyond beliefe, as was able to lead *Musidorus* to courage, though he had beene borne a coward. But indeed iust rage and desperate vertue did such effects, that the popular sort of the beholders began to bee almost superstitiously amazed, as at effects beyond mortall power. But the king with angry threatnings from out a window (where hee was not ashamed the world should behold him a beholder) commanded his guard and the rest of his souldiers to hasten their death. But many of them lost their bodies to loose their soules, when the Princes grew almost so weary, as they were ready to be conquered with conquering.

But as they were still fighting with weake armes and strong hearts, it happened, that one of the souldiers (commanded to go vp after his fellowes against the Princes) hauing receiued a light hurt, more wounded in his heart, went backe with as much diligence, as he came vp with modestie: which another of his fellowes seeing, to picke a thanke of the king, strake him vpon the face, reuiling him, that so accompanied, he would run away from so few. But he (as many times it fals out) onely valiant, when he was angry, in reuenge thrust him through: which with his death was straight reuenged by a brother of his: and that againe requited by a fellow of the others. There began to bee a great tumult amongst the souldiers; which scene, and not vnderstood by the people (vsed to feares, but not vsed to bee bold in them) some began to crie treason; and that voice straight multiplying it selfe, the king (ô the cowardise of a guiltie conscience) before any man set vpon him fled away. Wherewith a bruit (either by art of some well meaning men, or by some chance as such things often fall out by) ran from one to the other, that the king was slaine; wherewith certaine young men of the brauest mindes, cried with a loud voice, Libertie, and encouraging the other Citizens to follow them, set vpon the guard and souldiers, as chiefe instruments of tyranny: and quickly ayded by the Princes they had left none of them aliue, nor any other in the city, who they thought had in any sort set his hand to the worke of their seruitude, and (God knowes) by the blindenesse of rage, killing many guiltlesse persons, either for affinitie to the tyrant, or enmitie to the tyrant-killers. But some of the wiser (seeing that a popular licence is indeed the many-headed tyrannie) preuailed with the rest to make *Musidorus* their chiefe: choosing one of them (because Princes) to defend them, & him because elder

and

and most hated of the Tyrant, and by him to be ruled: whom forthwith they lifted vp, Fortune (I thinke) smiling at her worke therein, that a scaffold of execution should grow to a scaffold of coronation.

But by and by there came newes of more certaine truth, that the king was not dead, but fled to a strong castle of his, neere hand, where he was gathering forces in all speed possible to suppresse this mutinie. But now they had runne themselues too farre out of breath, to goe back againe the same careere, and too well they knew the sharpnesse of his memorie to forget such an iniurie; therefore learning vertue of necessitie, they continued resolute to obey *Musidorus*. Who seeing what forces were in the Citie, with them issued against the tyrant, while they were in this heat; before practises might be vsed to dissever them: and with them met the king, who likewise hoping little to preuaile by time, knowing and finding his peoples hate, met him with little delay in the field: where himselfe was slaine by *Musidorus*, after he had seene his onely sonne (a Prince of great courage and beauty, but fostered vp in bloud by his naughtie father) slaine by the hand of *Pyrocles*. This victorie obtained with great, and truely not vndeserued honour to the two Princes, the whole estates of the countrie with one consent, gaue the Crown and all other markes of soueraignetie to *Musidorus*; desiring nothing more than to liue vnder such a gouernment as they promised themselues of him.

But he, thinking it a greater greatnesse to giue a kingdome, than get a kingdome; vnderstanding that there was left of the bloud royall, and next to the succession, an aged Gentleman of approued goodnesse (who had gotten nothing by his cosins power but danger from him, and odiousnesse for him) having past his time in modest secrecy, & as much from intermedling in matters of gouernment, as the greatnesse of his bloud would suffer him, did (after hauing receiued the full power to his owne hands) resigne all to the Nobleman; but with such conditions, and cautions of the conditions, as might assure the people (with as much assurance as worldly matters beare) that not onely that gouernour, of whom indeed they looked for all good, but the nature of the gouernment, should be no way apt to decline to tyrannie.

This doing set forth no lesse his magnificence, than the other act did his magnanimitie; so that greatly praised of all, and iustly beloued of the new king, who in all both words & behauiour protested himselfe their Tenant, & Liegeman, they were drawne thence to reuenge those two seruants of theirs, of whose memorable faith, I told you (most excellent Princesse) in willingly giuing themselues to be drowned for their sakes; but drowned indeed they were not, but gate with painful swimming vpon a rocke: from whence (after being come as neere famishing, as before drowning) the weather breaking vp, they were brought to the main land of *Bithynia*, the same countrie vpon which *Musidorus* also was fallen, but not in so luckie a place.

For they were brought to the king of the countrey, a Tyrant also, not through suspition, greedinesse, or reuengefulnesse, as he of *Phrygia*, but (as I may terme it) of a wanton cruelty: inconstant in his choise of friends, or rather neuer hauing a friend but a play fellow; of whom when he was weary, he could not otherwise rid himself than by killing them; giuing sometimes prodigally, not because hee loued them to whom hee gaue, but because he lusted to giue: punishing, not so much for hate or anger, as because he felt not the smart of punishment: delighted to be flattered, at first for those vertues which were not in him, at length making his vices vertues worthy the flattering: with like iudgement glorying, when he had happened to do a thing well, as when he had performed some notable mischiefe.

Hee chanced at that time (for indeed long time none lasted with him) to haue

next in vſe about him, a man of the moſt enuious diſpoſition, that (I thinke) euer infected the ayre with his breath; whoſe eyes could not looke right vpon any happie man, nor eares beare the burthen of any bodies praiſe: contrarie to the natures of all other plagues, plagued with others well being, making happineſſe the ground of his vnhappineſſe, & good news the argument of his ſorrow: in ſum, a man whoſe fauour no man could winne, but by being miſerable. And ſo, becauſe theſe two faithfull ſeruants of theirs came in miſerable ſort to that Court, hee was apt enough at firſt to fauour them; and the king vnderſtanding of their aduenture, (wherein they had ſhewed ſo conſtant a faith vnto their Lords) ſodainely falles to take a pride in making much of them, extolling them with infinite prayſes, and prayſing himſelfe in his heart, in that he prayſed them. And by and by were they made great Courtiers, and in the way of minions, when aduancement (the moſt mortall offence to enuie) ſtirred vp their former friend, to ouerthrow his own work in them; taking occaſion vpon the knowledge (newly come to the Court) of the late death of the king of Phrygia deſtroyed by their two Lords, who hauing beene a neere kinſman to this Prince of *Pontus*, by this enuious Counſellour, partly with ſuſpicion of practice, partly with glory of (in part) reuenging his couſins death, the king was ſodainly turned (and euery turne with him was a downe-fall) to locke them vp in priſon, as ſeruants to his enemies, whom before hee had neuer knowne, nor (till that time one of his owne ſubiects had entertained and dealt for them) did euer take heed of. But now earneſt in euery preſent humour, and making himſelfe braue in his liking, he was content to giue them iuſt cauſe of offence, when they had power to make iuſt reuenge. Yet did the Princes ſend vnto him before they entred into warre, deſiring their ſeruants libertie. But he ſwelling in their humbleneſſe, (like a bubble blowne vp with a ſmall breath, broken with a great) forgetting, or neuer knowing humanitie, cauſed their heads to be ſtricken off, by the aduice of his enuious Counſellour (who now hated them ſo much the more as he foreſaw their happineſſe in hauing ſuch, and ſo fortunate maſters) and ſent them with vnroyall reproches to *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, as if they had done traiterouſly, and not heroically in killing his tyrannicall couſin.

But that iniurie went beyond all degree of reconcilement; ſo that they making forces in *Phrygia* (a kingdome wholly at their commandement, by the loue of the people, and gratefulneſſe of the king) they entred his countrie; and wholly conquering it (with ſuch deeds as at leaſt Fame ſaid were excellent) tooke the king, and by *Muſidorus* commandement (*Pyrocles* heart more enclining to pitie) he was ſlaine vpon the tombe of their two true ſeruants, which they cauſed to be made for them with royall expences, and notable workmanſhip to preſerue their dead liues. For his wicked ſeruant, hee ſhould haue felt the like, or worſe, but that his heart brake euen to death with the beholding the honour done to their dead carcaſſes. There might *Pyrocles* quietly haue enioyed that Crowne, by all the deſire of that people, moſt of whom had reuolted vnto him: but hee finding a ſiſter of the late kings (a faire and well eſteemed Lady) looking for nothing more, than to be oppreſſed with her brothers ruines, gaue her in mariage to the Nobleman his fathers old friend, and endowed them with the Crowne of that kingdome. And not content with thoſe publike actions, of princely, and (as it were) gouerning vertue, they did (in that kingdome and ſome other neere about) diuers acts of particular trialls, more famous, becauſe more perilous. For in that time thoſe regions were full both of cruell monſters, and monſtrous men: all which in ſhort time by priuate combats they deliuered the countries of.

Among

Among the reſt, two brothers of huge both greatneſſe and force, therefore commonly called Giants, who kept themſelues in a caſtle ſeated vpon the top of a rock, impregnable, becauſe there was no comming vnto it but by one narrow path, where one mans force was able to keepe downe an armie. Theſe brothers had a while ſerued the king of *Pontus*, & in all his affaires (eſpecially of warre, whereunto they were onely apt) they had ſhewed, as vnconquered courage, ſo a rude faithfulneſſe: being men indeed by nature apter to the faults of rage, than of deceit; not greatly ambitious, more than to bee well and vprightly dealt with; rather impatient of iniurie, than delighted with more than ordinarie courteſies; and in iniuries more ſenſible of ſmart or loſſe, than of reproach or diſgrace. Theſe men being of this nature (and certainely iewels to a wiſe man, conſidering what indeed wonders they were able to performe) yet were diſcarded by that worthy Prince, after many notable deſerts, as not worthy the holding. Which was the more euident to them; becauſe it ſodainely fell from an exceſſe of fauour, which (many examples hauing taught them) neuer ſtopt his race till it came to an headlong ouerthrowe: they full of rage, retired themſelues vnto this caſtle: where thinking nothing iuſter than reuenge, nor more noble than the effects of anger; that (according to the nature) full of inward brauerie and fierceneſſe, ſcarcely in the glaſſe of reaſon, thinking it ſelfe faire but when it is terrible, they immediately gaue themſelues to make all the countrie about them (ſubiect to that king) to ſmart for their Lords folly: not caring how innocent they were, but rather thinking the more innocent they were, the more it teſtified their ſpight, which they deſired to manifeſt. And with vſe of euill, growing more and more euill, they tooke delight in ſlaughter, and pleaſed themſelues in making others wrack the effect of their power: ſo that where in the time that they obeyed a maſter, their anger was a ſeruiceable power of the minde to doe publike good; ſo now vnbridled, and blinde iudge of it ſelfe, it made wickedneſſe violent, and prayſed it ſelfe in excellencie of miſchiefe; almoſt to the ruine of the countrie, not greatly regarded by their careleſſe and loueleſſe king. Till now theſe Princes finding them ſo fleſhed in crueltie, as not to be reclaimed, ſecretly vndertooke the matter alone: for accompanied they would not haue ſuffered them to haue mounted; and ſo thoſe great fellowes ſcornefully receiuing them, as fooliſh birds fallen into their net, it pleaſed the eternall iuſtice to make them ſuffer death by their hands: and ſo they were manifoldly acknowledged the ſauers of that countrey.

It were the part of a very idle Orator to ſet forth the numbers of wel deuiſed honours done vnto them: but as high honour is not only gotten & borne by paine and danger, but muſt be nurſt by the like, or elſe vaniſheth as ſoone as it appeares to the world: ſo the naturall hunger thereof (which was in *Pyrocles*) ſuffered him not to account a reſting ſeat of that, which either riſeth or falleth, but ſtill to make one occaſion beget another; whereby his doings might ſend his prayſe to others mouthes to rebound againe true contentment to his ſpirit. And therfore hauing well eſtabliſhed thoſe kingdomes vnder good Gouernours, & rid them by their valour of ſuch Giants and Monſters, as before time armies were not able to ſubdue, they determined in vnknowne order to ſee more of the world, and to imploy thoſe gifts eſteemed rare in them, to the good of mankinde; and therefore would themſelues (vnderſtanding that the king *Euarchus* was paſſed all the cumber of his warres) goe priuately to ſeeke exerciſes of their vertue, thinking it not ſo worthy to be brought to heroicall effects by fortune, or neceſſity, (like *Vlyſſes* and *Æneas*) as by ones own choice and working. And ſo went they away from very vnwilling people to leaue them,

them, making time haſte it ſelfe to be a circumſtance of their honour, and one place witneſſe to another of the truth of their doings. For ſcarcely were they out of the confines of *Pontus*, but that as they rid alone armed, (for alone they went, one ſeruing the other) they met an aduenture; which though not ſo notable for any great effect they performed, yet worthy to be remembred for the vnuſed examples therein, as well of true naturall goodneſſe, as of wretched vngratefulneſſe.

It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the ſeaſon being (as in the depth of Winter) very cold, and as then ſodainely growne to ſo extreame and foule a ſtorme, that neuer any winter (I thinke) brought forth a fouler child: ſo that the Princes were euen compelled by the haile, that the pride of the wind blew into their faces, to ſeek ſome ſhrowding place which a certain hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their ſhield againſt the tempeſts fury. And ſo ſtaying there, till the violence thereof was paſſed, they heard the ſpeech of a couple, who not perceiuing them, being hid within that rude canapie, held a ſtrange and pitifull diſputation, which made them ſtep out, yet in ſuch ſort as they might ſee vnſeene. There they perceiued an aged man, and a young, ſcarcely come to the age of a man, both poorely arrayed, extreamely weather-beaten; the old man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet through all thoſe miſeries, in both there ſeemed to appeare a kind of nobleneſs, not ſutable to that affliction. But the firſt words they heard, were theſe of the old man. Wel *Leonatus* (ſaid he) ſince I cannot perſwade thee to leade me to that which ſhould end my griefe, & my trouble, let me now intreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miſerie cannot be greater than it is, and nothing doth become me but miſerie: feare not the danger of my blinde ſteps, I cannot fall worſe than I am: and do not I pray thee, do not obſtinately continue to infect thee with my wretchedneſſe: but flie, flie from this region onely worthy of mee. Deare father (anſwered hee) doe not take away from me the onely remnant of my happineſſe: while I haue power to doe you ſeruice, I am not wholly miſerable. Ah my ſonne (ſaid he, and with that he groned, as if ſorrow ſtraue to breake his heart) how euill fits it me to haue ſuch a ſonne, and how much doth thy kindneſſe vpbraid my wickedneſſe? Theſe dolefull ſpeeches, and ſome others to like purpoſe (well ſhewing they had not beene borne to the fortune they were in) moued the Princes to goe out vnto them, and aske the younger what they were? Sirs (anſwered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certaine noble kinde of pitiouſneſſe) I ſee well you are ſtrangers, that know not our miſerie, ſo well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we muſt bee miſerable. Indeed our ſtate is ſuch, as though nothing is ſo needfull vnto vs as pitie, yet nothing is more dangerous vnto vs, than to make our ſelues ſo knowne as may ſtirre pitie: but your preſence promiſeth that crueltie ſhall not ouer-runne hate: and if it did, in truth our ſtate is ſunke below the degree of feare.

This old man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull Prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted vngratefulneſſe of a ſonne of his, depriued not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraine forces were euer able to ſpoile him) but of his ſight, the riches which Nature grants to the pooreſt creatures. Wherby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath beene driuen to ſuch griefe, as euen now hee would haue had mee to haue ledde him to the top of this rocke, thence to caſt himſelfe headlong to death: and ſo would haue made mee, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his deſtruction. But noble Gentlemen, ſaid he, if either of you haue a father, and feele what dutifull affection is ingraffed in a ſonnes heart, let mee intreat you to conuey this afflicted Prince to ſome place of reſt and ſecurity: amongſt your worthy acts it ſhall be none of the leaſt, that a king

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of ſuch might and fame, and ſo vniuſtly oppreſſed, is in any ſort by you relieued.

But before they could make him anſwer, his father beganne to ſpeake. Ah my ſonne, ſaid hee, how euill an hiſtorian are you, that leaue out the chiefe knot of all the diſcourſe? my wickednesſe, my wickednesſe: and if thou doeſt it to ſpare mine eares (the onely ſenſe now left me proper for knowledge) aſſure thy ſelfe thou doeſt miſtake mee: and I take witneſſe of that Sunne which you ſee (with that he cast vp his blinde eyes, as if he would hunt for light) and wish my ſelfe in worſe case than I doe wiſh my ſelfe, which is as euill as may be, if I ſpeake vntruely, that nothing is ſo welcome to my thoughts, as the publiſhing of my ſhame. Therefore know you Gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wiſh that it may not proue ſome ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with ſuch a miſer as I am) that whatſoeuer my ſon (O God, that truth binds me to reproch him with the name of my ſon) hath ſaid is true. But beſides thoſe truths, this alſo is true, that hauing had in lawfull mariage, of a mother fit to beare royall children, this ſonne (ſuch a one as partly you ſee, and better ſhall know by my ſhort declaration) and ſo enioyed the expectations in the world of him, till hee was growne to iuſtifie their expectations (ſo as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue another ones ſelfe after me) I was carried by a baſtard ſonne of mine (if at leaſt I bee bound to beleeue the words of that baſe woman my concubine, his mother) firſt to miſlike, then to hate, laſtly to deſtroy, or to doe my beſt to deſtroy this ſonne (I thinke you thinke) vndeſeruing deſtruction. What wayes ſhee vſed to bring mee to it, if I ſhould tell you, I ſhould tediouſly trouble you with as much poyſonous hypocriſie, deſperate fraud, ſmooth malice, hidden ambition, and ſmiling enuie, as in any liuing perſon could be harboured: but I liſt it not; no remembrance of naughtineſſe delights me but mine owne; and me thinkes, the accuſing his traps might in ſome manner excuſe my fault, which certainly I lothe to doe. But the concluſion is, that I gaue order to ſome ſeruants of mine, whom I thought as apt for ſuch charities as my ſelfe, to leade him out into a forreſt, and there to kill him.

But thoſe theeues (better natured to my ſonne than my ſelfe) ſpared his life, letting him go to learne to liue poorely: which he did, giuing himſelfe to be a priuate ſouldier in a country here by: but as he was readie to be greatly aduanced for ſome noble pieces of ſeruice which he did, he heard newes of me: who (drunke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnnaturall ſonne of mine) ſuffered my ſelfe ſo to bee gouerned by him, that all fauours and puniſhments paſſed by him, all offices, and places of importance diſtributed to his fauorites; ſo that ere I was aware, I had left my ſelfe nothing but the name of a king: which he ſhortly weary of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignity, which was laid vpon me) threw mee out of my Sea, & put out my eyes, and then (proud in his tyranny) let me goe, neither impriſoning, nor killing mee; but rather delighting to make mee feele my miſerie; miſerie indeede, if euer there were any; full of wretchednesſe, fuller of diſgrace, and fulleſt of guiltineſſe. And as he came to the crowne by ſo vniuſt meanes, as vniuſtly he kept it, by force of ſtranger ſouldiers in *Cittadels*, the neaſtes of tyrannie, and murderers of libertie; diſarming all his owne country men, that no man durſt ſhew himſelfe a wel-willer of mine: to ſay the truth (I think) few of them being ſo (conſidering my cruell folly to my good ſonne, and fooliſh kindneſſe to my vnkind baſtard:) but if there were any who felt a pitie of ſo great a fall, and had yet any ſparkes of vnſlaine duty left in them towards me; yet durſt they not ſhew it, ſcarcely with giuing mee alms at their doores; which yet was the onely ſuſtenance of my diſtreſſed life, no bodie daring to ſhew ſo much charitie, as to lend mee a hand to

guide my darke steps: till this sonne of mine (God knowes, worthie of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abhominable wrongs, not reckoning danger, and neglecting the present good way hee was in of doing himselfe good, came hither to doe this kinde office you see him performe towards me, to my vnspeakeable griefe; not onely because his kindnesse is a glasse euen to my blind eyes of my naughtinesse, but that aboue all griefes, it grieues me hee should desperately aduenture the losse of his well-deseruing life for mine, that yet owe more to Fortune for my deserts, as if he would carrie mudde in a chest of Chrystal: for well I know, he that now raigneth, how much soeuer (and with good reason) hee despiseth mee, of all men despised; yet he will not let slip any aduantage to make away him, whose iust title (ennobled by courage & goodnesse) may one day shake the seate of a neuer secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craued of him to lead me to the top of this rocke, indeed I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, onely therein since hee was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient vnto me. And now Gentlemen, you haue the true story, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischieuous proceedings may be the glory of his filiall pietie, the onely reward now left for so great a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me: for neuer was there more pitie in sauing any, than in ending mee, both because therein my agonie shall end, and so you shall preserue this excellent yong man, who else wilfully followes his owne ruine.

The matter in it selfe lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old Prince (which needed not take to himselfe the gestures of pitie, since his face could not put off the markes thereof) greatly moued the two Princes to compassion, which could not stay in such hearts as theirs without seeking remedie. But by and by the occasion was presented: for *Plexirtus* (so was the bastard called) came thither with fortie horse; onely of purpose to murder his brother, of whose comming hee had soone aduertisement, and thought no eyes of sufficient credit in such a matter, but his owne, and therefore came himselfe to be actor, and spectator. And as soone as hee came, not regarding the weake (as hee thought) guard but of two men, commanded some of his followers to set their hands to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young Prince (though not otherwise armed but with a sword) how falsely soeuer he was dealt with by others, would not betray himselfe; but brauely drawing it out, made the death of the first that assayled him, warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were quickly become parties (so iust a defence deseruing as much as old friendship) and so did behaue them among that companie (more iniurious than valiant) that many of them lost their liues for their wicked master.

Yet perhaps had the number of them at last preuailed, if the King of *Pontus* (lately by them made so) had not come vnlooked for to their succour. Who (hauing had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently vpon some great danger, presently to follow those two Princes, whom he most dearely loued) was come in all hast, following as well as he could their tracke with a hundred horses in that country, which he thought (considering who then raigned) a fit place enough to make the stage of any Tragedie.

But then the march had beene so ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and worse-gotten honour should haue tumbled together to destruction; had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with fortie or fiftie in their suite, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. These two were brothers, of the noblest house of that country, brought vp

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from their infancie with *Plexirtus*, men of such prowesse, as not to know feare in themselues, and yet to teach it in others that should deale with them: for they had often made their liues triumph ouer most terrible dangers; neuer dismayed, and euer fortunate; and truely no more settled in valour, than disposed to goodnesse and iustice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could haue learned to make friendship a childe, & not the father of vertue. But bringing vp (rather than choice) hauing first knit their mindes vnto him (indeed craftie enough, either to hide his faults, or neuer to shew them, but when they might pay home) they willingly held out the course, rather to satisfie him, than all the world, and rather to be good friends, than good men: so as though they did not like the euill he did, yet they liked him that did the euill; and though not counsellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they hauing heard of this sodain going out with so smal a company, in a country full of euill-wishing minds toward him (though they knew not the cause) followed him; til they found him in such case, as they were to venture their liues, or else he to lose his: which they did with such force of mind and body, that truely I may iustly say, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* had neuer till then found any, that could make them so well repeat their hardest lesson in the feates of armes. And briefly so they did; that if they ouercame not, yet were they not ouercome, but carried away that vngratefull master of theirs to a place of securitie, howsoeuer the Princes laboured to the contrarie. But this matter being thus farre begun, it became not the constancie of the Princes so to leaue it; but in all hast making forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrygia*, they had in few dayes left him but onely that one strong place where he was. For, feare hauing beene the only knot that had fastned his people vnto him, that once vnited by a greater force, they all scattered from him, like so many birds, whose cage had beene broken.

In which season the blind king (hauing in the chiefe Citie of his Realme set the crowne vpon his sonne *Leonatus* head) with many teares (both of ioy & sorrow) setting forth to the whole people, his own fault and his sonnes vertue, after he had kist him, and forc't his sonne to accept honour of him (as of his new-become subiect) euen in a moment died, as it should seeme, his heart broken with vnkindnesse and affliction, stretched so farre beyond his limits with this accesse of comfort, as it was able no longer to keepe safe his vitall spirits. But the new King (hauing no lesse louingly performed all duties to him dead, than aliue) pursued on the siege of his vnnaturall brother, as much for the reuenge of his father, as the establishing of his owne quiet. In which siege truely I cannot but acknowledge the prowesse of those two brothers, than whom the Princes neuer found in all their trauell, two of greater ability to performe, nor of abler skill for conduct.

But *Plexirtus* finding that if nothing else, famine would at last bring him to destruction, thought better by humblenesse to creepe, where by pride he could not march. For certainely so had nature formed him, and the exercise of craft conformed him to all turningnesse of sleights, that though no man had lesse goodnesse in his soule than hee, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodnesse to another; though no man felt lesse pitie, no man could tell better how to stirre pitie; no man more impudent to denie, where proofes were not manifest; no man more ready to confesse with a repenting maner of aggrauating his owne euill, where deniall would but make the fault fouler. Now he took this way, that hauing gotten a pasport for one (that pretended hee would put *Plexirtus* aliue into his hands) to speake with the King his brother, hee himselfe (though much against the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wished to die in braue defence)

with a rope about his necke, bare footed, came to offer himſelfe to the diſcretion of *Leonatus*: Where what ſubmiſſion hee vſed, how cunningly in making greater the fault, he made the faultineſſe the leſſe, how artificially he could ſet out the torments of his owne conſcience, with the burdenſome cumber he had found of his ambitious deſires, how finely ſeeming to deſire nothing but death, as aſhamed to liue, hee begg'd life in the refuſing it; I am not cunning enough to be able to expreſſe: but ſo fell out of it, that though at firſt ſight *Leonatus* ſaw him with no other eye, than as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint reuenge in many colours, ere long he had not only gotten pitie, but pardon; and if not an excuſe of the fault paſt, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poore villaines (chiefe miniſters of his wickednesſe, now betrayed by the author thereof,) were deliuered to many cruell ſorts of death; he ſo handling it, that it rather ſeemed, he had more come into the defence of an vnremediable miſchiefe already committed, than that they had done it at firſt by his conſent.

In ſuch ſort the Princes left theſe reconciled brothers (*Plexirtus* in all his behauiour carrying him in far lower degree of ſeruice, than the euer-noble nature of *Leonatus* would ſuffer him) & taking likewiſe their leaues of their good friend the king of *Pontus* (who returned to enioy ſome benefite, both of his wife and kingdome) they priuately went thence, hauing onely with them the two valiant brothers, who would needes accompanie them through diuers places; they foure doing acts more dangerous, though leſſe famous, becauſe they were but priuate chiualries: til hearing of the faire & vertuous Queene *Erona* of Lycia, beſieged by the puiſſant king of Armenia, they bent themſelues to her ſuccour, both becauſe the weaker (and weaker as being a Lady) and partly becauſe they heard the king of Armenia had in his company three of the moſt famous men liuing, for matters of armes, that were knowne to bee in the world. Whereof one was the Prince *Plangus* (whoſe name was ſweetned by your breath, peereleſſe Lady, when the laſt day it pleaſed you to mention him vnto me:) the other two were two great Princes (though holding of him) *Barzanes* and *Euardus*, men of Giant-like both hugeneſſe and force: in which two eſpecially, the truſt the king had of victorie was repoſed. And of them, thoſe brothers *Tydeus* and *Telenor* (ſufficient Iudges in war-like matters) ſpake ſo high commendations, that the two Princes had euen a youthfull longing to haue ſome triall of their vertue. And therefore as ſoone as they were entred into Lycia, they ioyned themſelues with them that faithfully ſerued the poore Queene, at that time beſieged: and ere long animated in ſuch ſort their almoſt ouerthrowne hearts, that they went by force to relieue the Town, though they were depriued of a great part of their ſtrength by the parting of the two brothers, who were ſent for in all haſte to returne to their old friend and maſter *Plexirtus*: who (willingly hood-winking themſelues from ſeeing his faults, and binding themſelues to beleeue what he ſaid) often abuſed the vertue of courage to defend his foule vice of iniuſtice. But now they were ſent for, to aduance a conqueſt he was about; while *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* purſued the deliuery of the Queene *Erona*.

I haue heard, ſaid *Pamela*, that part of the ſtory of *Plangus*, when he paſſed through this countrie: therefore you may (if you liſt) paſſe ouer that warre of *Erona's* quarrell, leaſt if you ſpeake too much of warre matters, you ſhould wake *Mopſa*, which might happely breed a great broile. He looked, & ſaw that *Mopſa* indeed ſate ſwallowing of ſleepe with open mouth, making ſuch a noyſe withall, as no body could lay the ſtealing of a nap to her charge. Whereupon, willing to vſe that occaſion, I kneeled down, & with humble-heartedneſs & harty earneſtneſſe printed in my gra-

ces,

ces, Alas, ſaid I, diuine Lady, who haue wrought ſuch miracles in mee, as to make a Prince (none of the baſeſt) to think all principalities baſe, in reſpect of the ſheephook which may hold him vp in your ſight; vouchſafe now at laſt to heare in direct words my humble ſute, while this dragon ſleepes, that keepes the golden fruit. If in my deſire I wiſh, or in my hopes aſpire, or in my imagination faine to my ſelf any thing which may bee the leaſt ſpot to that heauenly vertue, which ſhines in all your doings; I pray the eternall powers, that the words I ſpeake may bee deadly poyſons, while they are in my mouth, & that all my hopes, all my deſires, all my imaginations may only worke their own confuſion. But if loue, loue of you, loue of your vertues, ſeeke onely that fauour of you, which becommeth that gratefulneſſe, which cannot misbecome your excellencie, O doe not. He would haue ſaid further, but *Pamela* calling aloud *Mopſa*, ſhee ſuddainly ſtart vp, ſtaggering; and rubbing her eyes, ranne firſt out of the doore, and then backe to them, before ſhe knew how ſhe went out, or why ſhe came in againe: till at length, being fully come to her little ſelfe, ſhee asked *Pamela*, why ſhee had called her. For nothing, ſaid *Pamela*, but that yee might heare ſome tales of your ſeruants telling: and therefore now, ſaid ſhe, *Dorus* goe on.

But as I (who found no ſo good ſacrifice, as obedience) was returning to the ſtory of my ſelfe, *Philoclea* came in, and by and by after her, *Miſo*; ſo as for that time they were faine to let *Dorus* depart. But *Pamela* (delighted euen to preſerue in her memorie, the words of ſo well a beloued ſpeaker) repeated the whole ſubſtance to her ſiſter, till their ſober dinner being come and gone, to recreate themſelues ſomething, (euen tyred with the noyſomneſſe of *Miſo's* conuerſation) they determined to goe (while the heate of the day laſted) to bathe themſelues (ſuch being the manner of the *Arcadian* Nymphes often to doe) in the riuer of *Ladon*, and take with them a Lute, meaning to delight them vnder ſome ſhadow. But they could not ſtirre, but that *Miſo* with her daughter *Mopſa* was after them: & as it lay in their way to paſſe by the other lodge, *Zelmane* out of her window eſpied them, and ſo ſtole downe after them: which ſhee might the better doe, becauſe that *Gynecia* was ſicke, and *Baſilius* (that day being his birth-day) according to his manner, was buſie about his deuotions; and therefore ſhee went after, hoping to finde ſome time to ſpeake with *Philoclea*: but not a word could ſhee beginne, but that *Miſo* would be one of the audience: ſo that ſhee was driuen to recommend thinking, ſpeaking, and all, to her eyes, who diligently performed her truſt, till they came to the riuers ſide, which of all the riuers of *Greece* had the price for excellent pureneſſe and ſweetneſſe, inſomuch as the very bathing in it, was accounted exceeding healthfull. It ranne vpon ſo fine and delicate a ground, as one could not eaſily iudge, whether the Riuer did more waſh the grauell, or the grauell did purifie the Riuer; the Riuer not running forth right, but almoſt continually winding, as if the lower ſtreames would returne to their ſpring, or that the Riuer had a delight to play with it ſelfe. The bankes of either ſide ſeeming armes of the louing earth, that faine would embrace it; and the Riuer a wanton Nymph which ſtill would ſlip from it: either ſide of the banke being fringed with moſt beautifull trees, which reſiſted the Sunnes darts from ouer-much piercing the naturall coldneſſe of the Riuer. There was the But amongſt the reſt a goodly *Cypres*, who bowing her faire head ouer the water, it ſeemed ſhe looked into it, & dreſſed her green locks by that running riuer. There the Princeſſes determining to bathe themſelues, though it was ſo priuiledged a place, vpon paine of death, as no body durſt preſume to come thither; yet for the more ſurety, they looked round about, and could ſee nothing but a water ſpaniell, who came down the Riuer ſhewing

ing that he hunted for a ducke, & with a ſnuffling grace, diſdaining that his ſmelling force could not as well preuaile thorow the water, as thorow the ayre; & therefore wayting with his eye, to ſee whether he could eſpie the duckes getting vp again: but then a little below them failing of his purpoſe, hee got out of the riuer, and ſhaking off the water (as great men doe their friends) now hee had no further cauſe to vſe it, inweeded himſelfe ſo, as the Ladies loſt the further marking his ſportfulneſſe: and inuiting *Zelmane* alſo to waſh her ſelfe with them, and ſhe excuſing her ſelfe with hauing taken a late cold, they began by piece-meale to take away the eclipſing of their apparell.

Zelmane would haue put to her helping hand, but ſhe was taken with ſuch a quiuering, that ſhe thought it more wiſedome to leane her ſelfe to a tree, and looke on, while *Miſo* and *Mopſa* (like a couple of foreſwat melters) were getting the pure ſiluer of their bodies out of the vre of their garments. But as the rayments went off to receiue kiſſes of the ground, *Zelmane* enuied the happineſſe of all, but of the ſmock was euen iealous: and when that was taken away too, and that *Philoclea* remained (for her *Zelmane* onely marked) like a *Diamond* taken from out the rocke, or rather like the Sunne getting from vnder a cloud, and ſhewing his naked beames to the ful view, then was the beautie too much for a patient ſight, the delight too ſtrong for a ſtaied conceit: ſo that *Zelmane* could not chooſe but runne, to touch, embrace and kiſſe her; But conſcience made her come to her ſelfe, and leaue *Philoclea*, who bluſhing, and withall ſmiling, making ſhamefaſtneſſe pleaſant, & pleaſure ſhamefaſt, tenderly moued her feete, vnwonted to feele the naked ground, till the touch of the cold water made a prettie kinde of ſhrugging come ouer her bodie, like the twinkling of the faireſt among the fixed ſtarres. But the riuer it ſelfe gaue way vnto her, ſo that ſhee was ſtreight breaſt high; which was the deepeſt that there-about ſhee could bee: and when cold *Ladon* had once fully imbraced them, himſelfe was no more ſo cold to thoſe Ladies, but as if his cold complexion had beene heated with loue, ſo ſeem'd hee to play about euery part he could touch.

Ah ſweete; now ſweeteſt *Ladon*, (ſaid *Zelmane*) why doſt thou not ſtay thy courſe to haue more full taſt of thy happines? But the reaſon is manifeſt, the vpper ſtreams make ſuch haſt to haue their part of imbracing, that the neather (though lothly) muſt needs giue place vnto them. O happy *Ladon*, within whom ſhe is, vpon whom her beautie fals, through whom her eye pierceth. O happy *Ladon*, which art now an vnperfect mirror of all perfection, canſt thou euer forget the bleſſednes of this impreſſion? if thou do, then let thy bed be turned from fine grauell to weeds and mud; if thou do, let ſome vniuſt niggards make weres to ſpoile thy beautie; if thou doe, let ſome greater riuer fall into thee, to take away the name of *Ladon*. Oh *Ladon*, happy *Ladon*, rather ſlide than run by her, leſt thou ſhouldeſt make her legs ſlip from her; & then, O happy *Ladon*, who would then call thee, but the moſt curſed *Ladon*? But as the Ladies playd then in the water, ſometimes ſtriking it with their hands, the water (making lines in his face) ſeemed to ſmile at ſuch beating, and with twentie bubbles not to be content to haue the picture of their face in large vpon him, but he would in each of thoſe bubbles ſet forth the miniature of them.

But *Zelmane*, whoſe ſight was gaine-ſaid by nothing but the tranſparant vaile of *Ladon* (like a chamber where a great fire is kept, though the fire bee at one ſtay, yet with the continuance continually hath his heate encreaſed) had the coales of her affection ſo kindled with wonder, and blowne with delight, that now all her parts grudged, that her eyes ſhould doe more homage, than they, to the Princeſſe of them. Inſomuch that taking vp the Lute, her wit began to bee with a diuine furie

inſpired;

inſpired; her voice would in ſo beloued an occaſion ſecond her wit; her hands accorded the Lutes muſicke to the voice; her panting heart daunced to the mu[illegible]ke; while I thinke her feet did beate the time; while her body was the roome where it ſhould bee celebrated; her ſoule the Queene which ſhould bee delighted. And ſo together went the vtterance and the inuention, that one might iudge, it was *Philoclea's* beautie which did ſpeedily write it in her eyes; or the ſenſe thereof, which did word by word indite it in her minde, whereto ſhee (but as an organ) did onely lend vtterance. The ſong was to this purpoſe:

What tongue can her perfection tell,
In whoſe each part all pens may dwell?
Her haire fine threeds of fineſt gold,
In curled knots mans thought to hold:
But that her fore-head ſayes, in mee
A whiter beautie you may ſee;
Whiter in deede; more white than ſnow,
Which on cold winters face doth grow:
That doth preſent thoſe euen browes,
Whoſe equall line their angles bowes;
Like to the Moone when after change
Her horned head abroad doth raunge:
And arches be to heauenly lids,
Whoſe winke each bold attempt forbids.
For the blacke ſtarres thoſe ſpheares containe;
The matchleſſe paire, euen praiſe doth ſtaine.
No lampe whoſe light by Art is got,
No Sunne which ſhines, and ſeeth not,
Can liken them without all peere,
Saue one as much as other cleere:
Which onely thus vnhappy bee,
Becauſe themſelues they cannot ſee.
Her cheekes with kindly claret ſpread,
Aurora-*like new out of bed;*
Or like the freſh Queene apples ſide,
Bluſhing at ſight of Phœbus *pride.*
Her noſe, her chinne pure iuory weares:
No purer than the prettie eares.
So that therein appeares ſome blood,
Like wine and milke that mingled ſtood.
In whoſe Incirclets if ye gaze,
Your eyes may tread a Louers maze.
But with ſuch turnes the voice to ſtray,
No talke vntaught can finde the way.
The tippe no iewell needs to weare:
The tippe is iewell of the eare.
But who thoſe ruddie lips can miſſe,
Which bleſſed ſtill themſelues doe kiſſe?
Rubies, Cherries, and Roſes new,
In worth, in taſte, in perfect hew:

which

Which neuer part, but that they show
Of precious pearle the double row,
The second sweetly-fenced ward,
Her heauenly-dewed tongue to guard,
Whence neuer word in vaine did flow.
Faire vnder these doth stately grow,
The handle of this precious worke,
The necke, in which strange graces lurke.
Such be I thinke the sumptuous towers
Which skill doth make in Princes bowers.
So good a say inuites the eye,
A little downeward to espie,
The liuely clusters of her brests,
Of Venus babe the wanton nests:
Like pomels round of Marble cleere:
Where azurde veines well mixt appeere,
With deerest tops of porphyrie.
Betwixt these two a way doth lie,
Away more worthie beauties fame,
Than that which beares the Milkie name.
This leads into the ioyous field:
Which onely still doth Lillies yeeld:
But Lillies such whose natiue smell
The Indians odours doth excell.
Waste it is call'd, for it doth waste
Mens liues, vntill it be imbraste.
There may one see, and yet not see
Her ribbes in white all armed bee.
More white than Neptunes fomie face,
When struggling rockes he would imbrace.
In those delights the wandring thought
Might of each side astray be brought,
But that her nauel doth vnite,
In curious circle, busie sight;
A daintie seale of virgin-waxe,
Where nothing but impression lackes.
Her bellie their glad sight doth fill,
Iustly intitled Cupids hill.
A hill most fit for such a master,
A spotlesse mine of Alablaster.
Like Alablaster faire and sleeke,
But soft and supple satten like.
In that sweet seate the boy doth sport:
Loath, I must leaue his chiefe resort.
For such a vse the world hath gotten,
The best things still must be forgotten.
Yet neuer shall my song omit
Her thighes, for Ouids song more fit;
Which flanked with two sugred flankes,

Lift vp her ſtately ſwelling bankes;
That Albion *cliffes in whitenesſe paſſe:*
With hanches ſmooth as looking-glaſſe.
But bow all knees, now of her knees
My tongue doth tell what fancie ſees.
The knots of ioy, the gemmes of loue,
Whoſe motion makes all graces moue.
Whoſe bought incan'd doth yeeld ſuch ſight,
Like cunning Painter ſhadowing white.
The gantring place with child-like ſigne,
Shewes eaſie print in mettall fine.
But then againe the fleſh doth riſe
In her braue calues, like chryſtall skies.
Whoſe Atlas *is a ſmalleſt ſmall,*
More white than whiteſt bone of all.
Thereout ſteales out that round cleane foote
This noble Cedars precious roote:
In ſhew and ſent pale-violets,
Whoſe ſtep on earth all beautie ſets.
But backe vnto her backe, my Muſe,
Where Ledas *ſwanne his feathers mewes,*
Along whoſe ridge ſuch bones are met,
Like comfits round in marchpane ſet.
Her ſhoulders be like two white Doues,
Pearching within ſquare royall rooues,
Which leaded are with ſiluer skinne,
Paſſing the hate-ſpot Emerlin.
And thence theſe armes derined are;
The Phœnix *wings are not ſo rare*
For faultleſſe length, and ſtaineleſſe hue.
Ah woe is me, my woes renue.
Now courſe doth leade me to her hand,
Of my firſt loue the fatall band.
Where whiteneſſe doth for euer ſit:
Nature *her ſelfe enameld it.*
For there with ſtrange compact doth lie
Warme ſnow, moiſt pearle, ſoft inerie.
There fall thoſe Saphir coloured brookes,
Which conduit-like with curious crookes,
Sweet Ilands make in that ſweet land.
As for the fingers of the hand,
The bloudy ſhafts of Cupids *warre,*
With amatiſts they headed are.
Thus hath each part his beauties part:
But how the Graces doe impart,
To all her limmes a ſpeciall grace,
Becomming euery time and place.
Which doth enen beautie beautifie,
And moſt bewitch the wretched eye.

How

How all this is but a faire Inne
Of fairer gueſts, which dwell therein.
Of whoſe high prayſe, and prayſefull bliſſe,
Goodneſſe the penne, heauen paper is:
The inke immortall fame doth lend:
As I began, ſo muſt I end.
No tongue can her perfections tell,
In whoſe each part all tongues may dwell.

But as *Zelmane* was comming to the latter end of her ſong, ſhe might ſee the ſame water-ſpaniel which before had hunted, come & fetch away one of *Philoclea's* gloues; whoſe fine proportion, ſhewed well what a dainty gheſt was wont there to be lodged. It was a delight to *Zelmane*, to ſee that the dog was therewith delighted, and ſo let him goe a little way withall, who quickly carried it out of ſight among certaine trees and buſhes, which were very cloſe together. But by and by he came againe, and amongſt the rayments (*Miſa* and *Mopſa* being preparing ſheetes againſt their comming out) the dog lighted vpon a little booke of foure or fiue leaues of paper, and was bearing that away too. But when *Zelmane* (not knowing what importance it might be of) ran after the dog, who going ſtreight to thoſe buſhes, ſhee might ſee the dog deliuer it to a Gentleman, who ſecretly lay there. But ſhee haſtily comming in, the Gentleman roſe vp, & with a courteous (though ſad) countenance preſented himſelfe vnto her. *Zelmanes* eyes ſtreight willed her mind to marke him: for ſhe thought, in her ſelfe, ſhe had neuer ſeen a man of a more goodly preſence, in whom ſtrong making tooke not away delicacie, nor beautie fiercenesſe: being indeed ſuch a right manlike man, as Nature often erring, yet ſhewes ſhe would faine make. But when ſhee had a while (not without admiration) viewed him, ſhe deſired him to deliuer backe the gloue and paper, becauſe they were the Lady *Philoclea's*; telling him withall, that ſhe would not willingly let them know of his cloſe lying in that prohibited place, while they were bathing themſelues; becauſe ſhe knew they would be mortally offended withall. Faire Ladie, anſwered hee, the worſt of the complaint is already paſſed, ſince I feele of my fault in my ſelfe the puniſhment. But for theſe things, I aſſure you, it was my dogs wanton boldnes, not my preſumption. With that he gaue her backe the paper: But for the gloue, ſaid he, ſince it is my Ladie *Philoclea's*, giue mee leaue to keep it, ſith my heart cannot perſwade it ſelfe to part from it. And I pray you tell the Ladie (Ladie indeed of all my deſires) that owes it, that I will direct my life to honour this gloue with ſeruing her. O villaine (cried out *Zelmane*, madded with finding an vnlooked-for Riuall, & that he would make her a meſſenger) diſpatch, ſaid ſhee, and deliuer it, or by the life of her that owes it, I wil make thy ſoule (though too baſe a price) pay for it. And with that drew out her ſword, which (*Amazon* like) ſhe euer ware about her. The gentleman retired himſelfe into an open place from among the buſhes, and then drawing out his too, he offered to deliuer it vnto her, ſaying withall, God forbid I ſhould vſe my ſword againſt you, ſith (if I bee not deceiued) you are the ſame famous *Amazon*, that both defended my Ladies iuſt title of beautie againſt the valiant *Phalantus*, and ſaued her life in killing the Lion: therefore I am rather to kiſſe your hands, with acknowledging my ſelfe bound to obey you. But this courteſie was worſe than a baſtinado to *Zelmane*: ſo that againe with ragefull eyes ſhe bad him defend himſelfe, for no leſſe than his life ſhould anſwer it. A hard caſe (ſaid he) to teach my ſword that leſſon, which hath euer vſed to turne it ſelfe to a ſhield in a Ladies preſence. But *Zelmane*

hatkening

harkening to no more wordes, began with ſuch wittie furie to purſue him with blowes and thruſtes, that Nature and Vertue commanded the Gentleman to looke to his ſafetie. Yet ſtill courteſie, that ſeemed incorporate in his heart, would not bee perſwaded by danger to offer any offence, but onely to ſtand vpon the beſt defenſiue guard he could; ſomtimes going backe, being content in that reſpect to take on the figure of cowardiſe; ſometime with ſtrong and well-met wards, ſomtimes cunning avoydings of his body; & ſomtimes faining ſome blowes, which himſelf puld backe before they needed to bee withſtood. And ſo with play did he a good while fight againſt the fight of *Zelmane*, who (more ſpited with that curteſie, that one that did nothing ſhould bee able to reſiſt her) burned away with choler any motions, which might grow out of her own ſweete diſpoſition, determining to kill him if he fought no better; & ſo redoubling her blowes, draue the ſtranger to no other ſhift than to ward, and goe backe; at that time ſeeming the image of innocencie againſt violence. But at length he found, that both in publike & priuate reſpects, who ſtands onely vpon defence, ſtands vpon no defence: for *Zelmane* ſeeming to ſtrike at his head, & he going to ward it, withall ſtept backe as he was accuſtomed: ſhe ſtopt her blow in the ayre, and ſodainly turning the point, ran full at his breaſt; ſo as hee was driuen with the pommell of his ſword (hauing no other weapon of defence) to beate it downe: but the thruſt was ſo ſtrong, that he could not ſo wholly beate it away, but that it met with his thigh, thorow which it ran. But *Zelmane* retiring her ſword, and ſeeing his bloud, victorious anger was conquered by the before-conquered pittie; and hartily ſorie, & euen aſhamed with her ſelfe ſhe was, conſidering how little he had done, who well ſhe found could haue done more. In ſo much that ſhee ſaid, Truely I am ſorry for your hurt; but your ſelfe gaue the cauſe, both in refuſing to deliuer the gloue, and yet not fighting as I know you could haue done. But (ſaid ſhe) becauſe I perceiue you diſdaine to fight with a woman, it may be before a yeare come about, you ſhal meete with a neere kinſman of mine, *Pyrocles* Prince of Macedon, and I giue you my word, he for me ſhall maintaine this quarrell againſt you. I would (anſwered *Amphialus*) I had many more ſuch hurts to meete and know that worthy Prince, whoſe vertue I loue and admire, though my good deſtinie hath not beene to ſee his perſon.

But as they were ſo ſpeaking, the yong Ladies came, to whom *Mopſa* (curious in any thing, but her own good behauiour) hauing followed and ſeene *Zelmane* fighting, had cried, what ſhee had ſeene, while they were drying themſelues; and the water (with ſome drops) ſeemed to weepe, that it ſhould part from ſuch bodies. But they carefull of *Zelmane* (aſſuring themſelues that any *Arcadian* would beare reuerence to them) *Pamela* with a noble minde, and *Philoclea* with a louing (haſtily hiding the beauties, whereof Nature was proude, and they aſhamed) they made quicke worke to come to ſaue *Zelmane*. But alreadie they found them in talke, and *Zelmane* careful of his wound. But when they ſaw him, they knew it was their coſin germaine, the famous *Amphialus*; whom yet with a ſweete-graced bitterneſſe they blamed for breaking their fathers commaundement, eſpecially while themſelues were in ſuch ſort retired. But he craued pardon, proteſting vnto them that hee had onely beene to ſeeke ſolitarie places, by an extreame melancholy that had a good while poſſeſt him, & guided to that place, by his ſpaniell, where while the dog hunted in the riuer, he had with drawne himſelfe to pacifie with ſleepe his ouerwatched eyes: till a dreame waked him, and made him ſee that whereof he had dreamed, and withall not obſcurely ſignified, that he felt the ſmart of his owne doings. But *Philoclea* (that was euen icalous of her ſelfe for *Zelmane*) would needes haue her

gloue,

gloue, and not without ſo mightie a lowre as that face could yeeld. As for *Zelmane* when ſhee knew it was *Amphialus*, Lord *Amphialus* (ſaid ſhe) I haue long deſired to know you heretofore I muſt confeſſe with more good will, but ſtill with honouring your vertue, though I loue not your perſon: and at this time I pray you let vs take care of your wound, vpon condition you ſhal hereafter promiſe, that a more knightly combat ſhalbe performed between vs. *Amphialus* anſwerd in honorable ſort, but with ſuch excuſing himſelfe, that more and more accuſed his loue to *Philoclea*, and prouoked more hate in *Zelmane*. But *Mopſa* had alreadie called certain ſheepheards not farre off (who knew & wel obſerued their limits) to come & help to carrie away *Amphialus*, whoſe wound ſuffered him not without danger to ſtraine it: and ſo hee leauing himſelfe with them, departed from them, faſter bleeding in his heart, than at his wound: which bound vp by the ſheetes, wherewith *Philoclea* had been wrapped, made him thanke the wound, and bleſſe the ſword for that fauour.

He being gone, the Ladies (with merry anger talking, in what naked ſimplicity their couſin had ſeene them) returned to the lodge-ward: yet thinking it too early (as long as they had any day) to breake off ſo pleaſing a companie, with going to performe a cumberſome obedience, *Zelmane* inuited them to the little arbour, only reſerued for her, which they willingly did: and there ſitting, *Pamela* hauing a while made the Lute in his language ſhew how glad it was to bee touched by her fingers, *Zelmane* deliuered vp the paper, which *Amphialus* had at firſt yeelded vnto her: and ſeeing written vpon the backeſide of it, the complaint of *Plangus*, remembring what *Dorus* had told her, and deſiring to know how much *Philoclea* knew of her eſtate, ſhe tooke occaſion in preſenting of it, to aske whether it were any ſecret or no. No truely (anſwered *Philoclea*) it is but euen an exerciſe of my fathers writing, vpon this occaſion: He was one day (ſomewhile before your comming hither) walking abroad, hauing vs two with him, almoſt a mile hence; & croſſing a high-way, which comes from the Citie of *Magalopolis*, he ſaw this Gentleman, whoſe name is there written, one of the propreſt and beſt-graced men that euer I ſaw, being of middle age and of a meane ſtature. Hee lay as then vnder a Tree, while his ſeruants were getting freſh poſt-horſes for him. It might ſeeme he was tyred with the extreme trauaile he had taken, and yet not ſo tyred, that hee forced to take any reſt; ſo haſty hee was vpon his iourney: and withall ſo ſorrowful, that the very face therof was painted in his face; which with pittifull motions, euen groanes, teares and paſſionate talking to himſelfe, moued my Father to fall in talke with him: who at firſt not knowing him, anſwered him in ſuch a deſperate phraſe of griefe, that my Father afterward took a delight to ſet it down in ſuch forme as you ſee: which if you read, what you doubt of, my ſiſter and I are able to declare vnto you. *Zelmane* willingly opened the leaues, and reade it being written Dialogue-wiſe in this manner.

Plangus. Baſilius.

Plangus. *Alas how this pilgrimage doth laſt?*
What greater ills haue now the heauens in ſtore,
To couple comming harmes with ſorrowes paſt?
Long ſince my voice is hoarce, and throate is ſore,
With cries to skies, and curſes to the ground,
But more I plaine, I feele my woes the more.
Ah where was firſt that cruell cunning found,
To frame of Earth a veſſell of the minde,
Where it ſhould be to ſelfe-deſtruction bound?

What needed so high spirits such mansions blinde?
Or wrapt in flesh what doe they heere obtaine,
But glorious name of wretched humaine kinde?
Balles to the starres, and thralles to Fortunes raigne;
Turnd from themselues, infected with their cage,
Where death is feard, and life is held with paine.
Like Players plac't to fill a filthy stage,
Where change of thoughts one foole to other shewes,
And all but iests, saue onely sorrowes rage.
The child feeles that; the man that feeling knowes,
Which cries first borne, the presage of his life,
Where wit but serues, to haue true taste of woes.
A Shop of shame, a Booke where blots be rife,
This bodie is: this bodie so compos'd,
As in it selfe to nourish mortall strife:
So diuers be the Elements dispos'd
In this weake worke, that it can neuer bee
Made vniforme to any state repos'd.
Griefe onely makes his wretched state to see
(Euen like a toppe which nought but whipping moues)
This man, this talking beast, this walking tree,
Griefe is the stone which finest iudgement proues:
For who grieues not hath but a blockish braine,
Since cause of griefe no cause from life remoues.

Basilius *How long wilt thou with mournefull musicke staine*
The cheerefull notes these pleasant places yeeld,
Where all good haps a perfect state maintaine?

Plangus *Curst be good haps, and curst be they that build*
Their hopes on haps, and doe not make despaire
For all these certaine blowes the surest shield.
Shall I that saw Erona's *shining haire*
Torne with her hands, and those same hands of snow
With losse of purest blood themselues to teare?
Shall I that saw those breasts, where beauties flow,
Swelling with sighes, made pale with mindes disease,
And saw those eyes (those Sunnes) such showers to show,
Shall I, whose eares her mournefull words did seaze,
Her words in syrup laid of sweetest breath,
Relent those thoughts which then did so displease?
No, no: Despaire my daily lesson saith,
And saith, although I seeke my life to flie,
Plangus *must liue to see* Erona's *death.*
Plangus *must liue some helpe for her to trie*
(Though in despaire) for loue so forceth me.
Plangus *doth liue, and shall* Erona *die?*
Erona *die? O heauen (if heauen there be)*
Hath all thy whirling course so small effect?

Serue all thy ſtarrie eyes this ſhame to ſee?
Let dolts in haſte ſome altars, faire erect
To thoſe high powers, which idly ſit aboue,
And vertue doe in greateſt need neglect.

Baſilius O man, take heed, how thou the Gods doe moue
To cauſe full wrath, which thou canſt not reſiſt.
Blaſphemous words the ſpeaker vaine doe proue.
Alas while we are wrapt in foggie miſt
Of our ſelfe-loue (ſo paſſions doe deceiue)
We thinke they hurt, when moſt they doe aſſiſt.
To harme vs wormes ſhould that high Iuſtice leaue
His nature? nay, himſelfe? for ſo it is.
What glory from our loſſe can he receiue?
But ſtill our dazled eyes their way doe miſſe,
While that we doe at his ſweet ſcourge repine,
The kindly way to beate vs on to bliſſe.
If ſhe muſt die, then hath ſhe paſt the line
Of lothſome dayes, whoſe loſſe how canſt thou mone,
That doſt ſo well their miſeries define?
But ſuch we are with inward tempeſt blowne
Of windes quite contrarie in waues of will:
We mone that loſt, which had we did bemone.

Plangus And ſhall ſhe die? ſhall cruell fire ſpill
Thoſe beames that ſet ſo many hearts on fire?
Hath ſhe not force euen death with loue to kill?
Nay euen cold death enflam'd with hot deſire
Her to enioy where ioy it ſelfe is thrall,
Will ſpoyle the earth of his moſt rich attire.
Thus death becomes a riuall to vs all,
And hopes with foule embracements her to get,
In whoſe decay Vertues faire ſhrine muſt fall.
O Vertue weake, ſhall death his triumph ſet
Vpon thy ſpoyles, which neuer ſhould lye waſte?
Let Death firſt die, be thou his worthy let.
By what eclipſe ſhall that Sunne be defac't?
What mine hath erſt throwne downe ſo faire a tower?
What ſacrilege hath ſuch a Saint diſgrac't?
The world the garden is, ſhe is the flower
That ſweetens all the place, ſhe is the gueſt
Of rareſt price, both heauen and earth her bower.
And ſhall (O me) all this in aſhes reſt?
Alas, if you a Phœnix new will haue
Burnt by the Sunne, ſhe firſt muſt build her neſt.
But well you know, the gentle Sunne would ſaue
Such beames ſo like his owne, which might haue might
In him the thoughts of Phaetons damme to graue.
Therefore, alas, you vſe vile Vulcans ſpight,

Which nothing ſpares, to melt that virgin-waxe,
Which while it is, it is all Aſia's light.
O Mars, *for what doth ſerue thy armed axe?*
To let that wit-old beaſt conſume in flames
Thy Venus *childe, whoſe beautie* Venus *lacks?*
O Venus *(if her prayſe no enuy frames.*
In thy high minde) get her thy husbands grace.
Sweet ſpeaking oft a curriſh heart reclaimes.
O eyes of mine, where once ſhe ſaw her face,
Her face which was more liuely in my heart;
O braine, where thought of her hath onely place;
O hand, which touchd her hand when we did part;
O lips, that kiſt that hand with my teares ſprent;
O tongue, then dumbe, not daring tell my ſmart;
O ſoule whoſe loue in her is onely ſpent,
What ere you ſee, thinke, touch, kiſſe, ſpeake, or loue,
Let all for her, and vnto her be bent.

Baſilius. *Thy wailing words doe much my ſpirits moue,*
They vttered are in ſuch a feeling faſhion,
That ſorrowes worke againſt my will I proue.
Me-thinkes I am partaker of thy paſſion;
And in thy caſe doe glaſſe mine owne debilitie:
Selfe-guiltie folke moſt prone to feele compaſſion.
Yet reaſon ſaith, Reaſon ſhould haue abilitie
To hold theſe worldly things in ſuch proportion,
As let them come or goe with euen facilitie.
But our deſires tyrannicall extortion
Doth force vs there to ſet our chiefe delightfulneſſe,
Where but a baiting place is all our portion.
But ſtill, although we faile of perfect rightfulnes,
Seeke we to tame theſe childiſh ſuperfluities:
Let vs not winke though voide of pureſt ſightfulneſſe.
For what can breede more peeuiſh incongruities,
Than man to yeeld to female lamentations?
Let vs ſome Grammar learne of more congruities.

Plangus *If through mine eares pierce any conſolation,*
By wiſe diſcourſe, ſweet tunes, or Poets fiction;
If ought I ceaſe theſe hideous exclamations,
While that my ſoule, ſhe, ſhe lines in affliction;
Then let my life long time on earth maintained be,
To wretched me, the laſt worſt malediction.
Can I, that knew her ſacred parts, reſtrained be
From any ioy? know fortunes vile diſplacing her,
In mean all rules let raging woes contained be?
Can I forget, when they in priſon placing her,
With ſwelling heart in ſpite and due diſdaineſulneſſe
She lay for dead, till I helpt with vnlacing her?

Can I forget from how much mourning painfulneſſe
With Diamond in window-glaſſe ſhe graued,
Erona *dye, and end this ougly painefulneſſe?*
Can I forget in how ſtrange phraſe ſhe craued
That quickly they would her burne, drowne, or ſmother,
As if by death ſhe onely might be ſaued?
Then let me eke forget one hand from other:
Let me forget that Plangus *I am called:*
Let me forget I am ſonne to my mother:
But if my memory muſt thus be thralled
To that ſtrange ſtroke which conquer'd all my ſenſes,
Can thoughts ſtill thinking, ſo reſt vnappalled?

Baſilius *Who ſtill doth ſeeke againſt himſelfe offences,*
What pardon can auaile? or who imployes him
To hurt himſelfe, what ſhields can be defences?
Woe to poore man: each outward thing annoyes him
In diuers kinds; yet as he were not filled,
He heapes in outward griefe, that moſt deſtroyes him.
Thus is our thought with paine for thiſtles tilled:
Thus be our nobleſt parts dryed vp with ſorrow:
Thus is our mind with too much minding ſpilled.
One day layes vp ſtuffe of griefe for the morrow:
And whoſe good haps doe leaue him vnprouided,
Condoling cauſe of friendſhip he will borrow,
Betwixt the good and ſhade of euil diuided,
We pittie deeme that which but weakenes is:
So are we from our high creation ſluded.
But Plangus, *leſt I may your ſickneſſe miſſe,*
Or rubbing, hurt the ſore, I here doe end.
The aſſe did hurt when he did thinke to kiſſe.

When *Zelmane* had read it ouer, maruelling very much of the ſpeech of *Erona's* death, and therefore deſirous to know further of it, but more deſirous to heare *Philoclea* ſpeake, Moſt excellent Ladie (ſaid ſhee) one may bee little the wiſer for reading this Dialogue, ſince it neither ſets forth what this *Plangus* is, nor what *Erona* is, nor what the cauſe ſhould bee which threatens her with death, and him with ſorrow: therefore I would humbly craue to vnderſtand the particular diſcourſe thereof: becauſe (I muſt confeſſe) ſomething in my trauaile I haue heard of this ſtrange matter, which I would bee glad to find by ſo ſweet an authoritie confirmed. The truth is (anſwered *Philoclea*) that after he knew my father to be Prince of this country, while he hoped to preuaile ſomething with him in a great requeſt he made vnto him, hee was content to open fully the eſtate both of himſelfe, and of that Ladie, which with my ſiſters helpe (ſaid ſhe) who remembers it better than I, I will declare vnto you: and firſt of *Erona* (being the chiefe ſubiect of this diſcourſe) this ſtorie (with more teares and exclamations than I liſt to ſpend about it) he recounted.

Of late there raigned a king in *Lydia*, who had for the bleſſing of his mariage, this onely daughter of his, *Erona*; a Princeſſe worthy for her beauty, as much prayſe,

as beautie may be praiſe-worthy. This Princeſſe *Erona*, being ninteen yeers of age, ſeeing the country of *Lydia* ſo much deuoted to *Cupid*, as that in euery place his naked pictures and images were ſuperſtitiouſly adored (either moued thereunto by the eſteeming that could bee no Godhead, which could breede wickedneſſe, or the ſhamefaſt conſideration of ſuch nakedneſſe) procured ſo much of her father, as vtterly to pull downe, and deface all thoſe ſtatues and pictures. Which how terribly he puniſhed (for to that the *Lydians* impute it) quickly after appeared.

For ſhe had not liued a yeere longer, when ſhe was ſtricken with moſt obſtinate loue, to a young man but of meane parentage, in her fathers court, named *Antiphilus*: ſo meane, as that he was but the ſonne of her Nurſe, & by that meanes (without other deſert) became knowne of her. Now ſo euill could ſhee conceale her fire, and ſo wilfully perſeuered ſhe in it, that her father offering her the mariage of the great *Tiridates* king of Armenia (who deſired her more than the ioyes of heauen) ſhe for *Antiphilus* ſake refuſed it. Many wayes her father ſought to withdraw her from it; ſometimes perſwaſions, ſometimes threatnings; once hiding *Antiphilus*, & giuing her to vnderſtand that he was fled the countrie: laſtly making a ſolemne execution to be done of another, vnder the name of *Antiphilus*, whom he kept in priſon. But neither ſhe liked perſwaſions, nor feared threatnings, nor changed for abſence: and when ſhe thought him dead, ſhee ſought all meanes (as well by poyſon as knife) to ſend her ſoule, at leaſt, to be married in the eternall Church with him. This ſo brake the tender fathers heart, that (leauing things as he found them) he ſhortly after died. Then forthwith *Erona* (being ſeized of the crowne, and arming her will with authoritie) ſought to aduance her affection to the holy title of Matrimonie.

But before ſhee could accompliſh all the ſolemnities, ſhee was ouertaken with a war the king *Tiridates* made vpon her, only for her perſon; towards whom (for her ruine) Loue had kindled his cruell heart, indeed cruell & tyrannous: for being farre too ſtrong in the field) hee ſpared no man, woman, and child, but (as though there could be found no foile to ſet forth the extremitie of his loue, but extremity of hatred) wrote, as it were, the ſonets of his Loue, in the bloud, and tuned them in the cries of her ſubiects; although his faire ſiſter *Artaxia* (who would accompany him in the armie) ſought all meanes to appeaſe his furie: till laſtly, he beſieged *Erona* in her beſt city, vowing to win her, or loſe his life. And now had he brought her to the point either of a wofull conſent, or a ruinous deniall, when there came thither (following the courſe which Vertue & Fortune led them) two excellent yong Princes, *Pyrocles* & *Muſidorus*, the one Prince of *Macedon*, the other of *Theſſalia*: two Princes, as *Plangus* ſaid (and he witneſſed his ſaying with ſighes and teares) the moſt accompliſhed both in body & mind, that the Sunne euer look'd vpon. While *Philoclea* ſpake thoſe words; O ſweet words (thought *Zelmane* to her ſelfe) which are not onely a praiſe to me, but a prayſe to praiſe it ſelfe, which out of that mouth iſſueth.

These two Princes (ſaid *Philoclea*) aſwell to helpe the weaker (eſpecially being a Lady) as to ſaue a Greek people from being ruined by ſuch, whom we call & count barbarous, gathering together ſuch of the honeſteſt Lycians, as would venture their liues to ſuccour their Princeſſe: giuing order by a ſecret meſſage, they ſent into the Citie, that they ſhould iſſue with all force at an appointed time; they ſet vpon *Tiridates* campe with ſo well guided a fierceneſſe, that being of both ſides aſſaulted, hee was like to be ouerthrowne: but that this *Plangus* (being General of *Tiridates* horſmen) eſpecially ayded by the two mighty men *Euardes* and *Barzanes*, reſcued the footmen, euen almoſt defeated: but yet could not barre the Princes (with their ſuccours both of men and victuall) to enter the Citie.

Which when *Tiridates* found would make the war long, (which length ſeemed to him worſe than a languiſhing conſumption) he made a challenge of three Princes in his retinue, againſt thoſe two Princes and *Antiphilus*: and that thereupon the quarrell ſhould be decided, with compact, that neither ſide ſhould helpe his fellow: but of whoſe ſide the more ouercame, with him the victorie ſhould remaine. *Antiphilus* (though *Erona* choſe rather to bide the brunt of warre, than venture him, yet) could not for ſhame refuſe the offer, eſpecially ſince the two ſtrangers that had no intereſt in it, did willingly accept it: beſides that, he ſaw it like enough, that the people (wearie of the miſeries of war) would rather giue him vp, if they ſaw him ſhrink, than for his ſake venture their ruine: conſidering that the challengers were of farre greater worthineſſe than himſelfe. So it was agreed vpon; and againſt *Pyrocles* was *Euardes* king of Bithynia; *Barzanes* of Hircania againſt *Muſidorus*; two men, that thought the world ſcarce able to reſiſt them: and againſt *Antiphilus* he placed this ſame *Plangus*, being his owne couſin germane, and ſonne to the king of *Iberia*. Now ſo it fell out, that *Muſidorus* ſlew *Barzanes*, & *Pyrocles Euardes*; which victory thoſe Princes eſteemed aboue all that euer they had: but of the other ſide *Plangus* tooke *Antiphilus* priſoner: vnder which colour (as if the matter had beene equall, though indeed it was not, the greater part being ouercome of his ſide) *Tiridates* continued his warre: and to bring *Erona* to a compelled yeelding, ſent her word that he would the third morrow after, before the walles of the towne, ſtrike off *Antiphilus* head, without his ſuite in that ſpace were granted; adding withall (becauſe hee had heard of her deſperate affection) that if in the meane time ſhe did her ſelfe any hurt, what tortures could be deuiſed ſhould be laid vpon *Antiphilus*.

Then lo if *Cupid* be a god, or that the tyrannie of our owne thoughts ſeeme as a god vnto vs: but whatſoeuer it was, then it did ſet forth the miſerableneſſe of his effects: ſhe being drawne to two contraries by one cauſe (for the loue of him commanded her to yeeld to no other: the loue of him commanded her to preſerue his life:) which knot might well bee cut, but vnited it could not be. So that loue in her paſſions (like a right make-bate) whiſpered to both ſides arguments of quarrell. What, ſaid he (of the one ſide) doeſt thou loue *Antiphilus*, O *Erona*? and ſhall *Tiridates* enioy thy body? With what eyes wilt thou looke vpon *Antiphilus*, when hee ſhall know that another poſſeſſeth thee? But if thou wilt doe it, canſt thou doe it? canſt thou force thy heart? Thinke with thy ſelfe, if this man haue thee, thou ſhalt neuer haue more part of *Antiphilus* than if he were dead. But thus much more, that the affection ſhall be ſtill gnawing, and the remorſe ſtill preſent. Death perhaps will coole the rage of thy affection: where thus, thou ſhalt euer loue, and euer lacke. Think this beſide, if thou marry *Tiridates*, *Antiphilus* is ſo excellent a man, that long he cannot be from being in ſome high place maried; canſt thou ſuffer that too? If another kill him, he doth him the wrong: if thou abuſe thy body, thou doeſt him the wrong. His death is a worke of nature, & either now, or at another time he ſhall die. But it ſhalbe thy worke, thy ſhamefull worke, which is in thy power to ſhun, to make him liue to ſee thy faith falſified, and his bed defiled. But when loue had well kindled that partie of her thoughts, then went he to the other ſide. What (ſaid hee) O *Erona*, & is thy Loue of *Antiphilus* come to that point, as thou doſt now make it a queſtion, whether he ſhall die, or no? O excellent affection, which for too much loue, will ſee his head off. Marke well the reaſons of the other ſide, & thou ſhalt ſee, it is but loue of thy ſelfe which ſo diſputeth. Thou canſt not abide *Tiridates*: this is but loue of thy ſelfe: thou ſhalt be aſhamed to looke vpon him afterwards; this is but feare of ſhame, and loue of thy ſelfe: thou ſhalt want him as much then; this is

but

but loue of thy ſelfe: he ſhalbe married; if he be well, why ſhould that grieue thee, but for loue of thy ſelf? No, no, pronounce theſe words if thou canſt, Let *Antiphilus* die. Then the images of each ſide ſtood before her vnderſtanding; one time ſhee thought ſhe ſaw *Antiphilus* dying: another time ſhee thought *Antiphilus* ſaw her by *Tiridates* enioyed: twentie times calling for a ſeruant to carry meſſage of yeelding, but before he came the minde was altred. She bluſht when ſhe conſidered the effect of granting; ſhee was pale, when ſhe remembred the fruites of denying. For weeping, ſighing, wringing her hands, and tearing her haire, were indifferent of both ſides. Eaſily ſhe would haue agreed to haue broken all diſputations with her owne death, but that the feare of *Antiphilus* further torments, ſtaid her. At length, euen the euening before the day appointed of his death, the determination of yeelding preuailed, eſpecially, growing vpon a meſſage of *Antiphilus*; who with all the coniuring tearmes he could deuiſe, beſought her to ſaue his life, vpon any conditions. But ſhee had no ſooner ſent her meſſenger to *Tiridates*, but her minde changed, and ſhee went to the two young Princes, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, and falling downe at their feet, deſired them to trie ſome way for her deliuerance; ſhewing her ſelfe reſolued, not to ouer-liue *Antiphilus*, nor yet to yeeld to *Tiridates*.

They that knew not what ſhee had done in priuate, prepared that night accordingly: and as ſometimes it falls out, that what is inconſtancie, ſeemes cunning; ſo did this change indeed ſtand in as good ſteed as a witty diſſimulation. For it made the king as reckleſſe, as them diligent: ſo that in the dead time of the night, the Princes iſſued out of the towne; with whom ſhe would needes goe, either to die her ſelfe, or reſcue *Antiphilus*, hauing no armour, or weapon, but affection. And I cannot tell you how, by what deuice (though *Plangus* at large deſcribed it) the concluſion was, the wonderfull valour of the two Princes ſo preuailed, that *Antiphilus* was ſuccoured, and the king ſlaine. *Plangus* was then the chiefe man left in the campe; & therefore ſeeing no other remedy, conueyed in ſafetie into her countrie *Artaxia*, now Queene of *Armenia*; who with true lamentations, made knowne to the world, that her new greatneſſe did no way comfort her in reſpect of her brothers loſſe, whom ſhe ſtudied by all meanes poſſible to reuenge vpon euery one of the occaſioners, hauing (as ſhe thought) ouerthrowne her brother by a moſt abominable treaſon. Inſomuch, that being at home ſhe proclaymed great rewards to any priuate man, and her ſelfe in mariage to any Prince, that would deſtroy *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*. But thus was *Antiphilus* redeemed, and (though againſt the conſent of all her nobilitie) married to *Erona*; in which caſe the two Greeke Princes (being called away by another aduenture) left them.

But now mee thinkes, as I haue read ſome Poets, who when they intend to tell ſome horrible matter, they bid men ſhun the hearing of it; ſo if I doe not deſire you to ſtop your ears from me, yet may I well deſire a breathing time, before I am to tel the execrable treaſon of *Antiphilus*, that brought her to this miſerie; and withall wiſh you all, that from all mankind indeed you ſtop your eares. O moſt happy were wee, if we did ſet our loues one vpon another, (And as ſhee ſpake that word, her cheekes in red letters writ more than her tongue did ſpeake.) And therefore ſince I haue named *Plangus*, I pray you ſiſter (ſaid ſhee) helpe me with the reſt, for I haue held the ſtage long enough; and if it pleaſe you to make his fortune knowne, as I haue done *Erona's*, I will after take heart againe to goe on with his falſhood; and ſo betweene vs both, my Lady *Zelmane* ſhall vnderſtand both the cauſe and parties of this lamentation. Nay, I beſhrow me then (ſaid *Miſo*) I will none of that, I promiſe you, as long as I haue the gouernment, I will firſt haue my tayle, and then my Lady

Pamela,

Pamela, my Lady *Zelmane*, & my daughter *Mopſa* (for *Mopſa* was then returned from *Amphialus*) may draw cuts, and the ſhorteſt cut ſpeake firſt. For I tell you, and this may be ſuffered, when you are maried, you wil haue firſt and laſt word of your huſbands. The Ladies laughed to ſee with what an eager earneſtnes ſhe looked, hauing threatning not onely in her ferret eyes; but while ſhee ſpake, her noſe ſeeming to threaten her chin, and her ſhaking lims one to threaten another. But there was no remedy, they moſt obey, and *Miſo* (ſitting on the ground with her knees vp, and her hands vpon her knees) tuning her voice with many a quauering cough, thus diſcourſed vnto them. I tel you true (ſaid ſhe) what ſoeuer you think of me, you will one day be as I am; & I ſimple though I ſit here, thought once my penny as good ſiluer, as ſome of you do: & if my father had not plaid the haſty foole (it is no lie I tell you) I might haue had another-gaines husband than *Demetas*. But let that paſſe, God amend him: and yet I ſpeake it not without good cauſe. You are full in your tittle tatlings of *Cupid*: here is *Cupid*, & there is *Cupid*. I will tell you now what a good old woman told mee, what an old wiſe man told her, what a great learned Clearke told him, and gaue it him in writing; & here I haue it in my prayer booke. I pray you (ſaid *Philoclea*) let vs ſee it and reade it. No haſte but good (ſaid *Miſo*) you ſhall firſt know how I came by it. I was a young girle of ſeuen & twenty yeare old, and I could not goe through the ſtreet of our village, but I might heare the yong men talke: O the prety little eies of *Miſo*: ô the fine thin lips of *Miſo*: ô the goodly fat hands of *Miſo*: beſides, how well a certaine wrying I had of my necke became me. Then the one would winke with one eye, and the other caſt dayſies at me: I muſt confeſſe ſeeing ſo many amourous, it made me ſet vp my peacockes tayle with the higheſt. Which when this good old woman perceiued (ô the good wold woman, wel may the bones reſt of the good wold woman) ſhe cald me to her into her houſe. I remember full wel it ſtood in the lane as you go to the Barbers ſhop; all the towne knew her, there was a great loſſe of her: ſhe called me to her, and taking firſt a ſop of wine to comfort her heart (it was of the ſame wine that comes out of *Candia*, which wee pay ſo deare for now a dayes, and in that good world was very good cheape) ſhee cald me to her; Minion ſaid ſhe (indeed I was a prety one in thoſe daies, though I ſay it) I ſee a number of lads that loue you: well (ſaid ſhe) I ſay no more; doe you know what Loue is; With that ſhe brought me into a corner, where there was painted a foule fiend I trow: for he had a paire of hornes like a Bull, his feet clouen, as many eyes vpon his body, as my gray mare hath dappels, and for all the world ſo placed. This monſter ſate like a hangman vpon a paire of gallows; in his right hand, he was painted holding a crown of laurell, in his left hand a purſe of mony, & out of his mouth hung a lace of two faire pictures, of a man and a woman, & ſuch a countenance hee ſhewed, as if he would perſwade folks by thoſe allurements to come thither and be hanged. I, like a tender-hearted wench skriked out for feare of the diuell: Well (ſaid ſhe) this ſame is euen loue: therefore doe what thou liſt withall thoſe fellowes one after another; & it recks not much what they doe to thee, ſo it be in ſecret; but vpon my charge, neuer loue none of them. Why mother (ſaid I) could ſuch a thing come from the belly of the faire *Venus*? for a few daies before, our Prieſt (betweene him & me had told me the whole ſtory of *Venus*. Tuſh (ſaid ſhe) they are all deceiued: & therewith gaue me this booke, which ſhe ſaid, a great maker of ballads had giuen to an old painter, who for a little pleaſure, had beſtowed both booke and picture of her. Reade there (ſaid ſhe) & thou ſhalt ſee that his mother was a cow, and the falſe *Argus* his father. And ſo ſhee gaue me this booke, and there now you may reade it. With that the remembrance of the good old woman, made her make ſuch a face

to

to weepe, as if it were not sorrow, it was the carcasse of sorrow that appeared there. But while her teares came out, like raine falling vpon durtie furrowes, the later end of her prayer booke was read among these Ladies, which contayned this:

POore Painters oft with silly Poets ioyne,
To fill the world with strange but vaine conceits:
One brings the stuffe, the other stamps the coine,
which breeds nought else but glosses of deceits.
Thus Painters Cupid *paint, thus Poets doe*
A naked God, blind, young with arrowes two.
Is he a God, that euer flies the light?
Or naked he, disguis'd in all vntruth?
If he be blind, how hitteth he so right?
How is he young, that tam'd old Phœbus *youth?*
But arrowes two, and tipt with gold or lead?
Some hurt, accuse a third with horny head.
No, nothing so; an old false knaue he is,
By Argus *got on* Io, *then a Cow:*
what time for her Iuno *her* Ioue *did misse*
And charge of her to Argus *did allow.*
Mercurie *kill'd his false sire for this act,*
His damme a beast was pardon'd beastly fact.
With fathers death, and mothers guiltie shame,
With Ioue's *disdaine at such a riuals seed:*
The wretch compeld, a runnegate became,
And learn'd what ill a miser-state doth breed:
To lie, to steale, to prie, and to accuse,
Nought in himselfe each other to abuse.
Yet beares he still his parents stately gifts,
A horned head, clouen feet, and thousand eyes,
Some gazing still, some winking wilie shifts,
With long large eares, where neuer rumour dies.
His horned head doth seeme the heauen to spight,
His clouen foot doth neuer tread aright.
Thus halfe a man, with man he daily haunts,
Cloth'd in the shape which soonest may deceiue:
Thus halfe a beast, each beastly vice he plants.
In those weake hearts that his aduice receiue,
He proules each place in new colours deckt,
Sucking ones ill, another to infect.
To narrow breasts he comes all wrapt in gaine:
To swelling hearts he shines in honours fire:
To open eyes all beauties he doth raine,
Creeping to each with flattering of desire.
But for that Loue is worst which rules the eyes,
Thereon his name, there his chiefe triumph lyes.
Millions of yeares this old drinell Cupid *lines,*
While still more wretch, more wicked he doth proue:
Till now at length that Ioue *him office giues,*

(cut Iuno's ſuite, how much did Argus loue)
In this our world a hang-man for to be
Of all thoſe fooles, that will haue all they ſee.

The Ladies made ſport at the deſcription and ſtorie of *Cupid*. But *Zelmane* could ſcarce ſuffer thoſe blaſphemies (as ſhe tooke them) to be read, but humbly beſought *Pamela* ſhe would performe her ſiſters requeſt of the other part of the ſtorie. Noble Lady (anſwered ſhe, beautifying her face with a ſweet ſmiling, & the ſweetneſſe of her ſmiling with the beauty of her face) ſince I am borne a Princes daughter, let me not giue example of diſobedience. My Gouerneſſe wil haue vs draw cuts, and therfore I pray you let vs doe ſo: and ſo perhaps it will light vpon you to entertain this company with ſome ſtorie of your owne; and it is reaſon our eares ſhould be willinger to heare, as your tongue is abler to deliuer. I will thinke (anſwered *Zelmane*) excellent Princeſſe, my tongue of ſome value, if it can procure your tongue thus much to fauour me. But *Pamela* pleaſantly perſiſting to haue Fortune their iudge, they ſet hands, & *Mopſa* (though at the firſt for ſqueamiſhneſſe going vp and downe with her head like a bote in a ſtorme) put to her golden gols among them, & blinde Fortune (that ſaw not the colour of them) gaue her the preheminence: and ſo being her time to ſpeake (wiping her mouth, as there was good cauſe) ſhee thus tumbled into her matter. In time paſt (ſaid ſhee) there was a king, the mightieſt man in all his countrie, that had by his wife the faireſt daughter that did euer eat pap. Now this king did keepe a great houſe, that euery body might come and take their meate freely. So one day, as his daughter was ſitting in her window, playing vpon a harp, as ſweet as any Roſe; and combing her head with a combe all of precious ſtones, there came in a knight into the Court, vpon a goodly horſe, one haire of gold, and the other of ſiluer; *and ſo* the knight caſting vp his eyes to the window, did fall into ſuch loue with her, that he grew not worth the bread he eate; till many a ſorrie day going ouer his head, with daily diligence and grieſlie grones, hee wan her affection, ſo that they agreed to run away together. *And ſo in May when all true hearts reioyce*, they ſtale out of the Caſtle, without ſtaying ſo much as for their breakfaſt. Now for ſooth, as they wēt together, often all to kiſſing one another, the knight told her, he was brought vp among the water-Nimphs, who had ſo bewitched him, that if he were euer askt his name, he muſt preſently vaniſh away: and therefore charged her vpon his bleſſing, neuer to aske him what hee was, nor whither hee would. *And ſo* a great while ſhe kept his commandement; till once, paſſing through a cruell wilderneſſe, as darke as pitch; her mouth ſo watred, that ſhee could not chooſe but aske him the queſtion. And then, he making the grieuouſeſt complaints that would haue melted a tree to haue heard them, vaniſht quite away: and ſhe lay downe, caſting forth as pitifull cries as any ſhrich-owle. But hauing laine ſo (wet by the raine, and burnt by the Sunne) fiue dayes, and fiue nights, ſhe gat vp and went ouer many a high hill, and many a deepe riuer; till ſhe came to an Aunts houſe of hers, & came and cried to her for helpe: and ſhe for pitie gaue her a Nut, and bad her neuer open her Nut, till ſhe was come to the extreameſt miſerie that euer tongue could ſpeake of; *And ſo* ſhe went, and ſhee went, and neuer reſted the euening, where ſhe went in the morning; till ſhe came to a ſecond Aunt; and ſhe gaue her another Nut.

Now good *Mopſa* (ſaid the ſweet *Philoclea*) I pray thee at my requeſt keepe this tale, till my marriage day, and I promiſe thee that the beſt gowne I weare that day ſhall be thine. *Mopſa* was very glad of that bargaine, eſpecially that it ſhould grow a feſtiuall tale: ſo that *Zelmane*, who deſired to finde the vttermoſt what theſe Ladies

vnderſtood

vnderſtood touching her ſelfe, & hauing vnderſtood the danger of *Erona* (of which before ſhee had neuer heard) purpoſing with her ſelfe (as ſoone as this purſuit ſhee now was in, was brought to any effect) to ſuccour her, intreated againe, that ſhee might know as well the ſtory of *Plangus*, as of *Erona*. *Philoclea* referred it to her ſiſters perfecter remembrance: who with ſo ſweet a voice, and ſo winning a grace, as in themſelues were of moſt forcible eloquence to procure attention, in this manner to their earneſt requeſt ſoone condiſcended.

The father of this Prince *Plangus* as yet liues, and is king of *Iberia*: a man (if the iudgement of *Plangus* may be accepted) of no wicked nature, nor willingly doing euill, without himſelfe miſtake the euill, ſeeing it diſguiſed vnder ſome forme of goodneſſe. This Prince, being maried at the firſt to a Princeſſe (who both from her anceſters, and in her ſelfe was worthy of him) by her had this ſonne *Plangus*. Not long after whoſe birth, the Queene (as though ſhee had performed the meſſage for which ſhe was ſent into the world) returned again vnto her maker. The king (ſealing vp all thoughts of loue vnder the image of her memorie) remained a widower many yeares after; recompencing the griefe of that diſioyning from her, in conioyning in himſelfe both a fatherly & motherly care toward her onely child *Plangus*. Who being growne to mans age, as our owne eyes may iudge, could not but fertilly requite his fathers fatherly education.

This Prince (while yet the errors in his nature were excuſed by the greenneſſe of his youth, which tooke all the fault vpon it ſelfe) loued a priuate mans wife of the principall Citie of that kingdome, if that may bee called loue, which he rather did take into himſelf willingly, than by which he was taken forcibly. It ſufficeth, that the yong man perſwaded himſelfe he loued her: ſhe being a woman beautiful enough, if it be poſſible, that the onely outſide can iuſtly entitle a beautie. But finding ſuch a chaſe as onely fled to be caught, the young Prince brought his affection with her to that point, which ought to ingraue remorſe in her heart, & to paint ſhame vpon her face. And ſo poſſeſt he his deſire without any interruption; he conſtantly fauouring her, and ſhe thinking, that the enameling of a Princes name, might hide the ſpots of a broken wedlocke. But as I haue ſeene one that was ſicke of a ſleeping diſeaſe, could not be made wake, but with pinching of him: ſo out of his ſinfull ſleepe his minde (vnworthy ſo to bee loſt) was not to be cald to it ſelfe, but by a ſharpe accident. It fell out, that his many-times leauing of the court (in vndue times) began to be noted; and (as Princes eares be manifold) from one to another came vnto the king; who (carefull of his onely ſonne) ſought and found by his ſpies (the neceſſarie euill ſeruants to a king) what it was, whereby he was from his better delights ſo diuerted. Whereupon, the king (to giue his fault the greater blow) vſed ſuch meanes by diſguiſing himſelfe, that he found them (her husband being abſent) in her houſe together: which he did, to make them the more feelingly aſhamed of it. And that way he tooke, laying threatnings vpon her, and vpon him reproches. But the poore young Prince (deceiued with that young opinion, that if it be euer lawfull to lie, it is for ones Louer) imployed all his wit to bring his father to a better opinion. And becauſe he might bend him from that (as he counted it) crooked conceit of her, he wreſted him, as much as hee could poſſibly, to the other ſide: not ſticking with prodigall proteſtations to ſet forth her chaſtitie; not denying his owne attempt, but thereby the more extolling her vertue. His Sophiſtrie preuailed, his father beleeued, and ſo beleeued, that ere long (though he were already ſtept into the winter of his age) he found himſelfe warme in thoſe deſires, which were in his ſon far more excuſable. To be ſhort, he gaue himſelfe ouer vnto it; and becauſe he would auoyd

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the odious compariſon of a young riuall) ſent away his ſonne with an armie, to the ſubduing of a Prouince lately rebelled againſt him; which he knew could not be a leſſe worke than of three or foure yeares. Wherein he behaued him ſo worthily, as euen to this countrie the fame thereof came, long before his owne comming: while yet his father had a ſpeedier ſucceſſe, but in a farre vnnobler conqueſt. For while *Plangus* was away, the old man (growing onely in age and affection) followed his ſuite with all meanes of vnhoneſt ſeruants, large promiſes, and each thing elſe that might helpe to counteruaile his owne vnlouelineſſe.

And ſhe (whoſe husband about that time died) forgetting the abſent *Plangus*, or at leaſt not hoping of him to obtaine ſo aſpiring a purpoſe, left no Art vnuſed, which might keep the line from breaking, whereat the fiſh was already taken; not drawing him violently, but letting him play himſelf vpon the hook, which he had ſo greedily ſwallowed. For, accompanying her mourning garments with a dolefull countenance, yet neither forgetting handſomneſſe in her mourning garments, nor ſweetneſſe in her dolefull countenance; her words were euer ſeaſoned with ſighes, & any fauour ſhe ſhewed, bathed in teares, that affection might ſee cauſe of pitie, and pitie might perſwade cauſe of affection. And being growne skilful in his humors, ſhe was no leſſe skilful in applying his humors; neuer ſuffering his feare to fall to a deſpaire, nor his hope to haſten to an aſſurance: ſhe was content he ſhould thinke that ſhe loued him; & a certaine ſtolne looke ſhould ſometimes (as though it were againſt her will) bewray it: But if thereupon he grew bold, hee ſtreight was encountred with a maske of vertue. And that which ſeemeth moſt impoſſible vnto me (for as neere as I can repeat it as *Plangus* told it) ſhe could not only ſigh when ſhe would, as all can do; & weep when ſhe would, as (they ſay) ſome can do; but (being moſt impudent in her heart) ſhe could, when ſhe would, teach her cheeks bluſhing, & make ſhame faſtneſſe the cloke of ſhameleſneſſe. In ſum, to leaue out many particularities which he recited, ſhe did not only vſe ſo the ſpur, that his deſire ran on; but ſo the bit, that it ran on euen in ſuch a careere as ſhe would haue it; that within a while the king, ſeeing with no other eyes but ſuch as ſhe gaue him, and thinking on no other thoughts, but ſuch as ſhe taught him; hauing at firſt liberall meaſures of fauors, then ſhortned of them, when moſt his deſire was inflamed; he ſaw no other way but mariage to ſatisfie his longing, & her minde (as he thought) louing, but chaſtly louing: ſo that by the time *Plangus* returned from being notably victorious of the Rebels, he found his father, not only maried, but already a father of a ſon & a daughter by this woman. Which thongh *Plangus* (as he had euery way iuſt cauſe) was grieued at; yet did his griefe neuer bring forth either contemning of her, or repining at his father. But ſhe (who beſides was growne a mother, and a ſtepmother, did reade in his eyes her own fault, and made his conſcience her guiltineſſe) thought ſtill that his preſence carried her condemnation: ſo much the more, as that ſhe (vnchaſtly attempting his wonted fancies) found (for the reuerence of his fathers bed) a bitter refuſall; which breeding rather ſpite then ſhame in her, or if it were a ſhame, a ſhame not of the fault, but of the repulſe, ſhe did not only (as hating him) thirſt for a reuenge, but (as fearing harme from him) endeuoured to doe harme vnto him. Therefore did ſhe try the vttermoſt of her wicked wit, how to ouerthrow him in the foundation of his ſtrength which was, in the fauour of his father: which becauſe ſhe ſaw ſtrong both in nature and deſert, it required the more cunning how to vndermine it. And therefore (ſhunning the ordinarie trade of hireling *Sycophants*) ſhe made her praiſes of him, to bee accuſations; and her aduancing him, to bee his ruine. For firſt with words (neerer admiration than liking) ſhe would extoll his excellencies, the goodlineſſe

of

of his shape, the power of his wit, the valiantnes of his courage, the fortunatenesse of his successes: so as the father might find in her a singular loue towards him: nay she shunned not to kindle some few sparks of iealousie in him. Thus hauing gotten an opinion in his father, that shee was farre from meaning mischiefe to the sonne, then fell shee to praise him with no lesse vehemencie of affection, but with much more cunning of malice. For then she sets forth the liberty of his minde, the high flying of his thoughts, the fitnesse in him to beare rule, the singular loue the subiects bare him, that it was doubtful, whether his wit were greater in winning their fauours, or his courage in imploying their fauours: that he was not borne to liue a subiect-life, each action of his bearing in it Maiestie, such a kingly entertainment, such a kingly magnificence, such a kingly heart for enterprises: especially remembring those vertues, which in a successor are no more honoured by the subiects, than suspected of the Princes. Then would she by putting of obiections, bring in obiections to her husbands head, already infected with suspition. Nay (would she say) I dare take it vpon my death, that he is no such son, as many like might haue been, who loued greatnesse so well, as to build their greatnesse vpon their fathers ruine. Indeed Ambition, like Loue, can abide no lingring, and euer vrgeth on his owne successes, hating nothing, but what may stop them. But the gods forbid, wee should euer once dream of any such thing in him, who perhaps might be content, that you and the world should know, what he can do: but the more power he hath to hurt, the more admirable is his praise, that he will not hurt. Then euer remembring to strengthen the suspition of his estate with priuate iealousie of her loue, doing him excessiue honor when he was in presence, & repeating his pretty speeches and graces in his absence, besides, causing him to be imployd in all such dangerous matters, as either he should perish in them, or if he preuailed, they should increase his glorie: which she made a weapon to wound him, vntill she found that suspition began already to speake for it selfe, and that her husbands eares were grown hungry of rumors, and his eyes prying into euery accident.

Then took she help to her of a seruant neere about her husband, whom she knew to be of a hastie ambition, and such a one, who wanting true sufficiencie to raise him, would make a ladder of any mischiefe. Him she vsed to deale more plainly, in alledging causes of iealousie, making him know the secret times when her husband already was stirred that way. And so they two, like diuers waies, nourished one humour, like Musitians, that singing diuers parts, sing one tune. He sometime with fearefull countenance would desire the king to looke to himselfe, for that all the Court and Citie were full of whisperings, and expectation of some sudden change, vpon what ground himself knew not. Another time he would counsel the king to make much of his son, and hold his fauour, for that it was too late now to keep him vnder: now seeming to feare himselfe, because (he said) *Plangus* loued none of them that were great about his father. Lastly, breaking with him directly (making a sorrowfull countenance, and an humble gesture beare false witnesse for his true meaning) that he found, not only souldierie, but people weary of his gouernment, and all their affection bent vpon *Plangus*; both he and the Queene conferring in strange dreams, and each thing else, that in a minde (already perplexed) might breed astonishment: so that within a while, all *Plangus* actions began to be translated into the language of suspition.

Which though *Plangus* found, yet could he not auoyd, euen contraries being driuen to draw one yoke of argument. If he were magnificent, he spent much with an aspiring intent: if he spared, he heaped much with an aspiring intent: if he spake

courteously, he angled the peoples hearts: if he were silent, he mused vpon some dangerous plot. In summe, if he could haue turned himselfe to as many formes as *Proteus*, euery forme should haue been made hidious.

But so it fell out, that a meere trifle gaue them occasion of further proceeding: The King one morning, going to a vineyard that lay a long the hill wherupon his castle stood, he saw a vine-labourer, that finding a bough broken, took a branch of the same bough for want of another thing, and tied it about the place broken. The King asking the fellow what he did, Marry (said he) I make the son bind the father. This word (finding the king already superstitious through suspition) amazed him streight, as a presage of his owne fortune: so that, returning and breaking with his wife how much he misdoubted his estate, shee made such gaine-saying answers as while they straue, straue to be ouercome. But euen while the doubts most boiled, she thus nourished them.

She vnder-hand dealt with the principall men of that country, that at the great Parliament (which was then to be held) they should in the name of all the estates perswade the king (being now stept deeply into old age) to make *Plangus*, his associate in gouernment with him, assuring them, that not only she would ioyne with them, but that the father himselfe would take it kindely; charging them not to acquaint *Plangus* withall; for that perhaps it might be harmfull vnto him, if the king should finde that he were a party. They (who thought they might do it, not onely willingly, because they loued him; & truly, because such indeed was the minde of the people, but safely, because she who ruled the king was agreed thereto) accomplished her counsell; shee indeede keeping promise of vehement perswading the same: which the more she & they did, the more she knew her husband would fear, and hate the cause of his feare. *Plangus* found this, and humbly protested against such desire or will to accept. But the more he protested, the more his father thought he dissembled, accounting his integritie to be but a cunning face of falshood: and therefore delaying the desire of his subiects, attended some fit occasion to lay hands vpon his son: which his wife brought thus to passe.

She caused the same minister of hers to go vnto *Plangus*, & (enabling his words with great shew of faith, and endearing them with desire of secrecie) to tell him, that he found his ruine conspired by his stepmother, with certain of the noblemen of that countrey, the king himselfe giuing his consent, and that few dayes should passe before the putting it in practice: withall discouering the very truth indeed, with what cunning his stepmother had proceeded. This agreeing with *Plangus* his owne opinion, made him giue him the better credit: yet not so far, as to flye out of his country (according to the naughty fellowes perswasion) but to attend, and to see further. Whereupon the fellow (by the direction of his mistresse) told him one day, that the same night about one of the clock, the king had appointed to haue his wife, and those noblemen together, to deliberate of their manner of proceeding against *Plangus*: and therefore offered him, that if himselfe would agree, he would bring him into a place where he should heare all that passed, and so haue the more reason both to himselfe, and to the world, to seek his safety. The poor *Plangus* (being subiect to that only disaduantage of honest hearts, credulity) was perswaded by him: & arming himselfe (because of his late going) was closely conueyed into the place appointed. In the meane time, his stepmother, making all her gestures cunningly counterfeit a miserable affliction, she lay almost grouling on the floore of her chamber, not suffering any body to comfort her, vntil they calling for her husband, and he held off with long inquirie, at length, she told him (euen almost crying

ing out euery word) that she was wearie of her life, since shee was brought to that plunge, either to conceale her husbands murther, or accuse her son, who had euer been more deare, than a sonne vnto her. Then with many interruptions and exclamations she told him, that her sonne *Plangus* (solliciting her in the old affection betweene them) had besought her to put to her helping hand to the death of the King; assuring her, that though all the lawes in the world were against it, he would marry her when he were king.

She had not fully said thus much, with many pitiful digressions, when in comes the same fellow, that brought *Plangus*: and running himselfe out of breath, fell at the kings feete, beseeching him to saue himselfe; for that there was a man with a sword drawn in the next roome. The king affrighted, went out, & called his guard, who entring the place, found indeede *Plangus* with his sword in his hand, but not naked, yet standing suspitiously enough, to one already suspitious. The king (thinking he had put vp his sword because of the noyse) neuer tooke leasure to heare his answer, but made him prisoner, meaning the next morning to put him to death in the market place.

But the day had no sooner opened the eyes and eares of his friends, & followers, but that there was a little army of them, who came, and by force deliuered him; although numbers on the other side (abused with the fine framing of their report) tooke armes for the king. But *Plangus*, though he might haue vsed the force of his friends, to reuenge his wrong, and get the crown; yet the natural loue of his father, and hate to make their suspition seeme iust, caused him rather to choose a voluntarie exile, than to make his fathers death the purchase of his life: and therfore went he to *Tiridates*, whose mother was his fathers sister, liuing in his Court eleuen or twelue yeares, euer hoping by his intercession, and his owne desert, to recouer his fathers grace. At the end of which time, the warre of *Erona* happened, which my sister, with the cause thereof, discoursed vnto you.

But his father had so deeply engraued the suspition in his heart, that he thought his flight rather to proceed of a fearfull guiltinesse, than of an humble faithfulnes; and therefore continued his hate, with such vehemency, that he did euen hate his Nephew *Tiridates*, and afterwards his Neece *Artaxia*, because in his Court he receiued countenance, leauing no meanes vnattempted of destroying his sonne; among other employing that wicked seruant of his, who vndertooke to empoison him. But his cunning disguised him not so well, but that the watchfull seruants of *Plangus* did discouer him. Whereupon the wretch was taken, and (before his well deserued execution) by torture forced to confesse the particularities of this, which in generall I haue told you.

Which confession authentically set down (though *Tiridates* with solemn embassage sent to the king) wrought no effect. For the king hauing put the reines of the gouernment into his wiues hand, neuer did so much as reade it; but sent it streight by her to be considered. So as they rather heaped more hatred on *Plangus*, for the death of their seruant. And now finding, that his absence, & their reports had much diminished the wauering peoples affection towards *Plangus*, with aduancing fit persons for faction, and granting great immunities to the commons, they preuailed so far, as to cause the sonne of the second wife, called *Palladius*, to be proclaimed successor, & *Plangus* quite excluded: so that *Plangus* was driuen to continue his seruing *Tiridates*, as he did in the warre against *Erona*, & brought home *Artaxia*, as my sister told you; when *Erona* by the treason of *Antiphilus*. But at that word she stopped. For *Basilius*, not able longer to abide their absence, came suddenly

among them, & with ſmiling countenance, telling *Zelmane* he was affraid ſhe had ſtolen away his daughters, inuited them to follow the Sunnes counſell in going then to their lodging; for indeed the Sun was ready to ſet. They yeelded, *Zelmane* meaning ſome other time to vnderſtand the ſtory of *Antiphilus* treaſon, & *Erona's* danger, whoſe cauſe ſhe greatly tendred. But *Miſo* had no ſooner eſpied *Baſilius*, but as ſpitefully, as her rotten voice could vtter it, ſhee ſet forth the faucineſſe of *Amphialus*. But *Baſilius* only attended what *Zelmanes* opinion was: who though ſhe hated *Amphialus*, yet the nobility of her courage preuailed ouer it, & ſhe deſired he might be pardoned that youthfull error; conſidering the reputation he had, to be one of the beſt knights in the world; ſo as hereafter he gouerned himſelfe, as one remembring his fault. *Baſilius* giuing the infinite tearmes of praiſes to *Zelmanes* both valour in conquering, and pitifulneſſe in pardoning, commanded no more words to be made of it, ſince ſuch he thought was her pleaſure.

So brought he them vp to viſit his wife, where between her and him, the poore *Zelmane* receiued a tedious entertainment; oppreſſed with being loued, almoſt as much, as with louing. *Baſilius* not ſo wiſe in couering his paſſion, could make his tongue goe almoſt no other paſe, but to run into thoſe immoderate praiſes, which the fooliſh Louer thinkes ſhort of his Miſtreſſe, though they reach far beyond the heauens. But *Gynecia* (whom womanly modeſty did more outwardly bridle) yet did oftentimes vſe the aduantage of her ſexe in kiſſing *Zelmane*, as ſhe ſate vpon her bed-ſide by her; which was but ſtill more and more ſweete incenſe, to caſt vpon the fire wherein her heart was ſacrificed: Once *Zelmane* could not ſtirre, but that, (as if they had been poppets, whoſe motion ſtood only vpon her pleaſure) *Baſilius* with ſeruiceable ſteps, *Gynecia* with greedy eyes would follow her. *Baſilius* minde *Gynecia* well knew, & could haue found in her heart to laugh at, if mirth could haue born any proportiõ with her fortune. But all *Gynecia's* actions were interpreted by *Baſilius*, as proceeding from iealouſie of his amorouſneſſe. *Zelmane* betwixt both (like the poor childe, whoſe father, while he beats him, will make him beleeue it is for loue; or like the ſicke man, to whom the Phiſition ſweares, the ill-taſting wallowiſh medicine he proffers, is of a good taſt) their loue was hateful, their courteſie troubleſome, their preſence cauſe of her abſence thence, where not only her light, but her life conſiſted. Alas, thought ſhe to her ſelf, deare *Dorus*, what odds is there between thy deſtiny & mine? For thou haſt to do in thy purſuite but with ſhepherdiſh folks, who trouble thee with a little enuious care, & affected diligence; But I (beſides that I haue now *Miſo* the worſt of thy diuels, let looſe vpon me) am waited on by Princes, and watched by the two wakefull eyes of Loue and Iealouſie. Alas incomparable *Philoclea*, thou euer ſeeſt me, but doſt neuer ſee me as I am: thou heareſt willingly all that I dare ſay, and I dare not ſay that which were moſt fit for thee to heare. Alas who euer but I was impriſoned in libertie, and baniſhed being ſtill preſent? To whom but me haue louers been iaylours, and honor a captiuitie?

But the night cõming on with her ſilent ſteps vpon them, they parted each from other (if at leaſt they could be parted, of whom euery one did liue in another) and went about to flatter ſleep in their beds, that diſdained to beſtow it ſelfe liberally vpon ſuch eies which by their wil would euer be looking: & in leaſt meaſure vpon *Gynecia*. Who (when *Baſilius* after long toſſing was gotten aſleep, and the cheerfull comfort of the lights remoued from her) kneeling vp in her bed, began with a ſoft voyce, & ſwoln hart, to renue the curſes of her birth; & then in a maner embracing her bed; Ah chaſteſt bed of mine, ſaid ſhe, which neuer heretofore couldſt accuſe me of one defiled thought, how canſt thou now receiue this diſaſtred changling?

happy,

happy, be they only which be not: & thy blessednes only in this respect thou maist feele, that thou hast no feeling. With that she furiously tare off great part of her faire haire: Take here O forgotten vertue (said she) this miserable sacrifice; while my soule was clothed with modesty, that was a comly ornament: now why should nature crowne that head, which is so wicked, as her only desire is, she cannot be enough wicked? More she would haue said, but that *Basilius* (awaked with the noise) took her in his armes, and began to comfort her; the good man thinking it was all for a iealous loue of him: which humour if she would a little haue maintained, perchance it might haue weakned his new conceiued fancies. But he finding her answers wandring from the purpose, left her to her selfe (glad the next morning to take the aduantage of a sleep, which a little before day ouerwatched with sorrow, her teares had as it were sealed vp in her eyes) to haue the more conference with *Zelmane*: who baited on this fashion by these two louers, and euer kept from any meane to declare her selfe, found in her selfe a daily increase of her violent desires; like a riuer the more swelling, the more his current is stopped.

The chiefe recreation she could finde in her anguish, was sometime to visit that place, where first she was so happy as to see the cause of her vnhap. There would she kisse the ground, & thank the trees, blesse the ayre, & do dutifull reuerence to euery thing that she thought did accompany her at their first meeting: then return againe to her inward thoughts; sometime dispaire darkning all her imaginations, sometimes the actiue passion of loue cheering and cleering her inuention, how to vnbarre that combersome hindrance of her two ill matched louers. But this morning *Basilius* himselfe gaue her good occasion to goe beyond them. For hauing combd and trickt himselfe more curiously, than any time forty winters before, comming where *Zelmane* was, he found her giuen ouer to her musicall Muses, to the great pleasure of the good old *Basilius*, who retired himselfe behinde a Tree, while she with a most sweet voyce did vtter these passionate verses.

LOued I am, and yet complaine of Loue:
As louing not, accusd in Loue I dye.
When pity most I craue, I cruell proue:
Still seeking Loue, Loue found as much I flye.
Burnt in my selfe, I muse at other's fire:
What I call wrong, I do the sunne, and more:
Bard of my will, I haue beyond desire:
I waile for want, and yet am chakt with store.
This is thy worke, thou God forsworne blinde:
Though thousands old, a Boy entitled still.
Thus children do the silly Birds they finde,
with striking hurt, and too much cramming kill.
Let thus much Loue, O Loue, I crane of thee:
Let me be loued, or else not loued be.

Basilius made no great haste from beyond the trees, till he perceiued she had fully ended her musicke. But then lothe to loose the precious fruit of time, hee presented himselfe vnto her, falling downe vpon both his knees: & holding vp his hands, as the old Gouernesse of *Danae* is painted, when she sodenly saw the golden showre, O heauenly woman, or earthly Goddesse (said he) let not my presence bee odious vnto you, nor my humble suit seem of small weight in your eares. Vouchsafe your

eies to deſcend vpon this miſerable old man, whoſe life hath hitherto bin maintained but to ſerue as an increaſe of your beautifull triumphs. You onely haue ouerthrown me, & in my bondage conſiſts my glorie. Suffer not your own worke to be deſpiſed of you, but looke vpon him with pitie, whoſe life ſerues for your praiſe. *Zelmane* (keeping a countenance aſcanſes ſhe vnderſtood him not) told him, It became her euill to ſuffer ſuch exceſſiue reuerence of him, but that it worſe became her to correct him, to whom ſhe owed duty: that the opinion ſhe had of his wiſdom was ſuch, as made her eſteeme greatly of his words; but that the words themſelues ſounded ſo, as ſhe could not imagine what they might intend. Intend? ſaid *Baſilius* (proud that that was brought in queſtion) what may they intend, but a refreſhing of my ſoule, & a ſwaging of my heat, & enioying thoſe your excellencies, wherin my life is vpheld, & my death threatned? *Zelmane* lifting vp her face, as if ſhe had receiued a mortall iniury of him; And is this the deuotion your ceremonies haue bin bent to? ſaid ſhe: Is it the diſdain of my eſtate, or the opinion of my lightneſs, that haue emboldned ſuch baſe fancies towards me? Enioying quoth you? now little ioy come to them that yeeld to ſuch enioying. Poor *Baſilius* was ſo appalled, that his legs bowed vnder him; his eyes lookt as though he would gladly hide himſelf; & his old bloud going to his heart, a general ſhaking all ouer his body poſſeſſed him. At length with a wan mouth, he was about to giue a ſtamering anſwer, when it came into *Zelmanes* head by this deuiſe to make her profit of his folly; and therefore with a relented countenance, thus ſaid vnto him: Your words (mighty Prince) were vnfit either for me to heare, or you to ſpeake: but yet the large teſtimonie I ſee of your affection makes me willing to ſuppreſſe a great number of errors. Only thus much I thinke good to ſay, that the ſame words in my Lady *Philoclea's* mouth, as from one woman to another (ſo as there were no other body by) might haue had a better grace, and perchance haue found a gentler receipt.

Baſilius (whoſe ſenſes by deſire were held open, and conceit was by loue quickned) heard ſcarcely halfe her anſwer out, but that (as if ſpeedy flight might ſaue his life) hee turned away, and ranne with all the ſpeede his bodie would ſuffer him towards his daughter *Philoclea*: whom hee found at that time dutifully watching by her mother, and *Miſo* curiouſly watching her; hauing left *Mopſa* to doe the like ſeruice to *Pamela*. *Baſilius* forthwith calling *Philoclea* aſide (with all the coniuring words which Deſire could endite and Authoritie vtter) beſought her ſhee would preſerue his life, in whom her life was begun; ſhe would ſaue his gray hairs from rebuke, and his aged minde from deſpaire; that if ſhe were not cloyed with his company, and that ſhe thought not the earth ouer-burthened with him, ſhe would coole his fiery grief, which was to be done but by her breath, That in fine, whatſoeuer he was, he was nothing but what it pleaſed *Zelmane*, all the powers of his ſpirit depending of her: that if ſhe continued cruell, he could no more ſuſtain his life, than the earth remaine fruitfull in the Sunnes continuall abſence. He concluded, ſhe ſhould in one payment requite all his deſerts: and that ſhe needed not diſdaine any ſeruice (though neuer ſo meane) which was warranted by the ſacred name of a father. *Philoclea* more glad than euer ſhe had knowne her ſelfe, that ſhe might by this occaſion, enioy the priuate conference of *Zelmane*, yet had ſo ſweet a feeling of vertue in her minde, that ſhe would not ſuffer a vile colour to be caſt ouer her faire thoughts, but with humble grace anſwered her father: That there needed neither promiſe nor perſwaſion to her, to make her do her vttermoſt for her fathers ſeruice: that for *Zelmanes* ſauour, ſhee would in all vertuous ſort ſeeke it towards him: and that as ſhe would not pierce further into his meaning, than

himselfe should declare, so would she interpret all his doings to be accomplished in goodnesse: & therefore desired (if otherwise it were) that he would not impart it to her, who then should be forced to begin, by true obedience, a shew of disobedience: rather performing his generall commandement, which had euer been to embrace vertue, than any new particular, sprung out of passion, & contrarie to the former. *Basilius* content to take that, since hee could haue no more (thinking it a great point, if by her meanes, he could get but a more free accesse vnto *Zelmane*) allowed her reasons, and took her proffer thankefully, desiring only a speedy return of comfort. *Philoclea* was parting, & *Miso* streight behind her, like *Alecto* following *Proserpina*. But *Basilius* forced her to stay, though with much adoe, she being sharpset vpon the fulfilling of a shrewd office, in ouer-looking *Philoclea*: and said to *Basilius*, that she did as she was commanded, and could not answer it to *Gynecia*, if she were any whit from *Philoclea*: telling him true, that he did euill to take her charge from her. But *Basilius* (sweating he would put out her eyes, if she stirred a foote to trouble his daughter) gaue her a stop for that while.

So away departed *Philoclea*, with a new field of fancies for her trauailing mind: For wel she saw her father was grown her aduerse party, and yet her fortune such, as she must fauour her Riuall; and the fortune of that fortune such, as neither that did hurt her, nor any contrary meane helpe her.

But she walkt but a little on, before she saw *Zelmane* lying vpon a bank, with her face so bent ouer *Ladon*; that (her teares falling into the water) one might haue thought, that she began meltingly to be metamorphosed to the vnder-running riuer. But by and by with speech she made knowne, as well that she liued as that she sorrowed. Faire streame, said she, that doe vouchsafe in your clearenesse to represent vnto me, my blubbered face, let the tribute offer of my teares vnto you, procure your stay a while with me, that I may beginne yet at last to finde some thing that pities me: and that all things of comfort and pleasure do not flye away from me. But if the violence of your spring command you to hast away, to pay your duties to your great Prince, the Sea, yet carry with you these few words, and let the vttermost ends of the world know them. A loue more clearer than your selues, dedicated to a loue (I feare) more cold than your selues, with the clearenesse layes a night of sorrow vpon me; & with the coldnesse enflames a world of fire within me. With that she took a willow sticke, & wrote in a sandy bank these few verses.

Ouer these brookes trusting to ease mine eyes,
(Mine eyes euen great in labour with their teares)
I laide my face; my face wherein there lies
Clusters of Clouds, which no Sunne euer cleares.
In watry glasse my watry eyes I see:
Sorrowes ill easde, where sorrowes painted bee.

My thoughts imprison'd in my secret woes,
With flamy breath do issue oft in sounds:
The sound of this strange ayre no sooner goes,
But that it doth with Echoes force rebounds,
(And make me heare the plaints I would refraine:
Thus outward helps my inward griefe maintaine.
Now in this sand I would discharge my minde,

And caſt from me part of my burdenous cares:
But in the ſand my tales foretold I finde,
And ſee therein how well the writer fares.
Since ſtreame, ayre, ſand, mine eyes and eares conſpire:
What hope to quench, where each thing blowes the fire?

And aſſoone as ſhee had written them (a new ſwarme of thoughts ſtinging her minde) ſhe was ready with her foote to giue the new-borne letters both death and buriall. But *Philocles* (whoſe delight of hearing and ſeeing was before a ſtay from interrupting her) gaue her ſelfe to bee ſeene vnto her, with ſuch a lighting beauty vpon *Zelmane*, that neither ſhee could look on, nor would look off. At laſt *Philocles* (hauing a little muſed how to cut the threede euen, between her owne hopeleſſe affection, and her fathers vnbridled hope) with eyes, cheekes, and lips (whereof each ſang their part, to make vp the harmonie of baſhfulneſſe) beganne to ſay, My father to whom I owe my ſelfe, & therefore, when *Zelmane* (making a womaniſh habite to be the Armour of her boldneſſe, giuing vp her life to the lips of *Philocles*, and taking it againe by the ſweetneſſe of thoſe kiſſes) humbly beſought her to keep her ſpeech for a while within the Paradiſe of her minde. For well ſhe knew her fathers errand, who ſhould ſoone receiue a ſufficient anſwer. But now ſhe demanded leaue not to loſe this long ſought-for commoditie of time, to eaſe her heart thus farre, that if in her agonies her deſtinie was to be condemned by *Philocles* mouth, at leaſt *Philocles* might know, whom ſhe had condemned. *Philocles* eaſily yeelded to grant her own deſire: and ſo making the greene banke the ſituation, and the riuer the proſpect of the moſt beautifull buildings of nature. *Zelmane* doubting how to begin, though her thoughts already had runne to the end, with a minde fearing the vnworthineſſe of euery word that ſhould be preſented to her eares, at length brought it forth in this manner.

Moſt beloued Lady, the incomparable excellencies of your ſelfe (waited-on by the greatneſſe of your eſtate) & the importance of the thing (whereon my life conſiſted) doth require both many ceremonies before the beginning, and many circumſtances in the vttering my ſpeech, both bold and fearful. But the ſmall opportunitie of enuious occaſion (by the malicious eye hateful Loue doth caſt vpon me) and the extreame bent of my affection (which will either breake out in words, or breake my heart) compell me, not only to embrace the ſmalleſt time, but to paſſe by the reſpects due vnto you, in reſpect of your poore caitifes life, who is now, or neuer to be preſerued. I do therefore vow vnto you, hereafter neuer more to omit all dutifull forme: doe you onely now vouchſafe to heare the matter of a minde moſt perplexed. If euer the ſound of Loue haue come to your eares, or if euer you haue vnderſtood, what force it hath had to conquer the ſtrongeſt hearts, & change the moſt ſettled eſtates: receiue here an example of thoſe ſtrange Tragedies; one, that in himſelfe containeth the particularities of all thoſe misfortunes: and from henceforth beleeue that ſuch a thing may be, ſince you ſhall ſee it is. You ſhal ſee (I ſay) a liuing image, & a preſent ſtory of what loue can do when he is bent to ruine.

But alas, whither goeſt thou my tongue? or how doth my heart conſent to aduenture the reueiling his neereſt touching ſecret? But peace Feare, thou commeſt too late, when already the harme is taken. Therefore I ſay againe, O onely Princeſſe, attend here a miſerable miracle of affection. Behold here before your eies *Pyrocles*, Prince of *Macedon*, whom you onely haue brought to this game of Fortune, and vnuſed *Metamorphoſis*: whom you only haue made neglect his countrie, forget

forget his father, and laſtly, forſake to be *Pyrocles*: the ſame *Pyrocles*, who (you heard) was betrayed by being put in a ſhip, which being burned, *Pyrocles* was drowned. O moſt true preſage! for theſe traytors, my eyes, putting me into a ſhip of Deſire, which daily burneth; thoſe eyes, I ſay, which betrayed me, will neuer leaue till they haue drowned me. But bee not, be not (moſt excellent Ladie) you that nature hath made to be the Load-ſtarre of Comfort, bee not the Rocke of ſhipwracke: you whom vertue hath made the Princeſſe of felicitie, be not the miniſter of ruine: you whom my choiſe hath made the Goddeſſe of my ſafety, O let not, let not, from you be powred vpon me deſtruction. Your faire face hath many tokens in it of amazement at my words: thinke then what his amazement is, from whence they come: ſince no words can carry with them the life of the inward feeling. I deſire that my deſire may bee wayed in the ballances of honour, and let Vertue hold them. For if the higheſt Loue in no baſe perſon may aſpire to grace, then may I hope your beauty will not be without pitie. If otherwiſe you be (alas but let it not be ſo) reſolued, yet ſhall not my death bee comfortleſſe, receiuing it by your ſentence.

The ioy which wrought into *Pigmalions* minde, while hee found his beloued image, was ſofter & warmer in his folded armes, till at length it accompliſhed his gladneſs with a perfect womans ſhape (ſtil beautified with the former perfections) was euen ſuch, as by each degree of *Zelmanes* words creepingly entred into *Philoclea*: till her pleaſure was fully made vp with the manifeſting of his being; which was ſuch as in hope did ouercome Hope. Yet doubt would faine haue played his part in her minde, and cald in queſtion, how ſhe ſhould be aſſured that *Zelmane* was *Pyrocles*. But loue ſtraight ſtood vp and depoſed, that a lye could not come from the mouth of *Zelmane*. Beſides, a certaine ſparke of honour, which roſe in her wel diſpoſed minde, made her fear to be alone with him, with whom alone ſhe deſired to be (withall the other contradictions growing in thoſe minds, which neither abſolutely clime the rocke of Vertue, nor freely ſink into the Sea of Vanitie) but that ſparke ſoone gaue place, or at leaſt gaue no more light in her minde, than a candle doth in the Sunnes preſence. But euen ſicke with a ſurfeit of ioy, & fearefull of ſhe knew not what (as he that newly findes hugh treaſures, doubts whether he ſleep or no; or like a fearfull Deer, which then looks moſt about, when he comes to the beſt feede) with a ſhrugging kinde of tremor through all her principall parts, ſhe gaue theſe affectionate words for anſwer. Alas, how painefull a thing it is to a diuided minde to make a wel-ioyned anſwer? how hard it is to bring inward ſhame to outward confeſſion? & what handſomneſs trow you can be obſerued in that ſpeech, which is made one knows not to whom? Shall I ſay ô *Zelmane*? Alas your words be againſt it. Shall I ſay Prince *Pyrocles*? wretch that I am, your ſhew is manifeſt againſt it. But this, this I may well ſay; If I had continued as I ought, *Philoclea*, you had either neuer been, or euer been *Zelmane*: you had either neuer attempted this change, ſet on with hope, or neuer diſcouered it, ſtopt with deſpaire. But I fear me, my behauiour ill gouerned, gaue you the firſt comfort: I feare me, my affection ill hid, hath giuen you this laſt aſſurance: I feare indeed, the weakneſſe of my gouernment before, made you thinke ſuch a maske would be gratefull vnto me: and my weaker gouernment ſince, makes you to pull off the viſor. What ſhould I do then? ſhall I ſeek farre-fetched inuentions? ſhall I labour to lay marble colours ouer my ruinous thoughts? or rather though the pureneſs of my virgin-mind be ſtained, let me keep the true ſimplicity of my word. True it is, alas too true it is, ô *Zelmane*, for ſo I loue to cal thee, ſince in that name my loue firſt began, and in the ſhade of that

name

name my loue ſhall beſt lye hidden) that euen while ſo thou wert (what eye bewitched me I know not) my paſsions were fitter to deſire, than to be deſired. Shal I ſay then, I am ſory, or that my loue muſt be turned to hate, ſince thou art turned to *Pyrocles*? how may that well be? ſince when thou wert *Zelmane*, the deſpair thou mighteſt not be thus, did moſt torment me. Thou haſt then the victory: vſe it with vertue. Thy vertue wan me; with vertue preſerue me. Doſt thou loue me? keep me then ſtill worthy to be loued.

Then held ſhe her tongue, and caſt down a ſelfe-accuſing looke, finding, that in her ſelfe ſhe had, as it were, ſhot out of the bow of her affection, a more quicke opening of her mind, than ſhe minded to haue done. But *Pyrocles* ſo caried vp with ioy, that he did not enuy the gods felicity, preſented her with ſome iewels of right princely value, as ſome little tokens of his loue and qualitie: and withall ſhewed her letters from his father King *Euarchus*, vnto him, which euen in the Sea had amongſt his iewels bin preſerued. But litle needed thoſe proofs to one, who would haue faine out with her ſelf, rather than make any contrary coniectures to *Zelmane* ſpeeches; ſo that with ſuch imbracements, as it ſeemed their ſoules deſir'd to meet, and their hearts to kiſſe, as their mouthes did, they paſſed the promiſe of mariage: which faine *Pyrocles* would haue ſealed with the chiefe armes of his deſire; but *Philoclea* commanded the contrary.

And then at *Philoclea's* intreaty, who was willing to purloine all occaſions of remaining with *Zelmane*, ſhe told her the ſtory of her life, from the time of their departing frō *Erona*, for the reſt ſhe had already vnderſtood of her ſiſter. For, ſaid ſhe, I haue vnderſtood, how you firſt in the company of your noble couſin *Muſidorus*, parted from *Theſſalia*, and of diuers aduentures, which with no more danger than glory you paſſed through, till your comming to the ſuccour of the Queen *Erona*; and the end of that warre (you might perceiue by my ſelf) I had vnderſtood of the Prince *Plangus*. But what ſince was the courſe of your doings, vntil you came, after ſo many victories, to make a conqueſt of poore mee, that I know not; the fame therof hauing rather ſhewed it by peeces, than deliuered any full form of it. Therfore, dear *Pyrocles* (for what can my eares be ſo ſweetly fed with, as to heare you of you) be liberall vnto me of thoſe things, which haue made you indeed precious to the world: and now doubt not to tell of your perils, for ſince I haue you here out of them, euen the remembrance of them is pleaſant. *Pyrocles* eaſily perceiued ſhee was content with kindneſſe, to put off occaſion of further kindneſſe; wherin Loue ſhewed himſelfe a cowardly boy, that durſt not attempt for feare of offending. But rather Loue proued himſelfe valiant, that durſt with the ſword of reuerent ducty gaine-ſtand the force of ſo many enraged deſires. But ſo it was, that though hee knew this diſcourſe was to entertain him from a more ſtraight parley, yet he durſt not but kiſſe his rod, & gladly make much of that entertainment w^ch ſhee allotted vnto him: & therfore with a deſirous ſigh chaſtening his breaſt for too much deſiring; Sweet Princeſſe of my life, ſaid he, what Trophees, what Triumph, what Monuments, what Hiſtories might euer make my fame yeeld ſo ſweet a Muſick to my eares, as that it pleaſeth you to lend your minde to the knowledge of any thing touching *Pyrocles*, only therefore of value, becauſe he is your *Pyrocles*? And therfore grow I now ſo proud, as to thinke it worth the hearing, ſith you vouchſafe to giue it the hearing. Therfore (only height of my hope) vouchſafe to know, that after the death of *Tiridates*, and ſettling *Erona* in her gouernment, for ſettled we left her, howſoeuer ſince (as I perceiued by your ſpeech the laſt day) the vngratefull treaſon of her il-choſen husband ouerthrew her; a thing in truth neuer til this time

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by mee either heard, or ſuſpected: for who could thinke, without hauing ſuch a minde as *Antiphilus*, that ſo great a beauty as *Erona's* (indeede excellent) could not haue held his affection? ſo great goodneſſe could not haue bound gratefulneſſe? and ſo high aduancement could not haue ſatisfied his ambition? But therfore true it is, that wickednesſe may well be compared to a pottomeleſſe pit, into which it is farre eaſier to keepe ones ſelf from falling, than being fallen, to giue ones ſelfe any ſtay from falling infinitely. But for my couſin and me, vpon this cauſe we parted from *Erona*.

Euardes (the braue and mighty Prince, whom it was my fortune to kill in the combat for *Erona*) had three Nephewes, ſonnes to a ſiſter of his; all three ſet among the formoſt rankes of Fame for great mindes to attempt, and great force to performe what they did attempt, eſpecially the eldeſt, by name *Anaxius*, to whom all men would willingly haue yeelded the height of praiſe, but that his nature was ſuch, as to beſtow it vpon himſelfe, before any could giue it. For of ſo vnſupportable a pride he was, that where his deedes might well ſtirre enuie, his demeanor did rather breede diſdaine. And if it be true that the giants euer made war againſt heauen, he had bin a fit enſigne bearer for that company. For nothing ſeemed hard to him, though impoſſible, and nothing vniuſt, while his liking was his iuſtice. Now he in theſe wats had flatly refuſd his aid, becauſe he could not brook, that the worthy Prince *Plangus* was by his couſin *Tiridates* preferred before him. For allowing no other weights, but the ſword and ſpear in iudging of deſert, how much he eſteemed himſelfe before *Plangus* in that, ſo much would he haue had his allowance in his ſeruice.

But now that he vnderſtood that his vncle was ſlaine by me, I think rather ſcorn that any ſhould kill his vncle, than any kindneſſe (an vn-vſed gueſt to an arrogant ſoule) made him ſeek his reuenge; I muſt confeſſe in maner gallant enough. For he ſent a challenge vnto me to meet him at a place appointed, in the confines of the kingdom of *Lycia*, where he would proue vpon me, that I had by ſome treachery ouercome his vncle, whom elſe many hundreds ſuch as I, could not haue withſtood. Youth and ſucceſſe made me willing enough to accept any ſuch bargain, eſpecially, becauſe I had heard that your couſin *Amphialus* (who for ſome yeers hath born vniuerſally the name of the beſt knight in the world) had diuers times fought with him, and neuer beene able to maiſter him; but ſo had left him, that euery man thought *Anaxius* in that one vertue of courteſie farre ſhott of him, in all other his match; *Anaxius* ſtill deeming himſelfe for his ſuperiour. Therefore to him I would goe, and I would needs go alone, becauſe ſo I vnderſtood for certaine, he was; and (I muſt confeſſe) deſirous to do ſomething without the company of the incomparable Prince *Muſidorus*, becauſe in my heart I acknowledge that I owed more to his preſence, than to any thing in my ſelf, what euer before I had done. For of him indeed (as of any worldly cauſe) I muſt grant, as receiued, what euer theres, or may be good in me. He taught me by word, and beſt by example, giuing me in him ſo liuely an image of vertue, as ignorance could not caſt ſuch miſt ouer mine eyes, as not to ſee, and to loue it; and all with ſuch deare friendſhip and care, as (O heauen) how can my life euer requite to him? which made me indeed find in my ſelf ſuch a kind of depending vpon him, as without him I found a weakneſſe, and a miſtruſtfulneſſe of my ſelfe, as one ſtayed from his beſt ſtrength, when at any time I miſt him. Which humour perceiuing to ouer-rule me, I ſtraue againſt it, not that I was vnwilling to depend vpon him in iudgement, but by weakneſs I would not, which though it held me to him, made me vnworthy of him. Therfore I deſired his leaue,

and

and obtained it, such confidence he had in me, preferring my reputation before his own tenderneſſe, and ſo priuately went from him, he determining (as after I knew) in ſecret manner, not to be farre from the place, where we appointed to meete, to preuent any foule play that might bee offered vnto me. Full loth was *Erona* to let vs depart from her (as it were) ſore feeling the harmes which after fell to her. But I (rid fully from thoſe cumbers of kindneſſe, & halfe a dayes iourny in my way toward *Anaxius*) met an aduenture, which (though it ſelfe of ſmall importance) I will tell you at large, becauſe by the occaſion thereof I was brought to as great cumber and danger, as lightly any might eſcape.

As I paſt through a Launde (each ſide whereof was ſo bordered both with high timber trees, and copſes of farre more humble growth, that it might eaſily bringe ſolitary minde to looke for no other companions, than the wilde burgeſſes of the forreſt) I heard certain cryes, which coming by pawſes to mine eares from within the wood of the right hand, made me well aſſured by the greatneſſe of the cry, it was the voyce of a man, though it were a very vnmanlike voyce, ſo to cry. But making mine eares my guide, I left not many treds behinde me, before I ſaw at the bottome of one of them a Gentleman, bound with many garters hand & foot, ſo as well he might tumble and toſſe, but neither runne nor reſiſt he could. Vpon him (like ſo many Eagles vpon an Oxe) were nine Gentlewomen, truly ſuch, as one might well enough ſay, they were handſome. Each of them held bodkins in their hands, wherewith continually they pricked him, hauing beene before hand vnarmed of any defence from the waſte vpward, but onely of his ſhirt: ſo as the poore man wept and bled, cryed and prayed, while they ſported themſelues in his paine, and delighted in his prayers as the arguments of their victorie.

I was moued to compaſſion, and ſo much the more that he ſtraight cald to me for ſuccour, deſiring me at leaſt to kill him, to deliuer him from thoſe tormentors. But before my ſelfe could reſolue, much leſſe any other tell what I would reſolue, there came in cholericke haſte towards me about ſeuen or eight knights, the foremoſt of which willed me to get away, and not to trouble the Ladies, while they were taking their due reuenge, but with ſo ouermaſtering a manner of pride, as truly my heart could not brooke it: and therefore (anſwering them, that how I would haue defended him from the Ladies I knew not, but from them I would) I began a combate firſt with him particularly, and after his death with the others (that had leſſe good maners) iointly. But ſuch was the end of it, that I kept the field with the death of ſome, and flight of others. In ſo much as the women (affraid, what angry victory would bring forth) ran all away, ſauing only one, who was ſo fleſht in malice, that neither during, nor after the fight, ſhe gaue any truce to her cruelty, but ſtill vſed the little inſtrument of her great ſpite, to the vtmoſt paine of the impatient patient: & was now about to put out his eies, which all this while were ſpared, becauſe they ſhould do him the diſcomfort of ſeeing who preuailed ouer him. When I came in, and after much ado, brought her to ſome conference, (for ſome time it was before ſhe would hearken, more before ſhe would ſpeake, & moſt before ſhe would in her ſpeech leaue off the ſharpe remembrance of her bodkin) but at length when I ould off my head-peece, and humbly intreated her pardon, & knowledge why ſhe was cruell, out of breath more with choler (which increaſed in his own exerciſe) than with the paine ſhe took, much to this purpoſe ſhe gaue her griefe vnto my knowledge. Gentleman (ſaid ſhe) much it is againſt my will to forbeare any time the executing of my iuſt reuenge vpon this naughty creature, a man in nothing, but in deceiuing women. But becauſe I ſee you are young, and like

enough

enough to haue the power (if you would haue the minde) to doe much more mischiefe than he. I am content vpon this bad subiect to reade a lecture to your vertue.

This man called *Pamphilus*, in birth I must confesse as noble (but what is that to him, if it shall be a staine to his dead Ancestors to haue left such an off-spring?) in shape as you see, not vncomely (indeed the fit maske of his disguised falshood) in conuersation wittily pleasant, & pleasantly gamesome; his eyes full of merry simplicity, his words of hearty companableneſſe, and such a one whose head one would not think so stayed, as to think mischieuously delighted in all such things, which by imparting the delight to others, makes the vser thereof welcome; as, Musike, Dauncing, Hunting, Feasting, Riding, and such like. And to conclude, such a one, as who can keepe him at armes end, need neuer wish a better companion. But vnder these qualities lies such a poysonous Adder, as I will tell you. For by those gifts of Nature and Fortune (being in all places acceptable) he creeps, nay (to say truly) he flies so into the fauour of poore silly women, that I would be too much ashamed to confesse, if I had not reuenge in my hand, as well as shame in my cheeks. For his heart being wholly delighted in deceiuing vs, we could neuer be warned, but rather one bird caught, serued for a stale to bring in more. For the more he got, the more still he shewed, that he (as it were) gaue away to his new mistresse, when he betrayed his promises to the former. The cunning of his flattery, the readineſſe of his tears, the infiniteneſſe of his vowes, were but among the weakeſt threeds of his net. But the stirring our owne passions, and by the entrance of them, to make himselfe Lord of our forces; there lay his Masters part of cunning, making vs now iealous, now enuious, now proud of what wee had, desirous of more; now giuing one the triumph, to see him that was Prince of many, Subiect to her; now with an estranged looke, making her feare the losse of that minde, which indeede could neuer be had: neuer ceasing humbleneſſe and diligence, till he had imbarked vs in some such disaduantage, as we could not returne dry-shod, and then sodainly a tyrant, but a crafty tyrant. For so would he vse his imperiousneſſe, that we had a delightfull feare & an awe, which made vs loth to lose our hope. And, which is strangeſt (when sometimes with late repentance I thinke of it) I must confesse, euen in the greateſt tempest of my iudgement was I neuer driuen to thinke him excellent; and yet so could set my mind both to get and keep him, as though therin had laine my felicity: like them I haue seene play at the ball, grow extreamely earneſt, who should haue the ball, and yet euery one knew it was but a ball. But in end, the bitter sauce of the sport was, that we had either our hearts broken with sorrow, or our estates spoyled with being at his direction, or our honours for euer lost, partly by our owne faults, but principally by his faulty vsing of our faults. For neuer was there man that could with more scornefull eyes behold her, at whose feete he had lately laine, nor with a more vnmanlike bravery vse his tongue to her disgrace, which lately had sung sonets of her praises: being so naturally inconstant, as I marueil his soule finds not some way to kill his body, whereto it had been so long vnited. For so hath he dealt with vs (vnhappy fooles) as we could neuer tell, whether he made greater haste after he once liked, to enioy, or after he once enioyed, to forsake. But making a glory of his owne shame, it delighted him to be challenged of vnkindneſs: it was a triumph vnto him to haue his mercy called for: & he thought the fresh colours of his beauty were painted in nothing so well, as in the ruines of his louers: yet so far had we engaged our selues (vnfortunate soules) that we listed not complaine, since our complaints could not but carry the greateſt accusation to our selues. But euery of vs (each for her selfe) laboured all meanes how to recouer

him,while he rather daily ſent vs companions of our deceit,than euer returned in any ſound and faithfull maner. Till at length he concluded all his wrongs with betrothing himſelfe to one (I muſt confeſſe) worthy to be liked, if any worthineſſe might excuſe ſo vnworthy a changeableneſſe; leauing vs nothing but remorſe for what was paſt,and deſpaire of what might follow. Then indeed the common iniury made vs all ioyne in fellowſhip, who till that time had imployed our endeauours one againſt the other. For we thought nothing was a more condemning of vs,than the iuſtifying of his loue to her by marriage: then Deſpaire made Feare valiant,and Reuenge gaue Shame countenance: whereupon,we (that you ſaw here) deuiſed how to get him among vs alone: which he (ſuſpecting no ſuch matter of them whom he had by often abuſes,he thought,made tame to bee ſtill abuſed) eaſily gaue vs opportunity to doe.

And a man may ſee, euen in this, how ſoone Rulers grow proud, and in their pride fooliſh: he came with ſuch an authority among vs,as if the Planets had done enough for vs,that by vs once he had bin delighted. And when we began in courteous maner,one after the other,to lay his vnkindnes vnto him,he ſeeing himſelfe confronted by ſo many (like a reſolute Orator) went not to deniall, but to iuſtifie his cruell falſhood, & all with ſuch ieſts,and diſdainfull paſſages,that if the iniury could not be made greater,yet were our conceits made the apter to apprehend it.

Among other of his anſwers(forſoorh)I ſhall neuer forget,how he would proue it was no inconſtancy to change from one loue to another, but a great conſtancy; and contrary, that which we call conſtancy,to be moſt changeable. For (ſaid he) I euer loued my delight, and delighted alwayes in what was louely: and wherſoeuer I found occaſion to obtain that,I conſtantly followed it. But theſe conſtant fooles you ſpeake of,though their Miſtreſſe grow by ſickneſſe foule,or by fortune miſerable,yet ſtill will loue her, & ſo commit the abſurdeſt inconſtancy that may be, in changing their loue from faireneſſe to foulneſſe,and from louelineſſe to his contrary; like one not content to leaue a friend, but will ſtraight giue ouer himſelfe to his mortall enemy: where I(whom you call inconſtant)am euer conſtant; to Beauty,in others; and Delight in my ſelfe. And ſo in this iolly ſcoffing brauerie he went ouer vs all,ſaying he left one,becauſe ſhe was ouer-wayward: another, becauſe ſhe was too ſoone wonne: a third, becauſe ſhe was not merry enough: a fourth, becauſe ſhee was ouer-gameſome: the fift, becauſe ſhe was growne with griefe ſubiect to ſickneſſe: the ſixt, becauſe ſhee was ſo fooliſh, as to be iealous of him: the ſeuenth,becauſe ſhe had refuſed to carry a letter for him to another that he loued: the eight,becauſe ſhe was not ſecret: the ninth,becauſe ſhe was not liberall: but to me, who am named *Dido*, and indeed haue met with a falſe *Æneas*, to me,I ſay (O the vngratefull villaine) hee could finde no other fault to obiect, but that (perdie) he met with many fairer.

But when he had thus played the careleſſe Prince,we (hauing thoſe ſeruants of ours in readineſſe, whom you lately ſo manfully ouercame) laid hold of him; beginning at firſt but that trifling reuenge,in which you found vs buſie; but meaning afterwards to haue mangled him ſo, as ſhould haue loſt his credit for euer abuſing more. But as you haue made my fellowes flie away,ſo for my part the greatneſs of his wrong ouer-ſhadowes,in my iudgement,the greatneſſe of any danger. For was it not enough for him to haue deceiued me,and through the deceit abuſed me,and after the abuſe forſaken me,but that he muſt now,of all the company, and before all the company, lay want of beauty to my charge? Many fairer? I trow euen in your iudgement,Sir,(if your eyes do not beguile me) not many fairer;and I know

(whoſoeuer

(whosoeuer sayes the contrary) there are not many fairer. And of whom should I receiue this reproach, but of him who hath best cause to know there are not many fairer? And therefore howsoeuer my fellowes pardon his iniuries, for my part I will euer remember, and remember to reuenge this scorne of all scornes. With that she to him afresh; and surely would haue put out his eyes (who lay mute for shame, if he did not sometimes cry for feare) if I had not leapt from my horse, and mingling force with entreaty, stayed her fury.

But while I was perswading her to meeknesse, comes a number of his friends, to whom he forthwith cried, that they should kill that woman, that had thus betrayed and disgraced him. But then I was faine to forsake the Ensigne, vnder which I had before serued, & to spend my vttermost force in the protecting of the Lady; which so well preuailed for her, that in the end there was a faithfull peace promised of all sides. And so I leauing her in a place of security, as she thought, went on my iourney towards *Anaxius*, for whom I was faine to stay two dayes in the appointed place, he disdayning to wait for me, till he was sure I were there.

I did patiently abide his angry pleasure, till about that space of time he came, indeed, according to promise, alone: and, that I may not say too little, because he is wont to say too much; like a man, whose courage was apt to clime ouer any danger. And as soone as euer hee came neere mee, in fit distance for his purpose, he with much fury, (but with fury skilfully guided) ran vpon me; which I, in the best sort I could, resisted; hauing kept my selfe ready for him, because I had vnderstood that he obserued few compliments in matter of armes, but such as a proud anger did indite vnto him. And so putting our horses into a full carreere, wee hit each other vpon the head with our Launces: I think he felt my blow, for my part, I must confesse, I neuer receiued the like: but I thinke though my senses were astonied, my mind forced them to quicken themselues, because I had learned of him, how little fauour he is wont to shew in any matter of aduantage. And indeed he was turned, and comming vpon me with his sword drawne, both our staues hauing bin broken at that encounter: but I was so ready to answer him, that truely I know not who gaue the first blow. But whosoeuer gaue the first, was quickly seconded by the second. And indeed, excellentest Lady, I must say true, for a time it was well fought betweene vs; he vndoubtedly being of singular valour, I would God it were not abased by his too much loftinesse: but as by the occasion of the combate, winning and losing ground, wee changed places, his horse hapned to come vpon the point of the broken speare, which fallen to the ground, chanced to stand vpward, so as it lighting vpon his heart the horse died. He driuen to dismount, threatned, if I did not the like, to doe as much for my horse, as fortune had done for his. But whether for that, or because I would not be beholding to Fortune for any part of the victorie, I descended. So began our foot-fight in such sort that we were well entred to bloud of both sides, when there comes by that vnconstant *Pamphilus*, whom I had deliuered (easie to be knowne, for he was bare-faced) with a dozen armed men after him; but before him he had *Dido*, that Lady, who had most sharpely punished him, riding vpon a palfrey, he following her with most vnmanlike cruelty, beating her with wands he had in his hand, shee crying for sense of paine, or hope of succour: which was so pitifull a sight vnto me, that it moued me to require *Anaxius* to deferre our combate till another day, and now to performe the dueties of Knighthood in helping this distressed Lady. But hee that disdaines to obey any thing but his passion, which he calls his mind, bade me leaue off that thought; but when hee had killed me, he would then, perhaps, goe to her succour. But I well finding the

fight would be long betweene vs (longing in my heart to deliuer the poore *Dido*) giuing him ſo great a blow, as ſomewhat ſtayed him, (to terme it aright) I flatly ran away from him toward my horſe, who trotting after the company, in mine armour I was put to ſome paine, but that vſe made me nimble vnto it. But as I followed my horſe, *Anaxius* followed me; but his proud heart did ſo diſdaine that exerciſe, that I had quickly ouer-runne him, and ouertaken my horſe; being, I muſt confeſſe, aſhamed to ſee a number of countrie folkes, who happened to paſſe there by, who hallowed and howted after me, as at the arranteſt coward that euer ſhewed his ſhoulders to his enemy. But when I had leapt on my horſe, with ſuch ſpeedie agility, that they all cryed; O ſee how feare giues him wings, I turned to *Anaxius* and aloud promiſed him to returne thither againe, as ſoon as I had relieued the iniured Lady. But he rayling at me, with all the baſe words angry contempt could endite; I ſaid no more, but, *Anaxius*, aſſure thy ſelf, I neither fear thy force, nor thy opinion. And ſo vſing no weapon of a knight as at that time but my ſpurres, I ranne in my knowledge after *Pamphilus*, but in all their conceits from *Anaxius*, which as farre as I could heare, I might well heare teſtified with ſuch laughters and games, that I was ſome few times moued to turne backe againe.

But the Ladies miſery ouer-ballanced my reputation: ſo that after her I went, and with ſixe houres hard riding, through ſo wild places, as it was rather the cunning of my horſe ſometimes, than of my ſelfe, ſo rightly to hit the way, I ouergat them a little before night, neer to an old ill-fauoured caſtle, the place where I perceiued they meant to perform their vnknightly errand. For there they began to ſtrip her of her clothes, when I came in among them; and running through the firſt with a launce, the iuſtneſſe of the cauſe ſo enabled mee againſt the reſt, falſe-hearted in their own wrong doing, that I had, in as ſhort time almoſt as I had beene fighting with onely *Anaxius*, deliuered her from thoſe iniurious wretches: moſt of whom carried news to the other world, that amongſt men ſecret wrongs are not alwaies left vnpuniſhed. As for *Pamphilus*, he hauing once ſeene, and (as it ſhould ſeeme) remembred me, euen from the beginning began to be in the rereward, and before they had left fighting, he was too far off to giue them thanks for their paines. But when I had deliuered to the Lady a full liberty, both in effect & in opinion, (for ſome time it was before ſhee could aſſure her ſelfe ſhee was out of their hands, who had laid ſo vehement apprehenſion of death vpon her) ſhe then told mee, how as ſhe was returning towards her fathers, weakely accompanied, as too ſoone truſting to the falſhood of reconcilement, *Pamphilus* had ſet vpon her, & killing thoſe that were with her; carried her ſelfe by ſuch force, and with ſuch matter as I had ſeen, to this place, where he meant in cruell and ſhamefull maner to kill her, in the ſight of her owne Father, to whom he had already ſent word of it, that out of his caſtle window (for this caſtle, ſhe ſaid, was his) he might haue the proſpect of his onely childes deſtruction: if my comming, whom (ſhe ſaid) he feared, as ſoone as hee knew mee by the armour, had not warranted her from that neere approching crueltie. I was glad I had done ſo good a deede for a Gentlewoman not vnhandſome, whom before I had in like ſort helped. But the night beginning to perſwade ſome retiring place, the Gentlewoman, euen out of countenance before ſhe began her ſpeech, much after this maner inuited me to lodge that night with her father.

Sir (ſaid ſhe) how much I owe you, can be but abaſed by words, ſince the life I haue, I hold it now the ſecond time of you: and therfore need not offer ſeruice vnto you, but onely to remember you, that I am your ſeruant: and I would, my being ſo, might any way yeeld any ſmall contentment vnto you. Now onely I can but deſire

deſire you to harbour your ſelfe this night in this caſtle; becauſe the time requires it, and in truth this countrie is verie dangerous for murthering theeues, to truſt a ſleeping life among them. And yet I muſt confeſſe, that as the loue I beare you makes mee thus inuite you, ſo the ſame loue makes mee aſhamed to bring you to a place, where you ſhall be ſo (not ſpoken by ceremony but by truth) miſerably entertained. With that ſhe told me, that though ſhee ſpake of her father (whom ſhe named *Chremes*) ſhe would hide no truth from me; which was in ſumme, That as he was of all that region the man of greateſt poſſeſſions and riches, ſo was he either by nature, or an euill receiued opinion, giuen to ſparing, in ſo vnmeaſurable ſort, that he did not only barre himſelfe from the delightfull, but almoſt from the neceſſary vſe thereof; ſcarcely allowing himſelfe fit ſuſtenance of life, rather than he would ſpend of thoſe goods for whoſe ſake only he ſeemed to ioy in life. Which extream dealing (deſcending from himſelfe vpon her) had driuen her to put her ſelfe with a great Lady of that country, by which occaſion ſhee had ſtumbled vpon ſuch miſchances, as were little for the honour either of her, or her family. But ſo wiſe had he ſhewed himſelfe therein, as while hee found his daughter maintained without his coſt, hee was content to bee deafe to anie noiſe of infamie: which though it had wronged her much more than ſhe deſerued, yet ſhe could not deny, but ſhe was driuen thereby to receiue more than decent fauours. She concluded, that there at leaſt I ſhould be free from iniuries, and ſhould be aſſured to her-ward to abound as much in the true cauſes of welcomes, as I ſhould finde want of the effects thereof.

I, who had acquainted my ſelfe to meaſure the delicacy of food and reſt, by hunger and wearineſſe, at that time well ſtored of both, did not abide long entreaty; but went with her to the Caſtle: which I found of good ſtrength, hauing a great Mote round about it; the worke of a noble Gentleman, of whoſe vnthriftie ſonne he had bought it; the bridge drawne vp, where we were faine to crie a good while before we could haue anſwer, and to diſpute a good while before anſwer would be brought to acceptance. At length a willingneſſe, rather than a ioy to receiue his daughter, whom he had lately ſeene ſo neer death, and an opinion brought into his head by courſe, becauſe hee heard himſelfe called Father; rather than any kindneſſe that hee found in his owne heart, made him take vs in, for my part by that time growne ſo weary of ſuch entertainement, that no regard of my ſelfe, but only the importunity of his daughter, made mee enter. Where I was met with this *Chremes*, a driueling old fellow, lean, ſhaking both of head and hands, already halfe earth, and yet then moſt greedy of Earth: who ſcarcely would giue me thanks for what I had done; for feare, I ſuppoſe, that thankfulneſſe might haue an introduction of reward. But with a hollow voice, giuing mea falſe welcome, I might perceiue in his eye to his daughter, that it was hard to ſay, whether the diſpleaſure of her company did not ouer-weigh the pleaſure of her owne comming. But on hee brought me, into ſo bare a houſe, that it was the picture of miſerable happineſs, and rich beggerie (ſerued onely by a company of ruſticall villaines, full of ſweate and duſt, not one of them other than a labourer) in ſumme (as he counted it) profitable drudgerie: and all preparations both for foode and lodging ſuch, as would make one deteſt niggardneſſe, it is ſo fluttiſh a vice. His talke of nothing but of his pouertie, for feare belike leſt I ſhould haue proued a young borrower. In ſumme, ſuch a man, as anie enemie could not wiſh him worſe than to be himſelfe. But there that night bid I the burthen of being a tedious gueſt to a loathſome Oaſt: ouer-hearing him ſometimes bitterly warne his daughter of bringing ſuch coſtly mates vnder his roofe: which ſhe grieuing at, deſired much to know my name, I thinke partly of

kindneſſe,to remember who had done ſome thing for her, and partly,becauſe ſhee aſſured her ſelfe I was ſuch a one as would make euen his miſer-minde contented with that he had done. And accordingly ſhee demanded my name,and eſtate,with ſuch earneſtneſſe,that I whom Loue had not as then ſo robbed me of my ſelfe, as to be another than I am, told her directly my name and condition: whereof ſhee was no more glad than her father, as I might well perceiue by ſome ill fauoured cheerefulneſſe,which then firſt began to wrinkle it ſelfe in his face.

But the cauſes of their ioyes were farre different; for as the Shepheard and the Butcher both may look vpon one ſheep with pleaſing conceits, but the Shepheard with minde to profit himſelfe by preſeruing,the Butcher with killing him: So ſhe reioyced to find that mine owne benefits had made me to be her friend,who was a Prince of ſuch greatneſſe,& louingly reioyced: but his ioy grew(as I to my danger after perceiued)by the occaſion of the Queen *Artaxia's* ſetting my head to ſale,for hauing ſlaine her brother *Tiridates*; which being the ſumme of a hundreth thouſand crownes (to whoſoeuer brought mee aliue into her hands) that old wretch, who had ouer-liued all good nature, though he had lying idly by him much more than that,yet aboue all things louing money, for monies owne ſake,determined to betray me,ſo wel deſeruing of him,for to haue that which hee was determined neuer to vſe. And ſo knowing that the next morning I was reſolued to go to the place where I had left *Anaxius*,he ſent in all ſpeed to a Captaine of a Garriſon neere by; which thought it belonged to the king of *Iberia*,(yet knowing the Captaines humour to delight ſo in riotous ſpending, as he cared not how he came by the means to maintaine it) doubted not that to bee halfe with him in the gaine,he would play his quarters part in the treaſon. And therfore that night agreeing of the fitteſt places where they might ſurpriſe me the morning,the old caitiffe was grown ſo ceremonious, as hee would needes accompany me ſome myles in my way; a ſufficient token to me, if Nature had made me apt to ſuſpect; ſince a churles courteſie rarely comes, but either for gaine, or falſhood. But I ſuffered him to ſtumble into that point of good maners: to which purpoſe he came out with all his clowns,horſt vpon ſuch cart-iades, & ſo furniſhed,as in good faith I thought with my ſelfe, if that were thrift,I wiſht none of my friends or ſubiects euer to thriue. As for his daughter,the gentle *Dido*, ſhe would alſo (but in my conſcience with a farre better mind) prolong the time of farewell,as long as he.

And ſo we went on together: he ſo old in wickedneſſe, that he could look me in the face,& freely talke with me,whoſe life he had already contracted for: till comming into the falling of a way which led vs into a place, of each ſide whereof men might eaſily keep themſelues vndiſcouered,I was encompaſſed ſodainly by a great troupe of enemies both of horſe and foote,who willed me to yeeld my ſelfe to the Queene *Artaxia*. But they could not haue vſed worſe eloquence to haue perſwaded my yeelding,than that;I knowing the little good will *Artaxia* bare me. And therefore making neceſſity and iuſtice my beſt ſword & ſhield,I vſed the other weapons I had as well as I could;I am ſure to the little eaſe of a good number, who truſting to their number more than to their valour,and valuing money higher than equitie, felt,that guiltines is not alwayes with eaſe oppreſſed. As for *Chremes*,he withdrew himſelf,ſo gilding his wicked conceits with his hope of gaine,that he was content to be a beholder how I ſhould be taken to make his prey.

But I was growne ſo wearie, that I ſupported my ſelfe more with anger than ſtrength,when the moſt excellent *Muſidorus* came to my ſuccour; who hauing followed my trace as well as he could,after he found I had left the fight with *Anaxius*, came

came to the niggards Caſtle, where hee found all burned and ſpoiled by the countrie people, who bare mortall hatred to that couetous man, and now took the time, when the Caſtle was left almoſt without guard, to come in, and leaue monuments of their malice therein: which *Muſidorus* not ſtaying either to further, or impeach, came vpon the ſpurre after mee (becauſe with one voyce many told him, that if I were in his company, it was for no good meant vnto mee) and in this extremity found me. But when I ſaw that Couſin of mine, me thought my life was doubled, and where I before thought of a noble death, I now thought of a noble victory. For who can feare that hath *Muſidorus* by him? who, what he did there for mee, how many he killed, not ſtranger for the number, than for the ſtrange blowes wherewith he ſent them to a well deſerued death, might well delight me to ſpeake of, but I ſhould ſo hold you too long in euery particular. But in truth, there if euer, and euer, if euer any man, did *Muſidorus* ſhew himſelfe ſecond to none in able valour.

Yet what the vnmeaſurable exceſſe of their number would haue done in the end, I know not, but the triall thereof was cut off by the chanceable comming thither of the King of *Iberia*, that ſame father of the worthy *Plangus*, whom it hath pleaſed you ſometimes to mention: who, not yeelding ouer to old age his countrey delights (eſpecially of Hauking) was at that time (following a Merline) brought to ſee this iniurie offred vnto vs: and hauing great numbers of Courtiers waiting vpon him, was ſtraight knowne by the ſouldiers that aſſaulted vs, to be their King, and ſo moſt of them withdrew themſelues.

Hee by his authority knowing of the Captaines owne conſtrained confeſſion, what was the motiue of this miſchieuous practice; miſliking much ſuch violence ſhould bee offred in his Countrey to men of our ranke, but chiefly diſdayning it ſhould be done in reſpect of his Niece, whom (I muſt confeſſe wrongfully) he hated, becauſe hee interpreted that her brother and ſhe had maintained his ſon *Plangus* againſt him, cauſed the Captaines head preſently to be ſtriken off, and the old bad *Chremes* to be hanged: though truely for my part, I earneſtly laboured for his life, becauſe I had eaten of his bread. But one thing was notable for a concluſion of his miſerable life, that neither the death of his daughter, who (alas poore Gentlewoman, was by chance ſlaine among his clownes, while ſhee ouer-boldly for her weak ſex ſought to hold them from me) nor yet his own ſhamefull end was ſo much in his mouth, as he was led to execution, as the loſſe of his goods, and burning of his houſe; which often, with more laughter than teares of the hearers, hee made pitifull exclamations vpon.

This iuſtice thus done, and we deliuered, the King in deede in royall ſort inuited vs to his Court, not farre thence: in all points entertayning vs ſo, as truely I muſt euer acknowledge a beholdingneſſe vnto him; although the ſtream of it fell out not to be ſo ſweete as the ſpring. For after ſome daies being there (curing our ſelues of ſuch wounds as we had receiued, while I, cauſing diligent ſearch to be made of *Anaxius*, could learne nothing, but that he was gone out of the Country, boaſting in euery place how he had made me run away) we were brought to receiue the fauour of acquaintance with this Queene *Andromana*, whom the Princeſſe *Pamela* did in ſo liuely colours deſcribe the laſt day, as ſtill me thinks the figure thereof poſſeſſeth mine eyes, confirmed by the knowledge my ſelfe had.

And therefore I ſhall neede the leſſe to make you know what kinde of woman ſhe was; but this onely, that firſt with the raines of affection, and after with the verie vſe of directing, ſhee had made her ſelfe ſo abſolute a maſter of her husbands mind, that a while he would not, & after, he could not tell how to gouerne without being

being gouerned by her: but finding an eaſe in not vnderſtanding, let looſe his thoughts wholly to pleaſure, entruſting to her the entire conduct of all his royall affaires. A thing that may luckily fall out to him that hath the bleſſing, to match with ſome Heroicall minded Lady. But in him it was neither guided by Wiſdome, nor followed by Fortune, but therby was ſlipt inſenſibly into ſuch an eſtate, that he liued at her vndiſcreet diſcretion: all his ſubiects hauing by ſome years learned, ſo to hope for good, and feare of harme, onely from her, that it ſhould haue needed a ſtronger vertue than his, to haue vnwound ſo deepely an entred vice. So that either not ſtriuing, becauſe he was contented; or contented, becauſe he would not ſtriue: he ſcarcely knew what was done in his owne chamber, but as it pleaſed her Inſtruments to frame the relation.

Now we being brought knowne vnto her (the time that we ſpent in curing ſome verie dangerous wounds) after once we were acquainted (and acquainted we were ſooner than our ſelues expected) ſhee continually almoſt haunted vs, till (and it was not long a doing) we diſcouered a moſt violent bent of affection: & that ſo ſtrangely, that we might well ſee, an euill minde in authoritie, doth not onely follow the ſway of the deſires already within it, but frames to it ſelfe new deſires, not before thought of. For, with equall ardour ſhe affected vs both: and ſo did her greatneſſe diſdaine ſhamefaſtneſſe, that ſhee was content to acknowledge it to both. For (hauing many times torne the vaile of modeſty) it ſeemed, for a laſt delight, that ſhee delighted in infamie: which often ſhee had vſed to her husbands ſhame, filling all mens eares, but his, with his reproach; while hee (hoodwinkt with kindneſſe) leaſt of all men knew who ſtrake him. But her firſt degree was, by ſetting forth her beauties (truely in nature not to be miſliked, but as much aduanced to the eye, as abaſed to the iudgement by art) thereby to bring vs (as willingly-caught fiſhes) to bite at her bait. And thereto had ſhee that ſcutchion of her deſires ſupported by certaine badly diligent miniſters, who often cloyed our eares with her prayſes, and would needs teach vs a way of felicitie by ſeeking her fauour. But when ſhe found, that we were as deafe to them as dumb to her, then ſhe liſted no longer ſtay in the ſuburbs of her fooliſh deſires, but directly entred vpon them; making her ſelfe an impudent ſuter, authorizing her ſelfe very much with making vs ſee that all fauour & power in that realme, ſo depended vpon her, as now (being in her hands) we were either to keepe, or loſe our liberty, at her diſcretion; which yet awhile ſhe ſo tempred, as that we might rather ſuſpect, than ſhe threaten. But when our wounds grew ſo, as that they gaue vs leaue to trauell, and that ſhe found we were purpoſed to vſe all means we could to depart thence, ſhe (with more & more importunateneſs) craued, which in all good maners was either of vs to be deſired, or not granted. Truely, moſt faire and euerie way excellent Lady, you would haue wondred to haue ſeen, how before vs ſhe would confeſſe the contention in her own mind between that louely, indeed moſt louely, brownneſſe of *Muſidorus* his face, & this colour of mine, which ſhe (in the deceiuable ſtile of affection) would intitle beautifull: but her eyes wandred like a glutton at a feaſt, from the one to the other; & how her words would begin halfe of the ſentence to *Muſidorus*, & end the other halfe to *Pyrocles*: not aſhamed, ſeeing the friendſhip betweene vs, to deſire either of vs to be a mediator to the other, as if we ſhould haue played one requeſt at Tennis betweene vs: and often wiſhing that ſhe might be the angle, where the lines of our friendſhip might meete, and bee the knot which might tye our harts together. Which proceeding of hers I do the more largely ſet before you, moſt deare Lady, becauſe by the foile thereof, you may ſee the nobleneſſe of my deſire to you, and the warrantableneſſe of your fauour to me.

At

At that *Philoclea* ſmiled, with a little nod. But, ſaid *Pyrocles*, when ſhee perceiued no hope by ſute to preuaile, then (perſwaded by the rage of affection, and encouraged by daring to doe any thing) ſhee found meanes to haue vs accuſed to the King, as though wee went about ſome practice to ouerthrow him in his owne ſtate. Which becauſe of the ſtrange ſucceſſes wee had had in the Kingdomes of *Phrygia*, *Pontus* and *Galatia*, ſeemed not vnlikely to him, who (but skimming any thing that came before him) was diſciplined to leaue the through-handling of all to his gentle wife: who forthwith cauſed vs to be put in priſon, hauing (while wee ſlept) depriued vs of our armes: a priſon, indeede iniurious, becauſe a priſon; but elſe well teſtifying affection, becauſe in all reſpects as commodious as a priſon might bee: and indeede ſo placed, as ſhee might at all houres (not ſeene by many, though ſhee cared not much how many had ſeene her) come vnto vs. Then fell ſhe to ſauce her deſires with threatnings, ſo that we were in a great perplexity, reſtrayned to ſo vnworthy a bondage, and yet reſtrayned by loue, which (I cannot tell how) in noble mindes, by a certaine dutie, claimes an anſwering. And how much that loue might moue vs, ſo much, and more that faultineſſe of her minde remoued vs; her beauty being ballanced by her ſhameleſneſſe. But that which did (as it were) tye vs in a captiuity, was, that to grant had beene wickedly iniurious to him that had ſaued our liues: and to accuſe a Lady that loued vs, of her loue vnto vs, wee eſteemed almoſt as diſhonourable: and but by one of thoſe wayes wee ſaw no likelihood of going out of that place, where the words would be iniurious to your eares, which ſhould expreſſe the maner of her ſuite: while yet many times earneſtneſſe dyed her cheeks with the colour of ſhamefaſtneſſe; and wanton languiſhing borrowed of her eyes the downe-caſt looke of modeſtie. But we in the meane time far from louing her, and often aſſuring her, that we would not ſo recompence her husbands ſauing of our liues; to ſuch a ridiculous degree of truſting her, ſhee had brought him, that ſhe cauſed him ſend vs word, that vpon our liues, we ſhould doe whatſoeuer ſhee commanded vs: good man, not knowing any other, but that all her pleaſures were directed to the preſeruation of his eſtate. But when that made vs rather pitie than obey his folly, then fell ſhee to ſeruile entreating vs, as though force could haue beene the ſchoole of Loue, or that an honeſt courage would not rather ſtriue againſt, than yeeld to iniury. All which yet could not make vs accuſe her, though it made vs almoſt pine away for ſpight, to loſe any of our time in ſo troubleſome an idleneſſe.

But while wee were thus full of wearineſſe of what was paſt, and doubt of what was to follow, (Loue that I thinke in the courſe of my life hath a ſport ſometimes to poyſon mee with Roſes, ſometimes to heale mee with Wormewood) brought forth a remedy vnto vs: which though it helped mee out of that diſtreſſe, alas the concluſion was ſuch, as I muſt euer while I liue thinke it worſe than a wrack ſo to haue beene preſerued. This King by his Queen had a ſonne of tender age, but of great expectation, brought vp in the hope of themſelues, and already acceptation of the inconſtant people, as ſucceſſor of his fathers crowne: wherof he was as worthy, conſidering his parts, as vnworthy in reſpect of the wrong was thereby done againſt the moſt noble *Plangus*: whoſe great deſerts now either forgotten, or vngratefully remembred; all men ſet their ſayles with the fauourable winde, which blew on the fortune of this young Prince, perchance not in their hearts, but ſurely in their mouthes, now giuing *Plangus* (who ſome yeares before was their onely champion) the poore comfort of calamity, pitie. This youth therefore accounted Prince of that region, by name *Palladius*, did with vehement affection loue a young Lady,

Lady, brought vp in his fathers Court, called *Zelmane*, daughter to that miſchieuouſly vnhappy Prince *Plexirtus* (of whom already I haue, and ſometimes muſt make, but neuer honourable mention) left there by her father, becauſe of the intricate changeableneſſe of his eſtate; he by the mother ſide being halfe brother to this Queene *Andromana*, and therefore the willinger committing her to her care. But as Loue (alas) doth not alwayes reflect it ſelfe, ſo fell it out that this *Zelmane*, (though truely reaſon there was enough to loue *Palladius*) yet could not euer perſwade her heart to yeelde thereunto: with that paine to *Palladius*, as they feele, that feele an vnloued loue. Yet louing indeede, and therefore conſtant, hee vſed ſtill the interceſſion of diligence and faith, euer hoping, becauſe he would not put himſelfe into that hell, to be hopeleſſe: vntill the time of our being come, and captiued there, brought forth this end, which truely deſerues of mee a further degree of ſorrow than teares.

Such was therein my ill deſtiny, that this young Lady *Zelmane* (like ſome vnwiſely liberall, that more delight to giue preſents, than pay debts) ſhe choſe (alas for the pity) rather to beſtow her loue (ſo much vndeſerued, as not deſired) vpon mee, than to recompence him, whoſe loue, beſides many other things, might ſeem, euen in the Court of Honour, iuſtly to claime it of her. But ſo it was: alas that ſo it was! wherby it came to paſſe (that as nothing doth more naturally follow his cauſe than care to preſerue, and benefit doth follow vnfained affection) ſhe felt with me, what I felt of my captiuity, and ſtreight laboured to redreſſe my paine, which was her paine: which ſhe could doe by no better meanes, than by vſing the help therein of *Palladius*: who, true Louer, conſidering what, and not why, in all her commandements, and indeede ſhee concealing from him her affection (which ſhee intituled compaſſion) immediately obeyed to imploy his vttermoſt credit to relieue vs: w^ch though as great, as a beloued ſonne with a mother, faulty otherwiſe, but not hard-hearted toward him, yet it could not preuaile to procure vs liberty. Wherefore he ſought to haue that by practice, which he could not by praier. And ſo being allowed often to viſite vs, for indeede our reſtraints were more, or leſſe, according as the ague of her paſſion was either in the fit or intermiſſion; hee vſed the opportunitie of a fit time thus to deliuer vs.

The time of the marrying that Queene was euery yeare, by the extreame loue of her husband, and the ſeruiceable loue of the Courtiers, made notable by ſome publike honours, which did, as it were, proclaime to the world, how deare ſhee was to that people. Among other, none was either more gratefull to the beholders, or more noble in it ſelfe, than Iuſts, both with Sword and Launce, maintained foure ſeuen-night together: wherein that Nation doth ſo excell, both for comelineſſe and ableneſſe, that from neighbour-countries they ordinarily come, ſome to ſtriue, ſome to learne, ſome to behold.

This day it happened that diuers famous knights came thither from the Court of *Helen*, Queene of *Corinth*; a Lady whom Fame at that time was ſo deſirous to honor, that ſhe borrowed all mens mouthes to ioyne with the ſound of her Trumpet. For as her beauty hath won the prize from all women, that ſtand in degree of compariſon (for as for the two ſiſters of *Arcadia*, they are far beyond all conceit of compariſon) ſo hath her gouernment been ſuch as hath been no leſſe beautifull to mens iudgements, than her beauty to the eye-ſight. For being brought by right of birth, a woman, a yong woman, a faire woman, to gouerne a people, in nature mutinouſly proud, & alwaies before ſo vſed to hard gouernours, as they knew not how to obey without the ſword were drawne: Yet could ſhee for ſome yeares, ſo carry her ſelfe among

among them, that they found cause in the delicacy of her sex, of admiration, not of contempt: & which was not able, euen in the time that many countries about her were full of wars, which for old grudges to *Corinth* were thought still would conclude there; yet so handled shee the matter, that the threatned euer smarted in the threatners, she vsing so strange, and yet so well-succeeding a temper, that she made her people by peace, warlike, her Courtiers by sports, learned, her Ladies by Loue chaste. For by continuall martiall exercises without bloud, she made them perfect in that bloudy art. Her sports were such as carried riches of knowledge vpon the streame of delight: & such the behauiour both of her selfe & her Ladies, as builded their chastity not vpon wardnesse, but choice of worthinesse: So as it seemed, that Court to haue bin the marriage place of Loue & Vertue, & that her selfe was a *Diana* apparrelled in the garments of *Venus*. And this which Fame only deliuered vnto me, (for yet I haue neuer seene her) I am the willinger to speake of to you, who (I know) know her better, being your neere neighbour, because you may see by her example (in her selfe wise, and of others beloued) that neither folly is the cause of vehement loue, nor reproach the effect. For neuer, I thinke, was there any woman, that with more vnremoueable determination gaue her self to the counsell of loue, after shee had once set before her minde the worthinesse of your cousin *Amphialus*, and yet is neither her wisedome doubted of, nor honour blemished. For (O God) what doth better become wisedome, than to discerne what is worthy the louing: what more agreeable to goodnesse, than to loue it so discerned: & what to greatnesse of heart, than to be constant in it once loued: But at that time, that loue of hers was not so publikely knowne, as the death of *Philoxenus* and her search of *Amphialus* hath made it: but then seemed to haue such leasure to send thither diuers choice knights of her Court, because they might bring her, at least the knowledge, perchance the honour of that triumph. Wherein so they behaued themselues, as for three daies they carried the prize, which being come from so far a place to disgrace her seruants, *Palladius* (who himselfe had neuer vsed armes) perswaded the Queene *Andromana* to bee content (for the honour sake of her Court) to suffer vs two to haue our horse and armour, that hee with vs might vndertake the recouery of their lost honour: which shee granted, taking our oath to goe no further than her sonne, nor euer to abandon him. Which shee did not more for saueing him, than keeping vs: and yet not satisfied with our oath, appointed a band of horsemen to haue an eie, that we should not go beyond appointed limits. We were willing to gratifie the young Prince, who (we saw) loued vs. And so the fourth day of that exercise, we came into the field: where, I remember, the maner was, that the forenoon they should run at tilt, one after the other: the afternoon in a broad field in maner of a battell, till either the strangers, or that country knights won the field.

The first that ran was a braue knight, whose deuice was to come in, all chayned, with a Nymph leading him: his *Impresa* was

Against him came forth an *Iberian*, whose manner of entring was with Bagpipes in stead of Trumpets, a shepheards boy before him for a Page, and by him a dozen apparrelled like shepheards for the fashion, though rich in stuffe, who carried his Lances, which though strong to giue a lancely blow indeed, yet so were they coloured with hookes neere the mourne, that they prettily represented sheephooks. His own furniture was dresst ouer with wooll, so enriched with iewels artificially placed, that one would haue thought it a marriage between the loweſt and the higheſt. His *Impresa* was a sheepe marked with pitch, with this word, *Spotted to be knowne*. And because I may tell you out his conceit (though that were not

done,

done, till the running of that time was ended) before the Ladies departed from the windowes, among whom there was one (they say) that was the *Star*, whereby his course was onely directed, the shepherds attending vpon *PHILISIDES* went among them, & sang an Eclogue; one of them answering another, while the other shepherds (milling out recorders (which possest the place of pipes) accorded their musicke to the others voice. The Eclogue had great praise: I only remember five verses, while having questioned one with the other, of their fellow shepherds so dainie growing a man of armes, and the cause of his so doing, they thus said:

METhought it some staines he miss: if so, not much amisse:
For where he most would hit, he euer yet did misse.
One said he brake a crosse; full well it so might be:
For neuer was there man more crossely crost than he.
But most cryed, O well broke: O foole full vnly blest
Where failing is a shame, and breaking is his best.

Thus I haue digrest, because his manner liked mee well: but when hee began to runne against *Lelius*, it had neere growne (though great loue had euer been betwixt them) to a quarrell. For *Philisides* breaking his staues, with great commendation, *Lelius* (who was knowne to bee second to none in the perfection of that art) ranne euer ouer his head, but so finely to the skilful eies, that one might well see he shewed more knowledge in missing, than others did in hitting. For with so gallant a grace his staffe came swimming close ouer the crest of the Helmet, as if hee would represent the kisse, and not the stroke of *Mars*. But *Philisides* was much moued with it, while he thought *Lelius* would shew a contempt of his youth: till *Lelius*, (who therefore would satisfie him, because he was his friend) made him know, that to such bondage hee was for so many courses tyed by her, whose disgraces to him were graced by her excellency, and whose iniuries hee could neuer otherwise returne, than honours.

But so by *Lelius* willing-missing was the oddes of the *Iberian* side, and continued so in the next by the excellent running of a knight, though fostred so by the *Muses*, as many times the very rusticke people left both their delights and profits to hearken to his songs, yet could he so well performe all armed sports, as if he had neuer had any other pen, than a Launce in his hand. Hee came in like a wilde man; but, such a wildernesse, as shewed his eye-sight had tamed him, full of withered leaues, which though they fell not, still threatned falling. His *Impresa* was, a mill-horse still bound to goe in one circle, with this word, *Data fata sequuntur*. But after him the *Corinthian* knights absolutely preuailed, especially a great nobleman of *Corinth*, whose deuice was to come without any deuice, all in white like a new knight, as indeed he was, but so new, as his newnesse shamed most of the others long exercise. Then another from whose tent I remember a bird was made flie, with such art to carry a written embassage among the Ladies, that one might say, If a liue bird, how so taught? If a dead bird, how so made? Then he, who hidden, man and horse in a great figure liuely representing the *Phœnix*: the fire tooke so artificially as it consumed the bird, and left him to rise as it were, out of the ashes thereof. Against whom was the fine frosen knight, frosen in despaire; but his armour so naturally representing Ice, and all his furniture so liuely answering therto, as yet did I neuer see any thing that pleased me better.

But the delight of those pleasing sights, haue carried mee too farre into an vn-

necessary

neceſſarie diſcourſe. Let it then ſuffice (moſt excellent Lady) that you know, the *Corinthians* that morning in the exerciſe, as they had done the daies before, had the better; *Palladius* neither ſuffering vs, nor himſelfe, to take in hand the partie till the afternoone; when we were to fight in troupes, not differing otherwiſe from earneſt, but that the ſharpeneſſe of the weapons was taken away. But in the triall, *Palladius* (eſpecially led by *Muſidorus*, and ſomewhat aided by me) himſelfe truely behauing himſelfe nothing like a beginner, brought the honour to reſt it ſelfe that night on the *Iberian* ſide: and the next day, both morning, and afternoone being kept by our partie. He (that ſaw the time fit for the deliuerie he intended) called vnto vs to follow him; which we both bound by oath, and willing by good-wil, obeyed: and ſo the guard not daring to interrupt vs, he commanding paſſage, we went after him vpon the ſpur to a little houſe in a forreſt neere by: which he thought would be the fitteſt reſting place, till we might goe further from his mothers furie, whereat he was no leſſe angrie, and aſhamed, than deſirous to obey *Zelmane*.

But his mother, as I learned ſince, vnderſtanding by the guard her ſonnes conueying vs away (forgetting her greatneſſe, and reſigning modeſtie to more quiet thoughts) flew out from her place, and cryed to be accompanied, for ſhee her ſelfe would follow vs. But what ſhe did, being rather with vehemencie of paſſion, than conduct of reaſon, made her ſtumble while ſhe ran, & by her own confuſion hinder her owne deſires. For ſo impatiently ſhe commanded, as a good while no body knew what ſhe commanded; ſo as we had gotten ſo farre the ſtart, as to be already paſt the confines of her kingdome before ſhe ouertooke vs: and ouertake vs ſhe did in the kingdome of *Bythinia*, not regarding ſhame, or danger of hauing entred into anothers dominions: but (hauing with her about threeſcore horſe-men) ſtraight commanded to take vs aliue, and not to regard her ſonnes threatning therein: which they attempted to doe, firſt by ſpeech, and then by force. But neither liking their eloquence, nor fearing their might, we eſteemed few ſwords in a iuſt defence, able to reſiſt many vniuſt aſſaulters. And ſo *Muſidorus* incredible valour (beating downe all lets) made both me, and *Palladius*, ſo good way, that we had little to doe to ouercome weake wrong.

And now had we the victorie in effect without bloud, when *Palladius* (heated with the fight, and angrie with his mothers fault) ſo purſued our aſſaylers, that one of them, who, as I heard ſince, had before our comming beene a ſpeciall minion of *Andromanas*, & hated vs for hauing diſpoſſeſt him of her heart, taking him to be one of vs, with a trayterous blow ſlew his young Prince: who falling down before our eyes, whom he ſpecially had deliuered, Iudge, ſweeteſt Lady, whether anger might not be called iuſtice in ſuch a caſe: once, ſo it wrought in vs, that many of his ſubiects bodies we left there dead, to wait on him more faithfully to the other world.

All this while diſdaine, ſtrengthened by the furie of a furious loue, made *Andromana* ſtay to the laſt of the combat: & when ſhe ſaw vs light down, to ſee what help we might doe to the helpleſſe *Palladius*, ſhe came running madly vnto vs, then no leſſe threatning, when ſhe had no more power to hurt. But when ſhee perceiued it was her onely ſonne that lay hurt, and that his hurt was ſo deadly, as that alreadie his life had loſt the vſe of the reaſonable, & almoſt ſenſible part; then only did miſfortune lay his own ouglineſſe vpon her fault, and make her ſee what ſhe had done, and to what ſhe was come, eſpecially, finding in vs rather deteſtation than pittie, (conſidering the loſſe of that young Prince) and reſolution preſently to depart, which ſtill ſhe laboured to ſtay. But deprived of all comfort, with eyes full of death, ſhe ranne to her ſonnes dagger, and before wee were aware of it (who elſe would

haue stayed it) strake her selfe a mortall wound. But then her loue, though not her person, awaked pitie in vs, and I went to her, while *Musidorus* laboured about *Palladius*. But the wound was past the cure of a better Surgeon than my selfe, so as I could but receiue some few of her dying words, which were cursings of her ill set affection, and wishing vnto mee many crosses and mischances in my loue, whensoeuer I should loue, wherein I feare, and onely feare that her prayer is from aboue granted. But the noise of this fight, and issue thereof being blazed by the country people to some noble men thereabouts, they came thither, and finding the wrong offered vs, let vs goe on our iourney, we hauing recommended those royall bodies vnto them to be conueied to the king of *Iberia*. With that *Philoclea*, seeing the teares stand in his eyes with remembrance of *Palladius*, but much more of that which thereupon grew, she would needs drink a kisse from those eyes, & he suck another from her lips, whereat she blushed, and yet kissed him againe to hide her blushing: which had almost brought *Pyrocles* into another discourse, but that she with so sweet a rigor forbad him, that he durst not rebell, though he found it a great warre to keepe that peace, but was faine to goe on in his storie: for so she absolutely bad him, and he durst not know how to disobey.

So (said he) parting from that place before the Sunne had much abased himselfe of his greatest height, wee saw sitting vpon the drie sands (which yeelded at that time a very hot reflection) a faire Gentlewoman, whose gesture accused her of much sorrow, and euery way shewed she cared not what paine she put her body to, since the better part (her minde) was layed vnder so much agonie: and so was she dulled withall, that we could come so neere, as to heare her speeches, & yet she not perceiue the hearers of her lamentation. But well we might vnderstand her at times say, Thou dost kill me with thy vnkind falshood: and, It grieues me not to die, but it grieues me that thou art the murtherer: neither doth mine owne paine so much vexe me, as thy errour. For God knowes, it would not trouble me to be slaine for thee, but much it torments me to be slain by thee. Thou art vntrue, *Pamphilus*, thou art vntrue, and woe is me therefore. How oft didst thou sweare vnto mee, that the Sunne should loose his light, and the rockes runne vp and downe like little kiddes, before thou wouldest falsifie thy faith to me? Sunne therefore put out thy shining, and rockes runne madde for sorrow, for *Pamphilus* is false. But alas the Sunne keeps his light, though thy faith be darkened; the rockes stand still, though thou change like a wethercocke. O foole that I am, that thought I could graspe water, and binde the winde, I might well haue knowne thee by others, but I would not; and rather wished to learne poison by drinking it my selfe, while my loue helped thy words to deceiue me. Well, yet I would thou hadst made a better choise when thou didst forsake thy vnfortunate *Leucippe*. But it is no matter. *Baccha* (thy new Mistres) will reuenge my wrongs. But doe not *Baccha*, let *Pamphilus* liue happy though I dye.

And much more to such like phrase she spake, but that I (who had occasion to know something of that *Pamphilus*) stept to comfort her: and though I could not doe that, yet I got thus much knowledge of her, that this being the same *Leucippe*, to whom the vnconstant *Pamphilus* had betrothed himselfe, which had moued the other Ladies to such indignation as I told you; neither her worthinesse (which in truth was great) nor his owne suffering for her (which is wont to endeare affection) could fetter his fickleneſſe, but that before his marriage day appointed, hee had taken to wife that *Baccha*, of whom she complained; one, that in diuers places I had heard before blazed, as the most impudently vnchaste woman of all *Asia*; and withall, of such an imperiousnesse therein, that she would not sticke to employ

them

them whom she made vnhappy with her fauor, to draw more companions of their folly: in the multitude of whom she did no lesse glorie, than a Captaine would doe of being followed by braue Souldiers: waywardly proud; and therefore bolde, because extremely faultie: and yet hauing no good thing to redeeme both these, and other vnlouely parts, but a little beautie, disgraced with wandring eyes & vnwaied speeches; yet had *Pamphilius* (for her) left *Leucippe*, and withall, left his faith: *Leucippe*, of whom one looke (in a cleere iudgement) would haue bin more acceptable, than all her kindnesses so prodigally bestowed. For my selfe, the remembrance of his cruell handling *Dido*, ioyned to this, stirred me to seeke some reuenge vpon him, but that I thought, it should be a gaine for him to lose his life, being so matched: and therefore (leauing him to be punished by his owne election) we conveyed *Leucippe* to a house there by, dedicated to *Vestall* Nunnes, where shee resolued to spend all her yeares, which her youth promised should be many, in bewayling the wrong, and yet praying for the wrong doer.

But the next morning, we (hauing striuen with the Suns earlinesse) were scarcely beyond the prospect of the high turrets of that building, when there ouertooke vs a young Gentleman, for so he seemed to vs; but indeed, sweet Ladie, it was the faire *Zelmane*, *Plexirtus* daughter; whom vnconsulting affection, vnfortunately borne to me-wards, had made borrow so much of her naturall modestie, as to leaue her more-decent rayments, and taking occasion of *Andromanas* tumultuous pursuing vs, had apparelled her selfe like a page, with a pittifull crueltie cutting off her golden haire, leauing nothing, but the short curles, to couer that noble head, but that she ware vpon it a faire head-piece, a shield at her backe, and a launce in her hand, else disarmed. Her apparell of white, wrought vpon with broken knots, her horse, faire and lustie; which she rid so, as might shew a fearefull boldnes, daring to doe that, which she knew that she knew not how to doe: and the sweetnesse of her countenance did giue such a grace to what shee did, that it did make handsome the vnhandsomnesse, and make the eye force the minde to beleeue, that there was a praise in that vnskilfulnesse. But she straight approached me, and with few words, which borrowed the helpe of her countenance to make themselues vnderstood, she desired me to accept her into my seruice: telling me she was a Noblemans sonne of *Iberia*, her name *Daiphantus*, who hauing seen what I had done in that court, had stolne from her father, to follow me. I enquired the particularities of the maner of *Andromanas* following me, which by her I vnderstood, she hiding nothing, but her sexe, from me. And still me thought I had seene that face, but the great alteration of her fortune, made her far distant from my memorie: but liking very well the yong Gentleman, such I tooke her to be, admitted this *Daiphantus* about me, who well shewed there is no seruice like his, that serues because he loues. For though born of Princes bloud, brought vp with tendereſt education, vnapt to seruice, because a woman, and full of thoughts, because in a strange estate, yet Loue enioyned such diligence, that no apprentice, no, no bondslaue could euer be by feare more readie at all commandements, than that yong Princesse was. How often, alas, did her eyes say vnto me, that they loued? and yet, I not looking for such a matter, had not my conceit open to vnderstand them: how often would she come creeping to me, betweene gladnesse to be neare me, and feare to offend me? Truely I remember, that then I marualled to see her receiue my commandements with sighes, and yet doe them with cheerefulnes: sometimes answering me in such riddles, as I then thought a childish inexperience: but since returning to my remembrance, they haue come more cleere vnto my knowledge: and pardon me, onely deare Lady, that I vse

many words: for her affection to me deſerues of me an affectionate ſpeech.

But in ſuch ſort did ſhe ſerue me in that kingdome of *Bythinia*, for two moneths ſpace: in which time we brought to good end a cruell warre long maintayned betweene the king of *Bythinia* and his brother. For my excellent couſin, & I (diuiding our ſelues to either ſide) found meanes (after ſome triall we had made of our ſelues) to get ſuch credite with them, as we brought them to as great peace between themſelues, as loue toward vs, for hauing made the peace. Which done, we entended to returne through the kingdome of *Galatia*, called *Thrace*, to eaſe the care of our father and mother, who (wee were ſure) firſt with the ſhipwracke, and then with the other dangers we daily paſt, ſhould haue little reſt in their thoughts till they ſaw vs. But we were not entred into that kingdome, when by the noyſe of a great fight, we were guided to a pleaſant vally, which like one of thoſe Circuſſes, which in great Cities ſome where doth giue a pleaſant ſpectacle of running horſes; ſo of eyther ſide, ſtretching it ſelfe in a narrow length, was it hemd in by wooddie hills, as if indeed Nature had meant therein to make a place for beholders. And there wee beheld one of the cruelleſt fights betweene two knights, that euer hath adorned the moſt martiall ſtorie. So as I muſt confeſſe, a while we ſtood bewondred, another while delighted with the rare beautie thereof; till ſeeing ſuch ſtreames of bloud, as threatned a drowning of life, we gallopped toward them to part them. But we were preuented by a dozen armed knights, or rather villains, who vſing this time of their extreame feebleneſſe, altogether ſet vpon them. But common danger brake off particular diſcord, ſo that (though with a dying weakeneſſe) with a liuely courage they reſiſted, and by our helpe draue away, or ſlue thoſe murdering attempters: among whom we hapt to take aliue the principall. But going to diſarme thoſe two excellent knights, we found, with no leſſe wonder to vs, than aſtoniſhment to themſelues, that they were the two valiant, and indeed famous brothers, *Tydeus* and *Telenor*; whoſe aduenture (as afterward wee made that vngratious wretch confeſſe) had thus fallen out.

After the noble Prince *Leonatus* had, by his fathers death, ſucceeded in the kingdome of *Galatia*, he (forgetting all former iniuries) had receiued that naughty *Plexirtus* into a ſtray degree of fauour, his goodneſſe being as apt to bee deceiued, as the others craft was to deceiue. Till by plaine proofe, finding that the vngrateful man went about to poiſon him, yet would hee not ſuffer his kindneſſe to be ouercome, not by iuſtice it ſelfe; but calling him to him, vſed words to this purpoſe: *Plexirtus* (ſaid he) this wickedneſſe is found by thee; no good deeds of mine haue been able to keep it downe in thee: all men counſell me to take away thy life, likely to bring forth nothing, but as dangerous, as wicked effects; but I cannot finde it in my heart, remembring what fathers ſonne thou art: but ſince it is the violence of ambition, which perchance pulls thee from thine owne iudgement, I will ſee, whether the ſatisfying that, may quiet the ill working of thy ſpirits. Not farre hence is the great citie of *Trebiſond*; which, with the territorie about it, anciently pertained vnto this crowne, now vniuſtly poſſeſſed, and as vniuſtly abuſed by thoſe, who haue neither title to hold it, nor vertue to rule it. To the conqueſt of that for thy ſelfe I will lend thee force, and giue thee my right: Goe therfore, and with leſſe vnnaturalneſſe glut thy ambition there; and that done, if it be poſſible, learne vertue.

Plexirtus, mingling forſworne excuſes with falſe-meant promiſes, gladly embraced the offer: and haſtily ſending backe for thoſe two brothers (who at that time were with vs ſuccouring the gracious Queene *Erona*) by their vertue chiefly (if not onely)

onely) obtayned the conqueſt of that goodly dominion. Which indeed done by them, gaue them ſuch an authoritie, that though he raigned, they in effect ruled, moſt men honouring them, becauſe they onely deſerued honour, and many, thinking therein to pleaſe *Plexirtus*, conſidering how much he was bound vnto them: while they likewiſe (with a certaine ſincere boldnes of ſelfe-warranting friendſhip) accepted all openly and plainely, thinking nothing ſhould euer by *Plexirtus* be thought too much in them, ſince all they were was his.

But he (who by the rules of his own mind, could conſtrue no other end of mens doings, but ſelfe-ſeeking) ſodainly feared what they could doe, and as ſodainly ſuſpected what they would doe, and as ſodainly hated them, as hauing both might, and mind to doe. But dreading their power, ſtanding ſo ſtrongly in their owne valour, and others affection, he durſt not take open way againſt them, and as hard it was to take a ſecret, they being ſo continually followed by the beſt, and euery way beſt of that region; and therefore vſed this diuelliſh ſleight (which I will tell you) not doubting (moſt wicked man) to turne their own friendſhip toward him to their owne deſtruction. Hee (knowing that they well knew, there was no friendſhip betweene him and the new king of *Pontus*, neuer ſince he ſuccoured *Leonatus* and vs to his ouerthrow) gaue them to vnderſtand, that of late there had paſſed ſecret defiance betweene them, to meet priuately at a place appointed. Which though not ſo fit a thing for men of their greatneſſe, yet was his honour ſo engaged, as hee could not goe backe. Yet faining to find himſelfe weake by ſome counterfeit infirmity, the day drawing neere, hee requeſted each of them to goe in his ſtead; making either of them ſweare to keepe the matter ſecret, euen each from other, deliuering the ſelfe ſame particularities to both, but that he told *Tydeus*, the king would meet him in a blew armour, and *Telenor*, that it was a blacke armour: and with wicked ſubtilrie (if it had beene ſo appointed) cauſed *Tydeus* to take a blacke armour, and *Telenor* a blew; appointing them wayes how to goe, ſo as he knew they ſhould not meet, till they came to the place appointed, where each promiſed to keep ſilence, leſt the king ſhould diſcouer it was not *Plexirtus*: and there in await had he laid theſe murtherers, that who ouerliued the other, ſhould by them be diſpatched: hee not daring truſt more than thoſe with that enterpriſe, and yet thinking them too few till themſelues by themſelues were weakened.

This we learned chiefly, by the chiefe of thoſe way-beaters, after the death of thoſe two worthie brothers, whoſe loue was no leſſe than their valour: but well we might find much thereof by their pitifull lamentation, when they knew their miſmeeting, and ſaw each other (in deſpite of the ſurgerie we could do vnto them) ſtriuing who ſhould run faſteſt to the goale of death: each bewailing the other, & more dying in the other, than in himſelfe: curſing their owne hands for doing, and their breaſts for not ſooner ſuffering: deteſting their vnfortunately-ſpent time in hauing ſerued ſo vngratefull a Tyrant, and accuſing their folly in hauing beleeued he could faithfully loue, who did not loue faithfulnes: wiſhing vs to take heed, how we placed our good will vpon any other ground, than proofe of vertue: ſince length of acquaintance, mutuall ſecrecies, nor height of benefits could bind a ſauage heart; no man being good to other, that is not good in himſelfe. Then (while any hope was) beſeeching vs to leaue the care of him that beſought, and onely looke to the other. But when they found by themſelues, & vs, no poſſibility, they deſired to be ioyned, & ſo imbracing & crauing that pardon each of other, which they denied to themſelues, they gaue vs a moſt ſorrowfull ſpectacle of their death; leauing few in the world behind them, their matches in any thing, if they had ſoon enough known the

ground & limits of friendſhip. But with wofull hearts we cauſed thoſe bodies to be conueyed to the next towne of *Bythinia*, where wee learning thus much (as I haue told you) cauſed the wicked Hiſtorian to conclude his ſtorie with his owne well-deſerued death.

But then (I muſt tell you) I found ſuch wofull countenances in *Daiphantus*, that I could not much maruell (finding them continue beyond the firſt aſſault of pittie) how the caſe of ſtrangers (for further I did not conceiue) could ſo deepely pierce. But the truth indeed is, that partly with the ſhame and ſorrow ſhe tooke of her fathers faultineſſe, partly with the feare, that the hate I conceiued againſt him, would vtterly diſgrace her in my opinion, whenſoeuer I ſhould know her, ſo vehemently perplexed her, that her faire colour decayed, and daily and haſtily grew into the very extreame working of ſorrowfulneſſe: which oft I ſought to learne, & help. But ſhe as fearefull as louing, ſtill concealed it; and ſo decaying ſtill more and more in the excellencie of her faireneſſe, but that whatſoeuer weakeneſſe tooke away, pitie ſeemed to adde: yet ſtill ſhe forced her ſelfe to waite on me, with ſuch care and diligence, as might well ſhew had beene taught in no other ſchoole but Loue.

While we, returning againe to embarke our ſelues for *Greece*, vnderſtood that the mightie *Otanes* (brother to *Barzanes*, ſlaine by *Muſidorus*, in the battell of the ſixe Princes) had entred vpon the kingdome of *Pontus*, partly vpon the pretences he had to the crown, but principally, becauſe he would reuenge vpon him (whom he knew we loued) the loſſe of his brother, thinking (as indeed he had cauſe) that whereſoeuer we were, hearing of his extremity, we would come to relieue him; in ſpite whereof he doubted not to preuaile, not onely vpon the confidence of his owne vertue and power, but eſpecially becauſe he had in his company two mighty Giants, ſons to a couple, whom we ſlue in the ſame realme: they hauing beene abſent at their fathers death, and now returned, willingly entred into his ſeruice, hating (more than he) both vs and that king of *Pontus*. We therefore with all ſpeed went thitherward, but by the way this fell out, which whenſoeuer I remember without ſorrow, I muſt forget withall, all humanitie.

Poore *Daiphantus* fell extreme ſicke, yet would needes conquer the delicacie of her conſtitution, and force her ſelfe to waite on me: till one day going toward *Pontus*, we met one, who in great haſt went ſeeking for *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whoſe death as yet was not knowne vnto the meſſenger; who (being their ſeruant, and knowing how dearely they loued *Plexirtus*) brought them word, how ſince their departing, *Plexirtus* was in preſent danger of a cruell death, if by the valiantneſſe of one of the beſt knights of the world, he were not reſcued: we enquired no further of the matter (being glad he ſhould now to his loſſe find what an vnprofitable treaſon it had been vnto him, to diſmember himſelfe of two ſuch friends) and ſo let the meſſenger part, not ſticking to make him know his maſters deſtruction by the falſhood of *Plexirtus*.

But the griefe of that (finding a bodie alreadie brought to the laſt degree of weakenes) ſo ouerwhelmed the little remnant of the ſpirits left in *Daiphantus*, that ſhee fell ſodainly into deadly ſowndings; neuer comming to her ſelfe, but that withall ſhe returned to make moſt pittifull lamentations; moſt ſtrange vnto vs, becauſe we were farre from gheſſing the ground thereof. But finding her ſickneſſe ſuch as began to print death in her eyes, we made all haſte poſſible to conuey her to the next towne: but before we could lay her on a bed, both we, and ſhee might finde in her ſelfe, that the harbingers of ouer-haſtie death had prepared his lodging in that daintie body, which ſhe vndoubtedly feeling, with a weake chearefulneſſe,

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ſhewed comfort therein: and then deſiring vs both to come neere her, and that no body elſe might be preſent; with pale, and yet (euen in paleneſſe) louely lips; Now or neuer, and neuer indeed, but now is it time for me, ſaid ſhe, to ſpeake: & I thanke death which giues mee leaue to diſcouer that, the ſuppreſſing whereof perchance hath beene the ſharpeſt ſpurre, that hath haſted my race to this end. Know then my Lords, and eſpecially you my Lord and maſter *Pyrocles*, that your Page *Daiphantus* is the vnfortunate *Zelmane*, who for your ſake cauſed my (as vnfortunate) louer and couſin *Palladius*, to leaue his fathers Court; and conſequently, both him & my Aunt his mother, to loſe their liues. For your ſake my ſelfe haue become, of a Princeſſe, a Page: and for your ſake haue put off the apparell of a woman, and (if you iudge not more mercifully) the modeſty. Wee were amazed at her ſpeech, and then had (as it were) new eyes giuen vs to perceiue that, which before had been a preſent ſtranger to our minds: for indeed forthwith we knew it to be the face of *Zelmane*, whom before we had knowne in the court of *Iberia*. And ſorrow and pitie laying her paine vpon me, I comforted her the beſt I could by the tenderneſſe of good will, pretending indeed better hope than I had of her recouerie.

But ſhe that had inward embaſſadours from the tyrant that ſhortly would oppreſſe her: No, my deare maſter (ſaid ſhe) I neither hope nor deſire to liue. I know you would neuer haue loued mee (and with that word ſhee wept) nor, alas, had it been reaſon you ſhould; conſidering many waies my vnworthineſſe. It ſufficeth me that the ſtrange courſe I haue taken, ſhall to your remembrance, witneſſe my loue: & yet this breaking of my heart, before I would diſcouer my paine, will make you, I hope, thinke that I was not altogether vnmodeſt. Thinke of me ſo, deare maſter, and that thought ſhall be my life; and with that languiſhingly looking vpon mee: And I pray you (ſaid ſhe) euen by theſe dying eyes of mine (which are onely ſorry to doe, becauſe they ſhall loſe your ſight) & by theſe polled lockes of mine (which while they were long, were the ornament of my ſexe, now in their ſhort curles, the teſtimonie of my ſeruitude:) & by the ſeruice I haue done you (which God knowes hath beene full of loue) thinke of mee after my death with kindneſſe, though you cannot with loue. And whenſoeuer ye ſhall make any other Lady happy with your well placed affection, if you tell her my folly, I pray you ſpeake of it, not with ſcorne, but with pitie. I aſſure you, deare Princeſſe, of my life (for how could it bee otherwiſe?) her words and her manner, with the liuely conſideration of her loue, ſo pierced me, that though I had diuers griefes before, yet me thought, I neuer felt, till then, how much ſorrow enfeebleth all reſolution: for I could not chooſe but yeeld to the weakeneſſe of abundant weeping; in truth with ſuch griefe, that I could willingly at that time haue changed liues with her.

But when ſhe ſaw my teares, O God, ſaid ſhee, how largely am I recompenced for my loſſes? why then (ſaid ſhe) I may take boldneſſe to make ſome requeſts vnto you. I beſought her to doe, vowing the performance, though my life were the price thereof. She ſhewed great ioy: The firſt, ſaid ſhee, is this, that you vvill pardon my father the diſpleaſure you haue iuſtly conceiued againſt him, and for this once, ſuccour him out of the danger vvherein he is: I hope he will amend: and I pray you, vvhenſoeuer you remember him to be the faultie *Plexirtus*, remember vvithall that he is *Zelmanes* father. The ſecond is, that vvhen you come once into *Greece*, you vvill take vnto your ſelfe this name (though vnluckie) of *Daiphantus*, and vouchſafe to be called by it: for ſo ſhall I be ſure, you ſhall haue cauſe to remember me: & let it pleaſe your noble couſin to be called *Palladius*, that I may do that right to that poor Prince, that his name yet may liue vpon the earth in ſo excellent a perſon: and ſo

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betweene you, I trust sometimes your vnluckie Page shall be (perhaps with a sigh) mentioned. Lastly I come bee buried here obscurely, not suffering my friends to know my fortune, till (when you are safely returned to your owne countrie) you cause my bones to bee conueyed thither, and laid (I beseech you) in some place where your selfe vouch safe sometimes to resort. Alas, smal petitions for such a suter; which yet she so earnestly craued, that I was faine to sweare the accomplishment. And then kissing me, and often desiring me not to condemne her of lightnesse, in mine armes shee deliuered her pure soule to the purest place: leauing mee as full of agony, as kindnesse, pitty & sorrow could make an honest heart. For I must confesse for true, that if my starres had not wholly reserued me for you, there else perhaps I might haue loued, and (which had beene most strange) begun my loue after death: whereof let it bee the lesse maruell, because somewhat she did resemble you, though as farre short of your perfection, as her selfe dying, was of her selfe flourishing: yet something there was, which (when I saw a picture of yours) brought againe her figure into my remembrance, and made my heart as apt to receiue the wound, as the power of your beautie with vnresistable force to pierce.

But we in wofull (and yet priuate) manner burying her, performed her commandement: and then enquiring of her fathers estate, certainely learned that hee was presently to be succoured, or by death to passe the neede of succour. Therefore we determined to diuide our selues; I, according to my vow, to helpe him, and *Musidorus* toward the king of *Pontus*, who stood in no lesse neede than immediate succour: & euen ready to depart one from the other, there came a messenger from him, who after some enquirie found vs, giuing vs to vnderstand, that he trusting vpon vs two, had appointed the combate betweene him and vs, against *Otanes* and the two Giants. Now the day was so accorded, as it was impossible for me both to succour *Plexirtus*, and be there, where my honour was not onely so farre engaged, but (by the strange working of vniust fortune) I was to leaue the standing by *Musidorus*, whom better than my selfe I loued, to goe saue him, whom for iust causes I hated. But my promise giuen, and giuen to *Zelmane*, and to *Zelmane* dying, preuailed more with me, than my friendship to *Musidorus*: though certainely I may affirme, nothing had so great rule in my thoughts as that. But my promise caried me the easier, because *Musidorus* himselfe would not suffer mee to breake it. And so with heauie mindes (more carefull each of others successe, than of our owne) wee parted; I toward the place, where I vnderstood *Plexirtus* was prisoner to an ancient Lord, absolutely gouerning a goodly castle, with a large territorie about it, whereof he acknowledged no other soueraigne but himselfe; whose hate to *Plexirtus* grew for a kinsman of his, whom hee maliciously had murdered, because in the time that hee raigned in *Galatia*, hee found him apt to practise for the restoring of his vertuous brother *Leonatus*. This old knight still thirsting for reuenge, vsed (as the way to it) a policy, which this occasion I will tell you prepared for him. *Plexirtus* in his youth had maried *Zelmanes* mother, who dying of that only child-birth, he a widower, & not yet a king, haunted the Court of *Armenia*; where (as he was cunning to winne fauour) he obtained great good liking of *Artaxia*, which he pursued, till (being called home by his father) he falsly got his fathers kingdome; and then neglected his former loue: till throwne out of that (by our meanes) before he was deepely rooted in it, and by and by againe placed in *Trebisond*, vnderstanding that *Artaxia* by her brothers dearth was become Queen of *Armenia*, he was hotter than euer in that pursuite: which being vnderstood by this old knight, he forged such a letter, as might be written from *Artaxia*, intreating his present (but very priuate) repaire thither,

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giuing him faithfull promise of present mariage: a thing farre from her thought, hauing faithfully and publikely protested, that shee would neuer marrie any, but some such Prince who would giue sure proofe, that by his meanes we were destroyed. But he (no more wittie to frame, than blind to iudge hopes) bit hastily at the baite, and in priuate manner posted toward her, but by the way hee was met by this knight, farre better accompanied, who quickly laid hold of him, and condemned him to a death, cruell enough, if any thing may be both cruell and iust. For hee caused him to be kept in a miserable prison, till a day appointed, at which time he would deliuer him to bee deuoured by a monstrous beast of most ougly shape, armed like a *Rhinoceros*, as strong as an Elephant, as fierce as a Lyon, as nimble as a Leopard, and as cruell as a Tygre: whom he hauing kept in a strong place, from the first youth of it, now thought no fitter match, than such a beastly monster with a monstrous Tyrant: proclaiming yet withall, that if any so well loued him, as to venture their liues against his beast for him, if they ouercame hee should be saued: not caring how many they were (such confidence he had in that monstrous strength) but especially hoping to entrap thereby the great courages of *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whom he no lesse hated, because they had beene principall instruments of the others power.

I dare say, if *Zelmane* had knowne what danger I should haue passed, shee would rather haue let her father to perish, than me to haue bidden that aduenture. But my word was past: and truely the hardnesse of the enterprise was not so much a bit as a spurre vnto me, knowing well, that the iourney of high honour lies not in plaine wayes. Therefore going thither, and taking sufficient security that *Plexirtus* should be deliuered if I were victorious, I vndertooke the combate: and (to make short, excellent Lady, and not to trouble your eares with recounting a terrible matter) so was my weakenesse blessed from aboue, that without dangerous wounds I slue that monster, which hundreds durst not attempt: to so great admiration of many (who from a safe place might looke on) that there was order giuen, to haue the fight both by sculpture and picture, celebrated in most parts of *Asia*. And the old noble-man so well liked me, that he loued mee; onely bewailing, my vertue had beene employed to saue a worse monster than I killed: whom yet (according to faith giuen) he deliuered, & accompanied me to the kingdome of *Pontus*, whither I would needs in all speede goe, to see whether it were possible for me (if perchance the day had beene delayed) to come to the combate: but that (before I came) had beene thus finished.

The vertuous *Leonatus* vnderstanding two so good friends of his were to bee in that danger, would perforce be one himselfe; where he did valiantly, and so did the king of *Pontus*. But the truth is, that both they being sore hurt, the incomparable *Musidorus* finished the combat by the death of both the Giants, and the taking of *Otanes* prisoner. To whom as he gaue his life, so he got a noble friend, for so he gaue his word to be, and he is well knowne to thinke himselfe greater in being subiect to that, than in the greatnesse of his Principalitie.

But thither (vnderstanding of our being there) flocked great multitudes of many great persons, and euen of Princes; especially those, whom wee had made beholding vnto vs: as, the Kings of *Phrygia*, *Bythinia*, with those two hurt of *Pontus* and *Galatia*, and *Otanes* the prisoner, by *Musidorus* set free; and thither came *Plexirtus* of *Trebisond*, and *Antiphilus* then King of *Lycia*; with as many moe great Princes, drawne either by our reputation, or by willingnesse to acknowledge themselues obliged vnto vs, for what we had done for the others. So as in those parts

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of the world, I thinke, in many hundreds of yeares there was not ſeene ſo royall an aſſembly: where nothing was let paſſe to doe vs the higheſt honours, which ſuch perſons (who might command both purſes and inuentions) could performe. All from all ſides bringing vnto vs right royall preſents, which we, to auoid both vnkindneſſe and importunitie, liberally receiued; and not content therewith, would needs accept as from vs their crownes, and acknowledge to hold them of vs: with many other exceſſiue honours, which would not ſuffer the meaſure of this ſhort leaſure to deſcribe vnto you.

But we quickly aweary thereof, hasted to *Greece*-ward, led thither partly with the deſire of our Parents, but haſtened principally, becauſe I vnderſtood that *Anaxius* with open mouth of defamation had gone thither to ſeeke me, and was now come to *Peloponneſus*, where from Court to Court hee made enquirie of mee, doing yet himſelfe ſo noble deeds, as might hap to authorize an ill opinion of me. We therefore ſuffered but ſhort delayes, deſiring to take this countrey in our way, ſo renowned ouer the world, that no prince could pretend height, nor beggar lowneſſe, to barre him from the ſound thereof: renowned indeed, not ſo much for the ancient prayſes attributed thereunto, as for the hauing in it *Argalus* and *Amphialus*, (two knights of ſuch rare proweſſe, as wee deſired eſpecially to know) and yet by farre not ſo much for that, as without ſuffering of compariſon for the beautie of you and your ſiſter, which makes all indifferent iudges, that ſpeake thereof, account this countrie as a temple of deities. But theſe cauſes indeed mouing vs to come by this land, wee embarqued our ſelues in the next Port, whither all thoſe Princes (ſauing *Antiphilus*, who returned, as he pretended, not able to tarry longer from *Erona*) conueyed vs. And there found we a ſhip moſt royally furniſhed by *Plexirtus*, who had made all things ſo proper, as well for our defence, as eaſe, that all the other Princes greatly commended him for it: who, ſeeming a quite altered man, had nothing but repentance in his eyes, friendſhip in his geſture, and vertue in his mouth: ſo that we who had promiſed the ſweet *Zelmane* to pardon him, now not onely forgaue, but began to fauour; perſwading our ſelues with a youthfull credulitie, that perchance things were not ſo euill as we took them; and as it were, deſiring our owne memorie that it might be ſo. But ſo were wee licenced from thoſe Princes, truely not without teares, eſpecially of the vertuous *Leonatus*, who with the king of *Pontus* would haue come with vs, but that we (in reſpect of the ones yong wife, and both their new ſettled kingdomes) would not ſuffer it. Then would they haue ſent whole fleets to guard vs, but we, that deſired to paſſe ſecretly into *Greece*, made them leaue that motion, when they found that more ſhippes than one would be diſpleaſing vnto vs. But ſo committing our ſelues to the vncertain diſcretion of the winde, wee (then determining as ſoone as we came to *Greece*, to take the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, as well for our owne promiſe to *Zelmane*, as becauſe wee deſired to come vnknowne into *Greece*) left the *Aſian* ſhore full of Princely perſons, who euen vpon their knees recommended our ſafeties to the deuotion of their chiefe deſires: among whom none had beene ſo officious, though I dare affirme, all quite contrarie to his vnfaithfulneſſe, as *Plexirtus*.

And ſo hauing ſailed almoſt two daies, looking for nothing but when we might looke vpon the land, a graue man, whom wee had ſeene of great truſt with *Plexirtus*, & was ſent as our principall guide, came vnto vs, and with a certain kinde manner mixt with ſhame, and repentance, began to tell vs, that he had taken ſuch a loue vnto vs, conſidering our youth and fame, that though he were a ſeruant, and a ſeruant of ſuch truſt about *Plexirtus*, as that hee had committed vnto him euen thoſe

ſecrets

ſecrets of his heart, which abhord all other knowledge; yet hee rather choſe to reueale at this time a moſt pernicious counſell, than by concealing it bring to ruine thoſe, whom he could not chooſe but honour. So went he on, and told vs, that *Plexirtus* (in hope thereby to haue *Artaxia*, endowed with the great kingdome of *Armenia* to his wife) had giuen him order when we were neare *Greece*, to finde ſome opportunitie to murder vs, bidding him to take vs aſleep, becauſe he had ſeene what we could do waking. Now ſirs (ſaid he) I would rather a thouſand times loſe my life than haue my remembrance (while I liue) poyſoned with ſuch a miſchiefe: and therefore if it were onely I, that knew herein the kings order, then ſhould my diſobedience be a warrant of your ſafetie. But to one more (ſaid he) namely the Captaine of the ſhip, *Plexirtus* hath opened ſo much touching the effect of murdering you, though I thinke laying the cauſe rather vpon old grudge, than his hope of *Artaxia*. And my ſelfe (before the conſideration of your excellencies had drawn loue & pitie into my mind) imparted it to ſuch, as I thought fitteſt for ſuch a miſchiefe. Therfore I wiſh you to ſtand vpon your guard, aſſuring you, that what I can do for your ſafetie, you ſhall ſee (if it come to the puſh) by me performed. Wee thanked him, as the matter indeed deſerued, & from that time would no more diſarme our ſelues, nor the one ſleep without his friends eyes waked for him; ſo that it delayed the going forward of their bad enterpriſe, while they thought it rather chance, than prouidence, which made vs ſo behaue our ſelues.

But when we came within halfe a dayes ſayling of the ſhore, ſo that they ſaw it was ſpeedily, or not at all to be done; then (and I remember it was about the firſt watch in the night) came to the captain & whiſpered the Councellor in the eare: But he (as it ſhould ſeeme) diſſwaded him from it: the Captaine (who had bin a Pyrate from his youth, and often blouded in it) with a loud voyce ſware, that if *Plexirtus* bad him, he would not ſticke to kill God himſelfe. And therewith calld his mates, and in the kings name willed them to take vs aliue or dead, encouraging them with the ſpoyle of vs, which he ſaid (and indeed was true) would yeeld many exceeding rich iewels. But the Councellor (according to his promiſe) commanded them they ſhould not commit ſuch a villanie, proteſting that he would ſtand betweene them and the Kings anger therein. Wherewith the Captaine enraged: Nay (ſaid he) then we muſt begin with this traytor himſelfe: and therwith gaue him a ſore blow vpon the head, who honeſtly did the beſt he could to reuenge himſelfe.

But then wee knew it time rather to encounter, than waite for miſchiefe. And ſo againſt the Captaine we went, who ſtraight was enuironed with moſt part of the Souldiers and Mariners. And yet the truth is, there were ſome, whom eyther the authoritie of the Councellor, doubt of the Kings minde, or liking of vs, made draw their ſwords of our ſide: ſo that quickly it grew a moſt confuſed fight. For the narrowneſſe of the place, the darkeneſſe of the time, and the vncertaintie in ſuch a tumult how to know friends from foes, made the rage of the ſwords rather guide than be guided by their maſters. For my couſin and mee, truely I thinke wee neuer performed leſſe in any place, doing no other hurt than the defence of our ſelues, and ſuccouring them who came for it, draue vs to: for not diſcerning perfectly, who were for, or againſt vs, wee thought it leſſe euill to ſpare a foe, than ſpoyle a friend. But from the higheſt to the loweſt part of the ſhippe there was no place left, without cries of murdering, and murdered perſons. The Captaine I hapt a while to fight withall, but was driuen to part with him, by hearing the cry of the Counſellour, who receiued a mortall wound, miſtaken of one of his owne ſide. Some of the wiſer would call to parley, and wiſh peace: but while the words of

peace

peace were in their mouthes, ſome of their cuill auditors gaue them death for their hire. So that no man almoſt could conceiue hope of liuing, but by being laſt aliue: and therefore euery one was willing to make himſelfe roome, by diſpatching almoſt any other: ſo that the great number in the ſhip was reduced to exceeding few, when of thoſe few the moſt part, weary of thoſe troubles, leapt into the boat, which was faſt to the ſhip: but while they that were firſt were cutting off the rope that tyed it, others came leaping in ſo diſorderly, that they drowned both the boat and themſelues.

But while euen in that little remnant, like the children of *Cadmus*, we continued ſtill to ſlay one another, a fire, which (whether by the deſperate malice of ſome, or intention to ſeparate, or accidentally while all things were caſt vp and downe) it ſhould ſeeme had taken a good while before, but neuer heeded of vs; who onely thought to preſerue or reuenge, now violently burſt out in many places, and began to maſter the principall parts of the ſhip. Then neceſſitie made vs ſee, that a common enemie ſets at one a ciuill warre: for that little all we are, as if wee had beene waged by ſome man to quench a fire, ſtraight went to reſiſt that furious enemie by all art & labour: but it was too late, for already it did embrace and deuour from the ſterne to the waſte of the ſhip: ſo as labouring in vaine, we were driuen to get vp to the prowe of the ſhip, by the worke of nature ſeeking to preſerue life as long as wee could: while truly it was a ſtrange and vgly ſight, to ſee ſo huge a fire, as it quickly grew, to bee in the ſea, and in the night, as if it had come to light vs to death. And by & by it had burned off the maſt, which all this while had proudly borne the ſaile (the wind, as might ſeeme, delighted to carie fire and bloud in his mouth) but now it fell ouer boord, and the fire growing neerer vs, it was not onely terrible in reſpect of what we were to attend, but inſupportable through the heat of it.

So that wee were conſtrained to bide it no longer, but diſarming and ſtripping our ſelues, and laying our ſelues vpon ſuch things, as wee thought might helpe our ſwimming to the land, too farre for our owne ſtrength to beare vs, my couſin and I threw our ſelues into the Sea. But I had ſwomme a very little way, when I felt, by reaſon of a wound I had, that I ſhould not be able to abide the trauell: & therefore ſeeing the maſte, whoſe tackling had beene burnt off, flote cleare from the ſhip, I ſwam vnto it, and getting on it, I found mine owne ſword, which by chance, when I threw it away, caught by a peece of canuas, had hung to the maſte. I was glad, becauſe I loued it well; but gladder, when I ſaw at the other end the Captaine of the ſhip and of all this miſchiefe; who hauing a long pike, belike had borne himſelfe vp with that, till he had ſet himſelf vpon the maſt. But when I perceiued him, Villaine, ſaid I, doſt thou thinke to ouerliue ſo many honeſt men, whom thy falſhood hath brought to deſtruction? With that beſtriding the maſt, I gat by little and little towards him, after ſuch a manner as boyes are wont, if euer you ſaw that ſport, when they ride the wilde mare. And he perceiuing my intention, like a fellow that had much more courage than honeſtie, ſet himſelfe to reſiſt: but I had in ſhort ſpace gotten within him, and (giuing him a ſound blow) ſent him to feed fiſhes. But there my ſelfe remained, vntill by Pirates I was taken vp, and among them againe taken priſoner, and brought into *Laconia*.

But what (ſaid *Philoclea*) became of your couſin *Muſidorus*? Loſt, ſaid *Pyrocles*. Ah, my *Pyrocles*, ſaid *Philoclea*, I am glad I haue taken you. I perceiue you louers doe not alwaies ſay truly: as though I knew not your couſin *Dorus* the ſhepheard? Life of my deſires (ſaid *Pyrocles*,) what is mine, euen to my ſoule, is yours: but the ſecret of my friend is not mine. But if you know ſo much, then I may truely ſay, hee is

loſt,

loſt, ſince he is no more his owne. But I perceiue your noble ſiſter & you are great friends, and well doth it become you ſo to be. But go forward dear *Pyrocles*, I long to hear out till your meeting me: for there to me-ward is the beſt part of your ſtory. Ah ſweet *Philoclea* (ſaid *Pyrocles*) do you thinke I can thinke ſo precious leaſure as this well ſpent in talking? Are your eyes a fit booke, thinke you, to reade a tale vpon? Is my loue quiet enough to be an hiſtorian? Dear Princeſſe, be gracious vnto me. And then he faine would haue remembred to haue forgot himſelfe. But ſhe with a ſweetly diſobeying grace, deſired him that her deſire (once for euer) might ſerue, that no ſpot might diſgrace that loue, which ſhortly ſhe hoped ſhould be to the world warrantable. Faine he would not haue heard, till ſhe threatned anger: and then the poor louer durſt not, becauſe he durſt not. Nay, I pray thee, deare *Pyrocles* (ſaid ſhe) let me haue my ſtory. Sweet Princeſſe (ſaid he) giue my thoughts a little reſpite: and if it pleaſe you, ſince this time muſt ſo be ſpoiled, yet it ſhal ſuffer the leſſe harme, if you vouchſafe to beſtow your voice; & let me know, how the good Queene *Erona* was betrayed into ſuch danger, and why *Plangus* ſought mee. For indeed I ſhould pity greatly any miſchance fallen to that Princeſſe. I will, ſaid *Philoclea*, ſmiling, ſo you giue me your word, your hands ſhall be quiet auditors. They ſhall, ſaid he, becauſe ſubiect. Then began ſhee to ſpeake, but with ſo pretty & delightfull a maieſty, when ſhe ſet her countenance to tell the matter, that *Pyrocles* could not chuſe but rebell ſo far as to kiſſe her. She would haue puld her head away, and ſpeak, but while ſhe ſpake he kiſt, and it ſeemed he fed vpon her words: but ſhe gat away. How will you haue your diſcourſe, ſaid ſhe, without you let my lips alone? He yeelded, & took her hand. On this, ſaid he, wil I reuenge my wrong; and ſo began to make much of that hand, when her tale, & his delight were interrupted by *Miſo*; who taking her time, while *Baſilius* backe was turned, came vnto them; & told *Philoclea*, ſhe deſerued ſhe knew what, for leauing her mother, being euill at eaſe, to keep company with ſtrangers. But *Philoclea* telling her, that ſhe was there by her fathers commandement, ſhee went away muttering, that though her backe, and her ſhoulders, & her neck were broken, yet as long as her tongue would wag, it ſhould do her errand to her mother: and ſo went vp to *Gynecia*, who was at that time miſerably vexed with this maner of dreame. It ſeemed vnto her to be in a place full of thornes, which ſo moleſted her, as ſhe could neither abide ſtanding ſtill, nor tread ſafely going forward. In this caſe ſhe thought *Zelmane* being vpon a fair hill, delightfull to the eye, & eaſie in appearance, called her thither: whither with ſuch anguiſh being come, *Zelmane* was vaniſhed, & ſhe found nothing but a dead body like vnto her husband, which ſeeming at the firſt with a ſtrange ſmel to infect her, as ſhee was ready likewiſe within a while to dye, the dead body ſhee thought tooke her in his armes, & ſaid, *Gynecia*, leaue all, for here is thy only reſt.

With that ſhe awaked, crying very loud, *Zelmane*, *Zelmane*. But remembring her ſelfe, and ſeeing *Baſilius* by, (her guilty conſcience more ſuſpecting, than being ſuſpected) ſhe turn'd her cal, & calld for *Philoclea*. *Miſo* forthwith like a valiant ſhrew (looking at *Baſilius*, as though ſhe would ſpeak though ſhe died for it) told *Gynecia* that her daughter had beene a whole houre together in ſecret talke with *Zelmane*; And, ſayes ſhe, for my part I could not be heard (your daughters are brought vp in ſuch awe) though I told her of your pleaſure ſufficiently. *Gynecia*, as if ſhe had heard her laſt doome pronounced againſt her, with a ſide look and changed countenance, O my Lord, ſaid ſhe, what mean you to ſuffer theſe yong folkes together? *Baſilius* (that aimed nothing at the marke of her ſuſpition) ſmilingly took her in his armes; Sweet wife, ſaid he, I thank you for your care of your childe: but they

muſt be youthes of other metall than *Zelmane*, that can endanger her. O but, cried *Gynecia*, and therewith ſhe ſtaid: for then indeede ſhe did ſuffer a right conflict betwixt the force of loue, & rage of iealouſie. Many times was ſhe about to ſatisfie the ſpite of her mind, and tell *Baſilius*, how ſhe knew *Zelmane* to be far otherwiſe than the outward appearance. But thoſe many times were all put back by the manifold obiections of her vehement loue. Faine ſhe would haue bard her daughters hap, but loth ſhe was to cut off her owne hope. But now, as if her life had been ſet vpon a wager of quicke riſing, as weake as ſhe was, ſhe gat vp; though *Baſilius* (with a kindneſſe flowing only from the fountaine of vnkindneſſe, being indeed deſirous to win his daughter as much time as might be) was loth to ſuffer it, ſwearing he ſaw ſickneſſe in her face, and therefore was loth ſhe ſhould aduenture the ayre.

But the great and wretched Lady *Gynecia*, poſſeſſed with thoſe diuels of Loue and Iealouſie, did rid her ſelfe from her tedious husband: & taking no body with her, going toward them; O Iealouſie, ſaid ſhe, the phrenſie of wiſe folkes, the wel-wiſhing ſpite, and vnkinde carefulneſſe, the ſelfe-puniſhment for others fault, and ſelfe-miſery in others happineſſe, the couſin of enuie, daughter of loue, and mother of hate, how couldeſt thou ſo quietly get thee a ſeat in the vnquiet heart of *Gynecia*, *Gynecia* (ſaid ſhe ſighing) thought wiſe, and once vertuous? Alas it is thy breeders power which plants thee there: it is the flaming agonie of affection, that works the chilling acceſſe of thy feuer, in ſuch ſort, that nature giues place; the growing of my daughter ſeemes the decay of my ſelfe; the bleſſings of a mother turn to the curſes of a competitor; and the fair face of *Philoclea* appeares more horrible in my ſight than the image of death. Then remembred ſhe this ſong, which ſhee thought took a right meaſure of her preſent minde.

With two ſtrange fires of equall heat poſſeſt,
The one of Loue, the other of Iealouſie,
Both ſtill do worke, in neither I find reſt:
For both, alas, their ſtrengths together tie:
The one aloft doth hold, the other hie.
Loue wakes the iealous eye leaſt thence it mones:
The iealous eye, the more it lookes, it lones.

Theſe fires increaſe: in theſe I daily burne:
They feed on me, and with my wings do flye:
My louely ieyes to dolefull aſhes turne:
Their flames mount vp, my powers proſtrate lie:
They liue in force, I quite conſumed die.
One wonder yet far paſſeth my conceit,
The fewell ſmall: how be the fires ſo great.

But her vnleaſured thoughts ran not ouer the ten firſt words; but going with a paſe not ſo much too faſt for her body, as ſlow for her mind, ſhe found them together, who after *Miſo's* departure had left their tale, & determined what to ſay to *Baſilius*. But full abaſhed was poore *Philoclea* (whoſe conſcience now began to know cauſe of bluſhing) for firſt ſalutation, receiuing an eye from her mother, full of the ſame diſdainefull ſcorn, which *Pallas* ſhewed to poor *Arachne*, that durſt contend with her for the prize of well weauing: yet did the force of loue ſo much rule her, that though for *Zelmanes* ſake ſhe did deteſt her, yet for *Zelmanes* ſake ſhe vſed no harder

harder words to her, than to bid her go home, and accompanie her ſolitary father.

Then began ſhe to diſplay to *Zelmane* the ſtorehouſe of her deadly deſires, when ſuddenly the confuſed rumour of a mutinous multitude gaue iuſt occaſion to *Zelmane* to breake off any ſuch conference (for well ſhe found, they were not friendly voices they heard) & to retire with as much diligence as conueniently they could towards the lodge. Yet before they could win the lodge by twentie paces, they were ouertaken by an vnruly ſort of clowns, and other rebels, which like a violent floud, were carried, they themſelues knew not whither. But as ſoone as they came within perfect diſcerning theſe Ladies, like enraged beaſts, without reſpect of their eſtates, or pity of their ſex, they beganne to runne againſt them, as right villaines, thinking abilitie to do hurt, to be a great aduancement: yet ſo many as they were, ſo many almoſt were their minds, all knit together only in madneſſe. Some cried, Take; ſome, Kill; ſome, Saue: but euen they that cried ſaue, ran for company with them that meant to kill. Euery one commanded, none obeyed; hee only ſeemed chiefe Captaine, that was moſt ragefull.

Zelmane (whoſe vertuous courage was euer awake) drew out her ſword, which vpon thoſe il-armed churles giuing as many wounds as blowes, & as many deaths almoſt as wounds (lightning courage, and thundring ſmart vpon them) kept them at a bay, while the two Ladies got themſelues into the lodge: out of the which *Baſilius* (hauing put on an armour long vntried) came to proue his authority among his ſubiects, or at leaſt, to aduenture his life with his deare Miſtreſſe, to whom hee brought a ſhield, while the Ladies trembling attended the iſſue of this dangerous aduenture. But *Zelmane* made them perceiue the odds between an Eagle and a Kite with ſuch nimble ſtayedneſſe, and an aſſured nimbleneſſe, that while one was running backe for feare, his fellow had her ſword in his guts.

And by and by was both her heart and helpe well increaſed by the comming of *Dorus*, who hauing beene making of hurdles for his maſters ſheep, heard the horrible cries of this madde multitude; and hauing ſtreight repreſented before the eyes of his carefull loue, the perill wherin the ſoule of his ſoule might be, he went to *Pamela's* lodge, but found her in a caue hard by, with *Mopſa* and *Dametas*, who at that time would not haue opened the entrie to his father. And therefore leauing them there (as in a place ſafe, both for being ſtrong, and vnknown) he ranne as the noiſe guided him. But when he ſaw his friend in ſuch danger among them, anger and contempt (asking no counſell but of courage) made him runne among them, with no other weapon but his ſheephooke, & with that ouerthrowing one of the villaines, took away a two hand ſword from him, and withall helpt him from euer being aſhamed of loſing it. Then lifting vp his braue head, & flaſhing terror into their faces, he made armes and legs go complaine to the earth, how euill their maſters had kept them. Yet the multitude ſtill growing, & they very killing wearying them (fearing, leaſt in long fight they ſhould be conquered with conquering) they drew back towards the lodge; but drew backe in ſuch ſort, that ſtill their terrour went forward: like a valiant maſtiffe, whom when his maſter puls backe by the taile from the Beare (with whom he had already interchanged a hatefull imbracement) though his pace be backward, his geſture is forward, his teeth and his eyes threatning more in the retiring, than they did in the aduancing: ſo guided they themſelues homeward, neuer ſtepping ſtep backward, but that they proued themſelues maſters of the ground where they ſtept.

Yet among the rebels there was a dapper fellow, a Taylor by occupation, who fetching his courage only from their going backe, began to bow his knees & very

fencer-like to draw neere to *Zelmane*. But as he came within her diſtance, turning his ſword very nicely about his crown, *Baſilius*, with a ſide blow, ſtrake off his noſe. He (being ſuter to a Seamſters daughter; and therefore not a little grieued for ſuch a diſgrace) ſtooped down, becauſe he had heard, that if it were freſh put to, it would cleaue on againe. But as his hand was on the ground to bring his noſe to his head, *Zelmane* with a blow ſent his head to his noſe. That ſaw a butcher, a butcherly chuffe indeed (who that day was ſworn brother to him in a cup of wine) and lifted vp a great leuer, calling *Zelmane* all the vile names of a butcherly eloquence. But ſhe (letting ſlip the blow of the leauer) hit him ſo ſurely vpon the ſide of his face, that ſhe left nothing but the nether iaw, where the tongue ſtill wagged, as willing to ſay more, if his maſters remembrance had ſerued. O, ſaid a miller that was half drunke, ſee the lucke of a good fellow, and with that word, ran with a pitchforke at *Dorus*: but the nimblenes of the wine caried his head ſo faſt, that it made it ouer-runne his feet; ſo that he fell withall, iuſt between the legs of *Dorus*: who ſetting his foote on his necke (though hee offered two milch-kine, and foure fat hogs for his life) thruſt his ſword quite through, from one eare to the other; which took it very vnkindly, to feele ſuch newes before they heard of them, in ſtead of hearing, to bee put to ſuch feeling. But *Dorus* (leauing the miller to vomit his ſoule out in wine & bloud) with his two-hand ſword ſtrake off another quite by the waſt, who the night before had dreamed he was grown a couple, and (interpreting it that he ſhould be married) had bragd of his dreame that morning among his neighbours. But that blow aſtoniſhed quite a poore painter, who ſtood by with a pike in his hands. This painter was to counterfeit the skirmiſh between the *Centaures* and *Lapithes*, & had been very deſirous to ſee ſome notable wounds, to be able the more liuely to expreſſe them; & this morning (being carried by the ſtreame of this company) the fooliſh fellow was euen delighted to ſee the effect of blowes. But this laſt (hapning neere him) ſo amazed him, that he ſtood ſtock ſtill, while *Dorus*, with a turne of his ſword, ſtrake off both his hands. And ſo the painter returned, well skilled in wounds, but with neuer a hand to performe his skill.

In this manner they recouered the lodge, & gaue the rebels a face of wood of the outſide. But they then, though no more furious, yet more outragious when they ſaw no reſiſter; went about with pikaxe to the wall, & fire to the gate, to get themſelues entrance. Then did the two Ladies mix fear with loue, eſpecially *Philoclea*, who euer caught hold of *Zelmane*, ſo, by the folly of loue, hindering the ſuccour which ſhe deſired. But *Zelmane* ſeeing no way of defence, nor time to deliberate (the number of thoſe villaines ſtill increaſing, and their madneſſe ſtill encreaſing with their number) thought it the onely meanes, to goe beyond their expectation with an vnuſed boldneſſe, and with danger to auoyde danger: and therefore opened againe the gate, and *Dorus* and *Baſilius* ſtanding ready for her defence, ſhee iſſued againe among them. The blowes ſhe had dealt before, though all in generall were haſty, made each of them in particular take breath, before they brought them ſuddenly ouer-neere her, ſo that ſhe had time to get vp to the iudgement-ſeate of the Prince, which, according to the guiſe of that country, was before the Court gate. There ſhe paſed a while, making ſigne with her hand vnto them, & withall, ſpeaking aloud, that ſhe had ſomething to ſay vnto them, that would pleaſe them. But ſhe was anſwered a while with nothing but ſhouts & cries; & ſome beginning to throw ſtones at her, not daring approch her. But at length, a yong farmer (who might do moſt among the country ſort, & was caught in a little affection towards *Zelmane*) hoping by this kindneſſe to haue ſome good of her, deſired them, if they

were

were honeſt men, to heare the woman ſpeake. Fie fellowes, fie (ſaid he) what will all the maides in our towne ſay, if ſo many tall men ſhall be affraid to heare a faire wench? I ſwear vnto you by no little ones, I had rather giue my teeme of oxen, than we ſhould ſhew our ſelues ſo vnciuill wights. Beſides, I tell you true, I haue heard it of old men counted wiſedome, to hear much, & ſay little. His ſententious ſpeech ſo preuailed, that the moſt part began to liſten. Then ſhe, with ſuch efficacy of gracefulneſſe, & ſuch a quiet magnanimitie repreſented in her face in this vttermoſt perill, as the more the barbarous people looked, the more it fixed their looks vpon her, in this ſort began vnto them.

It is no ſmall comfort vnto me, ſaid ſhe, hauing to ſpeake ſomething vnto you for your own behooſes, to finde that I haue to deale with ſuch a people, who ſhew indeed in themſelues the right nature of valor: which as it leaues no violence vnattempted, while the choler is nouriſhed with reſiſtance; ſo when the ſubiect of their wrath doth of it ſelf vnlooked for offer it ſelf into their hands, it makes them at leaſt take a pauſe before they determine cruelty. Now then firſt (before I come to the principal matter) haue I to ſay vnto you; that your Prince *Baſilius* himſelf in perſon is within this lodge, & was one of the three, whom a few of you went about to fight withall: and (this ſhe ſaid, not doubting but they knew it well enough; but becauſe ſhe would haue them imagine, that the Prince might thinke that they did not know it) by him I am ſent vnto you, as from a Prince to his well approued ſubiects, nay as from a father to beloued children, to know what it is that hath bred iuſt quarrel among you, or who they be that haue any way wronged you; what it is with which you are diſpleaſed, or of which you are deſirous. This he requires: and indeed (for he knowes your faithfulneſſe) he commands you preſently to ſet down, and to chooſe among your ſelues, ſome one, who may relate your griefes or demands vnto him.

This, being more than they hoped for from their Prince, aſſwaged wel their fury, & many of them conſented (eſpecially the yong farmer helping on, who meant to make one of the demands that hee might haue *Zelmane* for his wife) but when they began to talk of their griefes, neuer Bees made ſuch a confuſed humming: the towne dwellers demanding putting down of impoſts: the country fellowes laying out of commons: ſome would haue the Prince keep his Court in one place, ſome in another. All cryed out to haue new Counſellours: but when they ſhould thinke of any new, they liked them as wel as any other, that they could remember, eſpecially they would haue the treaſure ſo looked to, as that he ſhould neuer need to take any more ſubſidies. At length they fell to direct contrarieties. For the Artiſans they would haue corn & wine ſet at a lower price, & bound to be kept ſo ſtil: the plowmen, vine-laborers, & the farmers would none of that. The countrimen demanded that euery man might be free in the chief townes: that could not the burgeſſes like of. The peaſants would haue al the gentlemen deſtroied, the citizens (eſpecially ſuch as cooks, barbers, & thoſe other that liued moſt on gentlemen) would but haue them reformed. And of each ſide were like diuiſions, one neighborhood beginning to find fault with another. But no confuſion was greater than of particular mens likings & diſlikings: one diſpraiſing ſuch a one, whom another praiſed, & demanding ſuch a one to be puniſhed, whom the other would haue exalted. No leſſe ado was there about chuſing him, who ſhould be their ſpokeſ-man. The finer ſort of Burgeſſes, as Merchants, Prentiſes, and Clothworkers, becauſe of their riches, diſdaining the baſer occupations, and they becauſe of their number as much diſdaining them: all they ſcorning the countrimens ignorance, & the countrimen

ſuſpecting as much their cunning: So that *Zelmane* (finding that their vnited rage was now grown, not only to a diuiding, but to a croſſing one of another, and that the miſlike growne among themſelues did wel allay the heat againſt her) made tokens againe vnto them (as though ſhe took great care of their well doing, & were affraid of their falling out) that ſhe would ſpeake vnto them. They now grown iealous one of another (the ſtay hauing ingendred diuiſion, and diuiſion hauing manifeſted their weakneſſe) were willing enough to hear, the moſt part ſtriuing to ſhew themſelues willinger than their fellowes: which *Zelmane* (by acquaintance ſhe had had with ſuch kind of humors) ſoone perceiuing, with an angerleſſe brauery, and an vnabaſhed mildeneſſe, in this manner ſpake vnto them.

An vnuſed thing it is, & I thinke not heretofore ſeene, ô *Arcadians*, that a woman ſhould giue publike counſel to men, a ſtranger to the country people, & that laſtly in ſuch a preſence by a priuate perſon, the regal throne ſhould be poſſeſſed. But the ſtrangeneſſe of your action makes that vſed for vertue, which your violent neceſſitie impoſeth. For certainly, a woman may well ſpeake to ſuch men, who haue forgotten all manlike gouernment: a ſtranger may with reaſon inſtruct ſuch ſubiects, that neglect due points of ſubiection: and it is maruaile this place is entred into by another, ſince your own Prince (after thirty yeeres gouernment) dare not ſhew his face vnto his faithfull people? Heare therfore O *Arcadians*, & be aſhamed: againſt whom hath this zealous rage bin ſtirred? whither haue bin bent theſe manful weapons of yours? In this quiet harmleſſe lodg there be harbord no *Argians* your ancient enemies, nor *Laconians* your now feared neighbors. Here be neither hard landlords, nor biting vſurers. Here lodg none, but ſuch, as either you haue great cauſe to loue, or no cauſe to hate: here being none, beſides your Prince, Princeſſe, & their children, but my ſelfe. It is I then, ô *Arcadians*, againſt whom your anger is armed? Am I the marke of your vehement quarrel? if it be ſo, that innocencie ſhal not bea ſtop for fury; if it be ſo, that the law of hoſpitalitie (ſo long & holily obſerued among you) may not defend a ſtranger fled to your armes for ſuccor: if in fine, it be ſo, that ſo many valiant mens courages can be inflamed to the miſchief of one ſilly woman; I refuſe not to make my life a ſacrifice to your wrath. Exerciſe in me your indignation, ſo it go no further, I am content to pay the great fauours I haue receiued among you, with my life, not ill deſeruing: I preſent it here vnto you, ô *Arcadians*, if that may ſatisfie you; rather than you (called ouer the world the wiſe & quiet *Arcadians*) ſhould be ſo vain, as to attempt that alone, w^ch^ all the reſt of your country will abhor; then you ſhould ſhew your ſelues ſo vngrateful, as to forget the fruit of ſo many years peaceable gouernment; or ſo vnnaturall, as not to haue with the holy name of your natural prince, any fury ouermaſtred. For ſuch a helliſh madnes (I know) did neuer enter into your hearts, as to attempt any thing againſt his perſon; which no ſucceſſor, though neuer ſo hatefull, will euer leaue (for his owne ſake) vnreuenged. Neither can your wonted valor be turned to ſuch a baſenes, as inſtead of a Prince, deliuered vnto you by ſo many royal anceſtors, to take the tyrannous yoke of your fellow ſubiect, in whom the innate meanneſſe will bring forth rauenous couetouſneſſe, and the newneſſe of his eſtate, ſuſpectfull cruelty. Imagin, what could your enemies more wiſh vnto you, than to ſee your own eſtate with your own hands vndermined? O what would your forefathers ſay, if they liued at this time, and ſaw their off-ſpring defacing ſuch an excellent principalitie, which they with much labour and bloud ſo wiſely haue eſtabliſhed? Do you think them fooles, that ſaw you ſhould not enioy your vines, your cattel, no not your wiues & children, without gouernment, and that there could be no gouernment without a

Magiſtrate,

Magiſtrate, & no Magiſtrate, without obedience, and no obedience where euery one vpon his owne priuate paſſion, may interprete the doings of the rulers? Let your wits make your preſent example a leſſon to you. What ſweetneſſe, in good faith, find you in your preſent condition? what choiſe of choiſe find you, if you had loſt *Baſilius*? vnder whoſe enſigne would you go, if your enemies ſhould inuade you? If you cannot agree vpon one to ſpeak for you, how will you agree vpon one to fight for you? But with this fear of I cannot tell what one is troubled, & with that paſſed wrong another is grieued. And I pray you did the Sun euer bring you a fruitfull harueſt, but that it was more hot than pleaſant? Haue any of you children, that be not ſometimes cumberſome? Haue any of you fathers, that bee not ſometime weariſh? What, ſhall we curſe the Sunne, hate our children, or diſobey our fathers? But what need I vſe theſe words, ſince I ſee in your countenances (now vertuouſly ſettled) nothing elſe but loue and duty to him, by whom for your only ſakes the gouernment is embraced? For all what is done, he doth not only pardon you, but thanke you; iudging the action by the mindes, and not the mindes by the action. Your griefes, and deſires whatſoeuer, and whenſoeuer you liſt, he will conſider of, & to his conſideration it is reaſon you ſhould refer them. So then, to conclude; the vncertainty of his eſtate made you take armes; now you ſee him well, with the ſame loue lay them downe. If now you end (as I know you will) he will make no other account of this matter, but as of a vehement, I muſt confeſſe ouer vehement affection, the only continuance might proue a wickedneſſe. But it is not ſo, I ſee very well, you began with zeale, and will end with reuerence.

The action *Zelmane* vſed, being beautified by nature and apparrelled with skill, her geſtures being ſuch that as her words did paint out her mind, ſo they ſerued as a ſhadow to make the picture more liuely and ſenſible, with the ſweet cleereneſſe of her voyce, riſing and falling kindely as the nature of the word, and efficacie of the matter required, al together in ſuch an admirable perſon, whoſe incomparable valour they had well felt, whoſe beauty did pierce through the thicke dulneſſe of their ſenſes, gaue ſuch a way vnto her ſpeech through the rugged wilderneſſe of their imaginations, who (beſides they were ſtricken in admiratiō of her, as of more than a humane creature) were coold with taking breath, and had learned doubts out of leaſure, that in ſtead of roaring cries, there was now heard nothing, but a confuſed muttring, whether her ſaying were to be followed: betwixt feare to purſue, and lothneſſe to leaue, moſt of them could haue been content, it had neuer bin begun, but how to end it (each affraid of his companion) they knew not, finding it far eaſier to tye than to looſe knots. But *Zelmane* thinking it no euill way in ſuch mutinies, to giue the mutinous ſome occaſion of ſuch ſeruice, as they might think (in their own iudgement) would countervaile their treſpaſſe, withall, to take the more aſſured poſſeſſion of their mindes, which ſhee feared might begin to wauer, Loyall *Arcadians*, ſaid ſhe, now do I offer vnto you the manifeſting of your duties: all thoſe that haue taken armes for the Princes ſafety, let them turne their backes to the gate, with their weapons bent againſt ſuch as would hurt his ſacred perſon. O weak truſt of the many-headed multitude, whom inconſtancie only doth guide to well doing, who can ſet confidence there, where cōpany takes away ſhame, & each may lay the fault on his fellow? ſo ſaid a crafty fellow among them, named *Clinias*, to himſelf, when he ſaw the word no ſooner out of *Zelmanes* mouth, but that there were ſome ſhouts of ioy, with God ſaue *Baſilius*, and diuers of them with much iolity growne to be his guard, that but little before meant to be his murderers.

This *Clinias* in his youth had been a ſcholler ſo farre, as to learne rather words than

than manners, and of words rather plentie than order; and oft had vſed to be an actor in Tragedies, where he had learned, beſides a ſlidingnes of language, acquaintance with many paſſions, and to frame his face to beare the figure of them: long vſed to the eyes and eares of men, and to reckon no fault, but ſhamefaſtneſſe in nature, a moſt notable Coward, and yet more ſtrangely than rarely venturous in priuie practices.

This fellow was become of neere truſt to *Cecropia*, *Amphialus* his mother, ſo that he was priuie to all the miſchieuous deuiſes, wherwith ſhe went about to ruine *Baſilius* and his children, for the aduancing of her ſonne: and though his education had made him full of tongue, yet his loue to be doing, taught him in any euil to be ſecret, and had by his miſtreſſe been vſed (euer ſince the ſtrange retiring of *Baſilius*) to whiſper rumors into the peoples eares: and this time (finding great aptneſſe in the multitude) was one of the chief that ſet them in the vprore (though quite without the conſent of *Amphialus*, who would not for all the kingdomes of the world ſo haue aduentured the life of *Philoclea*.) But now perceiuing the floud of their fury began to ebbe, he thought it policy to take the firſt of the tide, ſo that no man cried lowder than he vpon *Baſilius*. And ſome of the luſtieſt rebels not yet agreeing to the reſt, hee cauſed two or three of his mates that were at his commandement to lift him vp, and then as if he had had a prologue to vtter, he began with a nice grauitie to demand audience. But few attending what he ſaid, with vehement geſture, as if he would teare the ſtarres from the skies, he fell to crying out ſo lowde, that not onely *Zelmane*, but *Baſilius* might heare him. O vnhappy men, more mad than the Gyants that would haue plucked *Iupiter* out of heauen, how long ſhall this rage continue? Why do you not all throw down your weapons, and ſubmit your ſelues to our good Prince, or good *Baſilius*, the *Pelops* of wiſedome, & *Minos* of all good gouernment? when will you begin to beleeue mee, and other honeſt and faithfull ſubiects, that haue done all we could to ſtop your furie.

The farmer that loued *Zelmane* could abide him no longer. For as at the firſt he was willing to ſpeak of conditions, hoping to haue gotten great ſoueraignties, and among the reſt *Zelmane*: ſo now perceiuing, that the people, once any thing down the hil from their fury, would neuer ſtay till they came to the bottome of abſolute yeelding, and ſo that he ſhould be nearer feares of puniſhment, than hopes of ſuch aduancement, hee was one of them that ſtood moſt againſt the agreement: and to begin withall, diſdaining this fellow ſhould play the preacher, who had bin one of the chiefeſt make-bates, ſtrake him a great wound vpon the face with his ſword The cowardly wretch fell down, crying for ſuccour, and (ſcrambling through the legs of them that were about him) gat to the throne where *Zelmane* took him, and comforted him, bleeding for that was paſt, and quaking for fear of more.

But as ſoon as that blow was giuen (as if *Æolus* had broke open the doore to let all his winds out) no hand was idle, each one killing him that was next, for fear he ſhould do as much to him. For being diuided in mindes & not diuided in companies, they that would yeeld to *Baſilius* were intermingled with them that would not yeeld. Theſe men thinking their ruine ſtood vpon it; thoſe men to get fauour of their Prince, conuerted their vngracious motion into their own bowels, & by a true iudgement grew their own puniſhers. None was ſooner killed than thoſe that had bin leaders in the diſobedience: who by being ſo, had taught them, that they did lead diſobedience to the ſame leaders. And many times it fell out that they killed them that were of their own faction, anger whetting, and doubt haſtening their fingers. But then came downe *Zelmane*; and *Baſilius* with *Dorus* iſſued, and

ſometimes

ſometimes ſeeking to draw together thoſe of their party, ſomtimes laying indifferently among them, made ſuch hauocke (among the reſt *Zelmane* ſtriking the Farmer to the heart with her ſword, as before ſhe had done with her eyes) that in a while all they of the contrary ſide were put to flight, & fled to certaine woods vpon the frontiers; where feeding wildely, and drinking only water, they were diſciplined for ther drunken riots; many of them being ſlain in the chaſe, about a ſcore only eſcaping. But when theſe late rebels, now ſouldiers, were returned from the chaſe, *Baſilius* calling them together, partly for policie ſake, but principally becauſe *Zelmane* before had ſpoken it (which was to him more than a diuine ordinance) he pronounced their generall pardon, willing them to return to their houſes, & thereafter be more circumſpect in their proceedings: which they did moſt of them with ſharp markes of their folly. But imagining *Clinias* to be one of the chief that had bred this good alteration, he gaue him particular thankes, & withall willed him to make him know how this frenzie had entred into the people.

Clinias purpoſing indeede to tell him the truth of all, ſauing what did touch himſelfe, or *Cecropia*, firſt dipping his hand in the bloud of his wound, Now by this bloud, ſaid he, which is more deare to me than all the reſt that is in my body, ſince it is ſpent for your ſafety: this tongue, perchance vnfortunate, but neuer falſe, ſhall not now begin to lie vnto my prince, of me moſt beloued. Then ſtretching out his hand & making vehement countenances the vſhers of his ſpeeches, in ſuch maner of termes recounted this accident. Yeſterday, ſaid he, being your birth-day, in the goodly greene two miles hence before the citie of *Eniſpus*, to do honor to the day, were a foure or fiue thouſand people (of al cõditions, as I think) gathered together, ſpending al the day in dancings & other exerciſes; & when night came vnder tents & bowes making great cheere, and meaning to obſerue a waſſaling watch all that night for your ſake. *Bacchus*, the learned ſay, was begot with thunder: I think, that made him euer ſince ſo full of ſtur & debate. *Bacchus* indeed it was which ſounded the firſt trumpet to this rude Alarum. For that barbarous opinion being generally among them, to think with vice to do honor, & with actiuity in beaſtlines to ſhew abundance of loue, made moſt of them ſeek to ſhew the depth of their affection in the depth of their draught. But being once wel chafed with wine, hauing ſpẽt al the nigh, & ſome peece of the morning in ſuch reuelling; & emboldned by your abſented maner of liuing, there was no matter their ears had euer heard of, that grew not to be a ſubiect of their winie conference. I ſpeak it by proofe: for I take witnes of the gods, who neuer leaue periuries vnpuniſhed, that I often cried out againſt their impudencie, & (when that would not ſerue) ſtopt mine eares, becauſe I would not be partaker of their blaſphemies, til with buffets they forced me to haue mine ears & eies defiled. Publike affaires were mingled with priuat grudges: neither was any man thought of wit, that did not pretend ſome cauſe of miſlike. Railing was counted the fruit of freedome, & ſaying nothing had his vttermoſt praiſe in ignorance. At the length, your ſacred perſon, alas, why did I liue to heare it? alas how doe I breathe to vtter it? But your commandement doth not only enioyn obedience, but giue me force; your ſacred perſon, I ſay, fel to be their tabletalk: a proud word ſwelling in their ſtomacks, & diſdainfull reproches againſt ſo great a greatneſſe, hauing put on the ſhew of greatnes in their little mindes: till at length the very vnbridled vſe of words having increaſed fire in their mindes (which God wot thought their knowledge notable, becauſe they had at all no knowledge to condemn their own want of knowledge) they deſcended (O neuer to be forgotten preſumption) to a direct diſlike of your liuing from among them. Whereupon it were tedious to

remember

remember their far-fetched constructions. But the sum was, you disdained them: & what were the pompes of your estate, if their armes maintained you not? Who would call you a Prince, if you had not a people? When certain of them of wretched estates, and worse mindes (whose fortunes change could not impaire) began to say, that your gouernment was to be looked into; how the great treasures (you had leuied among them) had been spent; why none but great men and gentlemen could be admitted into counsell, that the commons, forsooth, were too plain headed to say their opinions: but yet their bloud and sweat must maintaine all. Who could tell whether you were not betraied in this place, where you liued: nay whether you did liue or no. Therfore that it was time to come and see; and if you were here, to know, if *Arcadia* were grown lothsome in your sight, why you did not rid your selfe of the trouble? There would not want those that would take so faire a cumber in good part. Since the Countrey was theirs, and the gouernment an adherent to the countrey, why should they not consider of the one as wel as inhabite the other? Nay rather, said they, let vs begin that, which all *Arcadia* will follow. Let vs deliuer our Prince from danger of practices, and our selues from want of a Prince. Let vs doe that which all the rest thinke. Let it be said, that we only are not astonished with vain titles, which haue their force but in our force. Lastly, to haue said and heard so much, was as dangerous, as to haue attempted: and to attempt they had the glorious name of libertie with them. These words, being spoken, like a furious storm, presently caried away their well inclined braines. What I, & some other of the honester sort could do, was no more than if with a puffe of breath, one should go about to make a saile go against a mighty winde: or, with one hand, stay the ruine of a mighty Wall. So generall grew this madnesse among them, there needed no drumme, where each man cried, each speak to other that spake as fast to him, and the disagreeing sound of so many voices was the chief token of their vnmeete agreement. Thus was their banquet turned to a battaile, their winy mirths to bloudy rages, and the happy prayers for your life to monstrous threatning of your estate; the solemnizing your birth-day, tended to haue bin the cause of your funerals. But as a drunken rage hath, besides his wickednesse, that folly, that the more it seeks to hurt, the less it considers how to be able to hurt; they neuer weighed how to arme themselues, but tooke vp euery thing for a weapon, that fury offered to their hands. Many swords, pikes, and bils there were: others tooke pitchforkes and rakes, conuerting husbandry to souldiery, some caught hold of spits, things seruiceable for life, to bee the instruments of death. And there was some such one, who held the same pot wherein he dranke to your health, to vse it, as he could, to your mischiefe. Thus armed, thus gouerned, forcing the vnwilling, and heartning the willing, adding fury to fury, and increasing rage with running, they came headlong toward this lodge: no man, I dare say, resolued in his owne heart, what was the vttermost he would doe when he came hither. But as mischiefe is of such nature, that it cannot stand but with strengthning one euill by another, and so multiply in it selfe, till it come to the highest, & then fall with his owne weight: so to their mindes, once passed the bounds of obedience, more and more wickednes opened it selfe, so that they who first prerended to preserue you, then to reforme you, (I speake it in my conscience, and with a bleeding heart) now thought no safety for them, without murdering you. So as if the Gods, who preserue you for the preseruation of *Arcadia*, had not shewed their miraculous power, and that they had not vsed for instruments, both your own valour (not fit to be spoken of by so meane a mouth as mine) & some, I must confesse, honest minds, (whom alas why

should

ſhould I mention, ſince what we did, reacht not to the hundreth part of our duty:) our hands (I tremble to thinke of it) had deſtroyed all that, for which wee haue cauſe to reioyce that we are *Arcadians*.

With that the fellow did wring his hands, and wrang out teares: ſo as *Baſilius*, that was not the ſharpeſt piercer into masked mindes, took a good liking to him; and ſo much the more as he had tickled him with praiſe in the hearing of his Miſtreſſe. And therfore pitying his wound, willed him to get him home, & look well vnto it, and make the beſt ſearch he could, to know if there were any further depth in this matter: for which he ſhould be well rewarded. But before he went away, certaine of the ſhepheards being come (for that day was appointed for their paſtorals) he ſent one of them to *Philanax*, and another to other principall noblemen, and cities thereabouts, to make through inquirie of this vprore, & withall to place ſuch garriſons in all the townes & villages neer vnto him, that he might thereafter keep his ſolitarie lodge in more ſecuritie, vpon the making of a fire, or ringing of a bell, hauing them in a readineſſe for him.

This *Clinias* (hauing his eare one way when his eye was another) had perceiued, & therfore haſted away, with mind to tell *Cecropia*, that ſhe was to take ſome ſpeedy reſolution, or elſe it were danger thoſe examinations would both diſcouer, and ruine her: and ſo went his way, leauing that little company with embracements, and prayſing of *Zelmanes* excellent proceeding, to ſhew, that no decking ſets forth any thing ſo much, as affection. For as, while ſhe ſtood at the diſcretion of thoſe vndiſcreete rebels, euery angry countenance any of them made, ſeemed a knife layed vpon their owne throats; ſo vnſpeakeable was now their ioy, that they ſaw (beſides her ſafety and their owne) the ſame wrought, and ſafety wrought by her meanes, in whom they had placed all their delights. What examples *Greece* could euer alleage of wit and fortitude, were ſet in ranke of trifles, being compared to this action.

But as they were in the midſt of thoſe vnfained ceremonies, a Gitterne, il-playd on, accompanied with a hoarſe voyce (who ſeemed to ſing mauger the Muſes, and to be merry in ſpite of Fortune) made them look the way of the ill-noyſed ſong. The ſong was this.

A Hatefull eare with hate to heale:
A bloody helpe with blood to ſaue:
A fooliſh thing with fooles to deale:
Let him be bobd that bobs will haue,
But who by meanes of wiſedome hie
Hath ſau'd his charge? it is euen I.

Let others deck their pride with ſkarres,
And of their wounds make brane lame ſhowes:
Firſt let them dye, then paſſe the ſtarres,
When rotten Fame will tell their blowes.
But eye from blade, and eare from cry;
Who hath ſau'd all? it is euen I.

They had ſoone found it was *Dametas*, who came with no leſſe lifted vp countenance, than if he had paſſed ouer the bellies of all his enemies: ſo wiſe a point hee thought he had performed in vſing the naturall ſtrength of the cause. But neuer was

it

it his doing to come so soone thence, till the coast were more assuredly cleare: for it was a rule with him, That after a great storm there euer fall a few drops before it be fully finished. But *Pamela* (who had now experienced how much care doth solicite a Louers heart) vsed this occasion of going to her parents and sister, indeede as well for that cause, as being vnquiet, till her eye might be assured how her shepheard had gone through the danger. But *Basilius* with the sight of *Pamela* (of whom almost his head, otherwise occupied, had left the wonted remembrance) was suddenly stricken into a deuout kinde of admiration, remembring the Oracle, which (according to the fauning humour of false hope) hee interpreted now his own to his owne best, and with the willing blindenesse of affection (because his minde ran wholly vpon *Zelmane*) he thought the Gods in their Oracles did principally mind her.

But as he was deeply thinking of the matter, one of the shepheards told him, that *Philanax* was already come with an hundred horse in his company. For hauing by chance rid not far off the little desart, he had heard of this vproare, & so was come vpon the spur (gathering company of gentlemen as fast as he could) to the succour of his Master: *Basilius* was glad of it; but not willing to haue him, nor any other of the noblemen, see his Mistris, he himselfe went out of the lodge: and so giuing order vnto him of placing garrisons, and examining these matters; and *Philanax* with humble earnestnesse beginning to entreate him to leaue off this solitary course (which already had been so dangerous vnto him.) Well, said *Basilius*, it may be ere long I will condescend vnto your desire. In the meane time, take you the best order you can to keep me safe in my solitarinesse. But, said he, doe you remember, how earnestly you wrote vnto mee, that I should not be moued by the Oracles authoritie, which brought me to this resolution? Full well Sir (answered *Philanax*) for though it pleased you not as then to let me know, what the Oracles words were (yet all Oracles hold in (in my conceit) one degree of reputation) it sufficed me to know, it was but an Oracle, which led you from your own course. Well, said *Basilius*, I will now tell you the words; which before I thought not good to doe, because when all the euents fal out (as some already haue done) I may charge you with your incredulitie. So he repeated them in this sort.

THy elder care shall from thy carefull face
By Princely meane be stolne, and yet not lost.
Thy younger shall with Natures blisse embrace
An vncouth loue, which nature hateth most.
Both they themselues vnto such two shall wed,
Who at thy beer, as at a barre, shall pleade;
Why thee (a liuing man) they had made dead.
In thine own seat a forraine state shall sit,
And ere that all these blowes thy head do hit,
Thou, with thy wife, adultry shalt commit.

For you, forsooth, said he, when I told you, that some supernatural cause sent me strange visions, which being cõfirmed with presagious chances, I had gone to *Delphos*, & there receiued this answer, you replyed vnto me, that the only supernatural causes were the humours of my body, which bred such melancholy dreams; & that both they framed a minde full of conceits, apt to make presages of things, which in themselues were meerely chanceable: and withall, as I say, you remember what you

you wrote vnto me, touching the authority of the Oracle: but now I haue ſome notable triall of the truth therof, which hereafter I will more largely cõmunicate vnto you. Only now, know that the thing I moſt feared is already performed; I meane that a forraine ſtate ſhould poſſeſſe my throne. For that hath bin done by *Zelmane*, but not as I feared, to my ruine, but to my preſeruation. But when he had once named *Zelmane*, that name was as good as a pully, to make the clock of his praiſes run on in ſuch ſort, that (*Philanax* found) was more exquiſite than the only admiration of vertue breedeth: which his faithful heart inwardly repining at, made him ſhrink away as ſoone as he could, to go about the other matters of importance, which *Baſilius* had enioyned vnto him.

Baſilius returned into the Lodge, thus by himſelfe conſtruing the Oracle; that in that he ſaid, his elder care ſhould by Princely meane be ſtolne away from him, and yet not loſt, it was now performed, ſince *Zelmane* had as it were robd from him the care of his firſt begotten childe, yet was it not loſt, ſince in his heart the ground of it remained. That his younger ſhould with Natures bliſſe embrace the loue of *Zelmane*, becauſe he had ſo commanded her for his ſake to do; yet ſhould it be with as much hate of Nature, for being ſo hatefull an oppoſite to the iealouſie hee thought her mother had of him. The ſitting in his ſeat hee deemed by her already performed: but that which moſt comforted him, was his interpretation of the adultery, which he thought he ſhould commit with *Zelmane*, whom afterwards hee ſhould haue to his wife. The point of his daughters mariage, becauſe it threatned his death withall, he determined to preuent with keeping them (while he liued) vnmarried. But hauing, as he thought, gotten thus much vnderſtanding of the Oracle, he determined for three daies after to performe certain rites to *Apollo*: and euen then began with his wife and daughters to ſing this Hymne, by them yearely vſed.

APollo *Great, whoſe beames the greater world doe light,*
And in our little world doe cleare our inward ſight,
Which euer ſhine, though hid from earth by earthly ſhade,
Whoſe lights doe euer line, but in our darkneſſe fade;
Thou god, whoſe youth was deckt with ſpoile of Pythons *skin*
(So humble knowledge can throw downe the ſnakiſh ſinne)
Latona's *ſon, whoſe birth in paine and trauaile long*
Doth teach, to learne the good what trauailes doe belong:
In trauaile of our life (a ſhort but tedious ſpace)
While brickle houre-glaſſe runs, guide thou our panting pace:
Giue vs foreſightfull mindes: giue vs mindes to obey
What foreſight tels; our thoughts vpon thy knowledge ſtay.
Let ſo our fruits grow vp that nature be maintaind:
But ſo our hearts keepe downe, with vice they be not ſtaind.
Let this aſſured hold our iudgements ouertake,
That nothing winnes the heauen, but what doth earth forſake.

Aſſoone as he had ended his deuotion (all the priuiledged ſhepheards being now come) knowing wel enough he might lay all his care vpon *Philanax*, he was willing to ſweeten the taſte of this paſſed tumult, with ſome rurall paſtimes. For which while the ſhepheards prepared themſelues in their beſt manner, *Baſilius* tooke his daughter *Philoclea* aſide, & with ſuch haſte, as if his eares hunted for words, deſired to know how ſhe had found *Zelmane*. She humbly anſwered him, according to the

agreement betwixt them, that thus much for her ſake *Zelmane* was content to deſcend from her former reſolution, as to heare him, whenſoeuer he would ſpeake; & further than that, ſhe ſaid, as *Zelmane* had not granted, ſo ſnee neyther did, nor euer would deſire. *Baſilius* kiſt her with more than fatherly thanks, and ſtraight (like a hard-kept Warde new come to his lands) would fain haue vſed the benefit of that grant, in laying his ſickneſſe before his only Phyſitian. But *Zelmane* (that had not yet fully determined with her ſelfe, how to beare her ſelfe toward him) made him in few words vnderſtand, that the time in reſpect of the company was vnfit for ſuch a parley; & therfore to keep his brains the buſier, letting him vnderſtand what ſhe had learned of his daughters, touching *Erona's* diſtreſſe (whom in her trauaile ſhe had knowne, and bin greatly beholding to) ſhe deſired him to finiſh the reſt, for ſo far as *Plangus* had told him, Becauſe ſhe ſaid, and ſhe ſaid truely, ſhe was full of care for that Lady, whoſe deſert (only except an ouer-baſe choiſe) was nothing agreeable to misfortune. *Baſilius* glad that ſhe would command him any thing, but more glad, that in excuſing the vnfitneſſe of that time, ſhe argued an intention to grant a fitter, obeyed her in this manner.

Madam, ſaid hee, it is verie true, that ſince yeares enabled mee to iudge what is, or is not to be pitied, I neuer ſaw any thing that more moued me to iuſtifie a vehement compaſſion in my ſelfe, than the eſtate of that Prince, whom ſtrong againſt all his owne afflictions (which yet were great as I perceiue you haue heard) yet true and noble loue had ſo pulled down, as to lye vnder ſorrow for another. Inſomuch as I could not temper my long idle pen in that ſubiect, which I perceiue you haue ſeen. But then to leaue that vnrepeated, which I find my daughters haue told you: It may pleaſe you to vnderſtand, ſince it pleaſeth you to demand, that *Antiphilus* being crowned, and ſo left by the famous Princes *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles* (led thence by the challenge of *Anaxius*, who is now in theſe Prouinces of *Greece*, making a diſhonourable enquiry after that excellent Prince *Pyrocles* already periſhed) *Antiphilus*, I ſay, being crowned, and deliuered from the preſence of thoſe two (whoſe vertues, while they were preſent, like good Schoolemaſters) ſuppreſſed his vanities, he had not ſtrength of mind enough in him to make long delay of diſcouering what maner of man he was. But ſtreight like one caried vp to ſo hie a place, that he loſeth the diſcerning of the ground ouer which he is; ſo was his mind lifted ſo far beyond the leuell of his owne diſcourſe, that remembring only that himſelf was in the high ſeat of a King, hee could not perceiue that hee was a king of reaſonable creatures, who would quickly ſcorne follies, and repine at iniuries. But imagining no ſo true propertie of ſoueraigntie, as to do what he liſted, and to liſt whatſoeuer pleaſed his fancy, he quickly made his Kingdome a Teniſcourt, where his ſubiects ſhould bee the balles, not in truth cruelly, but licenciouſly abuſing them, preſuming ſo far vpon himſelf, that what he did was liked of euery body: nay, that his diſgraces were fauours, & all becauſe he was a king. For in Nature not able to conceiue the bounds of great matters (ſuddenly borne into an vnknowne Ocean of abſolute power) he was ſwayed withal, he knew not how, as euery wind of paſſions puffed him. Whereto nothing helped him better, than that poyſonous ſugar of flatterie: which ſome vſed, out of the innate baſeneſſe of their heart, ſtraight like dogs fawning vpon the greateſt: others ſecretly hating him, and diſdayning his great riſing ſo ſuddenly, ſo vndeſeruedly (finding his humour) bent their exalting him only to his ouerthrow; like the bird that carries the ſhel-fiſh high, to breake him the eaſier with his fall. But his minde (being an apt matter to receiue what forme their amplifying ſpeeches would lay vpon it) danced ſo pretty a meaſure to their falſe muſick, that he thought himſelfe

himselfe the wisest & worthiest, and best beloued, that euer gaue honour to royall title. And being but obscurely borne, he had found our vnblushing pedegrees, that made him not only of the bloud royall, but true heire, though vniustly dispossest by *Erona's* Ancestors. And like the foolish bird, that when it so hides the head that it sees not it selfe, thinkes no body else sees it: so did he imagine that no body knew his baseneſſe, while he himselfe turned his eyes from it.

Then vaineneſſe (a meager friend to gratefulneſſe) brought him so to despise *Erona*, as of whom he had receiued no benefit, that within halfe a yeans marriage he began to pretend barrenneſſe: & making first an vnlawfull law of hauing mo wiues than one, he still keeping *Erona* vnder-hand, by messages sought *Artaxia*: who no lesse hating him, than louing (as vnlucky a choise) the naughty King *Plexirtus*, yet to bring to passe what she purposed, was content to traine him into false hopes, till already his imagination had crowned him King of *Armenia*, and had made that but the foundation of more and more Monarchies; as if fortune had only gotten eyes to cherish him. In which time a great assembly of most part of all the Princes of *Asia* being to do honour to the neuer sufficiently praised *Pyrocles* & *Musidorus*, he would be one, not to acknowledge his obligation, which was as great as any of the others, but looking to haue bin yong-mastred among those great estates, as he was among his abusing vnderlings. But so many valorous Princes, indeed far nearer to disdaine him than otherwise, he was quickly (as standing vpon no true ground) inwardly out of countenance with himselfe, till his seldom-comfortlesse flatterers (perswading him, it was enuie and feare of his expected greatnesse) made him haste away from that company, and without further delay appointed the meeting with *Artaxia*; so incredibly blinded with the ouer-bright shining of his royaltie, that hee could thinke such a Queene would be content to be ioyned-patent with another to haue such an husband. Poore *Erona* to all this obeyed, either vehemency of affection making her stoop to so ouer-base a seruitude, or astonished with an vnlooked for fortune, dull to any behoofefull resolution, or (as many times it falls out euen in great hearts when they can accuse none but themselues) desperately bent to maintaine it. For so went she on in that way of her loue, that (poore Ladie) to bee beyond all other examples of ill set affection, she was brought to write to *Artaxia*, that she was content, for the publike good to be a second wife, and yeeld the first place to her; nay to extoll him, and euen woo *Artaxia* for him.

But *Artaxia* (mortally hating them both for her brothers sake) was content to hide her hate, till she had time to shew it: and pretending that all her grudge was against the two paragons of vertue, *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, euen met them halfe way in excusing her brothers murther, as not being principall actors; and of the other side, driuen to what they did by the euer-pardonable necessitie: and so well handled the matter, as though she promised nothing, yet *Antiphilus* promised himselfe all that she would haue him thinke. And so a solemne enterview was appointed: But (as the Poets say) *Hymen* had not there his saffron coloured coat. For *Artaxia* laying men secretly (& easily they might bee secret, since *Antiphilus* thought shee ouer-ran him in loue) when hee came euen ready to embrace her (shewing rather a countenance of accepting than offering) they came forth, and (hauing much aduantage both in number, valour, & fore-preparation) put all his company to the sword, but such as could flie away. As for *Antiphilus*, she caused him & *Erona* both to be put in yrons, hasting back toward her brothers tombe, vpon which she meant to sacrifice them; making the loue of her brother stand betweene her and all other motions of grace, from which by nature she was alienated.

But great diuerſity in them two quickly diſcouered it ſelfe for the bearing of that affliction: for *Antiphilus* that had no greatneſſe but outward, that taken away, was ready to fall faſter than calamity could thruſt him; with fruitleſſe begging of life (where reaſon might well aſſure him his death was reſolued) and weake bemoning his fortune, to giue his enemies a moſt pleaſing muſicke, with manie promiſes and proteſtations, to as little purpoſe, as from a little mind. But *Erona* ſad indeed, yet like one rather vſed, than new faln to ſadneſſe (as who had the ioyes of her heart already broken) ſeemed rather to welcome than to ſhun that end of miſerie; ſpeaking little, but what ſhe ſpake was for *Antiphilus*, remembring his guiltineſs, being at that time priſoner to *Tiridates*, when the valian Princes ſlue him: to the diſgrace of men, ſhewing that there are women both more wiſe to iudge what is to bee expected, and more conſtant to beare it when it is happened.

But her wit endeared by her youth, her affliction by her birth, & her ſadneſſe by her beauty, made this noble Prince *Plangus*, who (neuer almoſt from his Couſin *Artaxia*) was now preſent at *Erona's* taking, to perceiue the ſhape of louelineſſe more perfectly in wo, than in ioyfulneſſe (as in a picture which receiues greater life by the darkneſſe of ſhadowes, than by more glittering colours) and ſeeing to like, and liking to loue, and louing ſtraight to feele the moſt incident effects of loue, to ſerue and preſerue. So borne by the haſtie tyde of ſhort leaſure, he did haſtily deliuer together his affection, and affectionate care. But ſhee (as if he had ſpoken of a ſmall matter, when he mentioned her life, to which ſhee had not leaſure to attend) deſired him if hee loued her, to ſhew it, in finding ſome way to ſaue *Antiphilus*. For her, ſhe found the world but a wearieſome ſtage vnto her, where ſhe played a part againſt her will: and therefore beſought him, not to caſt his loue in ſo vnfruitfull a place, as could not loue it ſelfe: but for a teſtimony of conſtancie, and a ſtableneſſe to his word, to doe ſo much comfort to her minde, as that for her ſake *Antiphilus* were ſaued. Hee told mee how much hee argued againſt her tendring him, who had ſo vngratefully betrayed her, and fooliſhly caſt away himſelfe. But perceiuing ſhe did not only bend her very good wits to ſpeak for him againſt her ſelf, but when ſuch a cauſe could be allied to no reaſon, yet loue would needes make it ſelfe a cauſe, and barre her rather from hearing, than yeeld that ſhe ſhould yeeld to ſuch arguments: he likewiſe in whom the power of Loue, as they ſay of ſpirits, was ſubiect to the loue in her, with griefe conſented, and (though backwardly) was diligent to labour the helpe of *Antiphilus*: a man whom he not only hated, as a traytor to *Erona*, but enuied as a poſſeſſor of *Erona*. Yet loue ſware his heart, in ſpite of his heart, ſhould make him become a ſeruant to his riuall. And ſo did he, ſeeking all the meanes of perſwading *Artaxia*, which the authority of ſo neere, and ſo vertuous a kinſman could giue vnto him. But ſhee to whom the eloquence of hatred had giuen reuenge the face of delight, reiected al ſuch motions; but rather the more cloſely impriſoning them in her chiefe city, where ſhe kept them, with intention at the birth-day of *Tiridates*, which was very neere, to execute *Antiphilus*, and at the day of his death, which was about halfe a yeare after, to vſe the ſame rigour towards *Erona*. *Plangus* much grieued, becauſe much louing, attempted the humours of the *Lycians*, to ſee, whether they would come in with forces to ſuccor their Princeſſe. But there the next inheritor to the crown (with the true play that is vſed in the game of kingdomes) had no ſooner his miſtreſſe in captiuity, but he had vſurped her place, and making her odious to her people, becauſe of the vnfit election ſhe had made, had ſo left no hope there: but which is worſe, had ſent to *Artaxia*, perſwading the iuſticing her, becauſe that vniuſtice might giue his title the name of iuſtice. Wanting

that

that way, *Plangus* practiſed with ſome deare friends of his, to ſaue *Antiphilus* out of priſon, whoſe day becauſe it was much nearer than *Erona's*, & that he wel found, ſhe had twiſted her life vpon the ſame threed with his, hee determined firſt to get him out of priſon: and to that end hauing prepared all matters as well as in ſuch caſe he could, where *Artaxia* had ſet many of *Tiridates* old ſeruants to haue well-marking eyes, he conferred with *Antiphilus*, as (by the authority he had) he found meanes to do; & agreed with him of the time & maner, how hee ſhould by the death of ſome of his Iaylors eſcape. But all being well ordered, & *Plangus* willingly putting himſelfe into the greateſt danger, *Antiphilus* (who, like a bladder, ſweld ready to break, while it was full of the wind of proſperity; that being out, was ſo abiected, as apt to be trod on by euery body) when it came to the point, that with ſome hazzard, hee might be in apparant likelihood to auoid the vttermoſt harme, his heart fainted, & (weake foole, neither hoping, nor fearing as hee ſhould) gat a conceit, that with bewraying this practice, he might obtaine pardon: & therefore euen a little before *Plangus* ſhould haue come vnto him, opened the whole practice to him that had the charge, with vnpitied teares idely proteſting, hee had rather dye by *Artaxia's* commandement, than againſt her will eſcape: yet begging life vpon any the hardeſt, & wretchedeſt conditions that ſhe ſhould lay vpon him. His keeper prouided accordingly, ſo that when *Plangus* came, he was like himſelfe to haue bin entrapped: but that finding (with a luckie in-ſight) that it was diſcouered, he retyred; and (calling his friends about him) ſtood vpon his guard, as he had good cauſe. For, *Artaxia* (accounting him moſt vngratefull, conſidering that her brother & ſhe had not onely preſerued him againſt the malice of his father, but euer vſed him much liker his birth, than his fortune) ſent forces to apprehend him. But hee among the martiall men had gotten ſo great loue, that he could not only keep himſelf from her malice, but worke in their minds a compaſſion of *Erona's* aduerſitie.

But for the ſuccour of *Antiphilus* hee could get no bodie to ioyne with him; the contempt of him hauing not bin able to qualifie the hatred; ſo that *Artaxia* might eaſily vpon him performe her will; which was (at the humble ſuite of all the women of that Citie) to deliuer him to their cenſure, who mortally hated him for hauing made a law of *Polygamie*, after many tortures, forc't him to throw himſelfe from a high Pyramis, which was built ouer *Tiridates* tombe, and ſo to end his falſe-hearted life, which had planted no ſtrong thought in him, but that he could be vnkinde.

But *Plangus* well perceiuing that *Artaxia* ſtayed only for the appointed day, that the faire *Erona's* body (conſumed to aſhes) ſhould make a notorious teſtimony, how deeply her brothers death was engrauen in her breaſt, he aſſembled good numbers of friends, whom his vertue, though a ſtranger, had tyed vnto him, by force to giue her liberty. Contrariwiſe, *Artaxia*, to whom Anger gaue more courage than her ſexe did feare, vſed her regall authority (the moſt ſhe could) to ſuppreſſe that ſedition, and haue her will: which, ſhee thought, is the moſt Princely thing that may be. But *Plangus*, who indeed, as all men witneſſe, is one of the beſt Captaines (both for policie and valour) that are trayned in the ſchoole of *Mars*, in a conflict ouerthrew *Artaxia's* power, though of farre greater number: and there tooke priſoner a baſe ſonne of her brothers, whom ſhe dearely affected, & then ſent her word that he ſhould runne the ſame race of fortune, whatſoeuer it was, that *Erona* did: & happy was that threatning for her; for elſe *Artaxia* had haſtened the day of her death, in reſpect of thoſe tumults.

But now (ſome principall Noblemen of that Country interpoſing themſelues)

it was agreed, that all perſons elſe fully pardoned, and all priſoners (except *Erona*) deliuered, ſhe ſhould be put into the hands of a principall Nobleman, who had a caſtle of great ſtrength, by oath, if by the day two yeare from *Tiridates* death, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* did not in perſon combate, and ouercome two Knights, whom ſhe appointed to maintaine her quarrell againſt *Erona* and them, of hauing by treaſon deſtroyed her brother, that then *Erona* ſhould be that ſame day burned to aſhes: but if they came, and had the victorie, ſhe ſhould be deliuered; but vpon no occaſion neither freed, nor executed till that day. And hereto of both ſides, all took ſolemne oath, and ſo the peace was concluded; they of *Plangus* party forcing him to agree, though he himſelfe the ſooner condiſcended, knowing the courteſie of thoſe two excellent Princes, not to refuſe ſo noble a quarrell, & their power ſuch, as two more (like the other two) were not able to reſiſt. But *Artaxia* was more, and vpon better ground, pleaſed with this action; for ſhe had euen newly receiued news from *Plexirtus*, that vpon the ſea he had cauſed them both to periſh, & therefore ſhe held her ſelfe ſure of the match.

But poore *Plangus* knew not ſo much, and therefore ſeeing his party (as moſt times it falls out in like caſe) hungry of any conditions of peace, accepted them; & then obtained leaue of the Lord, that indifferently kept her, to viſit *Erona*, whom he found full of deſperate ſorrow, ſuffering neither his vnworthineſſe, nor his wrongs, nor his death (which is the naturall concluſion of all worldly acts) either to couer with forgetfulneſs, or diminiſh with conſideration, the affection ſhe had born him: but euen glorying in affliction, & ſhunning all comfort, ſhe ſeemed to haue no delight, but in making her ſelfe the picture of miſery. So that when *Plangus* came to her, ſhe fell in deadly traunces, as if in him ſhe had ſeen the death of *Antiphilus*, becauſe he had not ſuccoured him: and yet (her vertue ſtriuing) ſhe did at one time acknowledge her ſelf bound, & profeſſe her ſelf iniured; in ſtead of allowing the concluſion they had made, or writing to the Princes (as he wiſht her to do) crauing nothing but ſom ſpeedy death, to follow her (in ſpite of iuſt hate) beloued *Antiphilus*.

So that *Plangus* hauing nothing but a rauiſht kiſſe from her hand at their parting, went away toward *Greece*, whitherward he vnderſtood the Princes were embarked. But by the way it was his fortune to intercept letters, written by *Artaxia* to *Plexirtus*: wherein ſhee ſignified her accepting him to her husband, whom ſhee had euer fauoured; ſo much the rather, as hee had performed the conditions of her marriage, in bringing to their deſerued end her greateſt enemies: withall, thanking the ſea, in ſuch tearmes as hee might well perceiue it was by ſome treaſon wrought in *Plexirtus* ſhip. Whereupon (to make more diligent ſearch) he tooke ſhip himſelfe, and came into *Laconia*, enquiring, and by his enquiry finding, that ſuch a ſhip was indeede with fight and fire periſhed, none (almoſt) eſcaping. But for *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, it was aſſuredly determined that they were caſt away: for the name of ſuch Princes (eſpecially in *Greece*) would quickly elſe haue bin a large witneſſe to the contrary. Full of griefe with that, for the loſſe of ſuch, who left the world poor of perfection: but more ſory for *Erona's* ſake, who now by them could not be reliued; a new aduertiſement from *Armenia* ouertooke him, which multiplyed the force of his anguiſh. It was a meſſage from the Nobleman who had *Erona* in ward, gluing him to vnderſtand, that ſince his departure, *Artaxia*, vſing the benefit of time, had beſieged him in his Caſtle, demanding preſent deliuerie of her, whom yet for his faith giuen, he would not, before the day appointed, if poſſibly he could reſiſt; which he foreſaw, long he ſhould not do for want of victuall, which he had not ſo wiſely prouided, becauſe he truſted vpon the generall oath taken for two yeares

ſpace:

ſpace: and therefore willed him to make haſte to his ſuccour, and come with no ſmall forces; for all they that were of his ſide in *Armenia* were conſumed, and *Artaxia* had increaſed her might by marriage of *Plexirtus*, who now crowned King there, ſtickt not to glory in the murder of *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, as hauing iuſt cauſe thereto, in reſpect of the deaths of his ſiſter *Andromana*, her ſon his Nephew, and his owne daughter *Zelmane*: all whoſe loſſe hee vniuſtly charged them withall, and now openly ſtickt not to confeſſe, what a reuenge his wit had brought forth. *Plangus* much aſtoniſhed herewith, bethought himſelfe what to doe: for to returne to *Armenia* was vaine, ſince his friends there, were vtterly ouerthrowne. Then thought he of going to his father; but he had already (euen ſince the death of his ſtepmother and brother) attempted the recouering of his fauour, and all in vaine. For they that had before ioyned with *Andromana* to doe him the wrong, thought now no life for them if he returned; and therefore kept him ſtill (with new forged ſuſpicions) odious to his father. So that *Plangus* reſeruing that for a work of longer time, than the ſauing of *Erona* could beare, determined to goe to the mightie and good king *Euarchus*: who lately hauing (to his eternall fame) fully, not onely conquered his enemies, but eſtabliſhed good gouernment in their countries, he hoped he might haue preſent ſuccour of him, both for the iuſtneſſe of the cauſe, and reuenge of his childrens death, by ſo haynous a treaſon murthered. Therefore with diligence he went to him, and by the way (paſſing through my countrey) it was my hap to finde him, the moſt ouerthrowne man with griefe, that euer I hope to ſee againe. For ſtill it ſeemed hee had *Erona* at a ſtake before his eyes; ſuch an apprehenſion hee had taken of her danger; which in deſpite of all the comfort I could giue him, hee powred out in ſuch lamentations, that I was moued not to let him paſſe till he had made full declaration, which by peeces my daughters & I haue deliuered vnto you. Faine he would haue had ſuccour of my ſelf: but the courſe of my life being otherwiſe bent, I only accõpanied him with ſome that might ſafely guid him to the great *Euarchus*; for my part hauing had ſome of his ſpeeches ſo feelingly in my memorie, that at an idle time (as I told you) I ſet them downe Dialogue-wiſe, in ſuch manner as you haue ſeene. And thus, excellent Lady, I haue obeyed you in this ſtory: wherin if it well pleaſe you to conſider what is the ſtrange power of Loue, & what is due to his authority, you ſhall exerciſe therin the true nobleneſs of your iudgement, and doe the more right to the vnfortunate Hiſtorian. *Zelmane* (ſighing for *Erona's* ſake, yet inwardly comforted in that ſhe aſſured her ſelfe *Euarchus* would not ſpare to take in hand the iuſt deliuering of her, ioyned with the iuſt reuenge of his childrens loſſe) hauing now what ſhee deſired of *Baſilius*, to auoide his further diſcourſes of affection, encouraged the ſhepheards to begin, whom ſhee ſaw already ready for them.

THE SECOND ECLOGVES.

THE rude tumult of the *Eniſpians* gaue occaſion to the honeſt ſhepheards to begin their Paſtorals this day with a daunce, which they called the skirmiſh betwixt Reaſon & Paſſion. For ſeuen ſhepheards (which were named the reaſonable ſhepheards) ioyned themſelues, foure of them making a ſquare, & the other two going a little wide of either ſide, like wings for the maine battell, and the ſeuenth man formoſt, like the forlorne hope, to begin the skirmiſh. In like order came out the ſeuen appaſſionated ſhepheards, all keeping the pace of their foot by their voice, and ſundry conſorted inſtruments they held in their armes. And firſt, the formoſt of the Reaſonable ſide began to ſing:

Reaſon.

Reaſon. *Thou rebell vile, come, to thy maſter yeeld.*
And the other that met with him anſwered:
Paſſion. *No, Tyrant, no; mine, mine ſhall be the field.*
R. *Can* Reaſon *then a Tyrant counted be?*
P. *If* Reaſon *will that* Paſſions *be not free.*
R. *But* Reaſon *will, that* Reaſon *gouerne moſt.*
P. *And* Paſſion *will, that* Paſſion *rule the reſt.*
R. *Your will is will, but* Reaſon *reaſon is.*
P. *Will hath his will, when* Reaſons *will doth miſſe.*
R. *Whom* Paſſion *leades, vnto his death is bent.*
P. *And let him die, ſo that he dye content.*
R. *By nature you to* Reaſon *faith haue ſworne.*
P. *Not ſo, but fellow-like together borne.*
R. *Who* Paſſion *doth enſue, liues in annoy.*
P. *Who* Paſſion *doth forſake, liues voide of ioy.*
R. Paſſion *is blinde, and treades an vnknowne trace.*
P. Reaſon *hath eyes to ſee his owne ill caſe.*

Then as they approched nearer, the two of Reaſons ſide, as if they ſhot at the other, thus ſang:

R. *Dare* Paſſions *then abide in* Reaſons *light?*
P. *And is not* Reaſon *dim with* Paſſions *might?*
R. *O fooliſh thing which glory doth deſtroy.*
P. *O glorious title of a fooliſh toy.*
R. *Weakneſſe you are, dare you with our ſtrength fight?*
P. *Becauſe our weakneſſe weakneth all your might.*
R. *O ſacred* Reaſon, *helpe our vertuous toyles.*
P. *O* Paſſion, *paſſe on feeble* Reaſons *ſpoyles.*
R. *We with our ſelues abide a daily ſtrife.*
P. *We gladly vſe the ſweetneſſe of our life.*
R. *But yet our ſtrife ſure peace in end doth breed.*
P. *We now haue peace, your peace we doe not need.*

Then did the two ſquare battailes meete, and in ſtead of fighting embrace one another, ſinging thus:

R. *We are too ſtrong: But* Reaſon *ſeekes no blood.*
P. *Who to bee weake, doe faine they be too good.*
R. *Though we cannot orecome, our cauſe is iuſt.*
P. *Let vs orecome, and let vs be vniuſt.*
R. *Yet* Paſſions *yeeld at length to* Reaſons *ſtroke.*
P. *What ſhall we win by taking* Reaſons *yoke?*
R. *The ioyes you haue ſhall be made permanent.*
P. *But ſo we ſhall with griefe learne to repent.*
R. *Repent indeed, but that ſhall be your bliſſe.*
P. *How know we that, ſince preſent ioyes we miſſe?*
R. *You know it not: of* Reaſon *therefore know it.*
P. *No* Reaſon *yet had euer skill to ſhew it.*
R. *Then let vs both to heauenly rules giue place.*
P. *Which* Paſſions *kill, and reaſon doe deface.*

Then

Then embraced they one another, & came to the king, who framed his praises of them according to *Zelmanes* liking; whose vnrestrained parts, the mind & eye, had their free course to the delicate *Philoclea*, whose look was not short in well requiting it, although shee knew it was a hatefull sight to her iealous mother. But *Dicus* (that had in this time taken a great liking of *Dorus*, for the good parts hee found aboue his age in him) had a delight to taste the fruits of his wit, though in a subiect which he himselfe most of all other despised: and so entred to speech with him in the maner of this following Eclogue.

Dicus. Dorus.

Dicus. Dorus, *tell me, where is thy wonted motion,*
To make these woods resound thy lamentation?
Thy Saint is dead, or dead is thy deuotion.
For who doth hold his loue in estimation,
To witnesse that he thinkes his thoughts delicious,
Thinkes to make each thing badge of his sweet passion.

Dorus. *But what doth make thee* Dicus, *so suspicious.*
Of my due faith, which needs must be immutable?
Who others vertue doubt, themselues are vicious,
Not so; although my metall were most mutable,
Her beames haue wrought therein most faire impression,
To such a force soone change were nothing sutable.

Dicus. *The heart well set doth neuer shunne confession:*
If noble be thy bands, make them notorious:
Silence doth seeme the maske of base oppression.
Who glories in his loue, doth make Loue glorious:
But who doth feare, or bideth mute wilfully,
Shewes, guilty heart doth deeme his state opprobrious.
Thou then, that fram'st both words and voyce most skilfully,
Yeeld to our eares a sweet and sound relation,
If Loue tooke thee by force, or caught thee guilefully.

Dorus. *If Sunnie beames shame heau'nly habitation,*
If three leau'd grasse seeme to the sheepe vnsauorie.
Then base and sowre is Lones most high vocation.
Or if sheepes cries can helpe the Sunnes owne brauerie,
Then may I hope, my pipe may haue abilitie,
To helpe her praise, who decks me in her slauerie.
No, no: no words ennoble selfe nobilitie,
As for your doubts, her voyce was it deceiued me,
Her eye the force beyond all possibilitie.

Dicus. *Thy words well voyc'd, well grac'd had almost beaued me,*
Quite from my selfe to loue Lones contemplation;
Till of these thoughts thy sodaine end bereaued me,
Goe on therefore, and tell vs by what fashion
In thy owne proose he gets so strange possession,
And how possest he strengthens his inuasion.

Sighs

Dorus. *Sight is his roote, in thought is his progression,*
His childehood wonder, prentizeship attention,
His youth delight, his age the soules oppression,
Doubt is his sleepe, he waketh in invention,
Fancie his foode, his clothing is of carefulnesse;
Beauty his booke, his play louers dissention:
His eyes are curious search, but vaild with warefulnesse:
His wings desire oft clipt with desperation.
Largesse his hands could neuer skill of sparefulnesse:
But how he doth by might, or by perswasion
To conquer, and his conquest how to ratifie,
Experience doubts, and schooles hold disputation.

Dicus. *But so thy sheepe may thy good wishes satisfie*
With large encrease, and wool of fine perfection,
So she thy loue, her eyes thy eyes may gratifie,
As thou wilt giue our soules a deare refection,
By telling how she was, how now she framed is
To helpe, or hurt in thee her owne infection.

Dorus. *Blest be the name wherewith my mistris named is:*
Whose wounds are salues, whose yokes please more than pleasure doth:
Her staines are beames; vertue the fault she blamed is,
The heart, eye, eare, here onely finde his treasure doth.
All numbring arts her endlesse graces number not:
Time, place, life wit, scarcely her rare gifts measure doth.
Is she in rage? so is the Sunne in summer hot,
Yet harnest brings. Doth she, alas! absent her selfe?
The Sunne is hid; his kindly shadowes cumber not.
But when to giue some grace she doth content her selfe,
O then it shines, then are the heauens distributed,
And Venus seemes to make vp her, she spent her selfe.
Thus then (I say) me mischiefes haue contributed
A greater good by her diuine reflection,
My harmes to me, my blisse to her attributed.
Thus she is framed: her eyes are my direction,
Her loue my life, her anger my destruction:
Lastly, what so she is, that's my protection.

Dicus. *Thy safety sure is wrapped in destruction,*
For that construction thine owne words doe beare.
A man to feare a womans moodie eye,
Makes Reason lye a slaue to seruile sense,
A weake defence where weakenesse is thy force:
So is remorse in folly dearely bought.

Dorus. *If I had thought to heare blasphemous words,*
My breast to swords, my soule to will haue sold
I rather would, than thus mine eares defile

With

With words so vile, which viler breath doth breed.
O Heards take heed; for I a wolfe have found,
who hunting round the strongest for to kill,
His breast doth [illegible] with earth of others woe:
And loden so pulls downe, pull'd downe destroyes.
O shepheards boyes, eschue these tongues of venome,
Which doe envenome both the soule and senses.
Our best defenses are to flye these Adders.
O tongues like ladders made to clime dishonour,
Who iudge that honour which hath scope to slaunder!

Dicus. Dorus *you wander farre in great reproches,*
So Loue encroches on your charmed reason,
But it is season for to end our singing.
Such anger bringing: as for me, my fancie
In sicke-mans frenzie rather takes compassion,
Than rage for rage: rather my wish I send to thee,
Thou soone may have some helpe, or change of passion:
She oft her lookes, the stars her fauour bend to thee,
Fortune store, Nature health, Loue grant perswasion.
A quiet minde none but thy selfe can lend to thee,
Thus I commend to thee all our former Loue.

Dorus. *Well doe I proue, errour lyes oft in zeale,*
Yet it is zeale, though errour of true heart.
Nought could impart such heates to friendly minde,
But for to finde thy words did her disgrace,
Whose onely face the little heauen is:
Which who doth misse, his eyes are but delusions,
Barr'd from their chiefest obiect of delightfulnesse,
Throwne on this earth, the Chaos of confusions;
As for thy wish, to my enraged spitefulnesse
The lowely blow, with rare reward, my prayer is
Thou maist loue her, that I may see thy sightfulnesse.
The quiet mind (whereof my selfe empairer is,
As thou dost thinke) should most of all disquiet me
Without her loue, than any minde who fairer is,
Her onely cure from surfet woes can diet me.
She holds the ballance of my contentation:
Her cleared eyes, nought else in stormes can quiet me.
Nay rather than my ease discontentation
Should breed to her, let me for aye deiected be
From any ioy, which might her griefe occasion.
With so sweet plagues my happy harmes infected be:
Paine wills me dye, yet will of death I mortifie:
For though life irkes, in life my loues protected be,
Thus for each change my changelesse heart I fortifie.

When they had ended, to the good pleasing of the assistants, especially of *Zelmane*,

Zelmane, who neuer forgate to giue due commendations to her friend *Dorus*, *Baſilius* called for *Lamon* to end his diſcourſe of *Strephon* & *Klaius*, wherwith the other day he marked Zelmane to haue been exceedingly delighted. But him ſickneſſe had ſtayed from that aſſembly: which gaue occaſion to *Hiſter* and *Damon* two young ſhepherds, taking vpon them the two friendly riuals names, to preſent *Baſilius* with ſome other of their complaints Eclogue-wiſe, and firſt with this double Seſtine.

Strephon. Klaius.

Strephon. *YE Gote-heard Gods, that loue the graſsie mountaines,*
Ye Nymphs that haunt the ſprings in pleaſant vallies,
Ye Satyrs ioy'd with free and quiet forreſts,
Vouchſafe your ſilent eares to plaining muſicke,
Which to my woes giue ſtill an early morning,
And drawes the dolour on till weary euening.

Klaius. *O* Mercurie, *foregoer to the euening,*
O heauenly huntreſſe of the ſauage mountaines,
O louely ſtar, entitled of the morning,
While that my voice doth fill thoſe wofull vallies,
Vouchſafe your ſilent eares to plaining muſicke,
Which oft hath Echo tyr'd in ſecret forreſts.

Strephon. *I that was once free burgeſſe of the forreſts,*
Where ſhade from Sunne, and ſports I ſought at euening,
I that was once eſteem'd for pleaſant muſicke,
Am baniſht now among the monſtrous mountaines
Of huge deſpaire, and foule afflictions vallies,
Am growne a ſhrich-owle to my ſelfe each morning.

Klaius. *I that was once delighted euery morning,*
Hunting the wilde inhabiters of forreſts:
I that was once the muſicke of theſe vallies,
So darkened am, that all my day is euening,
Heart broken ſo, that molehills ſeeme high mountaines,
And fill the vales with cryes in ſtead of muſicke.

Strephon. *Long ſince alas, my deadly ſwanniſh muſicke*
Hath made it ſelfe a cryer of the morning:
And hath with wailing ſtrength clim'd higheſt mountaines:
Long ſince my thoughts more deſert be than forreſts:
Long ſince I ſee my ioyes come to their euening,
And ſtate throwne downe to ouer troden vallies.

Klaius. *Long ſince the happy dwellers of theſe vallies,*
Haue pray'd me leaue my ſtrange exclaiming muſicke,
Which troubles their dayes worke, and ioyes of euening:
Long ſince I hate the night, more hate the morning:
Long ſince my thoughts chaſe me like beaſts in forreſts,
And make me wiſh my ſelfe laid vnder mountaines.

Strephon. *Mee ſeemes I ſee the high and ſtately mountaines,*
Transforme themſelues to low deiected vallies:
Me ſeemes I heare in theſe ill changed forreſts,
The Nightingales doe learne of Owles their muſicke:
Me ſeemes I feele the comfort of the morning,
Turn'd to the mortall ſerene of an euening.

Klaius. *Me ſeemes I ſee a filthy cloudie euening,*
As ſoone as Sunne begins to climbe the mountaines:
Me ſeemes I feele a noyſome ſent, the morning
when I doe ſmell the flowers of theſe vallies:
Me ſeemes I heare, when I doe heare ſweet muſicke,
The dreadfull cryes of murdred men in forreſt.

Strephon. *I wiſh to fire the trees of all theſe forreſts,*
Igiue the Sunne a laſt farewell each euening,
I curſe the fidling finders out of muſicke:
With enuie I doe hate the loftie mountaines;
And with deſpite deſpiſe the humble vallies:
I doe deteſt night, euening, day and morning.

Klaius. *Curſe to my ſelfe my prayer is, the morning;*
My fire is more than can be made with forreſts;
My ſtate more baſe, than are the baſeſt vallies;
I wiſh no euenings more to ſee, each euening;
Shamed I hate my ſelfe in ſight of mountaines,
And ſtop mine eares, leſt I grow mad with muſicke.

Strephon. *For ſhe whoſe parts maintainde a perfect muſicke,*
Whoſe beautie ſhin'd more than the bluſhing morning,
Who much did paſſe in ſtate the ſtately mountaines,
In ſtraightneſſe paſt the Cedars of the forreſts,
Hath caſt me wretch into eternall euening,
By taking her two Sunnes from theſe darke vallies.

Klaius. *For ſhe, to whom compar'd, the Alpes are vallies,*
She, whoſe leaſt word brings from the ſpheares their muſicke,
At whoſe approch the Sunne roſe in the euening,
Who where ſhe went bare in her forehead morning,
Is gone, is gone, from theſe our ſpoyled forreſts,
Turning to deſarts our beſt paſtur'd mountaines.

Strephon. *Theſe mountaines witneſſe ſhall, ſo ſhall theſe vallies,*
Theſe Forreſts eke, made wretched by our muſicke,
Klaius. *Our morning hymne is this, and ſong at euening.*

But, as though all this had bin but the taking of a taſte of their wailings, *Strephon* againe began this Dizaine, which was anſwered vnto him in that kinde of verſe which is called the crowne.

Strephon. Klaius.

Strephon. *I ioy in griefe, and doe deteſt all ioyes:*
Deſpiſe delight, am tyr'd with thought of eaſe:
I turne my minde to all formes of annoyes,
And with the change of them my fancie pleaſe,
I ſtudie that which may me moſt diſpleaſe,
And in deſpite of that diſpleaſures might,
Embrace that moſt, that moſt my ſoule deſtroyes,
Blinded with beames, fell darkeneſſe is my ſight:
Dwell in my ruines, feed with ſucking ſmart
I thinke from me, not from my woes to part.

Klaius. *I thinke from me, not from my woes to part,*
And loath this time, call'd life, nay thinke, that life
Nature to me for torment did impart;
Think, my hard haps haue blunted deaths ſharpe knife,
Not ſparing me, in whom his workes be rife:
And thinking this, thinke nature, life, and death
Place Sorrowes triumph on my conquered heart,
Whereto I yeeld, and ſeeke none other breath,
But from the ſcent of ſome infectious graue:
Nor of my fortune ought, but miſchiefe craue.

Strephon. *Nor of my fortune ought but miſchiefe craue,*
And ſeeke to nouriſh that, which now containes
All what I am: if I my ſelfe will ſaue,
Then muſt I ſaue, what in me chiefly raines,
Which is the hateſull web of ſorrowes paines.
Sorrow then cheriſh me, for I am ſorrow:
No being now, but ſorrow I can haue:
Then decke me as thine owne; thy helpe I borrow,
Since thou my riches art, and that thou haſte
Enough to make a fertile mind lye waſte.

Klaius. *Enough to make a fertile minde lye waſt,*
Is that huge ſtorme, which powres it ſelfe on me:
Haileſtones of teares, of ſight a monſtrous blaſt,
Thunders of cryes; lightnings my wilde lookes be,
The darkened heav'n my ſoule, which nought can ſee,
The flying ſprits which trees by roots vp teare,
Be thoſe deſpaires which haue my hopes quite waſt.
The difference is, all ſolkes thoſe ſtormes forbeare,
But I cannot; who then my ſelfe ſhould flie.
So cloſe vnto my ſelfe my wrackes doe lie.

Klaius. *So cloſe vnto my ſelfe my wrackes doe lie,*
Both cauſe, effect, beginning, and the end

An

Are all in me: what helpe then can I trie?
My ſhip, my ſelfe, whoſe courſe to loue doth bend,
Sore beaten doth her maſt of comfort ſpend:
Her cable, Reaſon, breakes from anchor Hope:
Fancie her tackling, torne away doth flie:
Ruine, the wind, hath blowne her from her ſcope:
Bruſed with waues of Cares, but broken is
On rocke Deſpaire, the buriall of my bliſſe.

Klaius. On rocke Deſpaire, the buriall of my bliſſe,
I long doe plowe with plough of deepe deſire:
The ſeed Faſt meaning is, no truth to miſſe:
I harrow it with Thoughts, which all conſpire.
Fauour to make my chiefe and onely hire.
But woe is me, the yeare is gone about,
And now I faine would reape, I reape but this
Hatefully growne, Abſence new ſprung out.
So that I ſee, although my ſight empaire,
Vaine is their paine, who labour in deſpaire.

Strephon. Vaine is their paine, who labour in deſpaire:
For ſo did I, when with my angle will,
I ſought to catch the fiſh Torpedo faire.
Eu'n then Deſpaire did Hope alreadie kill:
Yet fancie would perforce employ his skill,
And this hath got; the catcher now is caught.
Lam'd with the angle, which it ſelfe did beare,
And vnto death, quite drownd in dolours, brought
To death, as then diſguiſde in her faire face:
Thus, thus, alas, I had my loſſe in chaſe.

Klaius. Thus, thus, alas, I had my loſſe in chaſe,
When firſt that crowned Baſiliske I knew,
Whoſe foot ſteps I with kiſſes oft did trace,
Till by ſuch hap, as I muſt euer rue,
Mine eyes did light vpon her ſhining hue,
And hers on me, aſtoniſht with that ſight.
Since then my heart did loſe his wonted place,
Infected ſo with her ſweet poyſons might,
That, leauing me for dead, to her it went:
But ah! her flight hath my dead reliques ſpent.

Strephon. But ah! her flight hath my dead reliques ſpent,
Her flight from me, from me, though dead to me,
Yet liuing ſtill in her, while her beames lent
Such vitall ſparke, that her mine eyes might ſee.
But now thoſe liuing lights abſented be,
Full dead before, I now to duſt ſhould fall,
But that eternall paines my ſoule haue bent,

And keepe it ſtill within this body thrall:
That thus I muſt while in this death I dwell,
In earthly fetters feele a laſting hell.

Klaius. *In earthly fetters feele a laſting hell*
Alas I doe; from which to finde releaſe,
I would the earth, I would the heauens fell:
But vaine it is to thinke theſe paines ſhould ceaſe,
Where life is death, and death cannot breed peace.
O faire, O onely faire, from thee alas,
Theſe foule, moſt foule; diſaſters to me fell;
Since thou from me (O me) *O Sunne didſt paſſe.*
Therefore eſteeming all good bleſsings toyes,
I ioy in griefe, and doe deteſt all ioyes.

Strephon. *I ioy in griefe, and doe deteſt all ioyes,*
But now an end, (O Klaius) *now an end:*
For euen the hearbes our hatefull muſicke ſtroyes,
And from our burning breath the trees doe bend.

So well were theſe wailefull complaints accorded to the paſſions of all the princely hearers, while euery one made what he heard of another the ballance of his own fortune, that they ſtood a good while ſtriken in a ſad & ſilent conſideration of them. Which the old *Geron* no more marking than condemning in them, deſirous to ſet forth what counſels the wiſedome of age had laid vp in ſtore againſt ſuch fancies (as he thought) follies of youth, yet ſo as it might not appeare that his words reſpected them, bending himſelfe to a young ſhepheard named *Philiſides*, (who neither had daunced nor ſung with them, and had all this time laine vpon the grownd at the foot of a *Cypreſſe* tree, leaning vpon his elbow with ſo deepe a melancholy, that his ſenſes carried to his mind no delight from any of their obiects) he ſtrake him vpon the ſhoulder with a right old mans grace, that will ſeeme liuelier than his age will affoord him. And thus began vnto him his Eclogue.

Geron. Philiſides.

Geron. *VP, vp* Philiſides, *let ſorrowes go,*
Who yeelds to woe, doth but encreaſe his ſmart.
Doe not thy heart to plaintfull cuſtome bring:
But let vs ſing, ſweet tunes doe paſſions eaſe,
An old man heare, who would thy fancies raiſe.

Philiſides. *Who minds to pleaſe the mind drown'd in annoyes*
With outward ioyes, which inly cannot ſinke,
As well may thinke with oyle to coole the fire:
Or with deſire to make ſuch foe a frend,
Who doth his ſoule to endleſſe malice bend.

Geron. *Yet ſure an end to each thing time doth giue,*
Though woes now liue, at length thy woes muſt die:
Then vertue trie, if ſhe can worke in thee

That

That which we see in many time hath wrought,
And weakest hearts to constant temper brought.

Philisides. *who euer taught a skillesse man to teach,*
Or stop a breach, that neuer Cannon saw?
Sweet vertues law barres not a causefull mone.
Time shall in one my life and sorrowes end,
And me perchance your constant temper lend.

Geron. *What can amend where physicke is refusde?*
The wits abusde which will no counsaile take.
Yet for my sake discouer vs thy griefe.
Oft comes reliefe when most we seeme in trap.
The starres thy state, fortune may change thy hap.

Philisides. *If fortunes lappe became my dwelling place,*
And all the starres conspired to my good,
Still were I one, this still should be my case,
Ruines relique, cares web, and sorrowes food:
Since she faire fierce to such a state me calls,
Whose wit the starres, whose fortune, fortune thralls.

Geron. *Alas what falls are falne vnto thy minde?*
That there where thou confest thy mischiefe lies,
Thy wit dost vse still still more harmes to finde.
Whom wit makes vaine, or blinded with his eyes;
What counsaile can preuaile, or light giue light?
Since all his force against himselfe he tryes.
Then each conceit that enters in his sight,
Is made, forsooth, a Iurate of his woes,
Earth, sea, ayre, fire, heav'n, hell, and gastly sprite.
Then cryes to senseleſſe things, which neither knowes
What ayleth thee, and if they knew thy minde
Would scorne in man (their king) such feeble show's.
Rebell, Rebell, in golden fetters binde
This tyrant Loue; or rather doe suppresse
Those rebell thoughts which are thy slaues by kinde.
Let not a glittring name thy fancie dresse
In painted clothes, because they call it loue.
There is no hate that can thee more oppresse.
Begin (and halfe the worke is done) to proue
By rising vp, vpon thy selfe to stand.
And thinke that she is she, that doth thee moue.
He water plowes, and soweth in the sand,
And hopes the flickring winde with net to hold,
Who hath his hopes laid vpon womans hand.
What man is he that hath his freedome solde?
Is he a manlike man, doth not know man
Hath power that Sex with bridle to with-hold?

A fickle Sex, and true in trust to no man,
A seruant Sex, soone proud if they be coy'd:
And to conclude, thy mistresse is a woman.

Philisides. O gods, how long this old foole hath annoy'd
My wearied eares! O gods yet grant me this,
That soone the world of his false tongue be void.
O noble age who place their onely blisse
In being heard vntill the hearer dye,
Vttring a serpents mind with serpents hisse.
Then who will heare a well autorisde lye,
(And patience hath) let him goe learne of him
What swarmes of vertues did in his youth flye
Such hearts of brasse, wise heads, and garments trim
Were in his dayes: which heard, one nothing heares,
If from his words the falshood he doe skim.
And herein most their folly vaine appeares,
That since they still alledge, When they were yong:
It shewes they fetch their wit from youthfull yeares
Like beast for sacrifice, where saue the tong
And belly nought is left, such sure is he,
This life-deadman in this old dungeon flong.
Old houses are throwne downe for new we see:
The oldest Rammes are culled from the flocke:
No man doth wish his horse should aged bee.
The ancient oke well makes a fired blocke:
Old men themselues, doe loue yong wiues to choose:
Onely fond youth admires a rotten stocke.
Who once a white long beard, well handle does,
(As his beard him, not he his beard did beare)
Though cradle witted, must not honour lose.
Oh when will men leaue off to iudge by haire;
And thinke them old that haue the oldest mind,
With vertue fraught and full of holy feare!

Geron. If that thy face were hid, or I were blinde,
I yet should know a young man speaketh now,
Such wandring reasons in thy speech I finde,
He is a beast, that beasts vse will allow.
For proofe of man, who sprung of heau'nly fire
Hath strongest soule, when most his raines doe bow.
But fondlings fond, know not your owne desire
Loth to dye young, and then you must be old,
Fondly blame that to which your selues aspire.
But this light choler that doth make you bold,
Rather to wrong than vnto iust defence,
Is past with me, my blood is waxed cold.
Thy words, though full of malapert offence,
I weigh them not, but still will thee aduise

Hon

How thou from fooliſh loue maiſt purge thy ſenſe.
Firſt thinke they erre, that thinke them gaily wiſe,
who well can ſet a paſsion out to ſhew:
Such ſight haue they that ſee with goggling eyes.
Paſsion beares high when puffing wit doth blow,
But is indeed a toy, if not a toy,
True cauſe of euils; and cauſe of cauſeleſſe woe.
If once thou maiſt that fancie gloſſe deſtroy
Within thy ſelfe, thou ſoone wilt be aſhamed
To be a player of thine owne annoy.
Then let thy minde with better bookes be tamed.
Seeke to eſpie her faults as well as praiſe,
And let thine eyes to other ſports be framed.
In hunting feareſull beaſts, doe ſpend ſome dayes,
Or catch the birds with pitfals, or with lyme,
Or traine the Foxe that traines ſo craſtie layes.
Lie but to ſleepe, and in the early prime
Seeke skill of herbes in hills, haunt brookes neare night,
And trye with bayt how fiſh will bite ſometime.
Goe graſt againe, and ſeeke to graſt them right,
Thoſe pleaſant plants, thoſe ſweet and fruitfull trees,
Which both the palate, and the eyes delight.
Cheriſh the hiues of wiſely painſull Bees:
Let ſpeciall care vpon thy flocke be ſtaid,
Such actiue mind but ſeldome paſsion ſees.

Philiſides. *Hath any man heard what this old man ſaid?*
Truely not I, who did my thoughts engage,
Where all my paines one looke of her hath paid.

Geron was euen out of countenance, finding the words he thought were ſo wiſe, win ſo little reputation at this young mans hands; & therefore ſometimes looking vpon an old acquaintance of his called *Maſtix*, one of the repining ſt fellowes in the world, & that beheld no body but with a mind of miſlike (ſaying ſtill the world was amiſſe, but how it ſhould be amended he knew not) ſomtimes caſting his eyes to the ground, euen aſhamed to ſee his gray haires deſpiſed, at laſt he ſpied his two dogs, whereof the elder was called *Melampus*, and the younger *Lælaps*, (indeed the iewels he euer had with him) one brawling with another; which occaſion he took to reſtore himſelfe to his countenance, and rating *Melampus*, hee began to ſpeake to his dogs, as if in them a man ſhould find more obedience, than in vnbridled yong men

Geron. Maſtix.

Geron. *Downe, downe* Melampus, *what? your fellow bite?*
I ſet you ore the flocke I dearely loue,
Them to defend, not with your ſelues to fight.
Doe you not thinke this will the Wolues remoue
From former feare, they had of your good minds,
When they ſhall ſuch diuided weakneſſe proue?

What if Lælaps *a better morsell find*
Than you earst knew? rather take part with him
Than iarle: lo, lo, euen these how enuie blinde,
And then Lælaps *let not pride make thee brim;*
Because thou hast thy fellow ouergone,
But thanke the cause, thou seest where he is dim.
Here Lælaps, *here indeed against the foen*
Of my good sheepe, thou neuer truce time tooke:
Be as thou art, but be with mine at one.
For though Melampus *like a Wolfe doe looke,*
(For age doth make him of a wolnish hew)
Yet haue I seene when well a Wolfe he shooke.
Foole that I am, that with my dogges speake grew,
Come neere good Mastix, *tis now full tway score*
Of yeares (alas) since I good Mastix *knew.*
Thou heardst euen now a young man sneb me sore,
Because I red him, as I would my sonne.
Youth will haue will: Age must to age therefore.

Mastix. *What maruell if in youth such faults be done,*
Since that we see our saddest Shepheards out
Who haue their lesson so long time begonne?
Quichly secure, and easily in doubt;
Eyther asleepe be all if nought assaile,
Or all abroad if but a Cub start out.
We shepheards are like them that vnder saile
Doe speake high words, when all the coast is cleare,
Yet to a passenger will bonnet vaile.
I con thee thanke to whom thy dogges be deare,
But commonly like curres we them entreat,
Saue when great need of them perforce appeare,
Then him we kisse, whom late before we beat
With such intemperance, that each way growes
Hate of the first, contempt of latter feat,
And such discord twixt greatest shepheards flowes,
That sport it is to see with how great art,
By iustice worke they their owne faults disclose:
Like busie boyes, to win their Tutors heart,
One saith, he mocks; the other saith he playes,
The third his lesson mist, till all doe smart.
As for the rest, how shepheards spend their dayes,
At blow-point, hot-cockles, or else at keeles,
While, Let vs passe our time each shepheard sayes.
So small account of time the shepheard feeles,
And doth not feele, that life is nought but time,
And when that time is past, death holds his heeles,
To age thus doe they draw their youthfull prime,
Knowing no more, than what poore tryall showes,
As fish sure tryall hath of muddie slime.

This patterne good, vnto our children goes,
For what they see their parents loue or hate,
Their first caught sense prefers to teachers blows.
These coklings cockred we bewaile too late,
When that we see our off-spring gaily bent,
Women man-wood, and men effeminate.

Geron. *Fy man, fy man, what words hath thy tongue lent?*
Yet thou art mickle warse than ere was I,
Thy too much zeale, I feare thy braine hath spent,
We oft are angrier with the feeble flie
For businesse, where it pertaines him not,
Than with the poisnous todes that quiet lie.
I pray thee what hath ere the Parrot *got?*
And yet they say he talkes in great mens bowers.
A Cage (gilded perchance) is all his lot,
Who of his tongue the liquor gladly powers,
A good foole call'd with paine perhaps may be,
But euen for that shall suffer mightie Lowers;
Let swannes example siker serue for thee,
Who once all birds, in sweetly singing past,
But now to silence turn'd his minstrelsie.
For he could sing, but others were defaste;
The Peacocks pride, the Pyes pild flatterie,
Cormorants glut, Kites spoile, king fishers waste,
The Faulcons fiercenesse, Sparrowes letcherie,
The Cockowes shame, the Gooses good intent,
Euen turtle toucht he with hypocrisie.
And worse of other more, till by assent
Of all the birds, but namely those were grieued,
Of fowles there called was a Parliament.
There was the swan of dignitie depriued,
And statute made he neuer should haue voyce:
Since when I thinke he hath in silence lined.
I warne thee therefore (since thou maist haue choyce)
Let not thy tongue become a fierie match,
No sword so bites as that euill toole annoyes.
Let our vnpartiall eyes a little watch
Our owne demeane, and soone we wonder shall,
That hunting faults, our selues we did not catch.
Into our mindes let vs a little fall,
And we shall finde more spots than Leopards skin.
Then who makes vs such iudges ouer all?
But farewell now, thy fault is no great sinne,
Come, come my curres, tis late I will goe in.

And away with his dogges straight he went, as if he would be sure to haue the last word, all the assembly laughing at the lustinesse of the old fellow who departed muttering

muttering to himſelfe he had ſeene more in his dayes than twenty of them. But *Baſilius*, who neuer before had heard *Philiſides* (though hauing ſeldome fayled to be at theſe meetings) deſired him he would begin ſome Eclogue with ſome other of the ſhepheards, according to the accuſtomed guiſe. *Philiſides*, though very vnwilling, at the kings commandement offred to ſing with *Thyrſis*. But he directly refuſed him, ſeeing he ſhould within few daies be married to the faire *Kala*, and ſince he had gotten his deſire he would ſing no more. Then the King willed *Philiſides* to declare the diſcourſe of his owne fortunes vnknowne to them as being a ſtranger in that countrie; but he prayed the King to pardon him, the time being farre too ioyfull to ſuffer the rehearſall of his miſeries. But to ſatisfie *Baſilius* ſome way, he began an Eclogue betwixt himſelfe & the *Eccho*, framing his voyce ſo in thoſe deſart places, as what words he would haue the Echo reply vnto, thoſe he would ſing higher than the reſt; and ſo kindly framed a diſputation betwixt himſelfe and it, which with theſe hexameters in the following order he vttered.

Philiſides. Eccho.

Faire rocks, goodly riuers, ſweet woods, when ſhall I ſee peace? Peace.
Peace? what barres me my tongue? who is it that comes me ſo ny? I
Oh! I do know what gueſt I haue met, it is Eccho. 't is Eccho.
Well met Eccho, approch: then tell me thy will too. I will too.
Eccho, what doe I get yeelding my ſprite to my grieues? Grieues.
What medicine may I find for a griefe that drawes me to death? Death.
O poiſonous medicine! what worſe to me can be than it? It.
In what ſtate was I then, when I tooke this deadly diſeaſe? Eaſe.
And what maner a mind which had to that humour a vaine? Vaine.
Hath not reaſon enough vehemence the deſire to reproue? Proue.
Oft proue I: but what ſalue, when reaſon ſeekes to be gone? One.
Oh! what is it? what is it that may be a ſalue to my Loue? Loue.
What doe louers ſeeke for, long ſeeking for to enioy? Ioy.
What be the ioyes which for to enioy they went to the paines? Paines.
Then to an earneſt Loue what doth beſt victorie lend? End.
End? but I can neuer end, loue will not giue me leaue? Leaue.
How be the minds diſpoſed that cannot taſte thy phyſicke? Sicke.
Yet ſay againe thy aduiſe for th' euils that I told thee? I told thee.
Doth th' infected wretch of his harme th' extremitie know? No.
But if he know not his harmes, what guides hath he whilſt he be blind? Blind.
What blinde guides can he haue that leanes to fancie? A fancy.
Can fancies want eyes, or he fall that ſteppeth aloft? Oft.
What cauſes firſt made theſe torments on me to light? Light.
Can then a cauſe be ſo light that foreeth a man to goe die? Tea.
Yet tell what light thing I had in me to draw me to dye? Eye.
Eye-ſight made me to yeeld, but what firſt piere't to my eyes? Eyes.
Eyes hurters, eyes hurt: but what from them to me falles? Falles.
But when I firſt did fall, what brought moſt fall to my heart? Art.
Art? what can be that art that thou doſt meane by thy ſpeech? Speech.
What be the fruits of ſpeaking art? what growes by the words? Words.
O much more than words: thoſe words ſern'd more me to bleſſe. Leſſe.

Oh

Oh when ſhall I be knowne, where moſt to be knowne I doe long? Long.
Long be thy woes for ſuch newes, but how reck's ſhe my thoughts? Oughts.
Then then what I doe gaine, ſince vnto her will I doe winde? Winde.
Winde, tempeſts, and ſtormes, yet in end what giues ſhe deſire? Ire.
Silly reward! yet among women hath ſhe of vertue the moſt. Moſt.
What great name may I giue to ſo heau'nly a woman? A wo-man.
Wo, but ſeemes to me ioy, that agrees to my thought ſo. I thought ſo.
Thinke ſo, for of my deſired bliſſe it is onely the courſe. Curſe.
Curs'd be thy ſelfe for curſing that which leades me to ioyes. Toyes.
What be the ſweet creatures where lowly demands be not heard? Hard.
What makes them be vnkind? ſpeake for th' haſte narrowly pryde? Pride.
Whence can pride come there, ſince ſprings of beautie be thence? Thence.
Horrible is this blaſphemy vnto the moſt holy. O lie.
Thou li'ſt falſe Eccho, their minds as vertue be iuſt. Iuſt.
Mock'ſt thou thoſe Diamonds which only be matcht by the gods? Ods.
Ods? what an ods is there ſince them to the heau'ns I preferre? Erre.
Tell yet againe me the names of thoſe faire form'd to doe euills? Deuills.
Deuill? if in hell ſuch deuill doe abide, to the hells I doe goe. Goe.

Philiſides was commended for the placing of his Eccho, but little did he regard their prayſes, who had ſet the foundation of his honour there, where he was moſt deſpiſed: and therefore returning againe to the traine of his deſolate penſiueneſſe; *Zelmane* ſeeing no body offer to fill the Stage, as if her long reſtrained conceits did now burſt out of priſon: ſhe thus deſiring her voice ſhould be accorded to nothing, but to *Philoclea's* eares, threw downe the burden of her minde in *Anacreons* kind of verſes.

My Muſe what ayles this ardour
To blaſe my onely ſecrets?
Alas it is no glory
To ſing mine owne decaid ſtate.
Alas it is no comfort,
To ſpeake without an anſwer.
Alas is is no wiſedome
To ſhew the wound without cure.

My Muſe what ayles this ardour?
Mine eyes be dim, my lims ſhake,
My voyce is hoarſe, my throat ſcorcht,
My tongue to this my rooſe cleaues,
My fancie amaz'd, my thoughts dull'd,
My heart doth ake, my life faints,
My ſoule beginnes to take leaue.
So great a paſſion all feele,
To thinke a ſoare ſo deadly
I ſhould ſo raſhly rip vp.

My Muſe what ayles this ardour?
If that to ſing thou art bent,
Go ſing the fall of old Thebes,
The warres of ougly Centaures,
The life, the death of Hector;
So may the ſong be famous,
Or if to loue thou art bent,
Recount the rape of Europe,
Adonis *end*, Venus *net*,
The ſleepie kiſſe the Moone ſtale:
So may the ſong be pleaſant.

My Muſe what ayles this ardour?
To blaſe my only ſecrets?
wherein doe only flouriſh
The ſorie fruits of anguiſh.
The ſong thereof aye laſt will,
The tunes be cries, the words plaints,
The ſinger is the ſongs theame,
Wherein no eare can haue ioy,
Nor eye receiue due obiect
Ne pleaſure here, ne fame got.

My Muſe what ayles this ardour?

Alas

Alas ſhe ſaith I am thine,
So are thy paines my paines too.
Thy heated heart my ſeat is
wherein I burne: thy breath is
My voyce, too hot to keepe in.
Beſides, loe here the author
Of all thy harmes: Loe here ſhe,
That onely can redreſſe thee,
Of her will I demand help.
My muſe I yeeld, my muſe ſing,
But all thy ſong herein knit.
The life we lead is all loue:
The loue we hold is all death,
Nor ought I craue to feed life,
Nor ought I ſeeke to ſhun death,
But onely that my goddeſſe
My life my death doe count hers.

Baſilius when ſhe had fully ended her ſong, fell proſtrate vpon the ground, & thanked the Gods they had preſerued his life ſo long, as to heare the very muſicke they themſelues vſed, in an earthly bodie. And then with like grace to *Zelmane* neuer left intreating her, til ſhe had (taking a *Lyra* Baſilius held for her) ſung theſe *Phaleuciakes*:

Reaſon, tell me thy mind, if here be reaſon
In this ſtrange violence, to make reſiſtance
Where ſweet graces erect the ſtately banner
Of vertues regiment, ſhining in harneſſe
Of fortunes' Diadems, by beauty muſtred:
Say then Reaſon; I ſay, what is thy counſell?

Her looſe haires be the ſhot, the breaſts the pikes be,
Skowts each motion is, the hands be horſemen,
Her lips are the riches the warres to maintaine,
Where well couched abides a coffer of pearle,
Her legges carriage is of all the ſweet campe:
Say then Reaſon; I ſay, what is thy counſell?

Her Cannons be her eyes, mine eyes the walls be,
Which at firſt voly gaue too open entrie,
Nor ramper did abide; my braine was vp blowne,
Vndermin'd with a ſpeech the piercer of thoughts.
Thus weakned by my ſelfe, no helpe remaineth:
Say then Reaſon; I ſay, what is thy counſell?

And now fame the herald of her true honour,
Doth proclaime with a ſound made all by mens mouths,
That nature ſoueraine of earthly dwellers,
Commands all creatures, to yeeld obeyſance
Vnder this, this her own, her onely dearling.
Say then Reaſon; I ſay, what is thy counſell?

Reaſon ſighes, but in end he thus doth anſwer:
Nought can reaſon anaile in heauenly matters.
Thus natures Diamond receiue thy conqueſt,
Thus pure pearle, I doe yeeld my ſenſes and ſoule.
Thus ſweet paine, I doe yeeld what ere I can yeeld,
Reaſon looke to thy ſelfe, I ſerue a goddeſſe.

Dorus had long he thought kept ſilence from ſaying ſomwhat which might tend to the glorie of her in whom all glorie to his ſeeming was included, but now hee brake it, ſinging theſe verſes called *Aſclepiadikes.*

O ſweet woods the delight of ſolitarineſſe!
O how much I do like your ſolitarineſſe!
Where mans minde hath a freed conſideration
Of goodneſſe to receiue lowely direction.
Where ſenſes do beholdth' order of heau'nly hoſte,
And wiſe thoughts do behold what the Creator is:
Contemplation here holdeth his only ſeate:
Bounded with no limits, borne with a wing of hope
Clymes euen vnto the ſtarres, Nature is vnderſt.
Nought diſturbs thy quiet, all to thy ſeruice yeelds,
Each ſight drawes on a thought, thought mother of ſcience,
Sweet birds kindely do grant harmonie vnto thee,
Faire trees ſhade is enough fortification,
Nor danger to thy ſelfe if be not in thy ſelfe.

O ſweet woods the delight of ſolitarineſſe!
O how much I doe like your ſolitarineſſe!
Here nor treaſon is hid, vailed in innocence,
Nor enuies ſnakie eye, findes any harbour here,
Nor flatterers venemous inſinuations,
Nor cunning humoriſts pudled opinions,
Nor courteous ruine of proffered vſurie,
Nor time pratled away, cradle of ignorance,
Nor cauſeleſſe duty, nor comber of arrogance,
Nor trifling title of vanitie dazleth vs,
Nor golden manacles, ſtand for a Paradiſe.
Here wrongs name is vnheard: ſlander a monſter is,
Keepe thy ſprite from abuſe, here no abuſe doth haunt.
What man grafts in a tree diſſimulation?

O ſweet woods the delight of ſolitarineſſe!
O how well I doe like your ſolitarineſſe!
Yet deare ſoile, if a ſoule cloſ'd in a manſion
As ſweet as violets, faire as a lilly is,
Streight as a Cedar, a voyce ſtaines the Canary birds,
Whoſe ſhade ſafety doth hold danger anoydeth her:
Such wiſedome, that in her liues ſpeculation:
Such goodneſſe, that in her ſimplicitie triumphs:
Where enuies ſnakie eye, winketh or elſe dyeth,
Slander wants a pretext, flatterie gone beyond:
Oh! if ſuch a one haue bent, to a lonely life,
Her ſteps glad we receiue glad we receiue her eyes.
And thinke not ſhe doth hurt our ſolitarineſſe,
For ſuch company decks ſuch ſolitarineſſe.

The other Shepheards were offering themſelues to haue continued the ſports, but the night had ſo quietly ſpent the moſt part of her ſelfe among them, that the king for that time licenſed them. And ſo bringing *Zelmane* to her lodging, who would much rather haue done the ſame for *Philoclea*, of all ſides they went to counterfeit a ſleep in their bed, for a true one their agonies could not affoord them. Yet there they lay (ſo might they be moſt ſolitarie for the food of their thoughts) till it was neere noone the next day, after which *Baſilius* was to continue his *Apollo* deuotions, and the other to meditate vpon their priuate deſires.

The end of the ſecond ECLOGVES.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

THis laſt daies danger, hauing made *Pamela's* loue diſcerne what a loſſe it ſhould haue ſuffered if *Dorus* had been deſtroyed, bred ſuch tenderneſſe of kindneſſe in her toward him, that ſhe could no longer keep loue from looking out through her eyes, and going forth in her words; whom before as a cloſe priſoner ſhee had to her heart onely committed; ſo as finding not onely by his ſpeeches and letters, but by the pitifull oration of a languiſhing behauiour, and the eaſily diſciphered character of a ſorrowfull face, that deſpaire began now to threaten him deſtruction, ſhe grew content both to pitie him, and let him ſee ſhe pitied him, as well by making her owne beautifull beames to thaw away the former cyneſſe of her behauiour, as by entertaining his diſcourſes (whenſoeuer hee did vſe them) in the third perſon of *Muſidorus*; to ſo farre a degree, that in the end ſhe ſaid, that if ſhe had been the Princeſſe whom that diſguiſed Prince had vertuouſly loued, ſhee would haue requited his faith with faithfull affection; finding in her heart, that nothing could ſo heartily loue as vertue: with many moe words to the ſame ſenſe of noble fauour, and chaſt plainenеſſe. Which when at the firſt it made that expected bliſſe ſhine vpon *Dorus*; hee was like one frozen with extremitie of cold, ouerhaſtily brought to a great fire, rather oppreſſed than relieued with ſuch a lightning of felicitie. But after the ſtrength of nature had made him able to feele the ſweetneſſe of ioyfulneſſe, that againe being a childe of Paſſion, and neuer acquainted with mediocritie, could not ſet bounds vpon his happineſſe, nor bee content to giue deſire a kingdome, but that it muſt be an vnlimited Monarchie. So that the ground he ſtood vpon being ouer-high in happineſſe, & ſlipperie through affection, he could not hold himſelfe from falling into ſuch an error; which with ſighes blew all comfort out of his breaſt, and waſht away all cheerefulneſſe, of his cheare with teares. For this fauour filling him with hope, Hope encouraging his deſire, & Deſire conſidering nothing but opportunitie: one time (*Mopſa* being called away by her mother, and he left alone with *Pamela*) the ſudden occaſion called Loue, and that neuer ſtayed to aske Reaſons leaue, but made the too much louing *Dorus* take her in his armes, offering to kiſſe her, and as it were to eſtabliſh a trophee of his victorie. But ſhee, as if ſhee had beene ready to drinke a wine of excellent taſte and colour, which ſuddenly ſhee perceiued had poiſon in it, ſo did ſhee put him away from her: looking firſt vp to heauen, as amazed to finde her ſelfe ſo beguiled in him: then laying the cruell puniſhment vpon him of angry Loue, & lowring beauty, ſhewing diſdaine, & a deſpiſing diſdaine, Away (ſaid ſhe) vnworthy

man to loue or to be loued. Aſſure thy ſelfe, I hate my ſelfe for being ſo deceiued; iudge then what I do thee for deceiuing me. Let me ſee thee no more, the only fall of my iudgement, and ſtaine of my conſcience. With that ſhe called *Mopſa*, not ſtaing for any anſwer (which was no other but a flood of teares) which ſhe ſeemed not to marke (much leſſe to pitie) and chid her for hauing ſo left her alone.

It was not a ſorrow, but it was euen a death, which then laid hold of *Dorus*: which certainly at that inſtant would haue killed him, but that the feare to tarry longer in her preſence (contrary to her commandement) gaue him life to carry himſelf away from her ſight, & to run into the woods, where throwing himſelfe down at the foot of a tree, he did not fall into lamentation (for that proceeded of pitying) or grieuing for himſelf (which he did no way) but to curſes of his life, as one that deteſted himſelfe. For finding himſelfe not only vnhappy, but vnhappy after being fallen from all happineſs: and to be fallen from all happineſſe, not by any miſconceiuing, but by his owne fault, & his fault to be done to no other but to *Pamela*; he did not tender his own eſtate, but deſpiſed it; greedily drawing, into his minde, all conceits which might more and more torment him. And ſo remained hee two daies in the woods, diſdaining to giue his bodie foode, or his minde comfort, louing in himſelf nothing, but the loue of her. And indeede that loue onely ſtaue with the furie of his anguiſh, telling it, that if it deſtroyed *Dorus*, it ſhould alſo deſtroy the image of her that liued in *Dorus*: and when the thought of that was crept in vnto him, it began to winne of him ſome compaſſion to the ſhrine of that image, & to bewaile not for himſelfe (whom he hated) but that ſo notable a loue ſhould periſh. Then began he only ſo farre to wiſh his owne good, as that *Pamela* might pardon him the fault, though not the puniſhment: & the vttermoſt height he aſpired vnto, was, that after his death ſhee might yet pitie his errour, and know that it proceeded of loue, and not of boldneſſe. That conceit found ſuch friendſhip in his thoughts, that at laſt he yeelded, ſince he was baniſhed her preſence, to ſeek ſome meanes by writing to ſhew his ſorrow, & teſtifie his repentance. Therfore getting him the neceſſary inſtruments of writing, he thought beſt to counterfeit his hand (fearing that as already ſhe knew his, ſhe would caſt it away as ſoone as ſhe ſaw it) and to put it in verſe, hoping that would draw her on to reade the more, chuſing the *Elegiac* as fitteſt for mourning. But neuer pen did more quakingly performe his office; neuer was paper more double moiſtened with inke & teares; neuer words more ſlowly married together, & neuer the Muſes more tired than now with changes & rechanges of his deuices: fearing how to end, before he had reſolued how to beginne, miſtruſting each word, condemning each ſentence. This word was not ſignificant, that word was too plaine: this would not bee conceiued, the other would be ill conceiued: here ſorrow was not enough expreſſed, there he ſeemed too much for his own ſake to be ſorry: this ſentence rather ſhewed art than paſſion, that ſentence rather fooliſhly paſſionate, than forcibly mouing. At laſt, marring with mending, and putting out better than he left, he made an end of it; and being ended, was diuers times readie to teare it; till his reaſon aſſuring him, the more hee ſtudied, the worſe it grew, he folded it vp, deuoutly inuoking good acceptation vnto it; and watching his time, when they were all gone one day to dinner, fauing *Mopſa*, to the other Lodge, ſtale vp into *Pamela's* chamber, and in her ſtandiſh (which firſt hee kiſſed; & craued of it a ſafe and friendly keeping) left it there, to be ſeene at her next vſing her inke (himſelfe returning again to be true priſoner to deſperate ſorrow) leauing her ſtandiſh vpon her beds head, to giue her the more occaſion to marke it: which alſo fell out.

For

For she finding it at her after-noone returne, in another place than she left it, opened it. But when she saw the letter, her heart gaue her from whence it came. And therfore clapping it to againe, three went away from it, as if it had bin a contagious garment of an infected person: and yet was not long away, but that she wished she had read it, though she were loth to reade it. Shall I, said she, accoumpt his boldnesse so far, as to reade his presumptuous letters? And yet (saith she) he sees me not now to grow the bolder thereby: & how can I tell whether they be presumptuous? The paper came from him, and therefore not worthy to be receiued: and yet the paper, she thought, was not guiltie. At last she concluded, it were not much amisse to look it ouer, that shee might out of his words picke some further quarrell against him. Then she opened it, and threw it away, & took it vp againe, till (ere she were aware) her eyes would needs reade it, containing this matter.

VNto a caitife wretch, whom long affliction holdeth,
and now fully beleeues helpe to be quite perished,
Graunt yet graunt yet a looke, for the last monument of his vnguilty,
O yet (alas so I finde) cause of his only ruine.
Dread not a whit (O goodly cruell) that pitie may enter
into thy heart by the sight of this Epistle I send:
And so refuse to behold of these strange wounds the rescuall,
least it might thi allure home to thy selfe to returne,
(Vnto thy selfe, I do meane those graces annull so within thee,
gratefulnesse, sweetnesse, holy loue, hearty regard)
Such thing cannot I seeke (Despaire hath giu'n me my answer:
Despaire most tragicall clause to a deadly request)
Such thing cannot be hope, that knows thy determinate hardnesse,
hard like a rich Marble: hard, but a faire Diamond.
Can those eyes that of eyes drowned in most beauty flowing teares
(teares and teares of a man) had no returne to remorse,
Can those eyes now yeeld to the kind conceit of a sorrow,
which inke only relates, but we laments, we replias?
Ah, that, that do I not conceiue (though that to my blisse were)
more than Nestors yeares, more than a kings Dominion.
Ah, that, that do I not conceiue, to the heauen when a mouse climes
then may I hope for the grace of a heauenly Tyger.
But, but alas, like a man condemn'd doth craue to be heard speake,
not that he hopes for amends of the disaster he feeles,
But finding the approach of death with an vnlye relenting,
giues an adieu to the world, as to his only delight:
Right so my boyling heart, enflam'd with fire of a faire eye,
bubbling out doth breath he figures of his hugie dolours:
Now that he findes to what end his life, and loue be reserued,
and that he there must part, where to liue only he liu'd.
O faire, O faire, are such the triumphs to thy fairenesse?
can death beautie become? must I be such monument?
Must I be only the marke, shall prone that vertue is anoy?
shall prone that fiercenesse can with a white Dooue abide?
Shall to the world appeare that faith and loue be rewarded
with mortall disdaine, bent to vnendly reuenge.

Vnto reuenge? O sweete, on a wretch wilt thou be reuenged?
shall such high Planets tend to the losse of a worme?
And to reuenge who do bend, would in that kind be reuenged;
as th' offence was done and go beyond if he can.
All my offence was loue: with loue then must I be chastned:
and with more, by the lawes that to reuenge do belong.
If that loue be a fault, more faults in you to be louely:
Loue neuer had me oppreſt, but that I ſaw to be lou'd.
You be the cauſe that I lou'd: what Reaſon blameth a ſhadow,
that with a body 't goes? ſince by a body it is.
If that loue you did hate, you ſhould your beautie haue hidden:
you ſhould thoſe faire eyes haue with a veile couered.
But foole, foole that I am, thoſe eyes would ſhine from a darke cane:
what veiles then do prevaile, but to a more miracle?
Or thoſe golden lockes, thoſe locks which locke me to bondage,
torne you ſhould diſperſe vnto the blaſts of a winde.
But foole, fool that I am, though I had but a hair of her head found,
en'n as I am, ſo I ſhould vnto that haire be a thrall.
Or with faire hands nayles (O hand which nayles me to this death)
you ſhould haue your face, ſince loue is ill, blemiſhed.
O wretch, what do I ſay? ſhould that faire face be defaced?
ſhould my too-much ſight cauſe ſo true a Sun to be loſt?
Firſt let Cimmerian darkeneſſe be my owl' habitation:
firſt be mine eyes puld out, firſt be my braine periſhed;
Ere that I ſhould conſent to do ſo exceſſiue a dammage
vnto the earth, by the hurt of thu her heauenly iewell.
O not, but ſuch loue you ſay you could had afforded,
in might learne Temp'rance void of a rages euents.
O ſweet ſimplicitie: from whence ſhould loue be ſo learned?
vnto Cupid that boy ſhall a Pedante be found?
Well: but faultie I was: Reaſon to my Paſſion yeelded,
Paſſion vnto my rage, Rage to a haſtie reuenge.
But what's this for a fault, for which ſuch faith be aboliſht,
ſuch faith, ſo ſtaineleſſe, inuiolate, violent?
Shall I not? O may I not thus yet refreſh the remembrance,
what ſweete ioyes I had once, and what a place I did hold?
Shall I not once obiect, that you, you granted a fauour
vnto the man, whom now ſuch miſeries you award? (were:
Bend your thoughts to the dear ſweet words which then to me gin'n
thinke what a world is now, thinke who hath altred her heart.
What? was I then worthy ſuch good, now worthy ſuch euill?
now fled, then cherished? then ſo nye, now ſo remote?
Did not a reſted breath from lips roſie proceeding,
ſay, that I well ſhould finde in what a care I was had?
With much more: Now what do I find, but Care to abhorre me,
Care that I ſinke in griefe, Care that I line baniſhed?
And baniſhed do I line, nor now will ſeeke a recouerie,
ſince ſhe will whoſe will is to me more than a law.
If then a man in moſt ill caſe may giue you a farewell:

farewel

farewell, long farewell, all my wo, all my delight.

What this would haue wrought in her, she her selfe could not tell: for, before her reason could moderate the disputation betweene Fauour and Faultinesse, her sister, and *Muso*, called her down to entertaine *Zelmane*, who was come to visite the two sisters; about whom, as about two Poles, the skie of Beautie was turned: while *Gynecia* wearied her bed with her melancholy sicknesse, and made *Miso's* shrewdnes (who like a spirit, set to keep a treasure, bard *Zelmane* from any further conference) to be the Lieutenant of her iealousie: both she and her husband driuing *Zelmane* to such a straight of resolution, either of impossible granting, or dangerous refusing, as the best escape shee had, was (as much as shee could) to auoyde their company. So as, this day, being the fourth day after the vprore (*Basilius* being with his sicke wife, conferring vpon such examinations, as *Philanax*, and other of his noblemen had made of this late sedition, all touching *Cecropia*, with vehement suspition of giuing either flame of fewel vnto it) *Zelmane* came with her bodie, to finde her mind, which was gone long before her; & had gotten his seate in *Philoclea*; who now with a bashfull cheerefulnesse (as though shee were ashamed, that shee could not choose but be glad) ioyned with her sister, in making much of *Zelmane*.

And so as they sate deuising how to giue more feathers to the wings of Time, there came to the lodge door sixe maides, all in one liuerie of scarlet peticotes, w[h] were tuckt vp almost to their knees, the peticotes themselues being in many places garnished with leaues, their legs naked, sauing that aboue the ankles they had little blacke silk laces, vpon which did hang a few siluer bels: like which they had a little aboue their elbowes vpon their bare armes. Vpon their hair they ware garlands of roses & gilliflowers, & the hair was so dreſt, as that came again aboue the garlands, enterchanging a mutuall couering: so as it was doubtful, whether the haire dreſt the garlands, or the garlands dreſt the haire. Their breasts liberall to the eie, the face of the foremost of them, in excellencie fair; & of the rest louely, if not beautiful: and beautiful might haue bin, if they had not suffred greedy *Phœbus*, ouer-often, & hard, to kisse them. Their countenances ful of a graceful grauitie, so as the gesture matcht with the apparel, it might seeme a wanton modestie, an enuising soberneſse. Each of them had an instrument of musicke in their hands, which consorting their well pleasing tunes, did charge each eare with vnsensibleneſse, that did not lend it selfe vnto them. The musick entring alone into the Lodge, the Ladies were all desirous to see from whence so pleasant a guest was come: and therfore went out together; where before they could take the paines to doubt, much lesse to aske the questio[n] of their qualitie, the faireſt of them (with a gay, but yet discreet demeanour) in this sort spake to them. Most excellent Ladies (whose excellencies haue power to make Cities enuie these woods, and solitarineſse to be accounted the sweeteſt companie) vouchsafe our message your gracious hearing, which as it comes from lone, so coms it from louely persons. The maides of all this coast of *Arcadia*, vnderstanding the often accesse that certaine shepheards of these quarters, are allowed to haue in this forbidden place; and that their rurall sports are not disdained of you, haue bin stirred vp with emulation to them, and affection to you, to bring forth something, which might as well breed your contentment: & therfore hoping that the goodnes of their intention, & the hurtlesneſs of their sex, shall excuse the breach of the commandement in comming to this place vnsent for, they chose out vs, to inuite both your princely parents, and your selues, to a place in the woods about halfe a mile hence: where they haue prouided some such sports, as they trust your gracious

acceptations

acceptations will interpret to be delightfull. We haue been at the other Lodge: but finding them there busied in weightier affaires, our trust is, that you will not deny the shining of your eyes vpon vs. The Ladies stood in some doubt whether they should go or not, lest *Basilius* might bee angry with all. But *Miso* (that had beene at none of the Pastorals, & had a great desire to lead her old senses abroade to some pleasure) told them plainly, they should nor will nor choose, but go thither, & make the honest country people know, that they were not so squeamish as folkes thought of them. The Ladies glad to be warranted by her authority, with a smiling humblenes obeyed her: *Pamela* only casting a seeking looke, whether she could see *Dorus* (who poor wretch, wandred halfe mad for sorow in the woods, crying for pardon of her who could not heare him) but indeed was grieued for his absence, hauing giuen the wound to him through her own heart. But so the three Ladies & *Miso* went with those fiue *Nymphs*, conquering the length of the way with the force of musick, leauing only *Mopsa* behind, who disgraced weeping with her countenance, because her mother would not suffer her to shew her new scoured face among them. But the place appointed, as they thought, met them halfe in their way, so well were they pleased with the sweet tunes and pretty conuersation of their inuiters. There found they in the midst of the thickest part of the wood, a little square place, not but hened with trees, but with a boord, couered & beautified with the pleasantest fruits, that sunburnd *Autumn* could deliuer to them. The maids besought the Ladies to sit down & taste of the smelling grapes, which seem'd great with child of *Bacchus* & of the diuers coloured plums, w^ch^ gaue the eye a pleasant taste before they came to the mouth. The Ladies would not shew to scorn their prouision, but ate & drank a little of their coole wine, which seemed to laugh for ioy to come to such lips.

But after the collation was ended, and that they looked for the comming forth of such deuices as were prepared for them, there rusht out of the woods twentie armed men, who round about enuironed them, and laying hold on *Zelmane* before she could draw her sword, and taking it from her, put hoodes ouer the heads of all foure, and so muffled, by force set them on horseback and carried them away; the sisters in vaine crying for succour, while *Zelmanes* heart was rent in pieces with rage of the iniurie, & disdain of her fortune. But when they had caried them a four or fiue mile further, they left *Miso* with a gagge in her mouth, and bound hand and foote, so to take her fortune: and brought the three Ladies (by that time the night seemed with her silence to conspire to their treason) to a Castle about ten mile from the Lodges: where they were faine to take a boate which waited for them: for the Castle stood in the midst of a great lake vpon a high rocke, where partly by Art, but principally by Nature, it was by all men esteemed impregnable. But at the Castle gate their faces were discouered, & there were met with a great number of torches, after whom the sisters knew their Aunt in law *Cecropia*. But that sight increased the deadly terrour of the Princesses, looking for nothing but death, since they were in the power of the wicked *Cecropia*: who yet came vnto them, making courtesie the outside of mischiefe, and desiring them not to be discomforted: for they were in a place dedicated to their seruice. *Philoclea* (with a look where Loue shined through the mist of Feare) besought her to be good vnto them, hauing neuer deserued euill of her. But *Pamela's* high heart disdaining humblenesse to iniury, Aunt, said she, what you haue determined of vs, I pray you do it speedily: for my part I look for no seruice, where I finde violence.

But *Cecropia*, vsing no more words with them, conueyed them all three to seuerall lodgings (*Zelmanes* heart so swelling with spite, that she could not bring forth a word)

word)and ſo left them: firſt taking from them their kniues,becauſe they ſhould doe themſelues no hurt,before ſhe had determined of them: and then giuing ſuch order that they wanted nothing but libertie,and comfort,ſhe went to her ſonne, who yet kept his bed, becauſe of his wound hee had receiued of *Zelmane*, and told him, whom now he had in his power. *Amphialus* was but euen then returned from farre countries, where he had won immortall fame both of courage and courteſie,when he met with the Princeſſes,and was hurt by *Zelmane*, ſo as hee was vtterly ignorant of all his mothers wicked deuiſes, to which he would neuer haue conſented, being (like a roſe out of a briar) an excellent ſonne of an euill mother: And now when he heard of this,was as much amazed,as if he had ſeene the Sun fall to the earth. And therefore deſired his mother that ſhe would tell him the whole diſcourſe, how all theſe matters had happened. Sonne,ſaid ſhe, I will doe it willingly, and ſince all is done for you,I will hide nothing from you. And howſoeuer I might be aſhamed to tell it ſtrangers, who would thinke it wickedneſſe, yet what is done for your ſake (how euill ſoeuer to others) to you is vertue. To begin then euen with the beginning,this doting foole *Baſilius* that now reignes, hauing liued vnmarried till he was nigh threeſcore yeares old (and in all his ſpeeches affirming, and in all his doings aſſuring, that he neuer would marry) made all the eyes of this countrey to be bent vpon your Father, his onely brother (but yonger by thirtie yeares) as vpon the vndoubted ſucceſſor, being indeed a man worthy to reigne,thinking nothing enough for himſelfe: where this gooſe (you ſee) puts down his head, before there be any thing neere to touch him. So that he holding place and eſtimation as heire of *Arcadia*, obtained me of my father the king of *Argos*, his brother helping to the concluſion, with proteſting his batchelry intention: for elſe you may be ſure the king of *Argos*, nor his daughter would haue ſuffered their Royall bloud to bee ſtained with the baſe name of ſubiection. So that I came into this country as apparant Princeſſe thereof, and accordingly was courted, and followed of all the Ladies of this countrey. My port and pompe did well become a king of *Argos* daughter: in my preſence their tongues were turned into eares, and their eares were captiues vnto my tongue. Their eies admired my Maieſtie,& happy was he or ſhe, on whom I would ſuffer the beames thereof to fall. Did I goe to Church? It ſeemed the very Gods waited for me, their deuotions not being ſolemnized till I was ready. Did I walke abroad to ſee my delight? Nay, my walking was the delight it ſelf: for to it was the concourſe, one thruſting vpon another, who might ſhew himſelf moſt diligent and ſeruiceable towards me: my ſleepes were inquired after, and my wakings neuer vnſaluted: the very gate of my houſe full of principall perſons, who were glad, if their preſents had receiued a gratefull acceptation. And in this felicitie wert thou borne, the very earth ſubmitting it ſelfe vnto thee to be troden on as by his Prince; and to that paſſe had my husbands vertue (by my good helpe) within ſhort time brought it, with a plot wee layd, as wee ſhould not haue needed to haue waited the tedious worke of a naturall end of *Baſilius*, when the heauens (I thinke enuying my great felicitie) then ſtopt thy fathers breath, when he breathed nothing but power and ſoueraigntie. Yet did not thy orphancie, or my widowhood, depriue vs of the delightfull proſpect, which the hill of honour doth yeeld, while expectation of thy ſucceſſion did binde dependencies vnto vs.

But before, my ſonne, thou wert come to the age to feele the ſweetneſſe of authoritie, this beaſt (whom I can neuer name with patience) falſely and fooliſhly maried this *Gynecia*, then a yong gyrle, and brought her to ſit aboue mee in all feaſts, to turne her ſhoulder to me-ward in all our ſolemnities. It is certaine, it is not ſo great

great a ſpite to bee ſurmounted by ſtrangers, as by ones owne allies. Thinke then what my minde was, ſince withall there is no queſtion. The fall is greater from the firſt to the ſecond, than from the ſecond to the vndermoſt. The rage did ſwel in my heart, ſo much the more as it was faine to be ſuppreſſed in ſilence, & diſguiſed with humbleneſſe. But aboue all the reſt, the griefe of grieues was, when with theſe two daughters, now thy priſoners, ſhe cut off all hope of thy ſucceſſion. It was a tedious thing to me, that my eyes ſhould looke lower than any bodies, that (my ſelf being by) anothers voice than mine, ſhould be more reſpected. But it was inſupportable vnto me, to thinke that not only I, but thou ſhouldſt ſpend all thy time in ſuch miſery, & that the Sunne ſhould ſee my eldeſt ſonne leſſe than a Prince. And though I had bin a Saint I could not chooſe, finding the change this change of fortune bred vnto me, for now from the multitude of followers, ſilence grew to be at my gate, and abſence in my preſence. The gueſſe of my minde could preuaile more before, than now many of my earneſt requeſts. And thou (my deare ſonne) by the fickle multitude no more than an ordinary perſon (borne of the mud of the people) regarded. But I (remembring that in all miſeries weeping becomes fooles, and practice wiſe folkes) haue tried diuers meanes to pull vs out of the mire of ſubiection. And though many times fortune failed me, yet did I neuer faile my ſelfe. Wilde beaſts I kept in a caue hard by the Lodges, which I cauſed by night to be fed in the place of their Paſtorals, I as then liuing in my houſe hard by the place, and againſt the houre they were to meete (hauing kept the beaſts without meate) then let them looſe, knowing that they would ſeeke their food there, & deuour what they found. But blinde Fortune hating ſharpe-ſighted inuentions, made them vnluckily to bee killed. After I vſed my ſeruant *Clinias* to ſtirre a notable tumult of country people: but thoſe louts were too groſſe inſtruments for delicate conceits. Now laſtly, finding *Philanax* his examinations grow dangerous, I thought to play double or quit: and with a ſleight I vſed of my fine-witted wench *Arteſia*, with other maides of mine, would haue ſent theſe goodly inheritrixes of *Arcadia*, to haue pleaded their cauſe before *Pluto*, but that ouer-fortunately for them, you made me know the laſt day how vehemently this childiſh paſſion of loue doth torment you. Therefore I haue brought them vnto you, yet wiſhing rather hate than loue in you. For hate often begetteth victorie; Loue commonly is the inſtrument of ſubiection. It is true, that I would alſo by the ſame practice haue entrapped the parents, but my maides faild of it, not daring to tary long about it. But this ſufficeth, ſince (theſe being taken away) you are the vndoubted inheritor, & *Baſilius* will not long ouer-liue this loſſe.

O mother, ſaid *Amphialus*, ſpeak not of doing them hurt, no more than to mine eies, or my heart, or if I haue any thing more dear than eyes, or heart vnto me. Let others finde what ſweetnes they will in euer fearing, becauſe they euer are feared: for my part, I will thinke my ſelf highly intitled, if I may be once by *Philoclea* accepted for a ſeruant. Well, ſaid *Cecropia*, I would I had born you of my minde, as well as of my bodie: then ſhould you not haue ſunke vnder theſe baſe weakeneſſes. But ſince you haue tied your thoughts in ſo wilfull a knot, it is happy my policie hath brought matters to ſuch a paſſe, as you may both enioy affection, & vpon that build your ſoueraigntie. Alas, ſaid *Amphialus*, my heart would faine yeeld you thankes for ſetting me in the way of felicity, but that feare kils them in me, before they are fully born. For if *Philoclea* be diſpleaſed, how can I be pleaſed? if ſhe count it vnkindnes, ſhall I giue tokens of kindnes? perchance ſhe condemnes me of this action, & ſhall I triumph? perchance ſhe drownes now the beauties I loue with ſorrowfull teares, and where is then my reioycing? You haue reaſon, ſaid *Cecropia* with a fained grauity, I

will

will therfore ſend her away preſently, that her contentment may be recouered. No good mother, ſaid *Amphialus*, ſince ſhe is here, I would not for my life conſtraine preſence, but rather would I dy than conſent to abſence. Pretty intricate follies, ſaid *Cecropia*, but get you vp, and ſee how you can preuaile with her, while I goe to the other ſiſter. For after, we ſhall haue our hands full to defend our ſelues, if *Baſilius* hap to beſiege vs. But remembring her ſelfe, ſhee turned backe and asked him what hee would haue done with *Zelmane*, ſince now he might be reuenged of his hurt? Nothing but honorably, anſwered *Amphialus*, hauing deſerued no other of me, eſpecially being (as I hear) greatly cheriſhed of *Philoclea:* & therfore I could wiſh they were lodged together. O no, ſaid *Cecropia*, company confirmes reſolutions, & loueline ſſe breeds a wearines of ones thoughts, & ſo a ſooner conſenting to reaſonable profers.

But *Amphialus* (taking off his mother *Philoclea's* kniues, which he kept as a relique ſince ſhe had worne them) gat vp, & calling for his richeſt apparel, nothing ſeemed ſumptuous enough for his miſtreſſes eies; and that which was coſtly, he feared were not dainty: and though the inuention were delicate, he miſdoubted the making. As carefull he was too of the colour, leſt if gay, he might ſeeme to glorie in his iniurie, and her wrong; if mourning, it might ſtrike ſome euill preſage vnto her of her fortune. At length he tooke a garment more rich than glaring, the ground being black veluet, richly embroidered with great pearle, and precious ſtones, but they ſet ſo among certaine tuffes of cipres, that the cipres was like black clowds, through which the ſtars might yeeld a dark luſtre. About his neck he ware a brode and gorgeous collor; wherof the pieces interchangeably anſwering; the one was of diamonds & pearle, ſet with a white enamell, ſo as by the cunning of the workman it ſeemed like a ſhining ice, and the other piece beeing of Rubies, & Opalls, had a fiery gliſtring, which he thought pictured the two paſſions of Feare & Deſire, wherin he was enchainde. His hurt, not yet fully well, made him a little halt, but he ſtraue to giue the beſt grace he could vnto his halting.

And in that ſort he went to *Philoclea's* chamber: whom hee found (becauſe her chamber was ouer-lightſome) ſitting of that ſide of her bedde which was from the window; which did caſt ſuch a ſhadow vpon her, as a good Painter would beſtow vpon *Venus*, when vnder the trees ſhee bewailed the murther of *Adonis*, her hands and fingers (as it were) indented one within the other: her ſhoulder leaning to her beddes head, and ouer her head a ſcarfe, which did eclipſe almoſt halfe her eyes, which vnder it fixed their beames vpon the wall by, with ſo ſteddy a manner, as if in that place they might well change, but not mend their obiect: and ſo remained they a good while after his comming in, he not daring to trouble her, nor ſhe perceiuing him, till that (a little varying her thoughts ſomething quickning her ſenſes) ſhe heard him as he hapned to ſtirre his vpper garment: and perceiuing him, roſe vp, with a demeanure, where in the Booke of beauty there was nothing to be read but Sorrow: for Kindneſſe was blotted out, and Anger was neuer there.

But *Amphialus* that had entruſted his memory with long and forcible ſpeeches, found it ſo locked vp in amazement, that he could picke nothing out of it, but the beſeeching her to take what was done in good part, and to aſſure her ſelf there was nothing but honour meant vnto her perſon. But ſhee making no other anſwer, but letting her hands fall one from the other, which before were ioyned (with eyes ſomething caſt aſide, and a ſilent ſigh) gaue him to vnderſtand, that conſidering his doings, ſhee thought his ſpeech as full of incongruitie, as her anſwer would be voyde of purpoſe: whereupon he kneeling downe, and kiſſing her hand

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(which ſhe ſuffered with a countenance witneſſing captiuitie, but not kindneſſe) hee beſought her to haue pity of him, whoſe loue went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of vttering: that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did ſtand; whereto the leaſt motion of hers would ſerue to determine, ſhee being indeed the miſtreſſe of his life, and he her eternall ſlaue; and with true vehemencie beſought her that he might heare her ſpeake, whereupon ſhe ſuffered her ſweet breath to turn it ſelfe into theſe kinde of words.

Alas couſin, ſaid ſhee, what ſhall my tongue bee able to doe, which is informed by the eares one way, and by the eyes another? You call for pitie, and vſe cruelty; you ſay you loue me, and yet doe the effects of enmitie. You affirme your death is in my hands, but you haue brought mee to ſo neare a degree to death, as when you will, you may lay death vpon me: ſo that while you ſay, I am miſtreſſe of your life, I am not miſtreſſe of mine owne. You entitle your ſelfe my ſlaue, but I am ſure I am yours. If then violence, iniurie, terrour, and depriuing of that which is more deare than life it ſelfe, libertie, be fit orators for affection, you may expect that I will bee eaſily perſwaded. But if the neareneſſe of our kindred breede any remorſe in you, or there be any ſuch thing in you, which you call loue toward me, then let not my fortune be diſgraced with the name of impriſonment: let not my heart waſte it ſelfe by being vexed with feeling euill, and fearing worſe. Let not mee bee a cauſe of my parents wofull deſtruction; but reſtore mee to my ſelfe, and ſo doing, I ſhall account I haue receiued my ſelfe of you. And what I ſay for my ſelfe, I ſay for my deare ſiſter, and my friend *Zelmane*; for I deſire no well-being, without they may bee partakers. With that her teares rained downe from her heauenly eyes, and ſeemed to water the ſweete and beautifull flowers of her face.

But *Amphialus* was like the poore woman, who louing a tame Doe ſhe had aboue all earthly things, hauing long played with all, and made it feed at her hand and lap, is conſtrained at length by famine (all her flocke being ſpent, and ſhee fallen into extreame pouertie) to kill the Deere, to ſuſtaine her life. Many a pitiful looke doth ſhee caſt vpon it, and many a time doth ſhee draw backe her hand before ſhe can giue the ſtroke. For euen ſo *Amphialus* by a hunger-ſtarued affection, was compelled to offer this iniurie, and yet the ſame affection made him with a tormenting griefe, thinke vnkindneſſe in himſelfe, that hee could finde in his heart any way to reſtraine her freedome. But at length, neither able to grant, nor deny, he thus anſwered her: Deare Ladie, ſaid he, I will not ſay vnto you (how iuſtly ſoeuer I may doe it) that I am neither author, nor acceſſary vnto this your with-holding. For ſince I doe not redreſſe it, I am as faulty as if I had begun it. But this I proteſt vnto you (and this proteſtation of mine, let the heauens heare, and if I lie, let them anſwer me with a deadly thunderbolt) that in my ſoule I wiſh I had neuer ſeen the light; or rather, that I had neuer had a father to beget ſuch a child, than that by my means thoſe eies ſhould ouerflow their own beauties, than by my means the skie of your vertue ſhould be ouerclowded with ſorrow. But woe is me, moſt excellent Ladie, I finde my ſelfe moſt willing to obey you: neither truly do mine eares receiue the leaſt word you ſpeake, with any leſſe reuerence, than as abſolute, & vnreſiſtable commandements. But alas, that tyrant Loue (which now poſſeſſeth the hold of all my life and reaſon) will no way ſuffer it. It is Loue, it is Loue, not I, which diſobey you. What then ſhall I ſay? but that I, who am ready to lye vnder your feete, to venture, nay to loſe my life at your leaſt commandement: I am not the ſtay of your freedome, but Loue, Loue, which ties you in your own knots. It is

you your ſelfe, that impriſon your ſelfe: it is your beauty which makes theſe caſtle walls embrace you: it is your owne eyes, which reflect vpon themſelues this iniurie. Then is there no other remedy, but that you ſome way vouchſafe to ſatisfie this Loues vehemencie; which (ſince it grew in your ſelfe) without queſtion you ſhall finde it (farre more than I) tractable.

But with theſe words *Philoclea* fell to ſo extreame a quaking, and her liuely whiteneſſe did degenerate to ſuch a deadly paleneſſe, that *Amphialus* feared ſome dangerous traunce: ſo that takingher hand, and feeling that it (which was wont to bee one of the chiefe firebrands of *Cupid*) had all the ſenſe of it wrapt vp in coldneſſe, he began humbly to beſeech her to put away all feare, and to aſſure her ſelfe vpon the vow hee made thereof vnto God, and her ſelfe, that the vttermoſt forces hee would euer employ to conquer her affection, ſhould bee Deſire, and Deſert. That promiſe brought *Philoclea* againe to her ſelfe, ſo that ſlowly lifting vp her eyes vpon him, with a countenance euer courteous, but then languiſhing, ſhee told him, that he ſhould doe well to doe ſo, if indeed he had euer taſted what true loue was: for that where now ſhee did beare him good will, ſhee ſhould (if hee tooke any other way) hate, and abhorre the very thought of him: aſſuring him withall, that though his mother had taken away her knives, yet the houſe of death had ſo many doores, as ſhee would eaſily flye into it, if euer ſhe found her honour endangered.

Amphialus hauing the cold aſhes of Care caſt vpon the coales of Deſire, leauing ſome of his mothers Gentlewomen to waite vpon *Philoclea*, himſelfe indeede a priſoner to his priſoner, and making all his authoritie to bee but a foot-ſtoole to Humbleneſſe, went from her to his mother. To whom with words which Affection endited, but Amazement vttered, hee deliuered what had paſſed betweene him and *Philoclea*: beſeeching her to trie what her perſwaſions could do with her, while he gaue order for all ſuch things as were neceſſary againſt ſuch forces, as hee looked daily *Baſilius* would bring before his caſtle. His mother bad him quiet himſelfe, for ſhee doubted not to take fit times. But that the beſt way was, firſt to let her owne Paſſion a little tire it ſelfe.

So they calling *Clinias*, and ſome other of their counſell, aduiſed vpon their preſent affaires. Firſt, he diſpatched priuate letters to all thoſe principall Lords & Gentlemen of the countrey, whom he thought either alliance, or friendſhip to himſelfe might draw; with ſpeciall motions from the generall conſideration of dutie: not omitting all ſuch, whom either youthfull age, or youthlike mindes did fill with vnlimitted deſires: beſides ſuch whom any diſcontentment made hungrie of change, or an ouer-ſpended want, made want a ciuill warre: to each (according to the counſell of his mother) conforming himſelfe after their humors. To his friends, friendlineſs; to the ambitious, great expectations; to the diſpleaſed, reuenge; to the greedy, ſpoyle: wrapping their hopes with ſuch cunning, as they rather ſeemed giuen ouer vnto them as partakers, than promiſes ſprung of neceſſitie. Then ſent he to his mothers brother, the king of *Argos*: but he was then ſo ouer-laid with warre himſelfe, as from thence he could attend ſmall ſuccour.

But becauſe he knew how violently rumors do blow the ſailes of popular iudgements, and how few there bee that can diſcerne betweene truth and truthlikeneſſe, betweene ſhewes and ſubſtance; hee cauſed a iuſtification of this his action to bee written, wherof were ſowed abroad many copies, which with ſome gloſſes of probability, might indeede hide the fowlneſſe of his treaſon; and from true common places, fetch downe moſt falſe applications. For, beginning how much the duety

which is owed to the country, goes beyond all other dueties, since in it selfe it containes them all; and that for the respect thereof, not only all tender respects of kindred, or whatsoeuer other friendships are to bee laid aside, but that euen long-held opinions (rather builded vpon a secret of gouernment, than any ground of truth) are to be forsaken; he fell by degrees, to shew, that since the end wherto any thing is directed, is euer to bee of more noble reckning, than the thing thereto directed: that therefore the weale-publike was more to bee regarded, than any person or Magistrate that thereunto was ordained. The feeling consideration whereof had moued him (though as neere of kinne to *Basilius* as could bee, yet) to set principally before his eyes, the good estate of so many thousands, ouer whom *Basilius* raigned: rather than so to hood-winke himselfe with affection, as to suffer the Realme to runne to manifest ruine. The care whereof, did kindly appertaine to those who being subaltern magistrates & officers of the crown, were to be employed, as from the Prince, so for the people; & of all other, especially himselfe, who being descended of the Royall race, and next heire male, Nature had no sooner opened his eies, but that the soyle whereupon they did looke was to looke for at his hands a continuall carefulnes: which as from his childhood he had euer carried, so now finding that his Vncle had not only giuen ouer all care of gouernment, but had put it into the hands of *Philanax* (a man neither in birth comparable to many, nor for his corrupt, proud, and partiall dealing, liked of any) but beside, had set his daughters, in whom the whole estate, as next heires thereunto, had no lesse interest than himself; in so vnfit and ill-guarded a place, as it were not only dangerous for their persons, but (if they should bee conueyed to any forraine countrey) to the whole common-wealth pernicious: that therefore he had brought them into this strong castle of his: which way, if it might seem strange, they were to consider, that new necessities require new remedies: but there they should be serued & honoured as belonged to their greatnesse, vntill by the generall assembly of the estates, it should bee determined how they should to their best (both priuate, and publique) aduantage be matched; vowing al faith & duty both to the father & children, neuer by him to be violated. But if in the mean time, before the estates could be assembled, he should be assailed, he would then for his own defence take arms: desiring all, that either tendred the dangerous case of their country, or in their harts loued iustice, to defend him in this iust action. And if the Prince should command them otherwise, yet to know, that therein he was no more to be obeyed, than if he should call for poison to hurt himselfe withall: since all that was done, was done for his seruice, howsoeuer hee might (seduced by *Philanax*) interprete of it: hee protesting, that whatsoeuer hee should do for his own defence, should be against *Philanax*, & no way against *Basilius*.

To this effect, amplified with arguments & examples, & painted with rethoricall colours, did hee sow abroad many discourses: which as they preuailed with some of more quick than sound conceit, to runne his fortune with him; so in many did it breed a coolenes, to deale violently against him, & a false-minded neutrality to expect the issue. But besides the waies he vsed to weaken the aduerse party, he omitted nothing for the strengthning of his own. The chiefe trust wherof, because he wanted men to keep the field, he reposed in the surety of his castle; which at least would win him much time, the mother of many mutations. To that therfore he bent both his outward and inward eyes, striuing to make Art striue with Nature, to whether of them two that fortification should bee most beholding. The seate Nature bestowed, but Art gaue the building: which as his rocky hardnesse would not yeeld to vndermining force, so to open assaults he took counsell of skill, how to make all approches;

approches, if not impossible, yet difficult; as well at the foote of the castle, as round about the lake, to giue vnquiet lodgings to them, whom onely enmity would make neighbours. Then omitted hee nothing of defence, as well simple defence, as that which did defend by offending, fitting instruments of mischiefe to places, whence the mischiefe might be most liberally bestowed. Neither was his smallest care for victuals, as well for the prouiding that which should suffice, both in store & goodnesse, as in well preseruing it, and wary distributing it, both in quantity and quality; spending that first which would keep least.

But wherein he sharpned his wits to the piercingest point, was touching his men (knowing them to be the weapon of weapons, and master-spring, as it were, which makes all the rest to stirre; & that therfore in the Art of man stood the quintessence and ruling skill of all prosperous gouernment, eyther peaceable, or military) hee chose in number as many as without pestring (and so danger of infection) his victuall would serue for two yeares to maintaine; all of able bodies, and some few of able mindes to direct, not seeking many Commanders, but contenting himselfe, that the multitude should haue obeying wittes, euery one knowing whom hee should command, and whom hee should obey, the place where, and the matter wherein; distributing each office as neere as he could, to the disposition of the person that should exercise it: knowing no loue, danger, nor discipline can suddenly alter an habit in nature. Therefore would hee not employ the still man to a shifting practice, nor the liberall man to be a dispenser of his victuals, nor the kind-hearted man to bee a punisher: but would exercise their vertues in sorts, where they might be profitable, employing his chiefe care to know them all particularly, & throughly, regarding also the constitution of their bodies; some being able better to abide watching, some hunger, some labour, making his benefit of each ability, and not forcing beyond power. Time to euery thing by iust proportion he allotted, and as well in that, as in euery thing else, no small errour winkt at, lest greater should bee animated. Euen of vices he made his profit, making the cowardly *Clinias* to haue care of the watch, which he knew his owne feare would make him very wakefully performe. And before the siege began, he himselfe caused rumors to be sowed, and libels to be spread against himselfe, fuller of malice, than witty perswasion: partly to know those that would bee apt to stumble at such motions, that hee might cull them from the faithfuller band; but principally, because in necessity they should not know when any such things were in earnest attempted, whether it were, or not of his owne inuention. But euen then (before the enemies face came neere to breed any terrour) did he exercise his men daily in all their charges, as if Danger had presently presented his most hideous presence; himselfe rather instructing by example, than precept, being neither more sparing in trauaile, nor spending in diet, than the meanest souldier: his hand and body disdaining no base matters, nor shrinking from the heauie.

The onely oddes was, that when others tooke breath, he sighed; and when others rested, he crost his armes. For Loue passing thorow the pikes of Danger, and tumbling it selfe in the dust of Labour, yet still made him remember his sweete desire, and beautifull image. Often when hee had begun to command one, somewhat before halfe the sentence were ended, his inward guest did so entertaine him, that hee would breake it off, and a pretty while after end it, when hee had (to the marueil of the standers by) sent himselfe to talke with his owne thoughts. Sometimes when his hand was lifted vp to doe something, as if with the sight of *Gorgons* head hee had beene suddenly turned into a stone, so would hee there abide with his eyes

planted,& hands lifted,till at length comming to the vse of himselfe,he would look about whether any had perceiued him; then would he accuse,and in himselfe condemne all those wits,that durst affirme Idlenesse to bee the well-spring of Loue.O, would he say,all you that affect the title of wisdom, by vngrateful scorning the ornaments of Nature, am I now piping in a shadow? or doe sloathfull feathers now enwrap me? Is not hate before me,and doubt behinde me? Is not danger of the one side,and shame of the other? And doe I not stand vpon paine and trauell, and yet ouer all,my affection triumphs? The more I stirre about vrgent affaires, the more mee thinkes the very stirring breedes a breath to blowe the coales of my loue: the more I exercise my thoughts,the more they increase the appetite of my desires. O sweete *Philoclea* (with that hee would cast vp his eyes, wherein some water did appeare,as if they would wash themselues against they should see her) thy heauenly face is my Astronomy; thy sweete vertue,my sweete Philosophy: let me profit therein, and farewell all other cogitations. But alas,my minde mis-giues me, for your planets beare a contrary aspect vnto me. Woe,woe is me, they threaten my destruction: and whom doe they threaten this destruction? euen him that loues them;and by what meanes will they destroy,but by louing them? O deare (though killing) eyes, shall death head his dart with the gold of *Cupids* arrow? Shall death take his ayme from the rest of Beauty? O beloued (though hating) *Philoclea*, how if thou beest mercifull,hath cruelty stolne into thee? Or how if thou beest cruell, doth cruelty looke more beautifull than euer mercy did? Ot alas, it is my destiny that makes mercy cruell: like an euill vessell which turnes sweet liquor to sowernesse; so when thy grace falls vpon me,my wretched constitution makes it become fiercenesse. Thus would he exercise his eloquence,when shee could not heare him, and be dumbe-striken,when her presence gaue him fit occasion of speaking: so that his wit could find out no other refuge, but the comfort and counsell of his mother, desiring her(whose thoughts were vnperplexed)to vse for his sake the most preuailing manners of intercession.

Shee seeing her sonnes safety depend thereon(though her pride much disdained the name of a desirer) tooke the charge vpon her,not doubting the easie conquest of an vnexpert Virgin, who had already with subtilty and impudency begun to vndermine a Monarchie. Therefore weighing *Philoclea's* resolutions by the counterpoise of her owne youthfull thoughts,which shee then called to minde,she doubted not at least to make *Philoclea* to receiue the poyson distilled in sweete liquor, which she with little disguising had drunke vp thirstily. Therefore shee went softly to *Philoclea's* chamber,& peeping through the side of the doore, then being a little open, shee saw *Philoclea* sitting low vpon a cushion, in such a giuen-ouer manner, that one would haue thought silence, solitarinesse, and melancholy were come there,vnder the ensigne of mishap,to conquer delight, & driue him from his naturall seate of beauty: her teares came dropping downe like raine in Sunneshine,and she not taking heede to wipe the teares,they hung vpon her cheekes,and lips,as vpon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth.In the dressing of her haire and apparell,she might see neither a carefull Art,nor an Art of careleslesse, but euen left to a neglected chance,which yet could no more vnperfect her perfections, than a Die any way cast,could lose his squarenesse.

Cecropia (stirred with no other pitie, but for her sonne)came in, and haling kindnesse into her countenance,What ayles this sweet Lady,(said shee)will you marre so good eyes with weeping? shall teares take away the beautie of that complexion, which the women of *Arcadia* wish for,and the men long after? Fie of this peeuish

ſadneſſe; in ſooth it is vntimely for your age. Looke vpon your owne body, and ſee whether it deſerue to pine away with ſorrow: ſee whether you will haue theſe hands (with that ſhee tooke one of her hands, and kiſſing it, looked vpon it as if ſhe were enamoured with it) fade from their whiteneſſe, which makes one deſire to touch them; and their ſoftneſſe, which rebounds againe a deſire to looke on them, and become drie, leane and yellow, and make euery body wonder at the change, and ſay, that ſure you had vſed ſome Art before, which now you had left; for if the beauties had beene naturall, they would neuer ſo ſoone haue beene blemiſhed. Take a glaſſe, and ſee whether theſe teares become your eyes: although I muſt confeſſe, thoſe eyes are able to make teares comely. Alas Madam, anſwered *Philoclea*, I know not whether my teares become mine eyes, but I am ſure mine eyes thus beteared, become my fortune. Your fortune, ſaid *Cecropia*, if ſhe could ſee to attire her ſelfe, would put on her beſt rayments. For I ſee, and I ſee it with griefe, and (to tell you true) vnkindneſſe: you miſconſtrue euery thing that onely for your ſake is attempted. You thinke you are offended, and are indeed defended: you eſteeme your ſelfe a priſoner, and are in truth a miſtreſſe: you fear hate, and ſhall find loue. And truely, I had a thing to ſay to you, but it is no matter: ſince I find you are ſo obſtinately melancholy, as that you woo his fellowſhip, I wil ſpare my paines, and hold my peace. And ſo ſtaied indeede, thinking *Philoclea* would haue had a female inquiſitiueneſſe of the matter. But ſhe, who rather wiſhed to vnknow what ſhe knew, than to burthen her heart with more hopeleſs knowledge, only deſired her to haue pitie of her, and if indeede ſhe did meane her no hurt, then to grant her liberty: for elſe the very griefe and feare, would proue her vnappointed executioners. For that, ſaid *Cecropia*, beleeue me vpon the faith of a kings daughter, you ſhall be free, ſo ſoone as your freedome may bee free of mortall danger, being brought hither for no other cauſe, but to preuent ſuch miſchiefes as you know not of. But if you thinke indeed to winne me to haue care of you, euen as of mine own daughter, then lend your eares vnto me, and let not your minde arme it ſelfe with a wilfulneſſe to be flexible to nothing. But if I ſpeake reaſon, let Reaſon haue his due reward, perſwaſion. Then ſweete Neece (ſaid ſhee) I pray you preſuppoſe, that now, euen in the midſt of your agonies, which you paint vnto your ſelfe moſt horrible, wiſhing with ſighes, and praying with vowes, for a ſoone & ſafe deliuerie. Imagine Neece (I ſay) that ſome heauenly ſpirit ſhould appeare vnto you, & bid you follow him through the door, that goes into the garden, aſſuring you, that you ſhould therby returne to your deare mother, & what other delights ſoeuer your mind eſteems delights: would you (ſweet Neece) would you refuſe to follow him: & ſay, that if he led you not through the chiefe gate, you would not enioy your ouer-deſired liberty? Would you not drinke the Wine you thirſt for, without it were in ſuch a glaſſe as you eſpecially fancied? tell me (dear Neece:) but I will anſwer for you, becauſe I know your reaſon & wit is ſuch, as muſt needs conclude, that ſuch niceneſſe can no more be in you, to diſgrace ſuch a minde, than diſgracefulneſſe can haue any place in ſo faultleſſe a beautie. Your wiſdome would aſſuredly determine, how the marke were hit, not whether the bow were of Ewe or no, wherein you ſhot. If this be ſo, & thus ſure (my deare Neece) it is, then (I pray you) imagine, that I am that ſame good Angell, who grieuing in your griefe, and in truth not able to ſuffer, that bitter ſighs ſhould be ſent forth with ſo ſweete a breath, am come to lead you, not only to your deſired, and imagined happineſſe, but to a true & eſſentiall happineſſe; not onely to liberty, but to liberty with cõmandement. The way I will ſhew you: which if it be not the gate builded hitherto in your priuate choiſe, yet ſhall it be a doore to bring

you through a garden of pleaſures, as ſweet as this life can bring forth; nay rather, which makes this life to be a life: My ſonne (let it be no blemiſh to him that I name him my ſon, who was your fathers own nephew: for you know I am no ſmall kings daughter) my ſonne, I ſay, farre paſſing the neereneſſe of his kindred, with neerneſſe of good will, and ſtriuing to match your matchleſſe beautie with a matchleſſe affection, doth by me preſent vnto you the full enioying of your liberty, ſo as with this gift you will accept a greater, which is, this caſtle, with all the reſt which you know he hath in honourable quantity; and will confirme his gift, and your receit of both, with accepting him to be yours. I might ſay much both for the perſon & the matter; but who will cry out the Sun ſhines? It is ſo manifeſt a profit vnto you, as the meaneſt iudgement muſt ſtraight apprehend it: ſo farre it is from the ſharpeneſſe of yours, thereof to be ignorant. Therfore (ſweet Neece) let your gratefulneſſe be my interceſſion, and your gentleneſſe my eloquence, and let me cary comfort to a heart which greatly needs it. *Philoclea* looked vpon her, and caſt downe her eye againe: Aunt, ſaid ſhe, I would I could be ſo much a miſtreſſe of my own mind, as to yeeld to my couſins vertuous requeſt: for ſo I conſtrue of it. But my heart is already ſet (& ſtaying a while on that word, ſhe brought forth afterwards) to lead a virgins life to my death: for ſuch a vow I haue in my ſelfe deuoutly made. The heauens preuent ſuch a miſchiefe, ſaid *Cecropia*. A vow, quoth you? no, no, my deare Neece, Nature, when you were firſt borne, vowed you a woman, and as ſhe made you childe of a mother, ſo to do your beſt to be mother of a childe: ſhee gaue you beautie to moue loue; ſhe gaue you wit to know loue; ſhee gaue you an excellent body to reward loue: which kind of liberall rewarding is crowned with an vnſpeakeable felicity. For this, as it bindeth the receiuer, ſo it makes happy the beſtower: this doth not impoueriſh, but enrich the giuer. O the ſweet name of a mother: O the comfort of comforts, to ſee your children grow vp, in whom you are, as it were, eternized! if you could conceiue what a heart-tickling ioy it is to ſee your own little ones, with awfull loue come running to your lap, & like little models of your ſelf ſtil cary you about them, you would think vnkindneſſe in your own thoughts, that euer they did rebel againſt the meane vnto it. But perchance I ſet this bleſſednes before your eies, as Captaines doe victorie before their ſouldiers, to which they muſt come through many paines, griefes & dangers. No, I am content you ſhrinke from this my counſell, if the way to come vnto it, be not moſt of all pleaſant. I know not (anſwered the ſweet *Philoclea*, fearing leſt ſilence would offend for ſullenneſſe) what contentment you ſpeak of: but I am ſure the beſt you can make of it (which is marriage) is a burdenous yoke. Ah, deare Neece (ſaid *Cecropia*) how much you are deceiued: A yoke indeed we all bear, laid vpon vs in our creation, which by mariage is not increaſed; but thus farre eaſed, that you haue a yoke-fellow to help to draw through the cloddy cumbers of this world. O widow-nights, beare witneſſe with me of the difference. How often alas do I embrace the orphan-ſide of my bed, which was wont to be imprinted by the body of my deare husband, and with teares acknowledge, that I now enioy ſuch a libertie as the baniſht man hath; who may, if he liſt, wander ouer the world, but is for euer reſtrained from his moſt delightfull home? that I haue now ſuch a liberty as the ſeeled doue hath, which being firſt depriued of eies, is then by the falconer caſt off? For beleeue me, neece, beleeue me, mans experience is womans beſt eye-ſight. Haue you euer ſeene a pure Roſewater kept in a cryſtall glaſſe? how fine it looks, how ſweet it ſmels, while that beautiful glaſſe impriſons it? break the priſon, & let the water take his owne courſe, doth it not embrace duſt, and loſe all his former ſweetneſſe & faireneſſe? Truly ſo are wee, if wee haue not the ſtay,

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rather than the reſtraint of Cryſtalline marriage. My heart melts to thinke of the ſweete comforts I in that happy time receiued, when I had neuer cauſe to care, but the care was doubled: when I neuer reioyced, but that I ſaw my ioy ſhine in another eies. What ſhall I ſay of the free delight, which the heart might embrace, without the accuſing of the inward conſcience, or feare of outward ſhame? and is a ſolitary life as good as this? then can one ſtring make as good muſicke as a conſort: then can one colour ſet forth a beauty. But it may be, the generall conſideration of mariage doth not ſo much miſlike you, as the applying of it to him. He is my ſonne, I muſt confeſſe, I ſee him with a mothers eyes, which if they doe not much deceiue me, he is no ſuch one, ouer whom Contempt may make any iuſt challenge. Hee is comely, he is noble, he is rich, but that which in it ſelfe ſhould cary all comelineſſe, nobilitie, & riches, He loues you: & he loues you who is beloued of others. Driue not away his affection (ſweet Lady) & make no other Lady hereafter proudly brag, that ſhe hath robbed you of ſo faithfull & notable a ſeruant. *Philoclea* heard ſome peeces of her ſpeeches, no otherwiſe than one doth when a tedious pratler combers the hearing of a delightfull muſick. For her thoughts had left her eares in that captiuitie, & conuicd themſelues to behold (with ſuch eyes as imagination could lend them) the eſtate of her *Zelmane*: for whom how well ſhe thought many of thoſe ſayings might haue beene vſed with a farre more gratefull acceptation. Therefore liſting not to diſpute in a matter whereof her ſelfe was reſolued, and deſired not to informe the other, ſhe only told her that whileſt ſhe was ſo captiued, ſhe could not conceiue of any ſuch perſwaſions (though neuer ſo reaſonable) any otherwiſe, thã as conſtraints: & as conſtraints muſt needs euen in nature abhor them, which at her libertie in their own force of reaſon, might more preuaile with her: & ſo faine would haue returned the ſtrength of *Cecropia's* perſwaſions, to haue procured freedome.

But neither her witty words in an enemie, nor thoſe words, made more than eloquent with paſſing through ſuch lips, could preuaile in *Cecropia*, more than her perſwaſions could winne *Philoclea* to diſauow her former vow, or to leaue the priſoner *Zelmane*, for the commanding *Amphialus*. So that both ſides being deſirers, and neither granters, they brake off conference. *Cecropia* ſucking vp more and more ſpite out of her deniall, which yet for her ſonnes ſake, ſhee diſguiſed with a viſard of kindeneſſe, leauing no office vnperformed, which might either witneſſe, or endeare her ſonnes affection. Whatſoeuer could be imagined likely to pleaſe her, was with liberall diligence performed: Muſickes at her window, and eſpecially ſuch Muſickes, as might (with dolefull embaſſage) call the mind to thinke of ſorrow, and think of it with ſweetneſſe; with ditties ſo ſenſibly expreſſing *Amphialus* caſe, that euery word ſeemed to be but a diuerſifying of the name of *Amphialus*. Daily preſents, as it were oblations, to pacifie an angry Deitie, ſent vnto her: wherein, if the workmanſhip of the forme had ſtriuen with the ſumptuouſneſſe of the matter, as much did the inuention, in the application, contend to haue the chief excellencie: for they were as ſo many ſtories of his diſgraces, and her perfections; where the richneſſe did inuite the eyes, the faſhion did entertaine the eyes, and the deuice did teach the eyes, the preſent miſerie of the preſenter himſelfe awfully ſeruiceable: which was the more notable, as his authority was manifeſt. And for the bondage wherein ſhe liued, all meanes vſed to make knowne, that if it were a bondage, it was a bondage only knit in loue-knots: but ſhe in heart already vnderſtanding no language but one, the Muſicke wrought indeede a dolefulneſſe, but it was a dolefulneſſe to be in his power: the dittie intended for *Amphialus*, ſhe tranſlated to *Zelmane*: the preſents ſeemed ſo many tedious clogs of a thralled obligation: and

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his ſeruice, the more diligent it was, the more it did exprobate (as ſhee thought) vnto her, her vnworthy eſtate: that euen he that did her ſeruice, had authority of commanding her, onely conſtruing her ſeruitude in his owne nature, eſteeming it a right, and a right bitter ſeruitude: ſo that all their ſhots (how well ſoeuer leuelled) being carried awry from the marke, by the ſtorme of her miſlike, the Prince *Amphialus* affectionately languiſhed, and *Cecropia* ſpitefully cunning, diſdained at the barrenneſſe of their ſucceſſe.

Which willingly *Cecropia* would haue reuenged, but that ſhe ſaw, her hurt could not be diuided from her ſonnes miſchiefe: wherefore, ſhee bethought her ſelfe to attempt *Pamela*, whoſe being equall, ſhe hoped, if ſhe might be wonne, that her ſons thoughts would rather reſt on a beautifull gratefulneſſe, than ſtill bee tormented with a diſdaining beauty. Therfore giuing new courage to her wicked inuentions, and vſing the more induſtry, becauſe ſhe had miſt in this, & taking euen precepts of preuailing in *Pamela*, by her fayling in *Philoclea*, ſhe went to her chamber, and (according to her own vngracious method of ſubtile proceeding) ſtood liſtning at the doore, becauſe that out of the circumſtance of her preſent behauiour, there might kindly ariſe a fit beginning of her intended diſcourſe.

And ſo ſhe might perceiue that *Pamela* did walk vp & down, full of deep (though patient) thoughts. For her looke & countenance was ſettled, her pace ſoft & almoſt ſtill of one meaſure, without any paſſionate geſture, or violent motion: til at length (as it were) awaking, & ſtrengthning her ſelfe, Well, ſaid ſhe, yet this is the beſt, and of this I am ſure, that howſoeuer they wrong mee, they cannot ouer-maſter God. No darkneſſe blinds his eyes, no goayle bars him out. To whom then elſe ſhould I flie, but to him for ſuccour? And therewith kneeling downe, euen where ſhe ſtood, ſhe thus ſaid: O All-ſeeing Light, and eternall Life of all things, to whom nothing is either ſo great, that it may reſiſt; or ſo ſmall, that it is contemned: looke vpon my miſery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchſafe to limit out ſome proportion of deliuerance vnto me, as to thee ſhall ſeeme moſt conuenient. Let not iniury, O Lord, triumph ouer mee, and let my faults by thy hand bee corrected, and make not mine vniuſt enemy the miniſter of thy Iuſtice. But yet my God, if in thy wiſdome, this be the apteſt chaſtiſement for my vnexcuſable folly; if this low bondage be fitteſt for my ouer-high deſires; if the pride of my not enough humble heart, be thus to bee broken, O Lord, I yeeld vnto thy will, & ioyfully embrace what ſorrow thou wilt haue me ſuffer. Only thus much let me craue of thee (let my crauing, O Lord, bee accepted of thee, ſince euen that proceeds from thee) let me craue, euen by the nobleſt title, which in my greateſt affliction I may giue my ſelfe, that I am thy creature, & by thy goodneſſe (which is thy ſelfe) that thou wilt ſuffer ſome beame of thy Maieſty ſo to ſhine into my minde, that it may ſtill depend confidently on thee. Let calamity be the exerciſe, but not the ouerthrow of my vertue: let their power preuaile, but preuaile not to deſtruction: let my greatneſſe be their prey: let my paine be the ſweeteneſſe of their reuenge: let them (if ſo it ſeem good vnto thee) vexe me with more and more puniſhment. But, O Lord, let neuer their wickedneſſe haue ſuch a hand, but that I may carry a pure minde in a pure body. (And pauſing a while) And O moſt gracious Lord, ſaid ſhee, what euer become of me, preſerue the vertuous *Muſidorus*.

The other part *Cecropia* might well heare: but this latter prayer for *Muſidorus*, her heart held it, as ſo iewel-like a treaſure, that it would ſcarce truſt her owne lippes withall. But this prayer, ſent to heauen, from ſo heauenly a creature, with ſuch a feruent grace, as if deuotion had borowed her body, to make of it ſelfe a moſt beautiful

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repreſentation; with her eies ſo lifted to the skie-ward, that one would haue thought they had begun to flie thitherward, to take their place among their fellow ſtarres; her naked hands raiſing vp their whole length, & as it were kiſſing one another, as if the right had been the picture of *Zeale*, and the left of *Humblenesſe*, which both vnited themſelues to make their ſuites more acceptable. Laſtly, all her ſenſes being rather tokens than inſtruments of her inward motions, altogether had ſo ſtrange a working power, that euen the hard-hearted wickednesſe of *Cecropia*, if it found not a loue of that goodneſſe, yet it felt an abaſhment at that goodneſſe, and if ſhee had not a kindly remorſe, yet had ſhee an irkſome accuſation of her owne naughtineſſe; ſo that ſhee was put from the byas of her fore-intended leſſon. For well ſhe found there was no way at that time to take that minde, but with ſome, at leaſt, image of Vertue: and what the figure thereof was, her heart knew not.

Yet did ſhe prodigally ſpend her vttermoſt eloquence, leauing no argument vnproued, which might with any force inuade her excellent iudgement: the iuſtneſſe of the requeſt being, but for marriage; the worthineſſe of the ſuiter: then her owne preſent fortune, which ſhould not only haue amendment, but felicity: beſides falſly making her beleeue, that her ſiſter would thinke her ſelfe happy, if now ſhee might haue his loue which before ſhe contemned: and obliquely touching, what danger it ſhould be for her, if her ſonne ſhould accept *Philocles* in marriage, and ſo match the next heire apparant, ſhee being in his power: yet plentifully periuring how extreamely her ſonne loued her, and excuſing the little ſhewes he made of it, with the dutifull reſpect hee bare vnto her; and taking vpon her ſelfe that ſhe reſtrained him, ſince ſhe found ſhe could ſet no limits to his paſſions. And as ſhe did to *Philoclea*, ſo did ſhe to her, with the tribute of gifts ſeeke to bring her minde into ſtruitude: and all other meanes, that might either eſtabliſh a beholdingneſſe, or at leaſt awake a kindneſſe; doing it ſo, as by reaſon of their impriſonment, one ſiſter knew not how the other was wooed, but each might thinke, that only ſhe was ſought. But if *Philoclea* with ſweet and humble dealing did auoide their aſſaults, ſhe with the Maieſty of Vertue did beate them off.

But this day their ſpeech was the ſooner broken off, by reaſon that he, who ſtood as watch vpon the top of the keepe, did not onely ſee a great duſt riſe (which the earth ſent vp, as if it would ſtriue to haue clouds as well as the ayre) but might ſpie ſometimes, eſpecially when the duſt (wherein the naked wind did apparrell it ſelfe) was caried aſide from them, the ſhining of armour, like flaſhing of lightning, wherwith the clouds did ſeeme to bee with childe; which the Sunne gilding with his beames, it gaue a ſight delightfull to any, but to them that were to abide the terror. But the watch gaue a quick Alarum to the ſouldiers within, whom practice already hauing prepared, began each, with vnabaſhed hearts or at leaſt countenances, to looke to their charge, or obedience, which was allotted vnto them.

Onely *Clinias* & *Amphialus* did exceede the bounds of mediocrity; the one in his naturall coldneſſe of cowardiſe, the other in heate of courage. For *Clinias* (who was bold onely in buſie whiſperings, & euen in that whiſperingneſſe rather indeed confident in his cunning, that it ſhould not bee bewrayed, than any way bold, if euer it ſhould bee bewrayed) now that the enemy gaue a dreadfull aſpect vnto the caſtle, his eies ſaw no terrour, nor eare heard any martiall ſound, but that they multiplied the hideouſneſſe of it to his mated mind. Before their comming he had many times felt a dreadfull expectation, but yet his minde (that was willing to caſe it ſelfe of the burden of feare) did ſometime faine vnto it ſelfe poſſibility of let; as the death of *Baſilius*, the diſcord of the nobility, and (when other cauſe failed him)

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the nature of chance serued as a cause vnto him: and sometimes the hearing other men speake valiantly, and the quietnesse of his vnassailed senses, would make him: selfe beleeue, that he durst doe something. But now, that present danger did display it selfe vnto his eye, and that a dangerous doing must bee the onely meane to preuent the danger of suffering, one that had marked him would haue iudged, that his eyes would haue runne into him, and his soule out of him; so vnkindly did either take a sent of danger. Hee thought the lake was too shallow, and the wals too thin: hee misdoubted each mans treason, and coniectured euery possibility of misfortune, not onely fore-casting likely perils, but such as all the planets together could scarcely haue conspired: and already began to arme himselfe, though it was determined he should tarry within doors; & while he armed himselfe, imagined in what part of the vault he would hide himselfe, if the enemies wonne the castle. Desirous he was that euery body should doe valiantly, but himselfe; and therfore was affraid to shew his feare, but for very feare would haue hid his feare; lest it should discomfort others: but the more he sought to disguise it, the more the vnsutableness of a weake broken voice to high braue words, and of a pale shaking countenance to a gesture of animating, did discouer him.

But quite contrarily *Amphialus*, who before the enemies came was carefull, prouidently diligent, and not sometimes without doubting of the issue; now the neerer danger approched (like the light of a glow-worme) the lesse still it seemed: and now his courage began to boyle in choler, and with such impatience to desire to powre out both vpon the enemy, that hee issued presently into certaine boates hee had of purpose, & carrying with him some choise men, went to the fortresse he had vpon the edge of the lake, which hee thought would bee the first thing, that the enemy would attempt, because it was a passage, which commanding all that side of the country, and being lost would stop victuall, or other supply, that might be brought into the castle: and in that fortresse hauing some force of horsemen, hee issued out with two hundred horse, and fiue hundred footemen, embushed his footemen in the falling of a hill, which was ouer-shadowed with a wood, hee with his horsemen went a quarter of a mile further; aside hand of which hee might perceiue the many troupes of the enemie, who came but to view where best to encampe themselues.

But as if the sight of the enemy had been a Magnes stone to his courage, he could not containe himselfe, but shewing his face to the enemy, and his backe to his souldiers, vsed that action, as his onely oration, both of denouncing warre to the one, and perswading helpe of the other. Who faithfully following an example of such authority, they made the earth to grone vnder their furious burden, & the enemies to begin to be angry with them, whom in particular they knew not. Among whom there was a yong man, yongest brother to *Philanax*, whose face as yet did not bewray his sexe, with so much as shew of haire; of a minde hauing no limits of hope, not knowing why to feare; full of iollity in conuersation, and lately growne a Louer. His name was *Ageror*, of all that army the most beautifull: who hauing ridden in sportfull conuersatiou among the foremost, all armed sauing that his beauer was vp, to haue his breath in more freedom, seeing *Amphialus* come a pretty way before his company, neither staying the commandement of the Captaine, nor reckning whether his face were armed, or no, set spurs to his horse, & with youthfull brauery casting his staffe about his head, put it then in his rest, as carefull of comely carying it, as if the marke had beene but a Ring, and the lookers on Ladies. But *Amphialus* lance was already come to the last of his descending line, & began to make the full

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point of death againſt the head of this yong Gentleman; when *Amphialus* perceiuing his youth and beauty, Compaſſion ſo rebated the edge of Choler, that hee ſpared that faire nakednesſe,& let his ſtaffe fall to *Agenors* vampalt: ſo as both with braue breaking ſhould hurtleſly haue performed that match, but that the pitileſſe Launce of *Amphialus* (angry with being broken) with an vnlucky counterbuffe full of vnſparing ſplinters, lighted vpon that face farre fitter for the combats of *Venus*; giuing not only a ſudden, but a fowle death, leauing ſcarcely any tokens of his former beauty: but his hands abandoning the reynes, and his thighes the ſaddle, he fell ſideward from the horſe. Which ſight comming to *Leontius*, a deare friend of his, who in vaine had lamentably cried vnto him to ſtay, when hee ſaw him begin his careere, it was hard to ſay, whether pitie of the one, or reuenge againſt the other, held as then the ſoueraignetie in his paſſions. But while hee directed his eye to his friend, & his hand to his enemy, ſo wrongly conſorted a power could not reſiſt the ready minded force of *Amphialus*: who perceiuing his ill-directed direction againſt him, ſo paid him his debt before it was lent, that he alſo fell to the earth, only happie that one place, and one time, did finiſh both their loues and liues together.

But by this time there had beene a furious meeting of either ſide: where after the terrible ſalutation of warlike noiſe, the ſhaking of hands was with ſharp weapons: ſome Launces according to the metall they met, and skill of the guider, did ſtaine themſelues in bloud; ſome flew vp in peeces, as if they would threaten heauen, becauſe they ſayled on earth. But their office was quickly inherited, eyther by (the Prince of weapons) the ſword, or by ſome heauie mace, or biting axe; which hunting ſtil the weakeſt chaſe, ſought euer to light there where ſmalleſt reſiſtance might worſe preuent miſchiefe. The claſhing of armour, and cruſhing of ſtaues, the iuſtling of bodies, the reſounding of blowes, was the firſt part of that ill agreeing muſicke, which was beautified with the griſlineſſe of wounds, the riſing of duſt, the hideous falls and the grones of the dying. The very horſes angry in their Maſters anger, with loue and obedience brought forth the effects of hate and reſiſtance, and with mindes of ſeruitude, did as if they affected glory. Some lay dead vnder their dead Maſters, whom vnknightly wounds had vniuſtly puniſhed for a faithfull dutie. Some lay vpon their Lords by like accidents, and in death, had the honour to be borne by them, whom in life they had borne. Some hauing loſt their commanding burthens, ranne ſcattered about the field, abaſhed with the madneſſe of mankind. The earth it ſelfe (wont to bee a buriall of men) was now, as it were, buried with men: ſo was the face thereof hidden with dead bodies, to whom death had come masked in diuers maners. In one place lay diſinherited heads, diſpoſſeſſed of their naturall ſeigniories: in another, whole bodies to ſee to, but that their hearts wont to bee bound all ouer ſo cloſe, were now with deadly violence opened: in others, fowler deaths had ouglily diſplayed their trayling guts. There lay armes, whoſe fingers yet moued, as if they would feele for him that made them feele: and legges, which contrary to common reaſon, by being diſcharged of their burden, were growne heauier. But no ſword payed ſo large a tribute of ſoules to the eternall Kingdome, as that of *Amphialus*: who like a Tigre, from whom a companie of Woolues did ſeeke to rauiſh a new gotten prey; ſo hee (remembring they came to take away *Philoclea*) did labour to make valour, ſtrength, choler, and hatred, to anſwer the proportion of his loue, which was infinite.

There died of his hand the old knight *Eſchylus*, who though by yeares might well haue beene allowed to vſe rather the exerciſes of wiſedome, than of courage; yet hauing a luſty body and a merry heart, he euer tooke the ſummons of Time in

ieſt, or elſe it had ſo creepingly ſtolne vpon him, that hee had heard ſcarcely the noiſe of his feet, and therfore was as freſh in apparell, and as forward in enterpriſes, as a far yonger man: but nothing made him bolder, than a certaine prophecie had been told him, that hee ſhould die in the armes of his ſonne, and therefore feared the leſſe the arme of an enemy. But now when *Amphialus* ſword was paſſed through his throate, he thought himſelfe abuſed; but that before he died, his ſonne, indeede ſeeing his father begin to fall, held him vp in his armes, till a pitileſſe ſouldier of the other ſide, with a mace brained him, making father and ſonne become twins in the neuer againe dying birth. As for *Drialus*, *Memnon*, *Niſus* and *Policrates*; the firſt had his eyes cut out ſo, as he could not ſee to bid the neer following death welcome: the ſecond had met with the ſame Prophet that old *Eſchylus* had; and hauing found many of his ſpeeches true, beleeued this too, that hee ſhould neuer bee killed, but by his owne companions: and therefore no man was more valiant than he againſt an enemy, no man more ſuſpicious of his friends: ſo as he ſeemed to ſleep in ſecurity, when he went to a battell, and to enter into a battell, when hee began to ſleep, ſuch guards he would ſet about his perſon; yet miſtruſting thoſe very guards leſt they would murder him. But now *Amphialus* helped to vnriddle his doubts; for he ouerthrowing him from his horſe, his owne companions comming with a freſh ſupply, preſſed him to death. *Niſus* graſping with *Amphialus*, was with a ſhort dagger ſlaine. And for *Policrates*, while hee ſhunned as much as hee could, keeping onely his place for feare of puniſhment, *Amphialus* with a memorable blow ſtrake off his head: where, with the conuulſions of death ſetting his ſpurs to his horſe, he gaue ſo braue a charge vpon the enemy, as it grew a Prouerbe, that *Policrates* was onely valiant after his head was off. But no man eſcaped ſo well his hands as *Phebilus* did: for he hauing long loued *Philoclea*, though for the meanneſſe of his eſtate he neuer durſt reueale it, now knowing *Amphialus*, ſetting the edge of a riuall vpon the ſword of an enemy, he held ſtrong fight with him. But *Amphialus* had already in the dangerouſeſt places diſarmed him, and was lifting vp his ſword to ſend him away from himſelfe; when hee thinking indeede to die, O *Philoclea*, ſaid hee, yet this ioyes me, that I die for thy ſake. The name of *Philoclea* firſt ſtayed his ſword: & he heard him out, though he abhord him much worſe than before, yet could he not vouchſafe him the honour of dying for *Philoclea*, but turned his ſword another way doing him no hurt for ouer-much hatred. But what good did that to poore *Phebilus*, if eſcaping a valiant hand, he was ſlaine by a baſe ſouldier, who ſeeing him ſo diſarmed, thruſt him through?

But thus with the wel-followed valour of *Amphialus* were the other almoſt ouerthrowne, when *Philanax* (who was the Marſhall of the Armie) came in, with new force renuing the almoſt decayed courage of his ſouldiers. For crying to them (and asking them whether their backes or their armes were better fighters) he himſelfe thruſt iuſt into the preſſe, & making force & fury wait vpon diſcretion and gouernment, he might ſeeme a braue Lion, who taught his yong Lionets, how in taking of a prey, to ioyne courage with cunning. Then Fortune (as if ſhe had made chaſes enow of the one ſide of that bloudy Teniſcourt) went of the other ſide the line, making as many fall downe of *Amphialus* followers, as before had done of *Philanax*, they loſing the ground, as faſt as before they had won it, only leauing them to keep it, who had loſt themſelues in keeping it. Then thoſe that had killed, inherited the lot of thoſe that had been killed; and cruell deaths made them lie quietly together, who moſt in their liues had ſought to diſquiet each other; & many of thoſe firſt ouerthrown, had the comfort to ſee their murtherers ouerrun them to *Charons* ferry.

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Codrus, *Cteſiphon*, and *Milo*, loſt their liues vpon *Philanax* ſword: but no bodies caſe was more pitied, than of a young ſquire of *Amphialus*, called *Iſmenus*, who neuer abandoning his Maſter, and making his tender age aſpire to acts of the ſtrongeſt manhood, in this time that his ſide was put to the worſt, and that *Amphialus* valour was the onely ſtay of them from deliuering themſelues ouer to a moſt ſhamefull flight, hee ſaw his maſters horſe killed vnder him. Whereupon asking aduice of no other thought, but of faithfulneſſe and courage, hee preſently lighted from his owne horſe, and with the helpe of ſome choiſe and faithfull ſeruants, gat his maſter vp. But in the multitude that came of either ſide, ſome to ſuccour, ſome to ſaue *Amphialus*, hee came vnder the hand of *Philanax*: and the youth perceiuing hee was the man that did moſt hurt to his partie (deſirous euen to change his life for glorie) ſtrake at him, as he rode by him, and gaue him a hurt vpon the leg, that made *Philanax* turne towards him; but ſeeing him ſo young, and of a moſt louely preſence, hee rather tooke pittie of him; meaning to take him priſoner, and then to giue him to his brother *Agenor* to bee his companion, becauſe they were not much vnlike, neither in yeeres, nor countenance. But as hee looked downe vpon him with that thought, hee eſpied where his brother lay dead, and his friend *Leontius* by him, euen almoſt vnder the ſquiers feete. Then ſorrowing not onely his owne ſorrow, but the paſt-comfort ſorrow which he foreknew his mother would take (who with many teares, and miſgiuing ſighs had ſuffered him to goe with his elder brother *Philanax*) blotted out all figures of pitty out of his minde, & putting forth his horſe (while *Iſmenus* doubled two or three more valiant, than well ſet blowes) ſaying to himſelfe; Let other mothers bewaile an vntimely death as well as mine: he thruſt him through. And the boy fierce though beautifull; and beautifull, though dying, not able to keepe his falling feete, fell downe to the earth, which he bit for anger, repining at his fortune, and as long as he could, reſiſting death, which might ſeeme vnwilling too; ſo long he was in taking away his yong ſtruggling ſoule.

Philanax himſelfe could haue wiſhed the blow vngiuen, when he ſaw him fal like a fair apple, which ſome vncurteous body (breaking his bough) ſhould throw down before it were ripe. But the caſe of his brother made him forget both that, and himſelfe: ſo as ouerhaſtily preſſing vpon the retiring enemies, he was (ere he was aware) further engaged than his owne ſouldiers could relieue him; where being ouerthrowne by *Amphialus*, *Amphialus* glad of him, kept head againſt his enemies, while ſome of his men carried away *Philanax*.

But *Philanax* men, as if with the loſſe of *Philanax* they had loſt the fountaine of their valour, had their courages ſo dried vp in feare; that they began to ſet honour at their backs, and to vſe the vertue of patience in an vntimely time, when into the preſſe comes (as hard as his horſe, more affraide of the ſpurre, than the ſword, could carie him) a knight in armour as darke as blackeneſſe could make it, followed by none, and adorned by nothing; ſo farre without authoritie, that he was without knowledge. But vertue quickly made him knowne, and admiration bred him ſuch authoritie, that though they of whoſe ſide he came knew him not, yet they all knew it was fit to obey him: & while he was followed by the valianteſt, he made way for the vileſt. For, taking part with the beſiegers, hee made the *Amphialians* bloud ſerue for a capariſon to his horſe, and a decking to his armour. His arme no ofter gaue blowes, than the blowes gaue wounds, than the wounds gaue deaths: ſo terrible was his force; & yet was his quickneſſe more forcible than his force, and his iudgement more quicke than his quickeneſſe. For though his ſword went faſter than

eye-ſight could follow it, yet his owne iudgement went ſtill before it. There died of his hand *Sarpedon*, *Pliſtonax*, *Strophilus*, and *Hippolitus*, men of great proofe in warres, and who had that day vndertaken the guard of *Amphialus*. But while they ſought to ſaue him, they loſt the fortreſſes that Nature had placed them in. Then ſlew he *Megalus*, who was a little before proud, to ſee himſelf ſtained in the bloud of his enemies: but when his owne bloud came to bee married to theirs, hee then felt, that crueltie doth neuer enioy a good cheape glory. After him ſent he *Palemon*, who had that day vowed (with fooliſh brauery) to be the death of ten: & nine already he had killed, and was carefull to performe his (almoſt performed) vow, when the blacke knight helpt him to make vp the tenth himſelfe.

And now the often changing Fortune began alſo to change the hue of the battels. For at the firſt, though it were terrible, yet Terror was deckt ſo brauely with rich furniture, gilt-ſwords, ſhining armours, pleaſant penſils, that the eye with delight had ſcarce leiſure to be affraide: But now all vniuerſally defiled with duſt, bloud, broken armour, mangled bodies, tooke away the maske, and ſet foorth Horror in his owne horrible manner. But neither could danger bee dreadfull to *Amphialus* his vndiſmayable courage, nor yet ſeeme ougly to him, whoſe truely affected minde, did ſtill paint it ouer with the beautie of *Philoclea*. And therefore hee, rather enflamed than troubled with the increaſe of dangers, and glad to finde a worthy ſubiect to exerciſe his courage, ſought out this new knight, whom hee might eaſily finde: for hee, like a wanton rich man, that throwes downe his neighbours houſe, to make himſelfe the better proſpect, ſo had his ſword made him ſo ſpacious a roome, that *Amphialus* had more cauſe to wonder at the finding, than labour for the ſeeking: which if it ſtirred hate in him, to ſee how much harme hee did to the one ſide, it prouoked as much emulation in him, to perceiue how much good hee did to the other ſide. Therefore, they approaching one to the other, as in two beautifull folkes, Loue naturally ſtirres a deſire of ioyning, ſo in their two courages Hate ſtirred a deſire of triall. Then began there a combate betweene them, worthy to haue had more large liſtes, and more quiet beholders: for with the ſpurre of Courage, and the bitte of Reſpect, each ſo guided himſelfe, that one might well ſee, the deſire to ouercome, made them not forget how to ouercome: in ſuch time and proportion they did employ their blowes, that none of *Ceres* ſeruants could more cunningly place his flayle: While the left foot ſpurre ſet forward his owne horſe, the right let backeward the contrarie horſe, euen ſometimes by the aduantage of the enemies legge, while the left hand (like him that held the ſterne) guided the horſes obedient courage: All done in ſuch order, that it might ſeeme, the minde was a right Prince indeede, who ſent wiſe and diligent Lieutenants into each of thoſe well gouerned parts. But the more they fought, the more they deſired to fight; and the more they ſmarted, the leſſe they felt the ſmart: and now were like to make a quicke proofe, to whom Fortune or Valour would ſeeme moſt friendly, when in comes an olde Gouernour of *Amphialus*, alwayes a good Knight, and carefull of his charge; who giuing a ſore wound to the Blacke Knights thigh, while hee thought not of him, with another blow ſlew his horſe vnder him. *Amphialus* cried to him, that hee diſhonoured him: You ſay well (anſwered the olde Knight) to ſtand now like a priuate ſouldier, ſetting your credit vpon particular fighting, while you may ſee *Baſilius* with all his hoſte, is getting betweene you and your Towne. Hee looked that way, and found that true indeede, that the enemie was beginning to encompaſſe him about, and ſtoppe his returne: and therefore cauſing

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the retreat to be ſounded, his Gouernour ledde his men homeward, while hee kept himſelfe ſtill hindmoſt, as if he had ſtood at the gate of a ſluce, to let the ſtreame goe, with ſuch proportion, as ſhould ſeeme good vnto him: and with ſo manfull diſcretion performed it, that (though with loſſe of many of his men) hee returned himſelfe ſafe, and content, that his enemies had felt, how ſharpe the ſword could bite of *Philoclea's* Louer. The other partie being ſorrie for the loſſe of *Philanax*, was yet ſorier when the Blacke Knight could not be found: For hee hauing gotten a horſe, whom his dying Maſter had bequeathed to the world, finding himſelfe ſore hurt, and not deſirous to be knowne, had in the time of the enemies retyring, retyred away alſo: his thigh not bleeding bloud ſo faſt, as his heart bledde reuenge. But *Baſilius* hauing attempted in vaine to barre the ſafe returne of *Amphialus*, encamped himſelfe as ſtrongly as he could, while hee (to his griefe) might heare the ioy was made in the towne by his owne ſubiects, that hee had that day ſpedde no better. For *Amphialus* (being well beloued of that people) when they ſaw him not vanquiſhed, they eſteemed him as victorious; his youth ſetting a flouriſhing ſhew vpon his worthineſſe, and his great nobilitie ennobling his dangers.

But the firſt thing *Amphialus* did, being returned, was to viſite *Philoclea*, and firſt preſuming to cauſe his dreame to be ſung vnto her (which hee had ſeene the night before he fell in loue with her) making a fine boy he had, accord a pretty dolefulnes vnto it. The ſong was this:

NOw was our heau'nly vault deprined of the light
with Sunnes depart: and now the darkeneſſe of the night
Did light thoſe beamy ſtars, which greater light did darke:
Now each thing that enioy'd that firie quickning ſparke
(which life is cald) were mou'd their ſpirits to repoſe,
And wanting vſe of eyes, their eyes began to cloſe:
A ſilence ſweet each where with one conſent embrac't
(A muſique ſweet to one in careſull muſing plac't)
And mother earth, now clad in mourning weeds, did breath
A dull deſire to kiſſe the image of our death:
When I, diſgraced wretch, not wretched then, did giue
My ſenſes ſuch reliefe, as they which quiet liue,
Whoſe braines broyle not in woes, nor breaſts with bearings ake,
With natures praiſe are wont in ſafeſt home to take.
Far from my thoughts was ought, whereto their minds aſpire,
Who vnder courtly pompes doe hatch a baſe deſire.
Free all my powers were from thoſe captiuing ſnares,
which heau'nly pureſt gifts defile with muddie cares.
Ne could my ſoule it ſelfe accuſe of ſuch a fault,
As tender conſcience might with furious pangs aſſault.
But like the feeble flower (whoſe ſtalke cannot ſuſtaine
His weightie top) his top downeward doth drooping leane:
Or as the ſilly bird in well acquainted neſt
Doth hide his head with cares but onely how to reſt:
So I in ſimple courſe, and vnintangled minde,
Did ſuffer drowſie lids mine eyes, then cleare, to blinde;
And laying downe my head, did natures rule obſerue,

They first their vse forgot, then fancies lost their force;
Till deadly sleepe at length possest my liuing corse.
A liuing corse I lay: but, ah, my wakefull minde
(Which, made of heau'nly stuffe, no mortall change doth blind)
Flew vp with freer wings of fleshly bondage free;
And hauing plac't my thoughts, my thoughts thus placed me.
Me thought, nay sure I was, I was in faireſt wood
Of Samothea *land; a land which whilome stood*
An honour to the world, while Honour was their end,
And while their line of yeares they did in vertue spend.
But there I was, and there my calmie thoughts I fed
On Natures sweet repast, as healthfull senses led.
Her gifts my study was, her beauties were my sport:
My worke her workes to know, her dwelling my resort.
Those lamps of heau'nly fire to fixed motion bound,
The euer-turning spheres, the neuer-mouing ground;
What essence dest'nie hath; if fortune be or no;
Whence our immortall soules to mortall earth doe flow:
What life it is, and how that all these liues doe gather,
With outward makers force, or like an inward father.
Such thoughts, me thought, I thought, and straind my single mind,
Then void of neerer cares, the depth of things to find;
When lo with hugeſt noise (such noise a tower makes
When it blowne downe with wind a fall of ruine takes)
(Or such a noise it was, as higheſt thunders send,
Or cannons thunder-like, all shot together, lend)
The Moone asunder rent; whereout with sudden fall
(More swift than falcons stoope to feeding Falconers call)
There came a chariot faire, by doues and sparrowes guided,
Whose stormelike course staid not till hard by me it bided.
I wretch astonisht was, and thought the deathfull doome
Of heauen, of earth, of hell, of time and place was come.
But streight there issued forth two Ladies (Ladies sure
They seemed to me) on whom did vvaite a Virgin pure.
Strange were the Ladies vveedes; yet more vnfit than strange.
The first with cloth's tuckt vp, as Nymphes in woods doe range;
Tuckt vp euen with the knees, vvith bowe and arrowes prest:
Her right arme naked was, discouered vvas her breſt.
But heauy vvas her pase, and such a meagre cheere,
As little hunting mind (God knowes) did there appeare.
The other had vvith Art (more than our women know,
As stuffe meant for the sale set out to glaring show)
A wanton womans face, and with curld knots had twin'd
Her haire, which by the helpe of painters cunning shin'd.
When I such gueſts did see come out of such a house,
The mountains great with child I thought brought forth a mouse.
But walking forth, the first thus to the second said,
Venus *come on: said she,* Dian *you are obaid.*
Those names abasht me much, when those great names I heard:

Although

Although their fame (me seemed) from truth had greatly iarde,
As I thus musing stood, Diane *cald to her*
The waiting Nymph, a Nymph that did excell as farre
All things that earst I saw, as orient pearles exceede
That which their mother hight, or else their silly seede.
Indeed a perfect hew, indeed a sweet consent
Of all those Graces gifts the heauens haue euer lent.
And so she was attir'd, as one that did not prize
Too much her peereleſſe parts, nor yet could them deſpiſe.
But cald, ſhe came apace: a pace wherein did moue
The band of beauties all, the little world of Loue.
And bending humble eyes (O eyes the Summe of ſight)
She waited miſtreſſe will: who thus diſclos'd her ſpright;
Sweet Mira *mine (quoth ſhe) the pleaſure of my mind,*
In whom of all my rules the perfect proofe I find,
To only thee thou ſeeſt we graunt this ſpeciall grace
Vs to attend, in this moſt priuate time and place.
Be ſilent therefore now, and ſo be ſilent ſtill
Of that thou ſeeſt: cloſe vp in ſecret (not thy will.
She anſwer'd was with looke, and well perform'd beheſt:
And Mira *I admir'd: her ſhape ſunke in my breſt.*
But thus with irefull eyes, and face that ſhooke with ſpite
Diana *aid begin. what mou'd me to inuite*
Your preſence (ſiſter deare) firſt to my Moony ſpheare,
And hither now, vouchſafe to take with willing eare.
I know full well you know, what diſcord long hath raign'd
Betwixt vs two; how much that diſcord foule hath ſtain'd
Both our eſtates, while each the other did deprane,
Proofe ſpeakes too much to vs, that feeling triall haue.
Our names are quite forgot, our temples are defac'd:
Our offrings ſpoil'd, our prieſts from prieſthood are diſplac'd.
Is this the fruit of ſtrife? thoſe thouſand Churches hie,
Theſe thouſand altars faire now in the duſt to lie?
In mortall mindes our mindes but planets names preſerue:
No knees once bowed, forſooth, for them they ſay we ſerue.
Are we their ſeruants growne? no doubt a noble ſtay:
Celeſtiall powers to wormes, Ioues *children ſerue to clay.*
But ſuch they ſay we be: this praiſe our diſcord bred,
While we for mutuall ſpite, a ſtriuing paſſion fed.
But let vs wiſer be; and what foule diſcord brake,
So much more ſtrong againe let faſteſt concord make.
Our yeares doe it require; you ſee we both doe feele
The weakning worke of times for euer whirling wheele.
Although we be diuine, our grandſire Saturne *is*
With ages force decay'd, yet once the heauen was his.
And now before we ſeeke by wiſe Apollo's *skill,*
Our young yeares to renew (for ſo he ſaith he will)
Let vs a perfect peace betweene vs two reſolue:
Which leaſt the ruinous want of gouernment diſſolue,

Let one the Princeſſe be, to her the other yeeld:
For vaine equalitie is but Contentions field.
And let her haue the gifts that ſhould in both remaine:
In her let beautie both, and chaſtneſſe fully raigne.
So as if I preuaile, you giue your gifts to me:
If you, on you I lay what in my office be.
Now reſteth onely this, which of vs two is ſhe,
To whom precedence ſhall of both accorded be.
For that (ſo that you like) hereby doth lie a youth
(She beckned vnto me) as yet of ſpotleſſe truth,
Who may this doubt diſcerne: for better, wit, than lot
Becommeth vs: in vs fortune determines not.
This crowne of amber faire (an amber crowne ſhe held)
To worthieſt let him giue, when both he hath beheld:
And be it as he ſaith. Venus *was glad to heare*
Such proffer made, which ſhe well ſhew'd with ſmiling cheare.
As though ſhe were the ſame, as when by Paris *doome*
She had chiefe Goddeſſes in beautie ouercome.
And ſmirkly thus gan ſay, I neuer ſought debate
Diana *deare; my minde to loue and not to hate*
Was euer apt: but you my paſtimes did deſpiſe.
I neuer ſpited you, but thought you otherwiſe.
Now kindneſſe proferd is, none kinder is than I:
And ſo moſt ready am this meane of peace to trie.
And let him be our iudge: the lad doth pleaſe me well.
Thus both did come to me, and both began to tell
(For both together ſpake, each loth to be behinde)
That they by ſolemne oath their Deities would binde,
To ſtand vnto my will: their will they made me know.
I that was firſt agaſt, when firſt I ſaw their ſhow,
Now bolder waxt, waxt proude, that I ſuch ſway muſt beare:
For neare acquaintance doth diminiſh reuerent feare.
And hauing bound them faſt by Styx, *they ſhould obay*
To all that I decreede, did thus my verdict ſay.
How ill both you can rule, well hath your diſcord taught:
Ne yet for ought I ſee, your beauties merit ought.
To yonder Nymph therefore (to Mira *I did point)*
The crowne aboue you both for euer I appoint.
I vvould haue ſpoken out: but out they both did crie;
Fie, fie, vvhat haue vve done? vngodly rebell, fie.
But now vve needs muſt yeeld, to that our oathes require.
Yet thou ſhalt not goe free (quoth Venus*) ſuch a fire*
Her beautie kindle ſhall within thy fooliſh minde,
That thou full oft ſhalt wiſh thy iudging eyes were blinde.
*Nay then (*Diana *ſaid) the chaſtneſſe I will giue,*
In aſhes of deſpaire (though burnt) ſhall make thee liue.
Nay thou (ſaid both) ſhalt ſee ſuch beames ſhine in her face,
That thou ſhalt neuer dare ſeeke helpe of wretched caſe.
And with that curſed curſe away to heauen they fled,

First hauing all their gifts vpon faire Mira *spred.*
The rest I cannot tell, for there with all I wak'd,
And found with deadly feare that all my sinewes shak'd.
Was it a dreame? O dreame, how hast thou wrought in mee,
That I things erst vnseene should first in dreaming see?
And thou O traytour Sleepe, made for to be our rest,
How hast thou framde the paine wherewith I am oppreſt?
O coward Cupid *thus dost thou thy honour keepe,*
Vnarmde (alas) vnwarn'd to take a man asleepe?

Laying not onely the conqueſts, but the heart of the conquerour at her feete. But ſhee receiuing him after her wonted ſorrowfull (but otherwiſe vnmoued) manner, it made him thinke, his good ſucceſſe was but as a pleaſant monument of a dolefull buriall: Ioy it ſelfe ſeeming bitter vnto him, ſince it agreed not to her taſte.

Therefore, ſtill crauing his mothers helpe to perſwade her, hee himſelfe ſent for *Philanax* vnto him, whom hee had not onely long hated, but now had his hate greatly encreaſed by the death of his Squire *Iſmenus*. Beſides hee had made him as one of the chiefe cauſes that moued him to this rebellion, and therefore was enclined (to colour the better his action, and the more to embrewe the hands of his accomplices by making them guiltie of ſuch a treſpaſſe) in ſome formall ſort to cauſe him to bee executed: being alſo greatly egged thereunto by his mother, and ſome other, who long had hated *Philanax*, onely becauſe he was more worthy, than they to be loued.

But while that deliberation was handled, according rather to the humour than the reaſon of each ſpeaker, *Philoclea* comming to the knowledge of the hard plight wherein *Philanax* ſtood, ſhee deſired one of the gentlewomen appointed to waite vpon her, to go in her name and beſeech *Amphialus*, that if the loue of her had any power of perſwaſion in his mind, he would lay no further puniſhment, than impriſonment vpon *Philanax*. This meſſage was deliuered euen as *Philanax* was entring to the preſence of *Amphialus*, comming (according to the warning was giuen him) to receiue iudgement of death. But when he with manfull reſolution attended the fruit of ſuch a tyrannicall ſentence, thinking it wrong, but no harme to him that ſhould die in ſo good a cauſe; *Amphialus* turned quite the forme of his pretended ſpeech, and yeelded him humble thankes, that by his meanes hee had come to that happineſſe, as to receiue a commandement of his Ladie: and therefore he willingly gaue him libertie to returne in ſafetie, whither he would, quitting him, not onely of all former grudge, but aſſuring him that hee would bee willing to doe him any friendſhip and ſeruice: onely deſiring thus much of him, that hee would let him know the diſcourſe and intent of *Baſilius* his proceeding.

Truely my Lord (anſwered *Philanax*) if there were any ſuch, knowne to mee, ſecret in my maſters counſell, as that the reuealing thereof might hinder his good ſucceſſe, I ſhould loath the keeping of my bloud, with the loſſe of my faith, and would thinke the iuſt name of a traytour a hard purchaſe of a few yeares liuing. But ſince it is ſo, that my maſter hath indeede no way of priuie practiſe, but meanes openly & forcibly to deale againſt you, I will not ſticke in few words to make your required declaration. Then told he him in what amaze of amazement, both *Baſilius* & *Gynecia* were, when they miſt their children & *Zelmane*. Sometimes apt to ſuſpect ſome practiſe of *Zelmane*, becauſe ſhee was a ſtranger; ſometimes doubting ſome teliks of the late mutiny; which doubt was rather increaſed, than any way ſatisfied;

by *Miſo*: who (being found almoſt dead for hunger, by certaine countrey people) brought home word, with what cunning they were trayned out, & with what violence they were caried away. But that within a few dayes they came to knowledge where they were, by *Amphialus* his own letters ſent abrode to procure confederates in his attempts. That *Baſilius* his purpoſe was neuer to leaue the ſiege of this Town, till he had taken it, & reuenged the iniury done vnto him. That he meant rather to win it by time, & famine, than by force of aſſault, knowing how valiant men he had to deale withall in the towne: that he had ſent order, that ſupplies of ſouldiers, pioners, and all things elſe neceſſary, ſhould daily be brought vnto him: ſo as my Lord (ſaid *Philanax*) let me now, hauing receiued my life by your grace, let me giue you your life and honour by my counſell; proteſting vnto you, that I cannot chuſe but loue you, being my maſter his Nephew; and that I wiſh you well in all cauſes but this. You know his nature is as apt to forgiue, as his power is able to conquer. Your fault paſſed is excuſable, in that loue perſwaded, & youth was perſwaded. Doe not vrge the effects of angrie victorie, but rather ſeeke to obtaine that conſtantly by courteſie, which you can neuer aſſuredly enioy by violence. One might eaſily haue ſeene in the cheare of *Amphialus*, that diſdainfull choler would faine haue made the anſwer for him, but the remembrance of *Philoclea* ſerued for forcible barriers betweene anger, and angrie effects: ſo as he ſaid no more, but that hee would not put him to the trouble to giue him any further counſell: but that he might returne, if he liſted, preſently. *Philanax* glad to receiue an vncorrupted libertie, humbly accepted his fauourable conuoy out of the town; and ſo departed, not viſiting the Princeſſes, thinking it might be offenſiue to *Amphialus*, & no way fruitfull to them who were no way but by force to bee reſcued.

The poore Ladies indeed, not ſuffered either to meet together, or to haue conference with any other, but ſuch as *Cecropia* had already framed to ſing all their ſongs to her tune, ſhee her ſelfe omitting no day, and catching hold of euery occaſion to moue forward her ſonnes deſire, and remoue their owne reſolutions: vſing the ſame arguments to the one ſiſter, as to the other; determining that whom ſhe could winne firſt, the other ſhould (without her ſonnes knowledge) by poiſon be made away. But though the reaſons were the ſame to both, yet the handling was diuers, according as ſhe ſaw their humors to prepare a more or leſſe aptneſſe of apprehenſion. This day hauing long ſpeech to *Philoclea*, amplifying not a little the great dutifulneſſe her ſon had ſhewed in deliuering *Philanax*: of whom ſhee could get no anſwer, but a ſilence ſealed vp in vertue, & ſo ſweetly graced, as that in one inſtant it caried with it both reſiſtance, and humbleneſſe: *Cecropia* threatning in her ſelfe to runne a more rugged race with her, went to her ſiſter *Pamela*: who that day hauing wearied her ſelfe with reading, & with the height of her heart diſdaining to keep company with any of the Gentlewomen appointed to attend her, whom ſhe accounted her iaylors, was working vpon a purſe certaine roſes & lillies, as by the fineneſſe of the worke, one might ſee ſhee had borrowed her wits of the ſorrow that then owed them, and lent them wholly to that exerciſe. For the flowers ſhee had wrought, caried ſuch life in them, that the cunningeſt painter might haue learned of her needle: which with ſo pretty a maner made his careers to & fro through the cloth, as if the needle it ſelfe would haue beene loth to haue gone fromward ſuch a miſtreſſe, but that it hoped to return thitherward very quickly againe: the cloth looking with many eyes vpon her, & louingly embracing the wounds ſhe gaue it: the ſheares alſo were at hand to behead the ſilke, that was growne too ſhort. And if at any time ſhee put her mouth to bite it off, it ſeemed, that where ſhe had beene long in making of a roſe with her hands, ſhe would

would in an inſtant make roſes with her lips; as the lillies ſeemd to haue their whitenes, rather of the hand that made them, than of the matter wherof they were made; and that they grew there by the Suns of her eyes, & were refreſhed by the moſt (in diſcomfort) comfortable ayre, which an vnawares ſigh might beſtow vpon them. But the colours for the ground were ſo well choſen, neither ſullenly darke, nor glaringly lightſome, & ſo well proportioned, as that, though much cunning were in it, yet it was but to ſerue for an ornament of the principall work; that it was not without maruell to ſee, how a mind which could caſt a careleſſe ſemblant vpon the greateſt conflicts of Fortune, could command it ſelfe to take care for ſo ſmall matters. Neither had ſhe neglected the dainty dreſſing of her ſelfe: but as if it had beene her marriage time to Affliction, ſhe rather ſeemed to remember her owne worthineſſe, than the vnworthineſſe of her husband. For well one might perceiue ſhe had not reiected the counſell of a glaſſe, and that her hands had pleaſed themſelues, in paying the tribure of vndeceiuing skill, to ſo high perfections of nature.

The ſight whereof ſo diuers from her ſiſter (who rather ſuffered ſorrow to dreſſe it ſelfe in her beautie, than that ſhee would beſtow any entertainement of ſo vnwelcome a gueſt) made *Cecropia* take a ſudden aſſuredneſſe of hope, that ſhe ſhould obtaine ſomewhat of *Pamela*: thinking (according to the ſquaring out of her owne good nature) that beautie, carefully ſet foorth, would ſoone proue a ſigne of an vnrefuſing harborough. Animated therewith, ſhee ſate downe by *Pamela*, and taking the purſe, and with affected curioſitie looking vpon the worke; Full happie is he (ſaid ſhee) at leaſt if he knew his owne happineſſe, to whom a purſe in this manner, and by this hand wrought, is dedicated. In faith he ſhal haue cauſe to account it, not as a purſe for treaſure, but as a treaſure it ſelfe, worthy to be purſed vp in the purſe of his owne heart. And thinke you ſo indeede (ſaid *Pamela* halfe ſmiling?) I promiſe you I wrought it, but to make ſome tedious houres beleeue, that I thought not of them: for elſe I valued it but euen as a very purſe. It is the right nature (ſaid *Cecropia*) of Beautie, to worke vnwitting effects of wonder. Truely (ſaid *Pamela*) I neuer thought till now, that this outward gloſſe, intitled Beautie, which it pleaſeth you to lay to my (as I thinke) vnguiltie charge, was but a pleaſant mixture of naturall colours, delightfull to the eye, as muſicke is to the eare, without any further conſequence: ſince it is a thing, which not onely beaſts haue, but euen ſtones and trees many of them doe greatly excell in it. That other things (anſwered *Cecropia*) haue ſome portion of it, takes not away the excellencie of it, where indeed it doth excell: ſince we ſee, that euen thoſe beaſts, trees, & ſtones are in the name of Beauty onely highly praiſed. But that the beautie of humane perſons is beyond all other things, there is great likelihood of reaſon; ſince to them onely is giuen the iudgement to diſcerne Beautie: and among reaſonable wights, as it ſeemes, that our ſexe hath the preheminence, ſo that in that preheminence, Nature counteruailes all other liberalities, wherein ſhee may bee thought to haue dealt more fauourably toward mankind. How doe men crowne (thinke you) themſelues with glory, for hauing either by force brought others to yeeld to their mind, or with long ſtudie, and premeditated orations, perſwaded what they would haue perſwaded? And ſee, a faire woman ſhall not onely command without authoritie, but perſwade without ſpeaking. She ſhall not neede to procure attention, for their owne eyes will chaine their eares vnto it. Men venture liues to conquer; ſhee conquers liues without venturing. She is ſerued, and obeyed, which is the moſt notable, not becauſe the lawes ſo commaund it, but becauſe they become lawes themſelues to obey her; not for her parents ſake, but for her owne ſake. She need not diſpute, whether to gouern by Feare

of

of Loue, ſince without her thinking thereof, their loue will bring forth feare, and their feare will fortifie their loue: and ſhe need not ſeek offenſiue, or defenſiue force, ſince her onely lips may ſtand for ten thouſand ſhields; and ten thouſand vneuitable ſhot go from her eyes. Beautie, Beautie (deare Neece) is the crowne of the feminine greatneſſe; which gift, on whom ſoeuer the heauens (therein moſt niggardly) doe beſtow, without queſtion, ſhe is bound to vſe it to the noble purpoſe, for which it is created: not only winning, but preſeruing; ſince that indeed is the right happineſſe which is not onely in it ſelfe happy, but can alſo deriue the happineſſe to another. Certainely Aunt (ſaid *Pamela*) I feare me you will make mee not onely thinke my ſelfe fairer than euer I did, but thinke my faireneſſe a matter of greater value than heretofore I could imagine it. For I euer (till now) conceiued theſe conqueſts you ſpeake of, rather to proceed from the weakeneſſe of the conquered, than from the ſtrength of the conquering power: as they ſay, the Cranes ouerthrow whole battels of *Pygmees*, not ſo much of their Craniſh courage, as becauſe the other are *Pygmees*, and that we ſee yong babes thinke babies of wonderfull excellencie, & yet the babies are but babies. But ſince your elder yeares, & abler iudgement, find Beautie to bee worthy of ſo incomparable eſtimation, certainely me thinkes it ought to be held in deareneſſe, according to the excellencie, and (no more than we would do of things which we account precious) neuer to ſuffer it to bee defiled.

Defiled? (ſaid *Cecropia*) Mary God forbid that my ſpeech ſhould tend to any ſuch purpoſe, as ſhould deſerue ſo foule a title. My meaning is to ioyne your beautie to loue, your youth to delight. For truely, as colours ſhould bee as good as nothing if there were no eyes to behold them: ſo is Beautie nothing, without the eye of Loue behold it; & therefore ſo far is it from defiling it, that it is the only honouring of it, the onely preſeruing of it: for Beautie goes away, deuoured by Time; but where remaines it euer flouriſhing, but in the heart of a true louer? And ſuch a one (if euer there were any) is my ſonne: whoſe loue is ſo ſubiected vnto you, that rather than breed any offence vnto you, it will not delight it ſelfe in beholding you. There is no effect of his loue (anſwered *Pamela*) better pleaſeth me than that: but as I haue often anſwered you, ſo, reſolutely I ſay vnto you, that he muſt get my parents conſent, & then he ſhall know further of my mind; for, without that, I know I ſhould offend God. O ſweet youth (ſaid *Cecropia*) how vntimely ſubiect it is to deuotion? No, no ſweet neece, let vs old folkes think of ſuch preciſe conſiderations; do you enioy the heauen of your age, whereof you are ſure: & like good houſholders, which ſpend thoſe things that would not be kept, ſo do you pleaſantly enioy that, which elſe wil bring an ouerlate repentance, when your glaſſe ſhall accuſe you to your face, what a change there is in you. Do you ſee how the ſpring-time is full of flowers, decking it ſelfe with them, and not aſpiring to the fruits of of *Autumn*? what leſſon is that vnto you, but that in the April of your age, you ſhould be like *April*? let not ſome of them for whom already the graue gapeth, and perhaps enuy the felicitie in you, which themſelues cannot enioy, perſwade you to looſe the hold of occaſion, while it may not onely be taken, but offers, nay ſues to be taken: which if it be not now taken, wil neuer hereafter be ouertaken. Your ſelfe know how your father hath refuſed all offers made by the greateſt Princes about you, and will you ſuffer your beautie to be hidden in the wrinkles of his peeuiſh thoughts? If he be peeuiſh (ſaid *Pamela*) yet is he my father, and how beautifull ſoeuer I be, I am his daughter: ſo as God claymes at my hands obedience, and makes me no iudge of his imperfections.

Theſe often replies vpon conſcience in *Pamela*, made *Cecropia* thinke, that there was no righter way for her, than as ſhee had (in her opinion) ſet her in liking of Beautie,

Beautie, with perſwaſion not to ſuffer it to be void of purpoſe, ſo if ſhee could make her leſſe feeling of thoſe heauenly conceits, that then ſhe might eaſily winde her to her crooked byas. Therefore, employing the vttermoſt of her miſchieuous wit, and ſpeaking the more earneſtly, becauſe ſhee ſpake as ſhe thought, ſhee thus dealt with her; Deare neece, or rather, deare daughter, if my affection and wiſh might preuaile therein, how much doth it increaſe (trow you) the earneſt deſire I haue of this bleſſed match, to ſee theſe vertues of yours knit faſt with ſuch zeale of Deuotion (indeed the beſt bond) which the moſt politike wits haue found, to hold mans wit in well doing? For, as children muſt firſt by feare be induced to know that, which after (when they doe know) they are moſt glad of: So are theſe bug-beares of opinions brought by great Clearkes into the world, to ſerue as ſhewells to keep them from thoſe faults, whereto elſe the vanitie of the world, and weakeneſſe of ſenſes might pull them. But in you (Neece) whoſe excellencie is ſuch, as it need not to bee held vp by the ſtaffe of vulgar opinions, I would not you ſhould loue Vertue ſeruilly, for feare of I know not what, which you ſee not: but euen for the good effects of vertue which you ſee. Feare, and indeed, fooliſh feare, and fearefull ignorance, was the firſt inuenter of thoſe conceits. For when they heard it thunder, not knowing the naturall cauſe, they thought there was ſome angrie bodie aboue, that ſpake ſo loude: and euer the leſſe they did perceiue, the more they did conceiue. Whereof they knew no cauſe, that grew ſtreight a miracle: fooliſh folkes, not marking that the alterations be but vpon particular accidents, the vniuerſality being alwayes one. Yeſterday was but as to day, and to morrow will tread the ſame footſteps of his foregoers: ſo as it is manifeſt enough, that all things follow but the courſe of their owne nature, ſauing only Man, who while by the pregnancie of his imagination he ſtriues to things ſupernaturall, meane-while he loſeth his owne naturall felicity. Be wiſe, and that wiſedome ſhall be a God vnto thee; be contented, and that is thy heauen: for elſe to thinke that thoſe powers (if there bee any ſuch) aboue are moued either by the eloquence of our prayers, or in a chafe at the folly of our actions; carries as much reaſon as if flies ſhould thinke, that men take great care which of them hums ſweeteſt, and which of them flies nimbleſt.

She would haue ſpoken further to haue enlarged and confirmed her diſcourſe; when *Pamela* (whoſe cheeks were dyed in the beautifulleſt graine of vertuous anger, with eyes which gliſtred foorth beames of diſdaine) thus interrupted her. Peace (wicked woman) peace, vnworthy to breath, that doeſt not acknowledge the breath-giuer; moſt vnworthy to haue a tongue, which ſpeakeſt againſt him, through whom thou ſpeakeſt: keepe your affection to your ſelfe, which like a bemyred dog, would defile with fauning. You ſay yeſterday was as to day. O fooliſh woman, and moſt miſerably fooliſh, ſince wit makes you fooliſh; What doth that argue, but that there is a conſtancie in the euerlaſting gouernour? Would you haue an inconſtant God, ſince we count a man fooliſh that is inconſtant? Hee is not ſeene you ſay, and would you thinke him a God, who might bee ſeene by ſo wicked eyes, as yours? which yet might ſee enough if they were not like ſuch, who for ſport-ſake willingly hood-winke themſelues to receiue blowes the eaſier. But though I ſpeake to you without any hope of fruit in ſo rotten a heart, and there bee no body elſe heere to iudge of my ſpeeches, yet be thou my witneſſe, O captiuity; that my eares ſhal not be willingly guilty of my creators blaſphemy: you ſay, becauſe we know not the cauſes of things; therfore feare was the mother of ſuperſtition: nay, becauſe we know that each effect hath a cauſe, that hath engendred a true & liuely deuotion. For this goodly worke of which we are, & in which we liue, hath not his being by Chance; on

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which opinion it is beyond marualle by what Chance any braine could ſtumble. For if it be eternall (as you would ſeeme to conceiue of it) Eternitie & Chance are things vnſufferable together. For that is chanceable which happeneth; & if it happen, there was a time before it happened, when it might haue not happened; or elſe it did not happen; & ſo if chanceable, not eternall. And as abſurd it is to think that if it had a beginning, his beginning was deriued from Chance: for Chance could neuer make all things of nothing: and if there were ſubſtances before, which by chance ſhould meete to make vp this worke, thereon followes another bottomleſſe pitt of abſurdities. For then thoſe ſubſtances muſt needes haue beene from euer, and ſo eternall: and that eternall cauſes ſhould bring forth chanceable effects, is as ſenſible, as that the Sun ſhould be the author of darkenes. Againe, if it were chanceable, then was it not neceſſary; wherby you take away all conſequents. But we ſee in all things, in ſome reſpect or other, neceſſitie of conſequence: therefore in reaſon we muſt needs know that the cauſes were neceſſarie.

Laſtly, Chance is variable, or elſe it is not to be called Chance: but wee ſee this worke is ſteady and permanent. If nothing but Chance had glewed thoſe pieces of this All, the heauy parts would haue gone infinitely downeward, the light infinitely vpward, and ſo neuer haue met to haue made vp this goodly body. For before there was a heauen, or earth, there was neither a heauen to ſtay the height of the ring, or an earth, which (in reſpect of the round walls of heauen) ſhould become a center. Laſtly, perfect order, perfect beautie, perfect conſtancie, if theſe be the children of Chance, let wiſedome be counted the roote of wickednes. But you will ſay, It is ſo by nature; as much as if you ſaid, it is ſo, becauſe it is ſo. If you meane of many natures conſpiring together, as in a popular gouernment to eſtabliſh this faire eſtate; as if the Elementiſh and ethereall parts ſhould in their towne-houſe ſet downe the bounds of each ones office; then conſider what followes: that there muſt needs haue been a wiſedome which made them concur: for their natures being abſolutely contrary, in nature rather would haue ſought each others ruine, than haue ſerued as well conſorted parts to ſuch an vnexpreſſible harmonie. For that contrary things ſhould meete to make vp a perfection without force and wiſedome aboue their powers, is abſolutely impoſſible; vnleſſe you will flie to that hiſſed-out opinion of Chance againe. But you may perhaps affirme, that one vniuerſall Nature (which hath beene for euer) is the knitting together of theſe many parts to ſuch an excellent vnitie. If you mean a Nature of wiſedome, goodneſſe, & prouidence, which knowes what it doth, then ſay you that, which I ſeek of you, & cannot conclude thoſe blaſphemies, with which you defiled your mouth, and mine eares. But if you meane a Nature, as we ſpeake of the fire, which goeth vpward, it knowes not why: and of the nature of the Sea which in ebbing & flowing ſeems to obſerue ſo iuſt a daunce, and yet vnderſtands no muſicke, it is but ſtill the ſame abſurditie ſuperſcribed with another title. For this word, One being attributed to that which is All, is but one mingling of many, and many ones; as in a leſſe matter when wee ſay one kingdome which containes many cities; or one citie which containes many perſons, wherein the vnder ones (if there be not a ſuperiour power and wiſedome) cannot by nature regard to any preſeruation but of themſelues: no more we ſee they doe, ſince the water willingly quenches the fire, and drownes the earth; ſo farre are they from a conſpired vnitie: but that a right heauenly Nature indeede, as it were vnnaturing them, doth ſo bridle them.

Againe, it is as abſurd in nature, that from an vnitie many contraries ſhould proceed ſtill kept in an vnitie: as that from the number of contrarieties an vnitie ſhould

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arise. I say still, if you banish both a singularity, and plurality of iudgement from among them, then (if so earthly a minde can lift it selfe vp so high) doe but conceiue, how a thing whereto you giue the highest, and most excellent kind of being (which is eternity) can bee of a base and vilest degree of being, and next to a not-being; which is so to bee, as not to enioy his owne being? I will not here call all your senses to witnesse, which can heare, nor see nothing, which yeeldes not most euident euidence of the vnspeakeableneſſe of that Wisedome: each thing being directed to an end, and an end of preseruation: so proper effects of iudgement, as speaking, and laughing are of mankind.

But what mad fury can euer so inueagle any conceit, as to see our mortall and corruptible selues to haue a reason, and that this vniuersality (whereof wee are but the least peeces) should be vtterly deuoide thereof? As if one should say, That ones foote might bee wise, and himselfe foolish. This heard I once alledged against such a godlesse mind as yours, who being driuen to acknowledge this beastly absurdity; that our bodies should bee better than the whole world, if it had the knowledge, whereof the other were voide; hee sought (not able to answer directly) to shift it off in this sort: that if that reason were true, then must it follow also, that the world must haue in it a spirit, that could write and reade too, & bee learned, since that was in vs commendable. Wretched foole, not considering that Bookes be but supplies of defects; and so are praysed, because they helpe our want, and therfore cannot be incident to the eternal intelligence, which needs no recording of opinions to confirme his knowledge, no more than the Sunne wants waxe to bee the fewell of his glorious lightfulneſſe. This world therfore cannot otherwise consist but by a mind of Wisedome, which gouernes it; which whether you will allow to bee the Creator thereof, as vndoubtedly hee is, or the soule and gouernour thereof, most certaine it is, that whether hee gouerne all, or make all; his power is aboue either his creatures, or his gouernement. And if his power bee aboue all things, then consequently it must needes bee infinite, since there is nothing aboue it to limit it. For beyond which there is nothing, must needes bee boundlesse, and infinite: if his power bee infinite, then likewise must his knowledge bee infinite: for else there should be an infinite proportion of power which hee should not know how to vse; the vnsensibleneſſe whereof I thinke euen you can conceiue: and if infinite, then must nothing, no not the estate of flies (which you with so vnsauory scorne did iest at) bee vnknowne vnto him. For if there were, then there were his knowledge bounded, & so not infinite: if his knowledge & power be infinite, then must needs his goodneſſe and iustice march in the same ranke: for infiniteneſſe of power, and knowledge, without like measure of goodnes, must necessarily bring forth destruction and ruine, and not ornament and preseruation. Since then there is a God, and an All-knowing God, so as hee seeth into the darkest of all naturall secrets, which is the heart of Man; and sees therein the deepest dissembled thoughts, nay sees the thoughts before they be thought: since he is iust to exercise his might, and mighty to performe his iustice, assure thy selfe, most wicked woman (that hast so plaguily a corrupted minde, as thou canst not keepe thy sickneſſe to thy selfe; but must most wickedly infect others) assure thy selfe, I say (for what I say depends of euerlasting and vnremoueable causes) that the time will come, when thou shalt know that power by feeling it, when thou shalt see his wisdome in the manifesting thy ougly shamefulneſſe, and shalt onely perceiue him to haue beene a Creatour in thy destruction.

Thus shee said, thus shee ended, with so faire a maiestie of vnconquered vertue,

that captiuitie might ſeeme to haue authoritie ouer tyrannie: ſo foule was the filthineſſe of impietie diſcouered by the ſhining of her vnſtained goodneſſe, ſo farre, as either *Cecropia* ſaw indeed, or elſe the guilty amazement of a ſelfe-accuſing conſcience made her eyes vntrue iudges of their naturall obiect, that there was a light more than humane, which gaue a luſtre to her perfections. But *Cecropia*, like a Bat (which though it haue eyes to diſcerne that there is a Sunne, yet hath ſo euill eyes that it cannot delight in the Sun) found a truth, but could not loue it. But as great perſons are wont to make the wrong they haue done, to be a cauſe to doe the more wrong, her knowledge roſe to no higher point, but to enuie a worthier, and her will was no otherwiſe bent, but the more to hate, the more ſhee found her enemie prouided againſt her. Yet all the while ſhee ſpake (though with eyes caſt like a horſe that would ſtrike at the ſtirrop, and with colour which bluſhed through yellowneſſe, ſhe ſate rather ſtill than quiet, and after her ſpeech rather muttered, than replyed: for the warre of wickedneſſe in her ſelfe, brought forth diſdainefull pride to reſiſt cunning diſſimulation; ſo as, ſaying little more vnto her, but that ſhe ſhould haue leyſure enough better to bethinke her ſelfe; ſhee went away repining, but not repenting: condemning greatly (as ſhe thought) her ſons ouer-feeble humbleneſſe, and purpoſing to egge him forward to a courſe of violence. For her ſelfe, determining to deale with neither of them both any more in manner of a ſuter: for what maieſtie of vertue did in the one, that did ſilent humbleneſſe in the other. But finding her ſonne ouer-apt to lay both condemnation, and execution of ſorrow vpon himſelfe, ſhee ſought to mitigate his minde with feigned delayes of comfort, who (hauing this inward ouerthrow in himſelfe) was the more vexed, that he could not vtter the rage thereof vpon his outward enemies.

For *Baſilius*, taught by the laſt daies triall, what dangerous effects choſen courage can bring forth, rather vſed the ſpade, than the ſword; or the ſword, but to defend the ſpade; girding about the whole towne with trenches; which beginning a good way off from the towne, with a number of well directed Pioners, he ſtill carried before him till they came to a neere diſtance, where hee builded Forts, one anſwering the other, in ſuch ſort, as it was a pretty conſideration in the diſcipline of war, to ſee building vſed for the inſtrument of ruine, and the aſſayler entrenched as if he were beſieged. But many ſallies did *Amphialus* make to hinder their working. But they (exerciſing more melancholy, than choler in their reſolution) made him finde, that if by the aduantage of the place, few are able to defend themſelues from many, that many muſt needes haue power (making themſelues ſtrong in ſeat) to repell few, referring the reuenge rather to the end, than to a preſent requitall. Yet oftentimes they dealt ſome blowes in light skirmiſhes, each ſide hauing a ſtrong retiring place, and rather fighting with many alarums, to vexe the enemie, than for any hope of great ſucceſſe.

Which euery way was a tedious comber to the impatient courage of *Amphialus*: till the fame of this warre, bringing thither diuers, both ſtrangers, and ſubiects, as well of Princely, as noble houſes, the gallant *Phalantus*, who refrained his ſportfull delights as then, to ſerue *Baſilius* (whom hee honoured for receiued honours) when he had ſpent ſome time in conſidering the *Arcadian* manner in marching, encamping, and fighting, and had learned in what points of gouernment, and obedience their diſcipline differed from others, & ſo had ſatisfied his minde in the knowledges, both for the cutting off the enemies helpes, and furniſhing ones ſelfe, which *Baſilius* orders could deliuer vnto him, his yong ſpirits (wearie of wanting cauſe to be wearie) deſired to keepe his valour in knowledge, by ſome prinate act, ſince the

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publike policie restrained him; the rather because his old mistresse *Artesia* might see, whom she had so lightly forsaken: & therfore demanding & obtaining leaue of *Basilius*, he caused a Herauld to be furnished with apparell of his office, & tokens of a peaceable message, & so sent him to the gate of the towne to demand audience of *Amphialus*: who vnderstanding thereof, caused him both safely & courteously to be brought into his presence: who making lowly reuerence vnto him, presented his Letters, desiring *Amphialus*, that whatsoeuer they contained, he would consider that he was onely the bearer, & not the enditer. *Amphialus* with noble gentlenesse assured him, both by honourable speeches, and a demeanour which answered for him, that his reuenge, whensoeuer, should sort vnto it selfe a higher subiect. But opening the letters, he found them to speake in this manner.

Phalantus of *Corinth*, to *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, sendeth the greeting of a hatelesse enemie. The liking of martiall matters without any dislike of your person, hath brought me rather to the company, than to the minde of your besiegers: where languishing in idlenesse, I desire to refresh my mind with some exercise of arms, which might make knowne the doers, with delight of the beholders. Therefore if there be any Gentleman in your Towne, that either for the loue of Honour, or honour of his Loue, will armed on horsebacke, with Launce, & sword, winne another, or loose himselfe, to bee a prisoner at discretion of the conquerour, I will to morrow morning by Sunne-rising, with a trumpet and a Squire onely, attend him in like order furnished. The place I thinke fittest, the Iland within the Lake, because it stands so well in the view of your Castell, as that the Ladies may haue the pleasure of seeing the combat: which though it be within the commandement of your Castell, I desire no better security, than the promise I make to my selfe of your vertue. I attend your answer, & wish you such successe as may be to your honour, rather in yeelding to that which is iust, than in maintaining wrong by violence.

Amphialus read it with cheerefull countenance, and thinking but a little with himselfe, called for inke and paper, and wrote this answer.

Amphialus of *Arcadia*, to *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, wisheth all his own wishes, sauing those which may be hurtfull to another. The matter of your letters so fit for a worthy mind, & the maner so sutable to the nobleness of the matter, giue me cause to thinke how happy I might account my selfe, if I could get such a friend, who esteeme it no small happinesse to haue met with so noble an enemy. Your challenge shalbe answered, & both time, place, & weapon accepted. For your securitie from any treachery (hauing no hostage worthy to counteruaile you) take my word, which I esteem aboue all respects. Prepare therfore your armes to fight, but not your heart to malice, since true valour needs no other whetstone, than desire of honour.

Hauing writt and sealed his letter, hee deliuered it to the Herauld, and withall tooke a faire chaine from off his own necke, and gaue it him. And so with safe conuoy sent him away from out his Citie: and hee being gone, *Amphialus* shewed vnto his mother, and some other of his chiefe Counsellors, what hee had receiued, and how hee had answered: telling them withall, that hee was determined to answer the challenge in his owne person. His mother, with prayers authorized by motherly commandement; his olde gouernour, with perswasions mingled with reprehensions (that hee would rather affect the glorie of a priuate

fighter, than of a wise Generall) *Clinias* with falling downe at his feete, and beseeching him to remember, that all their liues depended vpon his safetie, sought all to dissuade him. But *Amphialus* (whose heart was enflamed with courage, and courage enflamed with affection) made an imperious resolution cut off the tediousnesse of replies, giuing them in charge what they should doe vpon all occasions, and particularly to deliuer the Ladies, if otherwise than well happened vnto him: only desiring his mother, that she would bring *Philoclea* to a window, whence shee might with ease perfectly discerne the combat. And so as soone as the morning began to draw dew from the faireſt greenes to wash her face withall, against the approach of the burning Sunne, he went to his stable, where himselfe chose out a horse, whom (though he was neere twenty yeeres old) hee preferred for a piece of sure seruice, before a great number of younger. His colour was of a browne bay, dapled thicke with blacke spots; his forehead marked with a white starre; to which, in all his bodie there was no part sutable, but the left foot before; his mane and tayle blacke and thicke, of goodly, and well proportioned greatnesse. Hee caused him to bee trimmed with a sumptuous saddle of tawnie, and gold ennamell, enriched with precious stones: his furniture was made into the fashion of the branches of a tree, from which the leaues were falling: and so artificially were the leaues made, that as the horse moued, it seemed indeede that the leaues wagged, as when the wind playes with them; and being made of a pale cloth of gold, they did beare the straw-coloured liuerie of ruine. His armour was also of tawnie and gold, but formed into the figures of flames darkned, as when they newly brake the prison of a smokie furnace. In his shield hee had painted the *Torpedo* fish. And so appointed, hee caused himselfe with his trumpet and squire (whom hee had taken since the death of *Ismenus*) to bee ferried ouer into the Iland: a place well chosen for such a purpose. For, it was so plaine, as there was scarcely any bush, or hillocke, either to vnleuell, or shadow it: of length and breadth enough, to trie the vttermost both of Launce and Sword, and the one end of it facing the Castle, the other extending it selfe toward the campe, and no accesse to it, but by water; there could no secret treacherie be wrought, and for manifest violence, either side might haue time enough to succour their partie.

But there he found *Phalantus*, already waiting for him vpon a horse, milke white but that vpon his shoulder and withers, hee was freckled with red staines, as when a few strawberries are scattered into a dish of creame. Hee had caused his mane and tayle to be dyed in carnation, his reynes were vine branches, which ingendring one with the other, at the end, when it came to the bit, there for the bosse brought forth a cluster of grapes, by the workman made so liuely, that it seemed, as the horse champed on his bit, he chopped for them, & that it did make his mouth water, to see the grapes so neere him. His furniture behinde was of vines, so artificially made, as it seemed the horse stood in the shadow of the vine, so pretily were clusters of rubie grapes dispersed among the trappers which imbraced his sides. His armour was blew, like the heauen, which a Sun did with his rayes (proportionately deliuered) gild in most places. His shield was beautified with this deuice; A greyhound which ouer-running his fellow, and taking the Hare, yet hurts it not when it takes it. The word was, *The glory, not the prey.*

But as soone as *Amphialus* landed, he sent his squire to *Phalantus*, to tell him, that there was the knight, ready to know whether he had any thing to say to him. *Phalantus* answered, that his answer now must bee in the language of Lances; and so each attended the warning of the trumpets, which were to sound at the appointment

appointment of foure iudges, who with conſideration of the ſame, had diuided the ground. *Phalantus* his horſe yong, & feeling the youth of his maſter, ſtood coruetting, which being well gouerned by *Phalantus*, gaue ſuch a glittering grace, as when the Sun in a cleere day ſhines vpon a wauing water. *Amphialus* horſe ſtood pawing vpon the ground, with his further foot before, as if he would for his maſters cauſe begin to make himſelfe angrie: till the trumpets ſounding together, Together they ſet ſpurres to their horſes, together tooke their Launces from their thighs, conueyed them vp into the reſt together, together let them ſinke downward, ſo as it was a delectable ſight in a dangerous effect; and a pleaſant conſideration, that there was ſo perfect agreement, in ſo mortall diſagreement: like a muſicke made of cunning diſcords. But their horſes keeping an euen line their maſters had skilfully allotted vnto them, paſſed one by another without encountring, although either might feele the angrie breath of the other. But the ſtaues being come to a iuſt deſcent, euen when the marke was readie to meete them, *Amphialus* was runne through the vampiate, & vnder the arme: ſo as the ſtaffe appearing behind him, it ſeemed to the beholders he had been in danger. But he ſtrake *Phalantus* iuſt vpon the gorget, ſo as he battred the lamms thereof, and made his head almoſt touch the backe of his horſe. But either ſide hauing ſtayed the ſpur, & vſed the bit to ſtop their horſes fury, caſting away the troncheons of their ſtaues, & drawing their ſwords, they attended the ſecond ſummons of the death-threatning trumpet, which quickly followed; and they aſſone making their horſes anſwer their hands, with a gentle gallop, ſet one toward the other, till they being come to the neereneſſe of little more than a ſtaues length. *Amphialus* truſting more to the ſtrength, than to the nimblenes of his horſe, put him foorth with ſpeedy violence, & making his head ioyne to the others flanke, guiding his blow with diſcretion, and ſtrengthning it with the courſe of his horſe, ſtrake *Phalantus* vpon the head, in ſuch ſort, that his feeling ſenſe did both dazel his ſight, and aſtoniſh his hearing. But *Phalantus* (not accuſtomed to bee vngratefull to ſuch benefits) ſtrake him vpon the ſide of his face, with ſuch force, that hee thought his iaw had beene cut a ſunder: though the faithfulneſſe of his armour indeede guarded him from further dammage. And ſo remained they a while, rather angry with fighting, than fighting for anger, till *Amphialus* horſe leaning hard vpon the other, & winning ground, the other horſe feeling himſelf preſt, began to riſe a little before, as he was wont to doe in his coruet: which aduantage *Amphialus* taking, ſet forward his owne horſe with the further ſpurre, ſo as *Phalantus* horſe came ouer with his maſter vnder him. Which *Amphialus* ſeeing, lighted, with intention to helpe *Phalantus*. But his horſe that had faulted, rather with vntimely Art, than want of force, gat vp from burdning his burden, ſo as *Phalantus* (in the fall hauing gotten his feete free off the ſtirrop) could (though ſomething bruiſed) ariſe, and ſeeing *Amphialus* neer him, he asked him, Whether he had giuen him any helpe in remouing his horſe. *Amphialus* ſaid No, Truely ſaid *Phalantus*, I asked it, becauſe I would not willingly haue fought with him, that had had my life in his mercy. But now (ſaid *Phalantus*) before we proceed further, let me know who you are, becauſe neuer yet did any man bring to me the like fortune. *Amphialus* lifting to keepe himſelfe vnknowne, told him he was a Gentleman, to whom *Amphialus* that day had giuen armour and horſe to try his valour, hauing neuer before been in any combat worthy remembrance. Ah (ſaid *Phalantus* in a rage) And muſt I be the exerciſe of your prentice-age? & with that, choler tooke away either the bruiſe, or the feeling of the bruiſe, ſo as he entred a freſh into the combat, & boiling into his arms the diſdain of his heart, ſtrake ſo thick vpon *Amphialus*, as if euery blow would fain

haue beene formoſt. But *Amphialus* (that many like trials had taught, great ſpending to leaue ſmall remnants) let paſſe the ſtorme with ſtrong wards, and nimble auoydings: till ſeeing his time fit, both for diſtance and nakedneſſe, he ſtrake him ſo cruel a blow on the knee, that the poore Gentleman fell downe withall in a ſwoune.

But *Amphialus*, pittying approued valour, made precious by naturall courteſie, went to him, & taking off his head-piece to giue him ayre, the yong knight (diſdayning to buy life with yeelding) bad him vſe his fortune: for he was reſolued neuer to yeeld. No more you ſhall (ſaid *Amphialus*) if it be not to my requeſt, that you will account your ſelfe to haue great intereſt in mee. *Phalantus* more ouercome by his kindneſſe, than by his fortune, deſired yet once againe to know his name, who in his firſt beginning had ſhewed ſuch fury in his force, & yet ſuch ſtay in his fury. *Amphialus* then named himſelfe, telling him withall, he would thinke his name much bettred, if it might be honoured by the title of his friend. But no Balme could be more comfortable to his wound, than the knowledge thereof was to his mind, when hee knew his miſhap ſhould be excuſed by the renowned valour of the other. And ſo promiſing each to other aſſuredneſſe of good will, *Phalantus* (of whom *Amphialus* would haue no other ranſome but his word of friendſhip) was conueyed into the campe, where hee would but little remaine among the enemies of *Amphialus*: but went to ſeeke his aduentures other-where.

As for *Amphialus*, hee was receiued with triumph into the Caſtle; although one might ſee by his eyes (humbly lifted vp to the window where *Philoclea* ſtood) that he was rather ſuppliant than victorious: which occaſion *Cecropia* taking (who as then ſtood by *Philoclea*, and had lately left *Pamela* in another roome, whence alſo ſhee might ſee the combat) Sweet Lady (ſaid ſhe) now you may ſee, whether you haue cauſe to loue my ſonne, who then lies vnder your feete, when hee ſtands vpon the necke of his braueſt enemies. Alas, ſaid *Philoclea*, a ſimple ſeruice to mee, me thinks it is, to haue thoſe who come to ſuccour me, deſtroyed: if it bee my duty to call it loue, be it ſo: but the effects it brings forth, I confeſſe I account hatefull. *Cecropia* grew ſo angry with this vnkind anſwer, that ſhe could not abſtaine from telling her, that ſhee was like them that could not ſleepe, when they were ſoftly layed: but that if her ſonne would follow her counſell, hee ſhould take another courſe with her: and ſo flang away from her.

Yet (knowing the deſperate melancholy of *Amphialus* in like caſes) framed to him a very thankefull meſſage, powdring it with ſome hope-giuing phraſes; which were of ſuch ioy to *Amphialus*, that he (though againſt publike reſpect, and importunitie of diſſwaders) preſently cauſed it to bee made knowne to the campe, that whatſoeuer Knight would trie the like fortune as *Phalantus* did, he ſhould in like ſort be anſwered: ſo as diuers of the valianteſt, partly of themſelues, partly at the inſtigation of *Baſilius*, attempted the combat with him: & according to euery ones humour, ſo were the cauſes of the challenge grounded: one laying treaſon to his charge; another preferring himſelfe in the worthineſſe to ſerue *Philoclea*; a third, exalting ſome Ladies beautie beyond either of the ſiſters; a fourth laying diſgraces to loue it ſelfe, naming it the bewitcher of the witte, the Rebell to Reaſon, the betrayer of reſolution, the defiler of thoughts, the vnderminer of magnanimitie, the flatterer of vice, the ſlaue to weakeneſſe, the infection of youth, the madneſſe of age, the curſe of life, & reproch of death; a fifth diſdaining to caſt at leſſe than at all, would make the cauſe of his quarrell the cauſers of loue, and proclaime his blaſphemies againſt womankind; that namely that ſexe was the ouerſight of Nature, the diſgrace of reaſonableneſſe, the obſtinate cowards, the ſlaue-born tyrants, the ſhops of vanities,

vanities, the gilded wether-cocks, in whom conſcience is but peeuiſhneſſe, chaſtitie waywardneſſe, & gratefulneſſe a miracle. But all theſe challenges (how well ſoeuer endited) were ſo well anſwered, that ſome by death taught others, though paſt learning themſelues; & ſome by yeelding gaue themſelues the lie for hauing blaſphemed; to the great griefe of *Baſilius*, ſo to ſee his Rebell preuaile, and in his owne ſight to crowne himſelfe with deſerued honour.

Whereupon thirſting for reuenge, & elſe not hoping to preuaile, the beſt of his camp being already ouerthrown; he ſent a meſſenger to *Argalus*, in whoſe approued courage & force, he had (& had cauſe) to haue great confidence, with a letter; requiring him to take his quarrel in hand, from which he had hitherto ſpared him in reſpect of his late mariage. But now his honour, & (as he eſteemed it) felicitie ſtanding vpon it, he could no longer forbeare to challenge of him his faithfull ſeruice.

The meſſenger made ſpeed, & found *Argalus* at a Caſtle of his owne, ſitting in a parler with the faire *Parthenia*, he reading in a booke the ſtories of *Hercules*, ſhee by him, as to heare him reade; but while his eyes looked on the booke, ſhee looked on his eyes, and ſometimes ſtaying him, with ſome pretty queſtion; not ſo much to bee reſolued of the doubt, as to giue him occaſion to looke vpon her. A happie couple, he ioying in her, ſhee ioying in her ſelfe, but in her ſelfe, becauſe ſhe enioyed him: both increaſed their riches, by giuing to each other; each making one life double, becauſe they made a double life one; where deſire neuer wanted ſatisfaction, nor ſatisfaction euer bred facietie; he ruling, becauſe ſhe would obey: or rather becauſe ſhe would obey, ſhe therein ruling.

But when the meſſenger came in with letters in his hand, and haſt in his countenance, though ſhe knew not what to feare, yet ſhe feared, becauſe ſhee knew not, but ſhe roſe, and went aſide, while he deliuered his letters and meſſage; yet a farre off ſhe looked, now at the meſſenger, and then at her husband: the ſame feare, which made her loth to haue cauſe of feare, yet making her ſeeke cauſe to nouriſh her feare. And well ſhe found there was ſome ſerious matter; for her husbands countenance figured ſome reſolution between lothſomneſſe and neceſſitie: & once his eye caſt vpon her, and finding hers vpon him, hee bluſhed; and ſhe bluſhed, becauſe hee bluſhed, and yet ſtreight grew pale, becauſe ſhe knew not why he had bluſhed. But when hee had read, & heard and diſpatched away the meſſenger (like a man in whom Honour could not be rocked aſleepe by affection) with promiſe quickly to follow; he came to *Parthenia*, and as ſorie as might be for parting, and yet more ſorie for her ſorow, he gaue her the letter to reade. Shee with fearefull ſlowneſſe took it, & with fearfull quickneſſe read it; and hauing read it, Ah my *Argalus* (ſaid ſhe) & haue you made ſuch haſt to anſwer? & are you ſo ſoone reſolued to leaue me? But he diſcourſing vnto her, how much it imported his honour (which ſince it was deare to him, he knew it would be deare vnto her) her reaſon ouerclouded with ſorrow, ſuffered her not preſently to reply, but left the charge thereof to teares, and ſighes; which he not able to beare, left her alone, and went to giue order for his preſent departure.

But by that time he was armed & ready to goe, ſhe had recouered a little ſtrength of ſpirit againe, and comming out, and ſeeing him armed, and wanting nothing for his departure but her farewell, ſhee ran to him, tooke him by the arme, and kneeling downe without regard who either heard her ſpeech, or ſaw her demeanour, My *Argalus*, my *Argalus* (ſaid ſhe) do not thus forſake me. Remember, alas, Remember that I haue intereſt in you, which I will neuer yeeld ſhalbe thus aduentured. Your valour is already ſufficiently known: ſufficiently haue you already done for your country: enow, enow there are beſide you to loſe leſſe worthy liues. Woe is me, what ſhall

become

become of me, if you thus abandon me? Then was it time for you to follow theſe aduentures, when you aduentured no body but your ſelfe, and were no bodies but your owne. But now pardon me, that now, or neuer, I claime mine owne; mine you are, and without me you can vndertake no danger: & will you endanger *Parthenia*? *Parthenia* ſhall be in the battell of your fight: *Parthenia* ſhall ſmart in your pain, & your bloud muſt be bled by *Parthenia*. Deare *Parthenia* (ſaid he) this is the firſt time, that euer you reſiſted my will: I thanke you for it; but perſeuer not in it; and let not the tears of thoſe moſt beloued eyes be a preſage vnto me of that, which you would not ſhould happen. I ſhall liue, doubt not: for ſo great a bleſſing, as you are was not giuen vnto me, ſo ſoone to be depriued of it. Looke for me therefore ſhortly, and victorious; & prepare a ioyfull welcome, & I will wiſh for no other triumph. Shee anſwered not, but ſtood as it were thunder-ſtriken with amazement: for true Loue made obedience ſtand vp againſt all other paſſions. But when hee tooke her in his armes, and ſought to print his heart in her ſweet lippes, ſhe fell in a ſwound, ſo as he was faine to leaue her to her Gentlewomen: and caried away by the tyranny of Honour, though with many a backe-caſt looke, and heartie grone, went to the campe. Where vnderſtanding the notable victories of *Amphialus*, hee thought to giue him ſome daies reſpite of reſt, becauſe he would not haue his victory diſgraced by the others wearineſſe. In which dayes, he ſought by all meanes (hauing leaue to parley with him) to diſſwade him frō his enterpriſe: & then imparting his mind to *Baſilius*, becauſe he found *Amphialus* was inflexible, wrote his defie vnto him in this maner.

RIght famous *Amphialus*, if my perſwaſion in reaſon, or prayer in good will, migh preuaile with you, you ſhould by better meanes bee like to obtaine your deſire. You ſhould make many braue enemies become your faithfull ſeruants, and make your honour flie vp to heauen, being caried vp by both wings of valour & iuſtice; wherof now it wants the latter. But ſince my ſuite nor counſel can get no place in you, diſdaine not to receiue a mortall challenge, from a man ſo far inferiour vnto you in vertue, that I doe not ſo much miſlike of the deed, as I haue the doer in admiration. Prepare therefore your ſelfe, according to the noble maner you haue vſed, & think not lightly of neuer ſo weake an arme, which ſtrikes with the ſword of iuſtice.

To this he quickly receiued this anſwer.

MVch more famous *Argalus*, I whom neuer threatnings could make affraid, am now terrified by your noble courteſie. For wel I know, from what height of vertue it doth proceed, & what cauſe I haue to doubt ſuch vertue bent to my ruine: but Loue, which iuſtifieth the wiuſtice you lay vnto me, doth alſo animate mee againſt all dangers, ſince I come full of him by whom your ſelf haue been (if I be not deceiued) ſometimes conquered. I will therefore attend your appearance in the Ile, carying this aduantage with me, that as it ſhall be a ſingular honour, if I get the victorie, ſo there can be no diſhonour in being ouercome by *Argalus*.

The challenge thus denounced, & accepted, *Argalus* was armed in a white armor, which was all guilded ouer with knots of womans haire, which came downe from the creſt of his head-piece, and ſo ſpred it ſelfe in rich quantitie ouer all his armour: his furniture was cut out into the faſhion of an Eagle, whereof the beake (made into a rich iewell) was faſtened to the ſaddle, the tayle couered the crooper of the horſe, and the wings ſerued for trappers; which falling of each ſide, as the horſe ſtirred, the bird ſeemed to flie. His petrell and raines, were embrodered with feathers ſutable

vnto

vnto it: vpon his right arme he ware a ſleeue, which his dear *Partheni a* had made for him, to be worne in a Iuſts, in the time that ſucceſſe was vngratefull to their well-deſerued loue: it was full of bleeding hearts, though neuer intended to any bloudy enterpriſe. In his ſhield (as his owne deuice) hee had two Palme-trees, neere one another, with a word ſignifying, *In that ſort flouriſhing*. His horſe was of a fierie ſorrell, with blacke feete, and blacke liſt on his backe, who with open noſtrels breathed warre, before hee could ſee an enemie: and now vp with one legge, and then with another, ſeemed to complaine of Nature, that ſhe had made him any whit earthie.

But he had ſcarcely viewed the ground of the Iland, and conſidered the aduantages (if any were) thereof, before the Caſtle boate had deliuered *Amphialus*, in all points prouided to giue a hard entertainment. And then ſending each to other their Squires in honourable maner, to know whether they ſhould attend any further ceremonie, the trumpets ſounding, the horſes with ſmooth running, the ſtaues with vnſhaked motion, obediently performed their cholericke commandements. But when they drew neere, *Argalus* horſe being hot, preſt in with his head: which *Amphialus* perceiuing, knowing if he gaue him his ſide, it ſhould be to his diſaduantage, preſt in alſo with him, ſo as both the horſes and men met ſhoulder to ſhoulder, ſo as the horſes (hurt as much with the ſtriking, as being ſtriken) tumbled downe to the earth, dangerouſly to their maſters, but that they by ſtrength nimble; and by vſe skilfull in the falling, ſhunned the harme of the fall, and without more reſpite, drew out their ſwords with a gallant brauery, each ſtriuing to ſhew himſelfe the leſſe endammaged, and to make knowne that they were glad: they had now nothing elſe to truſt to, but their owne vertue. True it is, that *Amphialus* was the ſooner vp, but *Argalus* had his ſword out the ſooner: and then fell they to the cruelleſt combat, that any preſent eye had ſeene. Their ſwords firſt, like Canons, battering down the wals of their armour, making breaches almoſt in euery place for troupes of wounds to enter. Among the reſt, *Argalus* gaue a great wound to *Amphialus* diſarmed face; though part of the force of it *Amphialus* warded vpon his ſhield, and withall (firſt caſting his eye vp to *Philoclea's* Window; as if he had fetched his courage thence) feyning to entend the ſame ſort of blow, turned his ſword, & with a mighty reuerſe, gaue a cruell wound to the right arme of *Argalus*, the vnfaithfull armour yeelding to the ſwords ſtrong guided ſharpneſſe. But though the bloud accuſed the hurt of *Argalus*, yet would he in no action of his confeſſe it: but keeping himſelf in a lower ward, ſtood watching with timely thruſts to repaire his loſſe, which quickly he did. For *Amphialus* (following his fawning fortune) layd on ſo thicke vpon *Argalus*, that his ſhield had almoſt fallen piece-meale to the earth, when *Argalus* comming in with his right foot, and ſomething ſtouping to come vnder his armour, thruſt him into the belly dangerouſly; & mortally it would haue beene, but that with the blow before, *Amphialus* had ouer-ſtriken himſelfe ſo, as he fell ſide-ward down, and with falling ſaued himſelfe from ruine; the ſword by that meanes ſlipping aſide, & not piercing more deepely. *Argalus* ſeeing him fall, threatning with voice & ſword, bad him yeeld. But he ſtriuing without anſwer to riſe, *Argalus* ſtrake with all his might vpon his head. But his hurt arme not able to maſter ſo ſound a force, let the ſword fall ſo, as *Amphialus*, though aſtoniſhed with the blow, could ariſe: which *Argalus* conſidering ran in to graſp with him, & ſo cloſed together; falling ſo to the ground; now one getting aboue, and then the other; at length, both wearie of ſo vnlouely embracements, with a diſſenting conſent gate vp, and went to their ſwords: but happened, each of his enemies: where *Argalus* finding his foes ſword garniſhed in bloud, his heart raſe with the ſame ſword to reuenge it, and on that blade to allie

their

their blouds together. But his minde was euill wayted-on by his lamed force, so as he receiued still more and more wounds: which made all his armour seem to blush, that it had defended his master no better. But *Amphialus* perceiuing it, and weighing the small hatefulnesse of their quarrell, with the worthinesse of the Knight, desired him to take pittie of himselfe. But *Argalus*, the more repining, the more hee found himselfe in disaduantage, filling his veines with spite in stead of bloud, and making courage arise against faintnesse (like a Candell, which a little before it goes out, giues then the greatest blaze) so did he vnite all his force, that casting away the little remnant of his shield, and taking his sword in both hands, he strooke such a notable blow, that he cleft his shield, armour, and arme almost to the bone.

But then *Amphialus* forgat all ceremonies, and with cruell blowes made more of his best bloud succeed the rest; till his hand being stayed by his eare, his eare filled with a pitifull crie, the crie guided his sight to an excellent faire Lady, who came running as fast as she could, & yet because she could not as fast as she would, she sent her lamentable voice before her: & being come, and being knowne to them both to be the beautifull *Parthenia* (who had that night dreamed shee saw her husband in such estate, as shee then found him, which made her make such hast thither) they both maruailed. But *Parthenia* ran between them (feare of Loue making her forget the feare of Nature) and then fell down at their feete, determining so to part them, till shee could get breath to sigh out her dolefull speeches: and when her breath (which running had spent, and dismayednesse made slow to returne) had by sobs gotten into her sorow-closed breast, for a while she could say nothing, but, O wretched eyes of mine, O wailefull sight, O day of darknesse: at length turning her eyes (wherein sorrow swamme) to *Amphialus*, My Lord (said she) it is said you loue; in the power of that loue, I beseech you to leaue off this combat, as euer your heart may find comfort in his affection, euen for her sake, I craue it: or if you be mortally determined, be so pittifull vnto me, as first to kill me, that I may not see the death of *Argalus*. *Amphialus* was about to haue answered, when *Argalus*, vexed with his Fortune, but most vexed that she should see him in that fortune; Ah *Parthenia* (said he) neuer till now vnwelcome vnto me, do you come to get my life by request? And cannot *Argalus* liue but by request? Is that a life? With that he went aside, for feare of hurting her, & would haue begun the combat afresh. But *Amphialus* not onely coniured by that which held the Monarchie of his minde, but euen in his noble heart melting with compassion at so passionate a sight, desired him to with-hold his hands, for that he should strike one who sought his fauour, & would not make resistance. A notable example of the wonderful effects of Vertue, where the conqueror sought for friendship of the conquered, & the conquered would not pardon the conqueror: both indeed being of that minde to loue each other for accepting, but not for giuing mercy, & neither affected to ouer-liue a dishonour: so that *Argalus*, not so much striuing with *Amphialus* (for if he had had him in the like sort, in like sort hee would haue dealt with him) as labouring against his owne power (which he chiefly despised) set himselfe forward, stretching his strength to the vttermost. But the fire of that strife, blowne with his inward rage, boyled out his bloud in such abundance, that he was driuen to rest him vpon the pommell of his sword: & then each thing beginning to turne round in the dance of death before his eyes, his sight both dazled & dimmed, til (thinking to sit down) he fel in a swound. *Parthenia*, & *Amphialus* both hastily went vnto him; *Amphialus* took off his helmet, and *Parthenia* layd his head in her lap, tearing off her linnen sleeues & partlet, to serue about his wounds: to bind which she took off her hair-lace, & would haue cut off her fair hair her self,

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but that the ſquires and iudges came in with fitter things for the purpoſe: while ſhe bewayled her ſelfe with ſo lamentable ſweetneſſe, as was enough to haue taught ſorrow to the gladeſt thoughts, & haue engraued in in the minds of hardeſt mettall.

O *Parthenia*, no more *Parthenia* (ſaid ſhe) What art thou? what ſeeſt thou? how is thy bliſſe in a moment fallen? how wert thou euen now before all Ladies the example of perfect happineſſe, and now the gazing ſtock of endleſſe miſerie? O God, what hath been my deſert to be thus puniſhed? or if ſuch haue been my deſert, why was I not in my ſelfe puniſhed? O wandring life, to what wilderneſſe wouldſt thou lead me? But Sorrow, I hope thou art ſharp enough to ſaue my labour from other remedies. *Argalus*, *Argalus*, I will follow thee, I will follow thee.

But with that *Argalus* came out of his ſwound, and lifting vp his languiſhing eyes (which a painefull reſt and iron ſleepe did ſeeke to locke vp) ſeeing her in whom (euen dying) he liued, and himſelfe ſeated in ſo beloued a place, it ſeemed a little cherefull bloud came vp to his cheekes, like a burning cole, almoſt dead, if ſome breath a little reuiue it: and forcing vp (the beſt he could) his feeble voyce, My deare, my better halfe (ſaid he) I find I muſt now leaue thee: & by that ſweet hand, & faire eyes of thine I ſweare, that Death brings nothing with it to grieue mee, but that I muſt leaue thee, & cannot remaine to anſwer part of thy infinite deſerts, with being ſome comfort vnto thee. But ſince ſo it pleaſeth him, whoſe wiſedome and goodneſſe guideth all, put thy confidence in him, & one day we ſhall bleſſedly meet againe, neuer to depart: meane while liue happily, dear *Parthenia*, and I perſwade my ſelfe, it wil increaſe the bleſſednes of my ſoule, ſo to ſee thee. Loue well the remembrance of thy louing, & truly louing *Argalus*: and let not (with that word hee ſighed) this diſgrace of mine, make thee one day thinke, thou hadſt an vnworthy husband. They could ſcarcely vnderſtand the laſt words: for Death began to ſeaze himſelfe of his heart, neither could *Parthenia* make anſwer, ſo full was her breaſt of anguiſh. But while the other ſought to ſtanch his remedileſſe wounds, ſhe with her kiſſes made him happy: for his laſt breath was deliuered into her mouth.

But when indeede ſhe found his ghoſt was gone, then Sorrow loſt the wit of vtterance, and grew ragefull, and madde, ſo that ſhe tare her beautifull face, & rent her haire, as though they could ſerue for nothing, ſince *Argalus* was gone; till *Amphialus* (ſo moued with pitie of that ſight, as that he honoured his aduerſaries death with teares) cauſed her (with the helpe of her woman that came with her) partly by force to be conueied into the boate, with the dead body of *Argalus*, from which ſhe would not depart. And being come of the other ſide, there ſhe was receiued by *Baſilius* himſelfe, with all the funerall pompe of military diſcipline, trayling all their Enſignes vpon the ground, making their warlike inſtruments ſound dolefull notes, & *Baſilius*, with comfort in his mouth, & wo in his face, ſought to perſwade ſome eaſe into *Parthenia's* minde: but all was as eaſefull to her, as the handling of ſore wounds: all the honour done, being to her but the trumph of her ruine, ſhee finding no comfort, but in deſperate yeelding to Sorrow: & rather determined to loſe her ſelfe, if euer ſhe ſhould find eaſe therof. And wel might ſhe heare as ſhe paſt through the campe, the great praiſes ſpoken of her husband, which all were records of her loſſe. But the more excellent he was (being indeed accounted ſecond to none in all Greece) the more did the breath of thoſe praiſes beare vp the wings of *Amphialus* fame: to whom yet (ſuch was his caſe) that Trophe vpon Trophe, ſtill did but build vp the monument of his thraldome; he euer finding himſelfe in ſuch fauour of *Philoclea*, that ſhee was moſt abſent, when hee was preſent with her; and euer ſorieſt, when hee had beſt ſucceſſe: which would haue made him renounce

all

all comfort, but that his mother with diuerſity of deuices kept vp his heart.

But while hee allayed thus his outward glory with inward diſcomfort, hee was like to haue beene ouertaken with a norable treaſon, the beginning wherof (though meerely ridiculous) had like to haue brought forth vnto him a weeping effect.

Among other that attended *Baſilius* in this expedition, *Dametas* was one; whether to be preſent with him, or abſent from *Miſo:* once, certaine it was without any minde to make his ſword curſed by any widow. Now being in the Campe, while each talke ſeemed iniurious, which did not acknowledge ſome duty to the fame of *Amphialus*, it fell out ſometimes in communication, that as the ſpeech of heauen doth often beget the mention of hell, ſo the admirable proweſſe of *Amphialus* (by a contrary) brought forth the remembrance of the cowardiſe of *Clinias*: inſomuch, as it grew almoſt to a Prouerbe, *As very a coward as Clinias*; Deſcribing him in ſuch ſort, that in the end *Dametas* began to thinke with himſelfe, that if hee made a challenge vnto him, hee would neuer anſwer it; & that then he ſhould greatly encreaſe the fauourable conceit of *Baſilius*. This fancie of his he vttered to a young Gentleman, that waited vpon *Philanax*, in whoſe friendſhip he had eſpeciall confidence, becauſe he haunted his company, laughing often merrily at his ſpeeches, and not a little extolling the goodly *dotes* of *Mopſa*. The yong Gentleman as glad as if he had found a Hare ſitting, egd him on, breaking the matter with *Philanax*, and then (for feare the humour ſhould quaile in him) wrote a challenge himſelf for *Dametas*, and brought it to him. But when *Dametas* reade it, putting his head on his ſhoulder, and ſomewhat ſmiling; hee ſaid, It was pretty indeede; but that it had not a loftie ſtile enough: and ſo would needes endite it in this ſort.

O Clinias, *thou* Clinias, *the wickedeſt worme that euer went vpon two legs; the vile fritter of fraud, and ſeething pot of iniquity:* I Dametas, *chiefe gouernour of all the royall cattell, and alſo of* Pamela *(whom thy Maſter moſt pernicioufly hath ſuggeſted out of my dominion) doe defie thee, in a mortall affray from the bodkin to the pike vpward. which if thou doeſt preſume to take in hand, I will out of that ſuperfluous bodie of thine, make thy ſoule to be euacuated.*

The young Gentleman ſeemed dumbe-ſtriken with admiration, and preſently tooke vpon him to bee the bearer thereof, while the heate of the fit laſted, and hauing gotten leaue of *Baſilius* (euery body helping on, to eaſe his minde ouercharged with melancholy) hee went into the Towne according to the manner before time vſed, & in the preſence of *Amphialus* deliuered this letter to *Clinias*; deſiring to haue an anſwer, which might be fit for his reputation. *Clinias* opened it, reade it, & in the reading, his bloud, not daring to be in ſo dangerous a place, went out of his face, & hid it ſelfe more inwardly: and his very words (as if they were affraid of blowes) came very ſlowly out of his mouth: but as well as his panting breath would vtter it, he bad him tell the lowt that ſent him, that he diſdained to haue any thing to do with him. But *Amphialus*, perceiuing the matter, tooke him aſide, and very earneſtly dealt with him not to ſhame himſelf; *Amphialus* only deſirous to bring it to paſſe to make ſome ſport to *Philoclea*: but not being able to perſwade with him, *Amphialus* licenced the Gentleman, telling him, that by next morning he ſhould haue anſwer.

The yong Gentleman (ſory he had ſped no better) returned to *Dametas*, who had fetched many a ſower-breathed ſigh, for feare *Clinias* would accept the challenge. But when he perceiued by his truſty meſſenger, that this delay was in effect a denial, there being no diſpoſition in him to accept it, then lo, *Dametas* began to ſpeake his

loud

loud voyce, to looke big, to march vp and downe, and in his march to lift his legs higher than hee was wont, ſwearing by no meane deuotions, that the walls ſhould not keepe the coward from him, but he would fetch him out of his cunny-berry: & then was hotter than euer to prouide himſelfe of horſe and armour, ſaying, hee would go to the Iland brauely addoubed, and ſhew himſelfe to his charge *Pamela*. To this purpoſe many willing hands were about him, letting him haue reynes, pettrell, with the reſt of the furniture, and very braue baſes; but all comming from diuers houſes, neither in colour nor faſhion, ſhewing any kinred one with another. But that liked *Dametas* the better: for that he thought would argue, that he was maſter of many braue furnitures. Then gaue hee order to a Painter for his deuice; which was, a plough with the oxen looſed from it, a ſword with a great number of armes and legges cut off, and laſtly a great armie of pen and inke-hornes & bookes. Neither did he ſticke to tell the ſecret of his intent; which was, that hee had left off the plough, to doe ſuch bloudie deedes with his ſword, as many inke-hornes and bookes ſhould be employed about the hiſtorifying of them: and being asked, why he ſet no word vnto it, hee ſaid, that was indeed like the Painter, that ſaith in his picture, Here is the Dogge, and there is the Hare: and with that he laughed ſo exceedingly, as was great conſolation to the beholders. Yet remembring, that *Miſo* would not take it well at his returne, if he forgat his dutie to her, he cauſed in a bordel about to be written

Miſo, *mine owne Pigſnie, thou ſhalt heare newes of* Dametas.

Thus all things being condignly ordered, with an il-fauoured impatience he waited vntill the next morning, that he might make a muſter of himſelfe in the Iland, often asking them that very diligently waited vpon him, whether it were not pitie, that ſuch a coward as *Clinias*, ſhould for his run-away feet vpon the face of the earth. But as he was by diuers principall yong Gentlemen, to his no ſmall glorie, liſted vp on horſebacke, comes me a page of *Amphialus*, who with humble ſmiling reuerence deliuered a letter vnto him, from *Clinias*: whom *Amphialus* had brought to this firſt with perſwaſions (that for certaine, if he did accept the combate, *Dametas* would neuer dare to appeare, and thatchen the honour ſhould be his) but principally threatning him, that if he refuſed it, he would turne him out of the town to be put to death for a tray tor by *Baſilius*: ſo as the preſent feare (euer to a coward moſt terrible) of being turned out of the towne, made him, though full vnwillingly, vndertake the other feare, wherein he had ſome ſhew of hope, that *Dametas* might ſupply either to be ſicke, or not to haue the courage to performe the matter. But when *Dametas* heard the name of *Clinias*, very aptly ſuſpecting what the matter might be, bade the page carry backe his letter, like a naughty boy as he was: for he was no humor, he told him, of reading letters. But *Dametas* his friend, firſt perſwading him, that for certaine it was ſome ſubmiſſion, tooke vpon him ſo much boldneſſe as to open the Letter, and to reade it aloud in this ſort.

Thou dri-tell, whereby thy to haue thy name ſet in any letter by a ſouldiers hand written: I wold thy wretched heart thinke it was timorouſneſſe, that made Clinias *ſuſpend a moment his anſwer? No cuitiffe, no: it was but as a Ram, which goes back to returne with greater force. Know therefore, that thou ſhalt no ſooner appeare (appeare now if thou dar'ſt) I ſay thou ſhalt no ſooner appeare in the Iland (& happy thou, if thou do not appear) but I will come vpon thee with all my force, and cut thee in peeces (marke what I ſay)*

ioynt after ioynt, to the eternall terrour of all preſumptuous villaines. Therefore looke vvhat thou doſt: for I tell thee, horrible ſmart, and paines ſhall be thy lot, if thou vvilt needs be ſo fooliſh (I hauing giuen thee no ſuch cauſe) as to meet vvith me.

Theſe terrible words *Clinias* vſed, hoping they would giue a cooling to the heat of *Dametas* courage: and ſo indeed they did, that hee did grone to heare the thundring of thoſe threatnings. And when the Gentleman had ended the reading of them, *Dametas* told them, that in his opinion he thought this anſwer came too late, and that therefore he might very well go and diſarme himſelfe: eſpecially conſidering, the other had in courteous manner warned him not to come. But they (hauing him now on horſebacke) led him into the ferry, and ſo into the Iland; the claſhing of his own armour ſtriking miſerable feare into him, & in his minde thinking great vnkindneſſe in his friend, that he had brought him to a matter ſo contrary to his complexion. There ſtayed he but a little (the Gentleman that came with him teaching him how to vſe his ſword and launce, while he caſt his eye about, to ſee which way he might run away, curſing all Ilands for being euill ſituated) when *Clinias* with a braue ſound of trumpets landed at the other end: who came all the way debating with himſelfe, what he had deſerued of *Amphialus* to driue him to thoſe inconueniences. Sometimes his wit made him bethinke himſelfe what was beſt to be done: but feare did ſo corrupt his wit, that whatſoeuer he thought was beſt, he ſtill found danger therein; fearfulnes (contrary to all other vices) making him think the better of another, the worſe he found himſelfe, rather imagining in himſelfe what words he would vſe (if he were ouercome) to get his life of *Dametas*, than how to ouercome, whereof he could thinke with no patience. But oftentimes looking to the earth, pitifully complaining, that a man of ſuch ſufficiencie (as he thought himſelfe) ſhould in his beſt yeeres be ſwallowed vp by ſo baſe an element, faine hee would haue prayed, but he had not heart enough to haue confidence in prayer, the glittering of the armour, and ſounding of the trumpets giuing ſuch an aſſault to the weake-breach of his falſe ſenſes, that he grew from the degree of feare to an amazement, not almoſt to know what he did, till two Iudges (choſen for the purpoſe) making the trumpets ceaſe, and taking the oath of thoſe champions, that they came without guile or witchcraft, ſet them at wonted diſtance, one from the other.

Then the trumpets ſounding, *Dametas* horſe (vſed to ſuch cauſes) when he thought leaſt of the matter, ſtarted out ſo luſtily, that *Dametas* was iogd backe with head and bodie, and pulling withall his bridle-hand, the horſe (that was tender mouth) made halfe a ſtop, and fell to bounding, ſo that *Dametas* threw away his Launce, and with both his hands held by the pummell; the horſe, halfe running, halfe leaping, till he met with *Clinias*: who fearing he ſhould miſſe his reſt, had put his ſtaffe therein before he began his career: neither would he then haue begunne, but that at the trumpets warning, one (that ſtood behind) ſtrake on his horſe, who running ſwiftly, the winde tooke ſuch hold of his ſtaffe, that it croſt quite ouer his breaſt, and in that ſort gaue a flat baſtanado to *Dametas*: who, halfe out of his ſaddle, went neere to his old occupation of digging the earth, but with the creſt of his helmet. *Clinias* when he was paſt him, not knowing what he had done, but fearing leſt *Dametas* were at his backe, turned with a wide turne; & ſeeing him on the ground, he thought then was his time, or neuer to treade him vnder his horſes feet; & withall (if he could) hurt him with his Launce; which had not broken, the encounter was ſo eaſie. But putting forth his horſe, what with the falling of the ſtaffe too [be]fore

before the legs of the horſe,& the comming vpon *Dametas*,who was then ſcrambling vp,the horſe fell ouer &'ouer,& lay vpon *Clinias*.Which*Dametas*(who was gotten vp)perceiuing,drew out his ſword,prying which way he might beſt come to kill *Clinias* behind.But the horſe that lay vpon him,kept ſuch a pawing with his feet,that*Dametas* durſt not approch,but very leiſurely,ſo as the horſe(being luſty) gat vp,& withall fell to ſtrike,& leape,that *Dametas* ſtarted backe a good way,and gaue *Clinias* time to riſe,but ſo bruiſed in body,& broken in heart,that he meant to yeelde himſelfe to mercie:& with that intent drew out his ſword, intending when he came neerer,to preſent the pommell of it to *Dametas*.But *Dametas*, when he ſaw him come with his ſword drawne,nothing conceiuing any ſuch intent, went backe as faſt as his backe and heeles could leade him. But as *Clinias* found that, hee began to thinke a poſſibilitie in the victory, and therefore followed with the cruell haſt of a preuailing coward; laying vpon *Dametas*, who did nothing but cry out to him to hold his hand: ſometimes that he was dead,ſometimes that he would complaine to *Baſilius*:but ſtill bare the blowes vngratefully,going backe,till at length he came into the water with one of his feete.

But then a new feare of drowning tooke him,ſo that not daring to goe back,not to deliberate(the blowes ſtill ſo lighted on him)nor to yeeld (becauſe of the cruell threatnings of *Clinias*) feare being come to the extremitie, fell to a madneſſe of deſpaire: ſo that(winking as hard as euer he could) hee began to deale ſome blowes, and his arme (being vſed to a flaile in his youth)layd them on ſo thicke,that *Clinias* now began with lamentable eyes to ſee his owne bloud come out in many places; and before he had loſt halfe an ounce finding in himſelfe that he fainted, cryed out aloud to *Dametas*,that he yeelded.Throw away thy ſword then(ſaid *Dametas*) and I will ſaue thee: but ſtill laying on as faſt as he could. *Clinias* ſtraight obeyed,and humbly craued mercy,telling him,his ſword was gone. Then *Dametas* firſt opened his eyes,& ſeeing him indeed vnweaponed,made him ſtand a good way off from it; and then willed him to lie downe vpon the earth as flat as he could.*Clinias* obeyed; and *Dametas*(who neuer could thinke himſelfe ſafe,till *Clinias* were dead)began to thinke with himſelfe,that if he ſtrake at him with his ſword, if he did not kill him at the firſt blow, that then *Clinias* might happe to riſe, and reuenge himſelfe. Therefore hee thought beſt to kneele downe vpon him, and with a great whittle hee had (hauing diſarmed his head,to cut his throate)which hee had vſed ſo with Calues,as he had no ſmall dexteritie in it.But while he ſought for his knife, which vnder his armour hee could not well find out, & that *Clinias* lay with ſo ſheepiſh a quietneſſe, as if hee would haue beene glad to haue his throate cut for feare of more paine, the Iudges came in,and tooke *Dametas* from off him, telling him hee did againſt the law of Armes,hauing promiſed life,if he threw away his ſword.*Dametas* was loath to conſent,til they ſware,they would not ſuffer him to fight any more,when he was vp:and then more forced,than perſwaded, he let him riſe, crowing ouer him, and warning him to take heede how he dealt any more with any that came of his fathers kinred. But thus this *combat of cowards* being finiſhed, *Dametas* was with much mirth and melodie receiued into the campe as victorious, neuer a Page there failing to waite vpon his Triumph.

But *Clinias* though he wanted heart to preuent ſhame,yet hee wanted not wit to feele ſhame; not ſo much repining at it for the abhorring of ſhame; as for the diſcommodities,that to them that are ſhamed,enſue. For well he deemed, it would bee a great barre to his practiſe, and a pulling on of iniuries,when men needed not care how they vſed him. Inſomuch, that *Clinias* (finding himſelfe the ſcorning-ſtock of

euery companie) fell with repining to hate the cauſe thereof; and hate in a cowards heart, could ſet it ſelfe no other limits, but death. Which purpoſe was vvell egged on by repreſenting vnto himſelfe, vvhat danger he lately was in; which ſtill kept no leſſe ougly figure in his minde, than when it was preſent: and quickly (euen in his diſſembling countenance) might be diſcerned a concealed grudge. For though hee forced himſelfe a farre more diligent officiouſneſſe toward *Amphialus*, than euer before, yet a leering eye vpon the one ſide at him, a countenance ſtill framed to ſmiling before him (how little cauſe ſoeuer there was of ſmiling) & grombling behinde him, at any of his commandements, vvith an vncertaine manner of behauiour: his words comming out, though full of flattery, yet ſlowly, and hoarcely pronounced, might well haue blazed, what armes his falſe heart bare. But deſpiſed, becauſe of his cowardlineſſe, and not marked becauſe deſpiſed, he had the freer ſcope of practice. Which he did the more deſperately enter into, becauſe the daily dangers *Amphialus* did ſubmit himſelfe vnto, made *Clinias* aſſuredly looke for his ouerthrow, and for his owne conſequently, if he did not redeem his former treaſon to *Baſilius*, with a more treaſonable falſhood toward *Amphialus*. His chiefe care therefore was, to finde out among all ſorts of the *Amphialians*, whom either like feare, tediouſneſſe of the ſiege, or diſcontent of ſome vnſatisfied ambition would make apt to dig in the ſame mine that he did: and ſome alreadie of wealthy weary folkes, and vnconſtant youths (who had not found ſuch ſudden ſucceſſe as they had promiſed themſelues) he had made ſtoupe to his lure. But of none he made ſo good account as of *Artesia*, ſiſter to the late ſlaine *Iſmenus*, and the chiefe of the ſixe maydes, who had trayned out the Princeſſes to their banket of miſerie: ſo much did the ſharpeneſſe of her wit counteruaile (as he thought) any other defects of her ſexe: for ſhee had vndertaken that dangerous practice by the perſwaſion of *Cecropia*, who aſſured her that the two Princeſſes ſhould be made away; and then *Amphialus* would marry her: which ſhee was the apter to beleeue, by ſome falſe perſwaſion her glaſſe had giuen her of her own incomparable excellencies, & by the great fauour ſhe knew he bare to her brother *Iſmenus*, which (like a ſelfe-flattering woman) ſhe conceiued was done for her ſake. But when ſhe had atchieued her attempt, & that ſhe found the Princeſſes were ſo farre from their intended death, as that the one of them was like to bee her ſouraigne, & that neither her ſeruice had won of *Amphialus* much more than ordinary fauor, nor her ouer-large offring her ſelfe to a mind otherwiſe owed, had obtained a looked-for acceptatiō; diſdain to be diſdained, ſpite of a fruſtrate hope, & perchance vnquenched luſt-growne rage, made her vnquiet thoughts finde no other reſt, but malice: which was increaſed by the death of her brother, vvhom ſhe iudged neither ſuccoured againſt *Philanax*, nor reuenged vpon *Philanax*. But all theſe coles were well blown by the company ſhee eſpecially kept with *Zelmane* all this time of her impriſonment. For finding her preſence vncheerfull to the mourning *Philoclea*, & condemned of the hie hearted *Pamela*, ſhe ſpent her time moſt with *Zelmane*. Who though at the firſt hardly brooking the inſtrument of their miſery, learning cunning in the ſchoole of aduerſitie, in time framed her ſelf to yeeld her acceptable entertainment. For *Zelmane*, when ſhee had by that vnexpected miſchiefe her body impriſoned, her valour ouer-maſtered, her wit beguiled, her deſires barred, her loue eclipſed; aſſured of euill, fearing worſe, able to know *Philoclea's* misfortune, & not able to ſuccour her, ſhe was a great while, before the greatnes of her heart could deſcend to ſorow, but rather roſe boyling vp in ſpite & diſdain; Reaſon hardly making Courage beleeue, that it was diſtreſſed: but as if the walls would be affraid of her, ſo would her lookes ſhoote out threatning vpon them. But the fetters of ſeruitude (growing

(growing heauier with wearing) made her feele her case, and the little preuailing of repining: and then griefe gat a seate in her softned minde, making sweetnesse of passed comforts by due title claime teares of present discomforts: and since her fortune made her able to helpe as little as any body, yet to be able to waile as much as any body; solitarie Sorrow, with a continuall circle in her selfe, going out at her owne mouth, to come in againe at her owne eares. Then was the name of *Philoclea* graued in the glasse windowes, and by the foolish idolatrie of affection, no sooner written, than adored; and no sooner adored, than pitied: all the wonted prayses (she was wont to giue vnto her) being now but figures of Rhetorike to amplifie the injuries of misfortune; against which being alone, shee would often make inuectiue declamations, methodized onely by raging sorrow.

But when *Artesia* did insinuate her selfe into her acquaintance, shee gaue the gouernment of her courage to wit, & was content to familiarize her selfe with her: so much the rather, as that she perceiued in her certaine flawes of ill-concealed discontentment. Insomuch that when *Zelmane* would sweeten her mouth with the praises of the sisters, especially setting forth their noble gratefulnes in neuer forgetting well-intended seruices, & inuoking the iustice of the gods, not to suffer such treasures to be wrongfully hidden, & sometimes with a kind vnkindnesse, charging *Artesia* that she had been abused to abuse so worthy persons: *Artesia* (though falsly, vvould protest, that she had been beguiled in it, neuer meaning other matter than recreation: & yet withal (by alleaging how vngratefully she was dealt with) it was easie to be seen, it was the vnrewarding, & not the euill employing her seruice, which grieued her. But *Zelmane* (vsing her own byas to bowle neer the mistresse of her owne thoughts) was content to lend her beliefe, and withall, to magnifie her desert, if willingly she would deliuer, whom vnwillingly she had imprisoned; leauing no argument which might tickle ambition, or flatter reuenge. So that *Artesia* (pusht forward by *Clinias*, and drawne onward by *Zelmane*) bound her selfe to that practise; wherein *Zelmane* (for her part) desired no more, but to haue armour and weapons brought into her chamber, not doubting therewith to performe any thing, how impossible soeuer, which longing Loue can perswade, and inuincible Valour dare promise.

But *Clinias* (whose faith could neuer comprehend the mysteries of courage) perswaded *Artesia*, while hee by corruption had drawne the guard of one gate, to open it (when he would appoint the time) to the enemy, that she should impoyson *Amphialus*; which she might the easier doe, because shee her selfe had vsed to make the broths, when *Amphialus* (either wearied or wounded) did vse such diet. And all things already were ready to be put in execution, when they thought best to breake the matter with the two excellent sisters, not doubting of their consent in a thing so behoofull to themselues: their reasons being, that the Princesses knowing their seruice, might be sure to preserue them from the furie of the entring souldiers: wherof *Clinias* (euen so) could scarcely be sufficiently certaine: and withall, making them priuie to their action, to bind them afterwards to a promised gratefulnesse towards them. They went therefore at one time, when they knew them to be alone, *Clinias* to *Philoclea*, and *Artesia* to *Pamela*: and *Clinias*, with no few words, did set forth vvhat an exploit was intended for her seruice. But *Philoclea* (in whose cleere minde treason could finde no hiding place) told him, that she would bee glad, if hee could perswade her cousin to deliuer her, and that she would neuer forget his seruice therein: but that she desired him to lay down any such way of mischiefe, for that (for her part) shee would rather yeelde to perpetuall imprisonment, than consent to the destroying her cousin, who (shee knew) loued her, though wronged her. This

vnlooked for anſwer amazed *Clinias*, ſo that he had no other remedie in his mind, but to kneele downe to *Philocles*, and beſeech her to keep it ſecret, conſidering that the intention was for her ſeruice: & vowing (ſince ſhe miſliked it) to proceed no further therein, ſhe comforted him with promiſe of ſilence, which ſhe performed.

But that little auayled: for *Arteſia* hauing in like ſort opened this deuice to *Pamela*, ſhe (in whoſe minde Vertue gouerned with the ſcepter of Knowledge) hating ſo horrible a wickednesſe, and ſtreight iudging what was fit to doe; Wicked woman (ſaid ſhee) whoſe vnrepenting heart can finde no way to amend treaſon, but by treaſon: now the time is come, that thy wretched wiles haue taught thy ſelfe in thine owne nette: as for mee, let the gods diſpoſe of mee as ſhall pleaſe them; but ſure it ſhall be no ſuch way, nor way-leader, by which I will come to libertie. This ſhee ſpake ſomething with a lowder voice than ſhe was wont to vſe, ſo as *Cecropia* heard the noyſe; vvho was (ſooner than *Arteſia* imagined ſhee would) come vp, to bring *Pamela* to a window, vvhere ſhe might ſee a notable skirmiſh happened in the Campe, as ſhe thought, among themſelues: and being a cunning fiſher in troubled waters, ſtreight found by their voices and geſtures, there was ſome matter of conſequence, vvhich ſhe defired *Pamela* to tell her. Aske of her (ſaid *Pamela*) and learne to know, that who doe falſhood to their ſuperiours, teach falſhood to their inferiours. More ſhe would not ſay. But *Cecropia* taking away the each-way guilty *Arteſia* with feare of torture, gat of her the whole practiſe: ſo as *Zelmane* vvas the more cloſely impriſoned, and *Clinias* (with the reſt of his corrupted mates according to their merits) executed: For, as for *Arteſia*, ſhee was but lockt vp in her chamber, *Amphialus* not conſenting (for the loue he bare to *Iſmenus*) that further puniſhment ſhould be layd vpon her.

But the noiſe they heard in the campe, was by occaſion of the famous Prince *Anaxius*, nephew to the Gyant *Euardes* whom *Pyrocles* ſlue: A Prince, of body exceedingly ſtrong; in armes ſo skilful & fortunate, as no man was thought to excell him; of courage that knew not how to feare; of parts vvorthy praiſe, if they had not been guided by pride, and followed by vniuſtice. For by a ſtrange compoſition of mind, there vvas no man more tenderly ſenſible in any thing offered to himſelfe, which in the fartheſt-fet conſtruction, might be wreſted to the name of wrong; no man, that in his owne actions could vvorſe diſtinguiſh betweene Valour and Violence: So proud, as he could not abſtaine from a *Thraſo*-like boaſting, and yet (ſo vnlucky a lodging his vertues had gotten) he vvould neuer boaſt more than he vvould accompliſh: falſly accounting an vnflexible anger, a couragious conſtancie: eſteeming feare, and aſtoniſhment, righter cauſes of admiration, than Loue and Honour. This man had foure ſundry times fought vvith *Amphialus*, but *Mars* had beene ſo vnpartiall an arbiter, that neither ſide gate aduantage of the other. But in the end it happned, that *Anaxius* found *Amphialus* (vnknowne) in a great danger, and ſaued his life: vvhereupon (louing his owne benefit) began to fauour him, ſo much the more, as thinking ſo well of himſelfe, he could not chooſe but like him, vvhom he found a match for himſelfe: vvhich at laſt grew to as much friendſhip towards him, as could by a proud heart be conceiued. So as in this trauell (ſeeking *Pyrocles* to be reuenged of his vncles death) hearing of this ſiege, neuer taking paines to examine the quarrell (like a man whoſe will was his God, and his hand his law) taking vvith him his two brothers (men accounted little inferiour to himſelfe in martiall matters) and two hundred choſen horſemen (with whom hee thought himſelfe able to conquer the world) yet commanding the reſt of his forces to follow, hee himſelfe vpon ſuch an vnexpected ſuddennesſe entered in vpon the backe of *Baſilius*, that many

with

with great vnkindneſſe tooke their death, not knowing why, nor how they were ſo murthered. There, if euer, did he make knowne the wonderfulneſſe of his force. But the valiant, and faithfull *Philanax*, with well gouerned ſpeede made ſuch head againſt him, as would haue ſhewed, how ſoone courage falls in the ditch which hath not the eye of wiſedome: but that *Amphialus* at the ſame time iſſued out, and winning with an abundance of courage one of the ſconſes, which *Baſilius* had builded, made way for his friend *Anaxius*, with great loſſe of both ſides, but eſpecially of the *Baſilians*; ſuch notable monuments had thoſe two ſwords eſpecially left of their Maſters redoubted worthineſſe.

There, with the reſpect fit to his eſtate, the honour due to his worthineſſe, and the kindneſſe which accompanies friendſhip (made faſt by enterchanged benefits) did *Amphialus* enforce himſelfe (as much as in a beſieged towne he could) to make *Anaxius* know, that his ſuccour was not ſo needfull, as his preſence gratefull. For cauſing the ſtreets and houſes of the towne to witneſſe his welcome (making both ſouldiers and Magiſtrates in their countenances to ſhew their gladneſſe of him) he led him to his mother, whom hee beſought to entertaine him with no leſſe loue and kindneſſe, than as one, who once had ſaued her ſonnes life, and now came to ſaue both life and honour. Tuſh (ſaid *Anaxius*, ſpeaking aloude, looking vpon his brothers) I am onely ſorie there are not halfe a dozen Kings more about you: that what *Anaxius* can do, might be the better manifeſted. His brothers ſmiled, as though he had ouer modeſtly ſpoken far vnderneath the pitch of his power. Then was hee diſarmed at the earneſt requeſt of *Amphialus*: for *Anaxius* boyled with deſire to iſſue out vpon the enemies, perſwading himſelfe, that the Sunne ſhould not be ſet, before he had ouerthrowne them. And hauing repoſed himſelfe, *Amphialus* asked him vvhether he would viſite the young Princeſſes. But *Anaxius* whiſpered him in the eare: In truth (ſaid he) deare friend *Amphialus*, though I am none of thoſe, that loue to ſpeake of themſelues, I neuer came yet in any companie of Ladies, but that they fell in loue with me. And I that in my heart ſcorn them as a peeuiſh paltry ſex, not worthy to communicate with my vertues, would not doe you the wrong: ſince (as I heare) you doe debaſe your ſelfe ſo much as to affect them. The courteous *Amphialus* could haue beene angry with him for thoſe words; but knowing his humor, ſuffered him to dance to his owne muſicke: and gaue himſelfe to entertain both him and his brothers, with as cheerefull a maner, as could iſſue from a mind whom vnluckie loue had filled vvith melancholy. For to *Anaxius* he yeelded the direction of all. He gaue the watchword, and if any grace vvere granted, the meanes vvere to bee made to *Anaxius*. And that night when ſupper vvas ended, vvherein *Amphialus* would needes himſelfe waite vpon him, he cauſed in Boates vpon the Lake an excellent muſicke to be ordered: which, though *Anaxius* might conceiue was for his honour, yet indeede hee vvas but the Bricke-wall to conuey it to the eares of the beloued *Philoclea*.

The muſicke was of Cornets, wherof one anſwering the other, with a ſweet emulation, ſtriuing for the glory of muſicke, and ſtriking vpon the ſmooth face of the quiet Lake, was then deliuered vp to the caſtle walles, which with a proud reuerberation, ſpreading it into the ayre, it ſeemed before the harmonie came to the eare, that it had enriched it ſelfe in trauaile, the nature of thoſe places adding melodie to that melodious inſtrument. And when a while that inſtrument had made a braue proclamation to all vnpoſſeſſed mindes, of attention, an excellent conſort ſtreight followed of fiue Violls, & as many voices; which all being but Oratours of their maſters paſſions, beſtowed this ſong vpon her, that thought vpon another matter.

The

THe Fire to ſee my wrongs for anger burneth:
The Ayre in raine for my affliction weepeth:
The Sea to ebbe for griefe his flowing turneth:
The Earth with pittie dull his center keepeth:
Fame is with wonder blazed:
Time runnes away for ſorrow:
Place ſtandeth ſtill amazed,
To ſee my night of euils, which hath no morrow.
Alas alonely ſhe no pitie taketh
To know my miſeries, but chaſte and cruell,
My fall her glory maketh;
Yet ſtill her eyes giue to my flames their fuell.
Fire, burne me quite till ſenſe of burning leaue me:
Ayre, let me draw thy breath no more in anguiſh:
Sea, drown'd in thee of tedious life bereaue me:
Earth, take this earth wherein my ſpirits languiſh.
Fame, ſay I was not borne:
Time, haſt my dying hower:
Place, ſee my graue vptorne:
Fire, ayre, ſea, earth, fame, time, place ſhew your power.
Alas from all their helps I am exiled:
For hers am I, and Death feares her diſpleaſure.
Fie Death thou art beguiled:
Though I be hers, ſhe makes of me no treaſure.

But *Anaxius* (ſeeming awearie before it was ended) told *Amphialus*, that for his part he liked no muſicke, but the neighing of horſes, the ſound of trumpets, and the cries of yeelding perſons: and therefore deſired, that the next morning they ſhould iſſue vpon the ſame place, where they had entred that day, not doubting to make thē quickly awearie of being the beſiegers of *Anaxius*. *Amphialus*, who had no whit leſſe courage, though nothing blowne vp with pride, willingly condiſcended, & ſo the next morning (giuing falſe alarum to the other ſide of the campe) *Amphialus* at *Anaxius* earneſt requeſt, ſtaying within the towne to ſee it guarded, *Anaxius* and his brethren *Lycurgus* and *Zoilus*, ſallied out with the beſt choſen men. But *Baſilius* (hauing bin the laſt day ſomewhat vnprouided) now had better fortified the ouerthrowne ſconſe; and ſo well had prepared euery thing for defence, that it was impoſſible for any valour from within, to preuaile. Yet things were performed by *Anaxius* beyond the credite of the credulous. For thrice (valiantly followed by his brothers) did he ſet vp his banner vpon the rampire of the enemie: though thriſe againe by the multitude, and aduantage of the place, but eſpecially by the comming of three valiant Knights, he were driuen downe againe. Numbers there were that day, whoſe deaths and ouerthrowes were excuſed by the well knowne ſword of *Anaxius*: but the reſt by the length of time and iniury of Hiſtorians haue beene wrapped vp in darke forgetfulneſſe: only *Treſſennius* is ſpoken of, becauſe when all abandoned the place, he only made head to *Anaxius*; till hauing loſt one of his legs, yet not loſt the heart of fighting, *Lycurgus* (ſecond brother to *Anaxius*) cruelly murthered him; *Anaxius* himſelfe diſdaining any further to deale with him.

But ſo farre had *Anaxius* at the third time preuailed, that now the *Baſilians* began to let their courage deſcend to their feete; *Baſilius*, and *Philanax* in vaine ſtriuing with

with reuerence of authority to bridle the flight of aſtoniſhment, and to teach Feare, diſcretion: ſo that *Amphialus*, ſeeing Victory ſhew ſuch a flattering countenance to him, came out with all his force; hoping that day to end the ſiege.

But that fancie altered quickly by the ſudden comming to the other ſide of three Knights, whereof the one was in white armour, the other in green, and the third by his blacke armour & deuice, ſtreight knowne to be the notable knight, who the firſt day had giuen Fortune ſo ſhort a ſtop with his notable deeds; fighting hand to hand with the deemed inuincible *Amphialus*. For the very cowards no ſooner ſaw him, but as borrowing ſome of his ſpirit, they went like young Eagles to the prey, vnder the wing of their damme. For the three aduenturers, not content to keepe them from their rampire, leapt downe among them, & entered into a braue combate with the three valiant brothers. But to whether ſide Fortune would haue beene partiall, could not be determined. For the *Baſilians*, lightned with the beames of their ſtrangers valour, followed ſo thicke, that the *Amphialians* were glad with ſome haſt to retire to the walls-ward: though *Anaxius* neither reaſon, feare, nor example, could make him aſſwage the fury of his fight: vntill one of the *Baſilians* (vnworthy to haue his name regiſtred, ſince he did it cowardly, ſideward, when he leaſt looked that way) almoſt cut off one of his legs: ſo as he fell downe, blaſpheming heauen, that all the influences thereof had power to ouerthrow him: and there death would haue ſeazed of his proud heart, but that *Amphialus* tooke in hand the black knight, while ſome of his ſouldiers conueyed away *Anaxius*, ſo requiting life for life vnto him.

And for the loue and example of *Amphialus*, the fight began to enter into a new fit of heate: when *Baſilius* (that thought inough to be done for that day) cauſed retreate to bee ſounded; fearing leſt his men following ouer-earneſtly, might be the loſſe of thoſe excellent Knights whom he deſired to know. The knights as ſoone as they heard the retreate (though they were eagerly ſet, knowing that courage without diſcipline is neerer beaſtlineſſe than manhood) drew back their ſwords, though hungry of more bloud: eſpecially the black knight, who knowing *Amphialus* could not refraine to tell him, that this was the ſecond time he eſcaped out of his hands, but that he would ſhortly bring him a bil of all the former accounts. *Amphialus* ſeeing it fit to retire alſo (moſt of his people being hurt, both in bodies and hearts) withdrew himſelfe, with ſo well ſeated a reſolution, that it was as farre from anger, as from diſmayednesſe; anſwering no other to the blacke knights threats, but that when he brought him his account, he ſhould finde a good pay-maſter.

The fight being ceaſed, and each ſide withdrawne within their ſtrengths, *Baſilius* ſent *Philanax* to entertaine the ſtrange knights, and to bring them vnto him, that he might acknowledge what honor was due to their vertue. But they excuſed themſelues, deſiring to be known firſt by their deeds, before their names ſhould accuſe their vnworthineſſe: and though the other replied according as they deſerued, yet (finding that vnwelcome courteſie is a degree of iniury) hee ſuffered them to retire themſelues to a tent of their owne without the campe, where they kept themſelues ſecret: *Philanax* himſelfe being called away to another ſtrange knight; ſtrange not onely by the vnlookedforneſſe of his comming, but by the ſtrange manner of his comming.

For he had before him foure damoſels, & ſo many behind him, all vpon palfrayes, & all apparelled in mourning weeds; each of them a ſeruant of each ſide, with like liueries of ſorrow. Himſelfe in an armour, all painted ouer with ſuch a cunning of ſhadow, that it repreſented a gaping ſepulchre; the furniture of his horſe was all of Cypreſſe branches: wherewith in old time they were wont to dreſſe graues. His

Baſes

Baſes (which he ware ſo long, as they came almoſt to his ankle) were embrodered onely with blacke wormes, which ſeemed to crawle vp and downe, as readie alreadie to deuoure him. In his ſhield for *Impreſa*, he had a beautifull childe, but hauing two heads; whereon the one ſhewed, that it was already dead: the other aliue, but in that caſe, neceſſarily looking for death. The word was, *No way to be rid from death, but by death.*

This knight of the tombe (for ſo the ſouldiers termed him) ſent to *Baſilius* to demaund leaue to ſend in a damoſell into the towne, to call out *Amphialus*, according as before time ſome others haue done. Which being granted (as glad any would vndertake the charge, which no body elſe in that camp was knowne willing to doe) the damoſell went in, & hauing with teares ſobbed out a braue challenge to *Amphialus*, from the knight of the Tombe, *Amphialus*, honourably entertayning the Gentlewoman, & deſiring to know the knights name (which the dolefull Gentlewoman would not diſcouer) accepted the challenge, only deſiring the Gentlewoman to ſay thus much to the ſtrange knight from him, that if his minde were like to his title, there were more cauſe of affinitie, than enmity betweene them. And therefore preſently (according as he was wont) as ſoon as he perceiued the knight of the Tombe, with his Damoſels and Iudge, was come into the Iland, hee alſo went ouer in accuſtomed maner: and yet for the courteſie of his nature, deſired to ſpeake with him.

But the knight of the Tombe, with ſilence, and drawing his horſe backe, ſhewed no will to heare, nor ſpeake: but with Launce on thigh, made him know, it was fit for him to go to the other end of the Career, whence wayting the ſtart of the vnknowne Knight, hee likewiſe made his ſpurres claime haſt of his horſe. But when his ſtaffe was in his reſt, comming downe to meet with the knight, now very neere him, he perceiued the Knight had miſt his reſt: wherefore the courteous *Amphialus* would not let his Launce deſcend; but with a gallant grace, ran ouer the head of his therein friended enemy: and hauing ſtopped his horſe, and with running of him, bleſſed his ſight with the Window where he thought *Philoclea* might ſtand, he perceiued the knight had lighted from his horſe, and throwne away his ſtaffe, angry with his misfortune, as of hauing miſt his reſt, and drawne his ſword to make that ſupply his fellowes fault. He alſo lighted, and drew his ſword, eſteeming victory with aduantage, rather robbed than purchaſed: & ſo the other comming eagerly toward him; he with his ſhield out, and ſword aloft, with more brauery than anger, drew vnto him, and ſtraight made their ſwords ſpeake for them a pretty while with equall fierceneſſe. But *Amphialus* (to whom the earth brought foorth few matches) hauing both much more skill to chooſe the places, and more force to worke vpon the choſen, had already made many windowes in his armour for death to come in at, when in the nobleneſſe of his nature abhorring to make the puniſhment ouergoe the offence, he ſtept a little backe, and withall, Sir knight (ſaid he) you may eaſily ſee, that it pleaſeth God to fauour my cauſe; employ your valour againſt them that with you hurt: for my part I haue not deſerued hate of you. Thou lyeſt falſe traytor, ſaid the other, with an angry, but weake voice. But *Amphialus*, in whom abuſed kindneſſe became ſpitefull rage, Ah barbarous wretch (ſaid he) only couragious in diſcurteſie; thou ſhalt ſoone ſee whether thy tongue hath betrayed thy heart, or no: and with that redoubling his blowes, gaue him a great wound vpon his necke, and cloſing with him, ouerthrew him, and in the fall thruſt him mortally into the body: & with that went to pull off his helmet, with intention to make him giue himſelfe the lie, for hauing ſo ſaid, or to cut off his head.

But the head-piece was no ſooner off, but that there fell about the ſhoulders of the

the ouercome knight the treasure of faire golden haire, which with the face (soone known by the badge of excellency) witnessed that it was *Parthenia*, the vnfortunately vertuous wife of *Argalus*; her beauty then euen in despight of the passed sorow, or comming death, assuring all beholders, that it was nothing short of perfection. For her exceeding faire eyes, hauing with continuall weeping gotten a little rednes about them; her roundy sweetly swelling lips a little trembling, as though they kist their neighbour death; in her cheekes the whitenesse striuing by little and little to get vpon the rosinesse of them, her necke, a necke indeed of Alablaster, displaying the wound, which with most dainty bloud laboured to drown his owne beauties; so as here was a riuer of purest red, there an Iland of perfitest white, each giuing lustre to the other; with the sweet countenance (God knowes) full of an vnaffected languishing: though these things to a grosly conceiuing sense might seeme disgraces, yet indeed were they but apparelling beauty in a new fashion, which all looked vpon thorough the spectacles of pity, did euen increase the lines of her naturall faireneſſe, so as *Amphialus* was astonished with griefe, compassion, and shame, detesting his fortune, that made him vnfortunate in victorie.

Therefore, putting off his head-peece and gauntlet, kneeling down vnto her, and with teares testifying his sorrow, he offred his (by himselfe accursed) hands to help her: protesting his life and power to be ready to do her honour. But *Parthenia* (who had inward messengers of the desired deaths approach) looking vpon him, and streight turning away her feeble sight, as from a delightlesse obiect, drawing out her words, which her breath (loth to depart from so sweet a body) did faintly deliuer, Sir (said she) I pray you (if prayers haue place in enemies) to let my maydes take my bodie vntouched by you: the only honour I now desire by your meanes, is, that I haue no honour of you. *Argalus* made no such bargaine with you, that the hands which killed him, should helpe me. I haue of them (and I doe not only pardon you, but thanke you for it) the seruice which I desired. There rests nothing now, but that I go liue with him, since whole death I haue done nothing but die. Then pawsing, and a little fainting, and againe comming to her selfe, O sweet life, welcome (said she) now feele I the bands vntied of the cruell death, which so long hath held me. And ô life, ô death, answer for me, that my thoughts haue not so much as in a dream tasted any comfort, since they were depriued of *Argalus*. I come my *Argalus*, I come; And, O God hide my faults in thy mercies, and grant (as I feele thou dost grant) that in thy eternall loue, we may loue each other eternally. And this ô Lord: But there *Atropos* cut off her sentence: for with that, casting vp both eyes and hands to the skies, the noble soule departed (one might well assure himself) to heauen, which left the body in so heauenly a demeanour.

But *Amphialus* (with a heart oppressed with griefe, because of her request) withdrew himselfe: but the Iudges, as full of pity, had been all this while disarming her, and her gentlewomen with lamentable cries, labouring to stanch the remediesse wounds: and a while she was dead before they perceiued it, death being able to diuide the soule, but not the beauty from that body. But when the infallible tokens of death assured them of their losse, one of the women would haue killed her self, but that the squire of *Amphialus* perceiuing, by force held her. Others that had as strong passion, though weaker resolution, fell to cast dust vpon their heads, to teare their garments; all falling vpon the earth & crying vpon their sweet mistresse; as if their cries could perswade the soule to leaue the celestiall happinesse, to come again into the elements of sorrow: one time calling to remembrance her vertue, chastnesse, sweetnesse, goodnesse to them; another time accursing themselues, that they had

obeyed

obeyed her; being deceiued by her words, who assured them, that it was reuealed vnto her, that shee should haue her hearts desire in the battell against *Amphialus*, which they wrongly vnderstood. Then kissing her cold hands & feet, weary of the world, since she was gone, who was their world, the very heauens seemed with a cloudy countenance, to loure at the losse, & Fame it selfe (though by nature glad to tell such rare accidents) yet could not choose but deliuer it in lamentable accents, & in such sort went it quickly all ouer the Campe: and, as if the ayre had been infected with sorrow, no heart was so hard, but was subiect to that contagion; the rarenesse of the accident, matching together (the rarely matched together) pittie with admiration: *Basilius* himselfe came forth, and brought the faire *Gynecia* with him, who was come into the campe vnder colour of visiting her husband, and hearing of her daughters: but indeed *Zelmane* was the Saint, to which her pilgrimage was intended: cursing, mourning, blessing, and in her heart kissing the walls which imprisoned her. But both they, with *Philanax*, and the rest of the principall Nobilitie, went out, to make Honour triumph ouer Death, conueying that excellent bodie (whereto *Basilius* himselfe would needes lend his shoulder) to a Church a mile from the Campe, where the valiant *Argalus* lay intombed; recommending to that sepulchre the blessed reliques of a faithfull and vertuous Loue, giuing order for the making of two marble images, to represent them, and each way enriching the tombe; vpon which *Basilius* himselfe caused this Epitaph to be written.

THE EPITAPH.

HIs being was in her alone:
And he not being, she was none.

They ioy'd one ioy, one griefe they griev'd,
One loue they lou'd, one life they liv'd.
The hand was one, one was the sword
That did his death, her death afford.

As all the rest, so now the stone
That tombes the two, is iustly one.

ARGALVS & PARTHENIA.

Then with eyes full of teares, and mouthes full of their praises, returned they to the campe, with more and more hate against *Amphialus*: who (poore Gentleman) had therefore greater portion of wo than any of them. For that courteous heart, which would haue grieued but to haue heard the like aduenture, was rent with remembring himselfe to be the author: so that his wisedome could not so far temper his passion, but that he tooke his sword, counted the best in the world (which with much bloud he had once conquered of a mighty Gyant) and brake it into many peeces

pieces (which afterwards hee had good cause to repent) saying, that neither it was worthy to serue the noble exercise of chiualrie, nor any other worthy to feele that sword, which had strucken so excellent a Lady: and withall, banishing all cheerfulnesse of his countenance, he returned home. Where hee gate him to his bed, not so much to rest his restlesse mind, as to auoid all company, the sight whereof was tedious vnto him. And then melancholy (only rich in vnfortunate remembrances) brought before him all the mishaps, with which his life had wrestled: taking this, not onely as a confirming of the former, but a presage of following miserie; and to his heart (already ouercome by sorrowfulnesse) euen trifling misfortunes came, to fill vp the roll of a grieued memorie, labouring only his wits to pierce farther & farther into his owne wretchednesse. So as all that night (in despight of darknes) he held his eyes open; and in the morning, when the light began to restore to each body his colour, then with curtains bard he himselfe from the enioying of it: neither willing to feele the comfort of the day, nor the ease of the night: vntil his mother (who neuer knew what loue meant, but onely to him ward) came to his bed-side, and beginning with louing earnestnes to lay a kind chiding vpon him, because he would suffer the weaknesse of sorrow, to conquer the strength of his vertues, he did with a broken piecemeale speech (as if the tempest of passion vnorderly blew out his words) remember the mishaps of his youth, the euils he had been cause of, his rebelling with shame, & that shame increased with shamefull accidents, the deaths of *Philoxenus* and *Parthenia*; wherein he found himselfe hated of the euer-ruling powers, but especially (& so especially, as the rest seemed nothing when he came to that) his fatall loue to *Philoclea*: to whom he had so gouerned himselfe, as one that could neither conquer, nor yeelde; being of the one side a slaue, and of the other a taylour: and withall, almost vpbraiding vnto his mother the little successe of her large hoping promises; he in effect finding *Philoclea* nothing mollified, and now himselfe so cast downe, as hee thought him vnworthy of better. But his mother (as she had plentifull cause) making him see, that of his other griefes there was little or no fault in himselfe, & therefore there ought to be little or no griefe in him; when she came to the head of the sore, indeed seeing that she could no longer patch vp her former promises (he taking a desperate deafnes to all delaying hopes) she confest plainly, that she could preuaile nothing: but the fault was his owne, who had maried the yong Girle by seeking to haue that by prayer, which he should haue taken by authoritie. That as it were an absurd cunning to make high ladders to goe in a plain way; so was it an vntimely & foolish flattery, there to beseech, where one might command, puffing them vp by being besought, with such a self-pride of superiority, that it was not (forsooth) to be held out but by a deniall. O God (said *Amphialus*) how well I thought my fortune would bring forth this end of your labours? assure your selfe, mother, I will sooner pull out these eyes, than they should looke vpon the heauenly *Philoclea*, but as vpon a heauen, whence they haue their light, and to which they are subiect. If they will powre downe any influences of comfort, O happy I: but if by the sacrifice of a faithfull heart, they will not be called vnto mee, let mee languish, and wither with languishing, and grieue with withering, but neuer so much as repine with neuer so much grieuing. Mother, O Mother, lust may well be a tyrant, but true loue where it is indeed, it is a seruant. Accursed more than I am, may I bee, if euer I did approch her; but that I freezed as much in a fearefull reuerence, as I burned in a vehement desire. Did euer mans eye looke through loue vpon the maiestie of vertue, shining through beautie, but that hee became (as it well became him) a captiue? and is it the stile of a captiue to write, *Our will and pleasure?*

Tuſh, tuſh, ſonne (ſaid *Cetropia*) you ſay you loue, but withall you feare; you feare leſt you ſhould offend. Offend: & how know you, that you ſhould offend? becauſe ſhe doth deny. Deny: now by my truth, if your ſadneſſe would let me laugh, I could laugh hartily, to ſee that yet you are ignorant, that No is no negatiue in a womans mouth. My ſonne, beleeue me, a woman (ſpeaking of women: a louers modeſtie among vs is much more prayſed, than liked: or if we like it, ſo well we like it, that for marring of his modeſty, he ſhall neuer proceed further. Each vertue hath his time: if you command your ſouldier to march formoſt, & hee for curteſie put others before him, would you praiſe his modeſty? loue is your generall: he bids you dare: & will *Amphialus* be a daſtard? Let example ſerue: do you thinke *Theſeus* ſhould euer haue gotten *Antiope* with ſighing and croſſing his armes? hee rauiſhed her, and rauiſhed her that was an *Amazon*, & therefore had gotten a habite of ſtoutneſſe aboue the nature of a woman, but hauing rauiſhed her, he got a child of her. And I ſay no more, but that (they ſay) is not gotten without conſent of both ſides. *Iole* had her own father killed by *Hercules*, and her ſelfe rauiſhed, by force rauiſhed, & yet ere long this rauiſhed, & vnfathered Lady could ſportfully put on the Lions skin vpon her owne faire ſhoulders, & play with the club with her owne delicate hands: ſo eaſily had ſhe pardoned the rauiſher, that ſhe could not but delight in thoſe weapons of rauiſhing. But aboue all, marke *Helen* daughter to *Iupiter*, who could neuer brooke her meerely-wooing *Menelaus*, but diſdained his humbleneſſe, and lothed his ſoftneſſe. But ſo well ſhe could like the force of enforcing *Paris*, that for him ſhe could abide what might be abidden. But what? *Menelaus* takes hart, he recouers her by force, by force caries her home, by force enioyes her, & ſhe, who would neuer like him for ſeruiceablenes, euer after loued him for violence. For what can be more agreeable, than vpon force to lay the fault of deſire, & in one inſtant to ioyn a deare delight with a iuſt excuſe? or rather the true cauſe is (pardon me O woman-kind for reuealing to mine own ſon the truth of this myſtery) we think there wants fire, where wee finde no ſparkles, at leſt of fury. Truly I haue known a great Lady, long ſought by moſt great, moſt wiſe, moſt beautiful, moſt valiant perſons, neuer won, becauſe they did ouer-ſuperſtitiouſly ſolicite her: the ſame Lady brought vnder by another, inferiour to them in all thoſe qualities, only becauſe he could vſe that imperious maſterfulneſs, which nature giues to men aboue women. For indeed (ſon, I confeſſe vnto you) in our very creation we are ſeruants: and who prayeth his ſeruants ſhall neuer be well obeyed: but as a ready horſe ſtreight yeelds, when he findes one that will haue him yeeld, the ſame fals to bounds when hee feeles a fearefull horſeman. Awake thy ſpirits (good *Amphialus*) & aſſure thy ſelfe, that though ſhe refuſeth, ſhe refuſeth but to endeer the obtayning. If ſhe weep, & chide, and proteſt before it be gotten, ſhe can but weep, and chide, and proteſt, when it is gotten. Think, ſhe would not ſtriue, but that ſhe meanes to try thy force: and my *Amphialus*, know thy ſelfe a man, & ſhew thy ſelfe a man; and (beleeue me vpon my word) a woman is a woman.

Amphialus was about to anſwer her, when a Gentleman of his made him vnderſtand, that there was a meſſenger come, who had brought a letter vnto him from out of the Campe: whom hee preſently calling for, tooke, opened, and read the letter, importing this.

To thee Amphialus *of* Arcadia, *the forſaken Knight wiſheth health, and conuict, that by my hand thou mayeſt receiue puniſhment for thy treaſon, according to thine owne offer, which wickedly occaſioned, thou haſt proudly begun, & accurſedly maintained. I will preſently (if thy minde faint thee not for his owne guiltineſſe) meete thee in the*

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Iland, in such order, as hath by the former beene vsed: or if thou liked not the time, place, or weapon, I am ready to take thine owne reasonable choise in any of them; so as thou doe performe the substance. Make me such answer as may shew that thou hast some taste of honour: and so I leaue thee, to liue till I meet thee.

Amphialus read it, and with a deepe sigh (according to the humour of inward affliction) seemed euen to condemne himselfe, as though indeede his reproches were true. But howsoeuer the dulnesse of Melancholy would haue languishingly yeelded thereunto, his Courage (vnused to such iniuries) desired helpe of Anger to make him this answer.

Forsaken Knight, though your nameleſſe challenge might carrie in it selfe excuse for a man of my birth & estate, yet herein set your hart at rest, you shall not be forsaken. I will without stay answer you in the wonted maner, & come both armed in your foolish threatnings, & yet the more feareleſſe, expecting weake blowes, where I finde so strong words. You shall not therefore long attend me in the Iland, before proofe teach you, that of my life you haue made your selfe too large a promise. In the meane time, Farewell.

This being written, and deliuered, the messenger told him that his Lord would (if he liked the same) bring two knights with him to be his Patrons. Which *Amphialus* accepted, & withall shaking off (with resolution) his mothers importunate disswasions, hee furnished himselfe for the fight, but not in his wonted furniture. For now (as if hee would turne his inside outward) hee would needes appeare all in blacke; his decking both for himselfe, and horse, being cut out into the fashion of very ragges: yet all so daintily ioyned together with precious stones, as it was a braue raggednesse, and a rich pouertie: and so cunningly had a workeman followed his humour in his armour, that hee had giuen it a rusty shew; and yet so, as any man might perceiue was by art, and not negligence; carrying at one instant a disgraced handsomnesse, and a new oldnesse. In his shield hee bare for his deuice, a Night, by an excellent painter excellently painted, with a Sunne with a shadow, and vpon the shadow a speech signifying, that it *only* was *barred from inioying that, whereof it had his life?* or, *From whose I am, banished.* In his creſt he carried *Philoclea's* kniues, the onely token of her forced fauour.

So past he ouer into the Iland, taking with him the two brothers of *Anaxius*, where he found the forsaken Knight, attired in his owne liuerie, as blacke as sorrow it selfe could see it selfe in the blackest glasse: his ornaments of the same hue, but formed into the figure of Rauens, which seemed to gape for carrion: onely his raynes were snakes, which finely wrapping themselues one within the other, their heads came together to the cheekes and bosses of the bit, where they might seeme to bite at the horse, and the horse (as hee champt the bit) to bite at them, and that the white foame was ingendred by the poysonous furie of the combate. His *Impresa* was a *Catoblepta*, which so long lies dead, as the Moone (whereto it hath so naturall a sympathie) wants her light. The word signified, that, *The Moone wanted not the light, but the poore beast wanted the Moones light.* Hee had in his head-piece, a whippe, to witnesse a selfe-punishing repentance. Their very horses were cole-blacke too, not hauing so much as one starre to giue light to their night of blacknesse: so as one would haue thought they had beene the two sonnes of Sorrow, and were come thither to fight for their birth-right in that sorie inheritance.

Which alliance of paſſions ſo moued *Amphialus* (already tender minded by the afflictions of Loue) that without ſtaffe or ſword drawne, hee trotted fairely to the forſaken Knight, willing to haue put off this combat, to which his melancholy heart did (more than euer in like occaſion) miſgiue him: and therefore ſaluting him, Good Knight (ſaid he) becauſe we are men, and ſhould know reaſon why wee doe things; tell me the cauſe, that makes you thus eager to fight with mee. Becauſe I affirme (anſwered the forſaken Knight) that thou doſt moſt rebellious iniurie to thoſe Ladies to whom all men owe ſeruice. You ſhall not fight with mee (ſaid *Amphialus*) vpon the quarrell: for I confeſſe the ſame too: but it proceeds from their owne beauty, to enforce Loue to offer this force. I maintaine then (ſaid the forſaken Knight) that thou art not worthy ſo to loue. And that I confeſſe too (ſaid *Amphialus*) ſince the world is not ſo richly bleſſed, as to bring forth any thing worthy thereof. But no more vnworthy than any other, ſince in none can be a more worthy loue. Yes, more vnworthy than my ſelfe (ſaid the forſaken Knight) for though I deſerue contempt, thou deſerueſt both contempt, and hatred.

But *Amphialus* by that thinking (though wrongly, each in deed miſtaking other) that he was his riuall, forgat all minde of reconciliation, and hauing all his thoughts bound vp in choler, neuer ſtaying either iudge, trumpet, or his owne launce, drew out his ſword, and ſaying, Thou lyeſt falſe villaine, vnto him; his words and blowes came ſo quicke together, as the one ſeemed a lightning of the others thunder. But he found, no barren ground of ſuch ſeede: for it yeelded him his owne with ſuch increaſe, that though Reaſon and Amazement go rarely together, yet the moſt reaſonable eyes that ſaw it, found reaſon to be amazed at the fury of their combat. Neuer game of death better played; neuer fury ſet it ſelfe forth in greater brauery. The curteous *Vulcan*, when he wrought at his more curteous wiues requeſt *Æneas* an armour, made not his hammer beget a greater ſound, than the ſwords of thoſe noble knights did: they needed no fire to their forge, for they made the fire to ſhine at the meeting of their ſwords, & armours, each ſide fetching ſtill new ſpirit from the caſtle window, and carefull of keeping their ſight that way as a matter of greater conſideration in their combat, than either the aduantage of Sunne or Winde: which Sunne and Winde (if the aſtoniſhed eyes of the beholders were not by the aſtoniſhment deceiued) did both ſtand ſtill to be beholders of this rare match. For neither could their amazed eyes diſcerne motion of the Sunne, and no breath of Winde ſtirred, as if either for feare it would not come among ſuch blowes, or with delight had eyes ſo buſie, as it had forgot to open his mouth. This fight being the more cruell, ſince that Loue and Hatred conſpired to ſharpen their humours, that hard it was to ſay, whether Loue with one trumpet, or Hatred with another, gaue the louder alarum to their courages. Spite, rage, diſdaine, ſhame, reuenge, came wayting vpon Hatred: of the other ſide came with loue-longing Deſire, both inuincible Hope, and feareleſſe Deſpaire, with riualike Iealouſie, which (although brought vp within doores in the ſchoole of *Cupid*) would ſhew themſelues no leſſe forward, than the other duſty band of *Mars*, to make themſelues notable in the notableneſſe of this combat. Of either ſide Confidence, vnacquainted with Loſſe, but aſſuring truſt to ouercome, and good experience how to ouercome: now ſeconding their terrible blowes with cunning labouring their horſes, to winne ground of the enemy; now vnlooked-for parting one from the other, to winne aduantage by an aduantageous returne. But force againſt force, skill againſt skill, ſo enterchangeably encountred, that it was not eaſie to determine, whether enterpriſing, or preuenting came former: both, ſometimes at one inſtant, doing and

ſuffring

ſuffring wrong, and choler no leſſe riſing of the doing, than of the ſuffring. But as the fire, the more fuell is put to it, the more hungry ſtill it is to deuoure more: ſo the more they ſtrake, the more vnſatisfied they were with ſtriking. Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them: and yet their fleſh abode the wounds conſtantly, as though it were leſſe ſenſible of ſmart, than the ſenſleſſe armour: their bloud in moſt places ſtayning their blacke colour, as if it would giue a more liuely colour of mourning, than blacke can doe. And ſo a long ſpace they fought, while neither vertue nor fortune ſeemed partiall of either ſide: which ſo tormented the vnquiet heart of *Amphialus*, that he reſolued to ſee a quicke end: and therefore with the violence of courage, adding ſtrength to his blow, hee ſtrake in ſuch wiſe vpon the ſide of the others head, that his remembrance left that battred lodging: ſo as he was quite from himſelfe, caſting his armes abroad, and ready to fall downe, his ſword likewiſe went out of his hand; but that being faſt by a chaine to his arme, hee could not looſe. And *Amphialus* vſed the fauour of occaſion, redoubling his blowes: but the horſe (weary to be beaten, as well as the maſter) carried his maſter away, till he came to himſelfe. But then who could haue ſeene him, might well haue diſcerned ſhame in his cheekes, and reuenge in his eyes: ſo as ſetting his teeth together with rage, he came running vpon *Amphialus*, reaching out his arme, which had gathered vp his ſword, meaning with that blow to haue cleaued *Amphialus* in two. But *Amphialus* ſeeing the blow comming, ſhunned it with nimble turning his horſe aſide; wherwith the forſaken Knight ouer-ſtrake himſelfe, ſo as almoſt he came downe with his own ſtrength; but the more hungry of his purpoſe, the more hee was bard the foode of it: diſdaining the reſiſtance, both of force and fortune, hee returned vpon the ſpurre againe, and ranne with ſuch violence vpon *Amphialus*, that his horſe with the force of the ſhocke roſe vp before, almoſt ouerturned: which *Amphialus* perceiuing, with rayne and ſpurre put forth his horſe, and withall gaue a mighty blow in the deſcent of his horſe, vpon the ſhoulder of the forſaken knight; from whence ſliding, it fell vpon the necke of his horſe, ſo as horſe and man fell to the ground: but hee was ſcarce downe before he was vp on his feete againe, with braue geſture ſhewing riſing of courage, in the falling of fortune. But the courteous *Amphialus* excuſed himſelfe, for hauing (againſt his will) kild his horſe. Excuſe thy ſelfe for viler faults (anſwered the forſaken Knight) and vſe this poore aduantage the beſt thou canſt, for thou ſhalt quickly finde thou haſt neede of more. Thy folly (ſaid *Amphialus*) ſhall not make me forget my ſelfe: and therewith (trotting a little aſide) alighted from his horſe, becauſe hee would not haue fortune come to clayme any part of the victory. Which courteous act would haue mollified the noble heart of the forſaken Knight, if any other had done it, beſides the Iaylor of his miſtreſſe: but that was a ſufficient defeazaunce for the firmeſt bond of good nature; and therefore he was no ſooner alighted, but that hee ranne vnto him, re-entring into as cruel a fight, as eye did euer ſee, or thought could reaſonably imagine; farre beyond the reach of weake words to be able to expreſſe it. For what they had done on horſe-backe, was but as a morſell to keepe their ſtomackes in appetite, in compariſon of that, which now (being themſelues) they did. Nor euer glutton by the change of dainty diet could be brought to freſh feeding (when he might haue been ſatisfied before) with more earneſtneſſe, than thoſe (by the change of this manner of fight) fell cleane to a new fight, though any elſe would haue thought they had had their fill already. *Amphialus* being the taller man for the moſt part ſtood with his right legge before, his ſhield at the vttermoſt length of his arme, his ſword hie, but with the point toward his enemy. But when he ſtrake,

which came ſo thicke, as if euery blow would ſtriue to be formoſt, his arme ſeemed ſtill a poſtilion of death. The forſaken knight ſhewed with like skill, vnlike geſture, keeping himſelfe in continuall motion, proportioning the diſtance betweene them to any thing that *Amphialus* attempted; his eye guided his foote, and his foote conueighed his hand; and ſince nature had made him ſomething the lower of the two, he made art follow, and not ſtriue with nature: ſhunning rather than warding his blowes; like a cunning maſtiffe, who knowes the ſharpneſſe of the horn & ſtrength of the Bul; fights low to get his proper aduantage; anſwering mightineſs with nimbleneſſe, and yet at times imploying his wonderfull force, wherin he was ſecond to none. In ſumme, the blowes were ſtrong, the thruſts thicke, and the auoydings cunning. But the forſaken Knight (that thought it a degree of being conquered to bee long in conquering) ſtrake him ſo mighty a blow, that hee made *Amphialus* put knee to the ground, without any humbleneſſe. But when hee felt himſelfe ſtriken downe, and ſaw himſelfe ſtriken downe by his riuall, then ſhame ſeemed one arme, and diſdaine another; fury in his eyes, and reuenge in his heart; skill and force gaue place, & they tooke the place of skill and force, with ſo vnweariable a manner, that the forſaken knight alſo was driuen to leaue the ſterne of cunning, & giue himſelfe wholly to be guided by the ſtorme of fury: there being in both (becauſe hate would not ſuffer admiration) extreme diſdaine to finde themſelues ſo matched.

What (ſaid *Amphialus* to himſelfe) am I *Amphialus*, before whom ſo many monſters and Gyants haue falne dead, when I onely fought cauſeleſſe aduentures? and can one knight now withſtand me in the preſence of *Philoclea*, and fighting for *Philoclea*? or ſince I loſt my liberty, haue I loſt my courage? haue I gotten the heart of a ſlaue as well as the fortune? If an army were againſt mee in the ſight of *Philoclea*, could it reſiſt me? O beaſt, one man reſiſts thee: thy riuall reſiſts thee: or am I indeed *Amphialus*? haue not paſſions kild him, and wretched I (I know not how) ſucceeded into this place? Of the other ſide the forſaken knight with no leſſe ſpite, fell out with himſelfe; Haſt thou broken (ſaid he to himſelfe) the commandement of thy onely Princeſſe, to come now into her preſence, and in her preſence to proue thy ſelfe a coward? Doth *Aſia* and *Egypt* ſet vp Trophies vnto thee, to be matched heere by a traytor? O noble *Barſanes*, how ſhamed will thy ſoule bee, that hee that ſlew thee, ſhould bee reſiſted by this one man? O incomparable *Pyrocles*, more grieued wilt thou bee with thy friends ſhame, than with thine owne impriſonment, when thou ſhalt know how little I haue bin able to do for the deliuery of thee, & thoſe heauenly Princeſſes. Am I worthy to be friend to the moſt valourous Prince that euer was entituled valourous, and ſhew my ſelfe ſo weake a wretch? No, ſhamed *Muſidorus*, worthy for nothing, but to keepe ſheepe, get thee a ſheepehooke againe, ſince thou canſt vſe a ſword no better.

Thus at times did they, now with one thought, then with another, ſharpen their ouer-ſharpe humors; like the Lion that beates himſelfe with his owne taile, to make himſelfe the more angry. Theſe thoughts indeede not ſtaying, but whetting their angry ſwords, which now had put on the apparell of Crueltie: they bleeding ſo abundantly, that euery body that ſaw them, fainted for them, and yet they fainted not in themſelues: their ſmart being more ſenſible to others eyes, than to their owne feeling. Wrath and Courage barring the common ſenſe from bringing any meſſage of their caſe to the mind: Paine, Wearineſſe, & Weakeneſſe, not daring to make known their caſe (though already in the limits of death) in the preſence of ſo violent fury: which filling the veines with rage, in ſteed of bloud, & making the minde miniſter ſpirits to the body, a great while held out their fight, like an arrow

ſhotte

ſhotte vpward by the force of the bow, though by his owne nature hee would goe downeward. The forſaken Knight had the more wounds, but *Amphialus* had the ſorer; which the other (watching time and place) had cunningly giuen vnto him. Who euer ſaw a wel-mand Galley fight with a tall Shippe, might make vnto himſelfe ſome kind of compariſon of the difference of theſe two Knights; a better couple than which the world could not bragge of. *Amphialus* ſeemed to excell in ſtrength, the forſaken knight in nimbleneſſe; & yet did the ones ſtrength excell in nimbleneſſe, & the others nimbleneſſe excell in ſtrength: but now ſtrength & nimbleneſſe were both gone, and exceſſe of courage onely maintained the fight. Three times had *Amphialus* with his mightie blowes driuen the forſaken Knight to goe ſtaggering backward, but euery one of thoſe times hee requited paine with ſmart, and ſhame with repulſe. And now, whether hee had cauſe, or that ouer-much confidence (an ouer-forward ſcholer of vnconquered Courage) made him thinke he had cauſe, he began to perſwade himſelfe hee had the aduantage of the combat, though the aduantage he tooke himſelf to haue, was only that he ſhould be the latter to die: which hope, Hate (as vnſecret as Loue) could not conceale, but drawing himſelfe a little backe from him, brake out into theſe manner of words.

Ah *Amphialus* (ſaid the forſaken knight) this third time thou ſhalt not eſcape me, but thy death ſhall ſatisfie thy iniury and my malice, and pay for the crueltie thou ſhewedſt in killing the noble *Argalus* and the faire *Parthenia*. In troth (ſaid *Amphialus*) thou art the beſt knight that euer I fought withall, which would make me willing to grant thee thy life, if thy wit were as good as thy courage; that (beſides other follies) layeſt that to my charge, which moſt againſt my will was committed. But whether my death be in thy power, or no, let this tell thee; and vpon the word wayted a blow, which parted his ſhield into two pieces; and deſpiſing the weake reſiſtance of his already broken armour, made a great breach into his heart ſide, as if he would make a paſſage for his loue to get out at.

But paine rather ſeemed to increaſe life, than to weaken life in thoſe champions. For the forſaken knight comming in with his right leg, & making it guide the force of the blow, ſtrake *Amphialus* vpon the belly ſo horrible a wound, that his guts came out withall. Which *Amphialus* perceiuing (fearing death, onely becauſe it ſhould come with ouerthrow) he ſeemed to coniure all his ſtrength for one moments ſeruice; & ſo, lifting vp his ſword with both hands, hit the forſaken knight vpon the head, a blow, wherewith his ſword brake. But (as if it would do a notable ſeruice before it died) it preuailed ſo, euen in the inſtant of breaking, that the forſaken knight fell to the ground, quite for that inſtant forgetting both loue and hatred: & *Amphialus* (finding himſelf alſo in ſuch weakneſſe, as he looked for ſpeedy death) glad of the victory, though little hoping to enioy it, puld vp his viſar, meaning with his dagger to giue him death; but in ſteed of death, he gaue him life: for, the ayre ſo reuiued his ſpirits, that comming to himſelfe, and ſeeing his preſent danger, with a life conquering death, he tooke *Amphialus* by the thigh, & together roſe himſelfe, & ouerturned him. But *Amphialus* ſcrambled vp againe, both now ſo weake indeed, as their motions rather ſeemed the after drops to a ſtorme, than any matter of great furie.

But *Amphialus* might repent himſelfe of his wilfull breaking his good ſword: for, the forſaken knight (hauing with the extremity of iuſtly-conceiued hate, and the vnpitifulneſſe of his own neare-threatning death, blotted out all complements of curteſie) let flie at him ſo cruelly, that though the blowes were weake, yet weakeneſſe vpon a weakened ſubiect, proued ſuch ſtrength, that *Amphialus* hauing attempted in vaine, once or twiſe to cloſe with him, receiuing wound vpon wound, ſent his whole

whole burthen to strike the earth with falling, since he could strike his foe no better in standing: giuing no other tokens of himselfe, than as of a man euen ready to take his oath to be deaths true seruant.

Which when the hardie brothers of *Anaxius* perceiued, not recking law of armes, nor vse of chiualrie, they flew in to defend their friend, or reuenge their losse of him. But they were forthwith encountred with the two braue companions of the forsaken knight, whereof the one being all in greene, both armour and furniture, it seemed a pleasant Garden, wherein grew Orange trees; which with their golden fruits, cunningly beaten in and embroydered, greatly enriched the eye-pleasing colour of greene. In his shield was a sheep feeding in a pleasant field, with this word *without feare or enuy*. And therefore was called the Knight of the sheepe. The other knight was all in milk white, his attiring else all cut in stars, which made of cloth of siluer, and siluer spangles, each way seemed to cast many aspects. His deuice was the very Pole it selfe, about which many starres stirring, but the place it selfe left voyd. The word was, *The best place yet reserued*. But these four Knights inheriting the hate of their friends, began a most fierce combat: the forsaken Knight himselfe not able to helpe his side, but was driuen to sit him downe, with the extreame faintnesse of his more and more fainting bodie. But those valiant couples seeking honour by dishonouring, and to build safety vpon ruine, gaue new appetites to the almost glutted eyes of the beholders, and now bloud began to put sweate from the ful possession of their outsides, no aduantage being yet to be seene, onely the Knight of the sheepe seeming most deliuer, and affecting most of all that viewed him, when a companie of souldiers sent by *Cecropia*, came out in boats to the Island; and all came running to the destruction of the three Knights, whereof one was vtterly vnable to defend himselfe.

But then did the other two Knights shew their wonderfull courage & fidelitie. For turning back to back, and both bestriding the blacke forsaken knight (who had fainted so long till he had lost the feeling of faintnesse) they held play against the rest, though the two brothers vnknightly helped them; till *Philanax* (who watchfully attended such trayterous practises) sent likewise ouer, both by boat & swimming, so choice a number, as did put most of the other to the sword. Onely the two brothers, with some of the braueſt of them, carrrying away the body of *Amphialus*, which they would rather haue dyed, than haue left behinde them.

So was the forsaken Knight (laid vpon clokes) carried home to the camp. But his two friends knowing his earnest desire not to be knowne, couering him from any bodies eyes, conueyed him to their owne tent: *Basilius* himselfe conquering his earnest desire to see him, with feare to displease him, who had fought so notably in his quarrell. But Fame set the honour vpon his backe, which he would not suffer to shine in his face: no mans mouth being barraine of praises to the noble knight, that had battered the most esteemed knight in the world: euery bodie praying for his life, and thinking that therein they prayed for themselues. But he himselfe, when by the diligent care of friends, and well applyed cunning of Surgeons, he came to renew againe the league betweene his minde and body; then fell he to a fresh warre with his owne thoughts, wrongfully condemning his manhood, laying cowardise to himselfe, whom the impudenteſt backbiter would not so haue wronged. For his courage (vsed to vse victorie as an inheritance) could brooke no resistance at any time: but now that he had promised himselfe not only the conquest of him, but the sealing of the walles, and deliuerie of *Pamela*, though hee had done beyond all others expectation, yet so short was he of his owne, that he hated to looke vpon the Sunne,

Sunne, that had ſeen him doe ſo weakely: & ſo much abhorred all viſitation or honour, wherof he thought himſelf vnworthy, that he beſought his two noble friends to cary him away to a caſtle not far off, where he might cure his wounds, and neuer be known til he made ſucceſs excuſe this (as he thought) want in him. They louingly obeyed him, leauing *Baſilius* & all the campe very ſory for the parting of theſe three vnknown knights, in whoſe prowes they had repoſed greateſt truſt of victory.

But they being gone, *Baſilius* and *Philanax* gaue good order to the ſtrengthning of the ſiege, fortifying themſelues, ſo as they feared no more any ſuch ſodain onſet, as that of *Anaxius*. And they within (by reaſon of *Anaxius* hurt, but eſpecially of *Amphialus* his) gaue themſelues onely to a diligent watch & ward, making no ſallies out, but committing the principall truſt to *Zoilus* & *Lycurgus*. For *Anaxius* was yet forced to keepe his chamber. And as for *Amphialus*, his body had ſuch wounds, and he gaue ſuch wounds to his minde, as eaſily it could not bee determined, whether death or he made the greater haſt one to the other: for when the diligent care of cunning Chirurgians had brought life to the poſſeſſion of his own right, Sorrow & Shame (like two corrupted ſeruants) came waiting of it, perſwading nothing but the giuing ouer of it ſelfe to deſtruction. They layd before his eyes his preſent caſe, painting euery piece of it in moſt vgly colours: they ſhewed him his loue wrapped in deſpaire, his fame blotted by ouerthrow; ſo that if before he languiſhed, becauſe he could not obtaine his deſiring, hee now lamented, becauſe he durſt not deſire the obtayning. Recreant *Amphialus* (would he ſay to himſelfe) how dareſt thou entitle thy ſelfe the louer of *Philoclea*, that haſt neither ſhewed thy ſelfe a faithfull coward, or a valiant rebell, but both rebellious and cowardly, which no law can quite, nor grace haue pittie of? Alas life, what little pleaſure thou doeſt me, to giue me nothing but ſenſe of reproch, and exerciſe of ruine? I would (ſweet *Philoclea*) I had died, before thy eyes had ſeene my weakeneſſe: and then perchance with ſome ſigh thou wouldeſt haue confeſſed, thou hadſt loſt a worthy ſeruant. But now, caytife that I am, what euer I haue done, ſerues but to build vp my riuals glorie. To theſe ſpeeches he would couple ſuch geſtures of vexation, & would fortifie the geſtures with ſuch effects of furie, as ſometimes offring to teare vp his wounds, ſometimes to refuſe the ſuſtenance of meat, and counſel of Phyſitians, that his perplexed mother was driuen to make him by force to be tended, with extreame corſey to her ſelfe, and annoyance to him: till in the end he was contented to promiſe her, he would attempt no violence vpon himſelf, vpon condition he might be troubled by no body but onely his Phyſitians: his melancholy deteſting all companie, ſo as not the very Chirurgians nor ſeruants durſt ſpeake vnto him in doing him ſeruice: only he had prayed his mother, as ſhe tendred his life, ſhe would procure him grace, and that without that ſhe would neuer come at him more.

His mother, who had confined all her loue onely vnto him, ſet onely ſuch about him, as were abſolutely at her commandement, whom ſhee forbad to let him know any thing that paſſed in the caſtle, till his wounds were cured, but as ſhe from time to time ſhould inſtruct them: ſhe (for her ſelfe) being reſolued, now ſhe had the gouernement of all things in her owne hands, to ſatisfie her ſons loue by their yeelding, or ſatisfie her owne reuenge in their puniſhment. Yet firſt, becauſe ſhe would be the freer from outward force, ſhee ſent a meſſenger to the campe to denounce vnto *Baſilius*, that if he did not preſently raiſe his ſiege, ſhee would cauſe the heads of the three Ladies, priſoners, to bee cut off before his eyes. And to make him the more feare a preſent performance, ſhe cauſed his two daughters and *Zelmane* to bee led vnto the wals, where ſhee had made a ſcaffold, eaſie to be ſeene by *Baſilius*: and

there

there cauſed them to be kept, as ready for the ſlaughter, til anſwer came from *Baſilius*. A ſight ful of pity it was, to ſee thoſe three (all excelling in all thoſe excellencies, wherewith Nature can beautifie any body: *Pamela* giuing ſweetneſſe to maieſtie, *Philoclea* enriching nobleneſſe with humblenes, *Zelmane* ſetting in womanly beautie manlike valour) to be thus ſubiected to the baſeſt iniurie of vniuſt fortune. One might ſee in *Pamela* a willingnes to die, rather than to haue life at others diſcretion, though ſometimes a Princely diſdaine would ſparkle out of her Princely eyes, that it ſhould be in others power to force her to die. In *Philoclea* a pretty fear came vp, to endamaske her roſie cheekes: but it was ſuch a feare, as rather ſeemed a kindly child to her innate humbleneſſe, than any other diſmayednesſe: or if ſhee were diſmayed, it was more for *Zelmane*, than for her ſelfe; or if more for her ſelf, it was becauſe *Zelmane* ſhould loſe her. As for *Zelmane*, as ſhe went with her hands bound (for they durſt not aduenture on her well known valour, eſpecially among a people, which perchance might bee moued by ſuch a ſpectacle to ſome reuolt) ſhe was the true image of ouer-maſtred courage, and of ſpite, that ſees no remedie. For her breaſt ſwelled withall, the bloud burſt out at her noſe, and ſhe looked paler than accuſtomed, with her eyes caſt on the ground, with ſuch a grace, as if ſhee were fallen out with the heauens, for ſuffering ſuch an iniurie. The lookers on were ſo moued withall, as they miſliked what themſelues did, and yet ſtill did what themſelues miſliked. For ſome glad to rid themſelues of the dangerous annoyance of this ſiege, ſome willing to ſhorten the way to *Amphialus* ſucceſſion (wheron they were dependants) ſome, and the greateſt ſome, doing becauſe others did, and ſuffering becauſe none durſt begin to hinder, did in this ſort ſet their hands to this (in their owne conſcience) wicked enterpriſe.

But when this meſſage was brought to *Baſilius*, and that this pitifull preparation was a ſufficient letter of credite for him to beleeue it, he called vnto him his chiefe Counſellours: among which, thoſe he chiefly truſted were *Philanax*, & *Kalander*, lately come to the campe at *Baſilius* commandement, and in himſelfe wearie of his ſolitarie life, wanting his ſonnes preſence, and neuer hauing heard from his beloued gueſts ſince they parted from him. Now in this doubt what he ſhould do, he willed *Kalander* to giue him his aduice: who ſpake much to this purpoſe. You command me, Sir (ſaid he) to ſpeake rather becauſe you will keep your wonted graue & noble maner, to do nothing of importance without counſel, than that in this cauſe (which indeed hath but one way) your mind needs to haue any counſel: ſo as my ſpeech ſhal rather be to confirme what you haue already determined, than to argue againſt any poſſibility of other determination. For what ſophiſtical ſcholler can find any queſtion in this, whether you wil haue your incomparable daughters liue or die? whether ſince you be here to cauſe their deliuerance, you wil make your being here the cauſe of their deſtruction? for nothing can be more vnſenſible, than to thinke what one doth, and to forget the end why it is done. Doe therfore as I am ſure you meane to doe, remoue the ſiege, & after ſeeke by practice, or other gentle meanes, to recouer that which by force you cannot: & thereof is indeed (when it pleaſeth you) more counſel to be taken. Once, in extremities the winning of time is the purchaſe of life, & worſe by no means than their deaths can befall vnto you. A man might vſe more words, if it were to any purpoſe to gild gold, or that I had any cauſe to doubt of your mind: but you are wiſe, and are a father. He ſaid no more, for hee durſt not attempt to perſwade the marrying of his daughter to *Amphialus*, but left that to bring in at another conſultation. But *Baſilius* made ſigne to *Philanax*, who ſtanding a while in amaze as inwardly perplexed, at laſt thus deliuered his opinion.

If

If euer I build vpon my faith vntried, & my counsell vnmusted, it should be at this time, when in truth I must confesse I would be content to purchase the not vnlikely credit. But since you command, I obey: only let me say thus much, that I obey not to these excellent Ladies father, but to my Prince: & a Prince it is to whom I giue counsel. Therefore as to a Prince I say, that the graue, & (I wel know) true-minded counsel of my Lord *Kalander* had come in good time when you first took armes, before all your subiects gat notice of your intention, before so much bloud was spent, & before they were driuen to seeke this shift for their last remedie. But if now, this force you away, why did you take armes, since you might be sure when euer they were in extremitie they would haue recourse to this threatning? And for a wise man to take in hand that which his enemy may with a word ouerthrow, hath in my conceit great incongruity, & as great, so to forethink what his enemy in reason will doe. But they threaten they will kil your daughters. What if they promised you if you remoued your siege, they would honourably send home your daughters: would you be angled by their promises? truly no more ought you be terrified by their threatnings. For yet of the two, promise binds faith more than threatning. But indeed a Prince of iudgement ought not to consider what his enemies promise, or threaten, but what the promisers & threatners in reason will doe: & the neerest coniecture thereunto, is what is best for their owne behoofe to doe. They threaten if you remoue not, they will kill your daughters: & if you doe remoue, what surerie haue you but that they will kill them? since if the purpose be to cut off all impediments of *Amphialus* ambition, the same cause will continue when you are away; & so much the more encouraged, as the reuenging power is absent, & they haue the more opportunity to draw their factious friends about them: but if it be for their security only, the same cause will bring forth the same effect: and for their security they will preserue them. But it may be said, No man knowes what desperate folks will do: it is true, & as true that no reason nor policie can preuent what desperate folks will doe: and therfore they are among those dangers, which wisedome is not to reckon. Only let it suffice to take away their despaire, which may be by granting pardon for what is past; so as the Ladies may be freely deliuered. And let them that are your subiects trust you that are their Prince, do not you subiect your selfe to trust them, who are so vntrustie as to be manifest traitors. For if they find you so base minded, as by their threatning to remoue your force, what indignitie is it, that they would not bring you vnto bill by the same threatning? since then if loue stirre them, loue will keepe them from murthering what they loue; and if ambition prouoke them, ambitious they will be when you are away, as well as while you are here: take not away your force, which bars not the one, and bridles the other. For as for their shewes & words, they are but feare-babes, not worthy once to moue a worthy mans conceit, which must still consider what in reason they are like to doe. Their despaire, I grant, you shall doe well to preuent: which as it is the last of all resolutions, so no man fals into it while so good a way as you may offer, is open vnto them. In summe, you are a Prince, and a father of people, who ought with the eye of wisedome, the hand of fortitude, and the heart of iustice, to set downe all priuate conceits, in comparison of what for the publike is profitable.

Hee would haue proceeded on, when *Gynecia* came running in amazed for her daughter *Pamela*, but mad for *Zelmane*, and falling at *Basilius* feete, besought him to make no delay, vsing such gestures of compassion in steed of stopped words, that *Basilius*, otherwise enough tender minded, easily granted to raise the siege, which hee saw dangerous to his daughters; but indeed more carefull for *Zelmane*, by whose

besieged

beſieged perſon, the poore old man was ſtreightly beſieged: ſo as to rid him of the famine of his minde, he went in ſpeed away, diſcharging his ſouldiers: only leauing the authoritie, as before, in *Philanax* his hands, he himſelfe went with *Cynecia* to a ſtrong Caſtle of his, where hee tooke counſell how firſt to deliuer *Zelmane*, whom he called the poore ſtranger, as though onely Law of hoſpitalitie moued him; and for that purpoſe ſent diuers meſſengers to trafficke with *Cecropia*.

But ſhe by this meanes rid of the preſent danger of the ſiege (deſiring *Zoilus* and *Euarchus* to take the care, till their brother recouered) of reuictualling & furniſhing the citie, both with men, and what elſe wanted, againſt any new occaſion ſhould vrge them, ſhe her ſelfe diſdaining to hearken to *Baſilius*, without hee would graunt his daughter in mariage to her ſon (which by no meanes hee would be brought vnto) bent all the ſharpneſſe of her malicious wit, how to bring a comfortable graunt to her ſonne, whereupon ſhe well found no leſſe than his life depended. Therefore for a while ſhe attempted all meanes of eloquent praying, and flattering perſwaſion, mingling ſometimes gifts, ſometimes threatnings, as ſhe had cauſe to hope, that either open force, or vndermining, would beſt win the caſtle of their reſolution. And euer as much as ſhe did to *Philoclea*, ſo much did ſhe to *Pamela*, though in manner ſometimes differing, as ſhee found fit to leuell at the ones noble height, and the others ſweet lowlineſſe. For though ſhee knew her ſonnes heart had wholly giuen it ſelfe to *Philoclea*, yet ſeeing the equall gifts in *Pamela*, ſhee hoped, a faire graunt would recouer the ſorrow of a faire refuſall: cruelly intending the preſent impoyſoning the one, as ſoone as the others affection were purchaſed.

But in vaine was all her vaine oratorie imployed. *Pamela's* determination was built vpon ſo braue a rocke, that no ſhot of hers could reach vnto it: and *Philoclea* (though humbly ſeated) was ſo inuironed with ſweete riuers of cleere vertue, as could neither be battered, nor vndermined: her witty perſwaſions had wiſe anſwers, her eloquence recompenced with ſweetneſſe, her threatnings repelled with diſdain in the one, and patience in the other, her gifts either not accepted, or accepted to obey, but not to bind. So as *Cecropia* in nature violent, cruell, becauſe ambitious, hatefull, for old rooted grudge to their mother, & now ſpitefull, becauſe ſhee could not preuaile with girles, as ſhe counted them, laſtly, drawn on by her loue to her ſon, & held vp by a tyrannical authority, forthwith followed the byas of her own crooked diſpoſition, & doubling & redoubling her threatnings fell to confirme ſome of her threatned effects: firſt withdrawing all comfort, both of ſeruants & ſeruice from them. But that thoſe excellent Ladies had beene vſed vnto, euen at home, and then found in themſelues how much good the hardneſſe of education doth to the reſiſtance of miſerie. Then diſhonourably vſing them both in diet, and lodging, by a contempt to pul down their thoughts to yeelding. But as before, the conſideration of a priſon had diſgraced all ornaments, ſo now the ſame conſideration made them attend all diſeaſefulneſſe. Then ſtill as ſhee found thoſe not preuaile, would ſhe goe forward with giuing them terrors, ſometimes with noiſe of horror, ſometimes with ſudden frightings in the night, when the ſolitarie darkneſſe thereof might eaſier aſtoniſh the diſarmed ſenſes. But to all Vertue and Loue reſiſted, ſtrengthned one by the other, when each found it ſelfe ouer-vehemently aſſaulted, *Cecropia* ſtill ſweetning her fierceneſſes with faire promiſes, if they would promiſe faire, that feeling euill, and ſeeing a way farre better, their mindes might the ſooner be mollified. But they that could not taſte her behauiour, when it was pleaſing indeed, could worſe now, when they had loſt all taſte by her iniuries.

She reſoluing all extremities, rather than faile of conqueſt, purſued on her rugged way

way: letting no day passe, without new and new perplexing the poore Ladies mindes, and troubling their bodies; and still swelling the more she was stopped, and growing hot with her owne doings, at length abominable rage carried her to absolute tyrannies, so that taking with her certaine old women (of wicked dispositions, and apt for enuie-sake to be cruell to youth and beautie) with a countenance impoisoned with malice, flew to the sweet *Philoclea*, as if so many Kites should come about a white doue, & matching violent gestures with mischieuous threatnings, she hauing a rod in her hand (like a Fury that should carry wood to the burning of *Dianas* temple) fell to scourge that most beautiful body: Loue in vain holding the shield of beauty against her blind cruelty. The sun drew clouds vp to hide his face from so pitiful a sight, & the very stone walls did yeeld drops of sweat for agony of such a mischiefe: each senseless thing had sense of pitie; only they that had sense were senselesse. Vertue rarely found her worldly weaknes more, than by the oppression of that day: & weeping *Cupid* told his weeping mother, that he was sorie he was not deafe aswell as blinde, that he might neuer know so lamentable a work. *Philoclea*, with tearful eies & sobbing breast (assoon as her wearines rather than compassion gaue her respite) kneeled down to *Cecropia*, & making pitie in her face honourable, & torment delightfull, besought her, since she hated her (for what cause she took God to witnes she knew not) that she would at once take away her life, & not please her selfe with the tormenting of a poor Gentlewoman. If (said she) the common course of humanity cannot moue you, nor the hauing me in your own wals cannot claim pitie, nor womanly mercie, nor neere alliance, nor remembrance (how miserable soeuer now) that I am a Princes daughter; yet let the loue (you haue often told me) your sonne bears me, so much procure, that for his sake one death may be thought enough for me. I haue not liued so many years, but that one death may be able to conclude them: neither haue my faults, I hope, bin so many, but that one death may satisfie the. It is no great suit to an enemy, when but death is desired. I craue but that. As for the granting your request, know for a certain you lose your labour, being euery day further off minded from becoming his wife, who vseth me like a slaue. But that, in stead of getting grace, renued againe *Cecropia's* fury; so that (excellent creature) she was newly againe tormented by those hellish monsters: *Cecropia* vsing no other words, but that she was a proude & vngratefull wench, & that she would teach her to know her own good, since of her self she would not conceiue it. So that with silence & patience (like a fair gorgeous armour, hammered on by an ill-fauoured Smith) she abode her pitilesse dealing with her; till, rather reseruing her for more, than meaning to end, they left her to an vncomfortable leisure, to consider with her selfe her fortune; both helpelesse her selfe being a prisoner; & hopelesse since *Zelmane* was a prisoner; who therein only was short of the bottome of miserie, that she knew not how vnworthily her Angel, by these diuels was abused: but wanted (God wot) no stings of griefe, when those words did but strike vpon her heart, that *Philoclea* was a captiue, and she not able to succour her. For well she knew the confidence *Philoclea* had in her, and well she knew, *Philoclea* had cause to haue confidence, and all troden vnder foot by the wheele of senselesse fortune. Yet if there be that imperious power in the soule, as it can deliuer knowledge to another, without bodily organs; so vehement were the working of their spirits, as one met with other, though themselues perceiued it not, but only thought it to be the doubling of their own louing fancies. And that was the only worldly thing, wheron *Philoclea* rested her mind, that she knew

she should die beloued of *Zelmane*, and would dye, rather than to bee false to *Zelmane*. And so this most dainty Nymph, easing the pain of her minde with thinking of anothers paine; and almost forgetting the paine of her body, through the paine of her mind, she wasted, euen longing for the conclusion of her tedious tragedie.

But for a while she was vnuisited, *Cecropia* employing her time in vsing the like cruelty vpon *Pamela*, her heart growing not only to desire the fruit of punishing them, but euen to delight in the punishing them. But if euer the beams of perfection shined through the clouds of affliction, if euer Vertue tooke a bodie to shew his (else vnconceiueable) beautie, it was in *Pamela*. For when Reason taught her there was no resistance, (for to iust resistance first her heart was enclined) then with so heauenly a quietnesse, and so gracefull a calmnesse, did she suffer the diuerse kinds of torments they vsed to her, that while they vexed her faire body, it seemed that she rather directed than obeyed the vexation. And when *Cecropia* ended, and asked whether her heart would yeeld; she a little smiled, but such a smiling as shewed no loue and yet could not but be louely. And then, Beastly woman (said shee) follow on, doe what thou wilt and canst vpon mee: for I know thy power is not vnlimited. Thou mayst well wracke this silly bodie, but thou canst neuer ouerthrow. For my part, I will not doe thee the pleasure to desire death of thee: but assure thy selfe, both my life and death shall triumph with honour, laying shame vpon thy detestable tyrannie.

And so, in effect, conquering their doing with her suffering, while *Cecropia* tryed as many sorts of paines, as might rather vexe them than spoile them (for that shee would not doe while she were in any hope to win eyther of them for her sonne) *Pamela* remained almost as much content with triall in her selfe, what vertue could doe, as grieued with the miserie wherein she found her selfe plunged, onely sometimes her thoughts softned in her, when with open wings they flew to *Musidorus*. For then she would think with her selfe, how grieuously *Musidorus* would take this her miserie; and she, that wept not for her selfe, wept yet *Musidorus* teares, which he would weep for her. For gentle Loue did easlier yeeld to lamentation, than the constancie of vertue would else admit. Then would she remember the case wherein she had left her poore shepheard, and she that wished death for her selfe, feared death for him; and she that condemned in her selfe the feebleneese of sorrow, yet thought it great reason to be sorry for his sorrow: and she that long had prayed for the vertuous ioyning themselues together, now thinking to die her selfe, heartily prayed, that long time their fortunes might be separated. Liue long, my *Musidorus*, (would she say) and let my name liue in thy mouth, in thy heart my memorie. Liue long, that thou maist loue long the chaste loue of thy dead *Pamela*. Then would she wish to her selfe, that no other woman might euer possesse his heart: and yet scarcely the wish was made a wish, when her selfe would find fault with it, as being too vniust, that so excellent a man should be banished from the comfort of life. Then would she fortifie her resolution, with bethinking the worst, taking the counsell of vertue and comfort of loue.

So these Diamonds of the world whom Nature had made to be preciously set in the eyes of men, to be the chiefe works of her workmanship, the chiefe ornaments of the world, & Princesses of felicity, by rebellious iniury were brought to the vttermost distresse that an enemies heart could wish, or a womans spite inuent: *Cecropia* daily in one or other sort punishing them, still with her euill torments giuing them fear of worse, making the fear it selfe the sorest torment of all, that in the end wearie of their bodies, they should be content to bestow them at her appointment.

But

But as in labour, the more one doth exercise it, the more by the doing one is enabled to do, strength growing vpon the work; so as what at first would haue seemed impossible, after growes easie: so these Princesses, second to none, and far from any second, onely to be matched by themselues, with the vse of suffering, their mindes gat the habit of suffering so, as all feares and terrors were to them but summons to a battaile, whereof they knew before hand they should be victorious, & which in the suffering was paine full, being suffered, was a trophee to it selfe: whereby *Cecropia* found her selfe still further off: for where at first she might perchance haue perswaded them to haue visited her sonne, and haue giuen him some comfort in his sicknesse, drawing neere to the confines of Deaths kingdome, now they protested, that they would neuer otherwise speake to him, than as to their enemie, of most vniust cruelty towards them, that any time or place could euer make them know.

This made the poison swell in her cankred breast, perceiuing, that (as in water) the more she grasped the lesse she held: but yet now hauing run so long the way of rigor, it was too late in reason, & too contrary to her passion, to returne to a course of meeknesse. And therefore, taking counsell of one of her old associats (who so farre excelled in wickednes, as that she had not only lost al feeling of conscience, but had gotten a very glory in euill) in the end they determined, that beating, & other such sharp dealing did not so much pull down a womans heart, as it bred anger, and that nothing was more enemy to yeelding, than anger; making their tender hearts take on the armour of obstinacie: (for thus did their wicked minds, blind to the light of vertue, and owly eyed in the night of wickednesse, interprete it) and that therefore that was no more to be tryed. And for feare of death (which no question would doe most with them) they had beene so often threatned, as they began to be familiarly acquainted with it, and learned to esteem threatning words to be but words. Therefore the last, but best way now was, that the one seeing indeed the others death, should perceiue, there was no dallying meant: and then there was no doubt, that a womans soule would doe so much, rather than leaue so beautifull a body.

This being concluded, *Cecropia* went to *Philoclea* and told her, that now she was to come to the last part of the play: for her part, though she found her hard-hearted obstinacy such, that neither the sweetnesse of louing meanes, nor the force of hard meanes could preuaile with her, yet before shee would passe to a further degree of extremity, shee had sought to win her sister; in hope that her sonne might bee in time satisfied with the loue of so faire a Lady; but finding her also rather more than lesse wilfull, she was now minded that one of their deaths should serue for an example to the other, that despising worthy folkes was more hurtfull to the despiser, than the despised: that yet because her sonne especially affected her, and that in her owne selfe she was more inclinable to pitie her, than shee had deserued, shee would begin with her sister, who that afternoone should haue her head cut off before her face; if in the meane time one of them did not pull out their ill-wrought sleeches of vnkindnesse, she bad her look for no other, nor longer time than she told her. There was no assault giuen to the sweet *Philoclea's* mind, that entred so farre, as this: for where to all paines and dangers of her selfe, Fore-sight (with his Lieuetenant Resolution) had made ready defence, now with the loue shee bare her sister, she was driuen to a stay, before she determined: but long she stayed not, before this reason did shine vnto her, that since in her selfe shee preferred death before such a base seruitude, loue did teach her to wish the same to her sister. Therefore crossing her armes, and looking side-ward vpon the ground, Doe what you will (said shee) with vs: for my part heauen shall melt before I be remoued. But if you will follow

my counsell, for your owne sake (for as for prayers for my sake I haue felt how little they preuaile) let my death first serue for example to win her, who perchance is not so resolued against *Amphialus*, and so shall you not onely iustly punish mee, (vvho indeede doe hate both you and your son) but, if that may moue you, you shall doe more vertuously in preseruing one most worthy of life, and killing another most desirous of death: lastly, in winning her, in stead of peeuish vnhappie creature, that I am, you shall blesse your son vvith the most excellent woman in all praise worthy things, that the world holdeth. But *Cecropia* (vvho had alreadie set downe to her selfe what shee vvould doe) both vvith bitter termes and countenance, told her, that shee should not neede to woo death ouer-eagerly: for if her sister going before her did not teach her wit, her selfe should quickly follow. For since they were not to be gotten, there was no way for her sons quiet, but to know that they were past getting. And so since no intreating, nor threatning might preuaile, she bad her prepare her eyes for a new play, vvhich she should see within few houres in the hall of that Castle.

A place indeede ouer-fit for so vnfit a matter: for being so stately made, that the bottome of it being euen with the ground, the roofe reached as hie as anie part of the Castle, at either end it had conuenient lodgings. In the one end was (one storie from the ground) *Philoclea's* abode, in the other of euen height, *Pamela's* & *Zelmane's* in a chamber aboue her: but all so vaulted of strong and thickly built stone, as one could no way heare the other: each of these chambers had a little window to looke into the hall, but because the sisters should not haue so much comfort, as to look one to another, there was (of the outsides) curtains drawn, which they could not reach with their hands, so barring the reach of their sight. But then the houre came that the Tragedy should begin, and curtaines were withdrawne from before the windowes of *Zelmane*, and of *Philoclea*: a sufficient challenge to call their eies to defend themselues in such an incounter. And by and by came in at one end of the hall, vvith about a dozen armed souldiers, a Lady, led by a couple, with her hands bound before her: from aboue her eyes to her lippes muffled with a faire kerchiefe, but from her mouth to the shoulders all bare: and so was led on to a scaffold raised a good deale from the floore, and all couered vvith crimsin velvet. But neither *Zelmane*, nor *Philoclea* needed to be told who shee was; for the apparell she ware, made them too well assured, that it was the admirable *Pamela*. Whereunto the rare whitenesse of her naked necke gaue sufficient testimony to their astonished senses. But the faire Lady being come to the scaffold, & then made to kneele downe, and so left by her vnkinde supporters, as it seemed that shee was about to speake somewhat (whereunto *Philoclea*, poore soule, earnestly listned, according to her speech, euen minding to frame her minde, her heart neuer till then almost wauering to saue her sisters life) before the vnfortunate Lady could pronounce three words, the executioner cut off the ones speech, and the others attention, with making his sword doe his cruell office vpon that beautifull necke. Yet the pitilesse sword had such pitie of so precious an obiect, that at first it did but hit flatlong. But little auailed that, since the Lady falling downe astonished withall, the cruell villaine forced the sword with another blow to diuorce the faire marriage of the head and body.

And this was done so in an instant, that the very act did ouerrun *Philoclea's* sorrow (sorrow not being able so quickly to thunderbolt her heart thorough her senses, but first onely oppresst her with a storme of amazement) but when her eies saw that they did see, as condemning themselues to haue seene it, they became

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vvearie of their owne power of ſeeing: and her ſoule then drinking vp woe vvith great draughts, ſhee fell downe to deadly traunces: but her waiting iaylors vvith cruell pitie brought loathed life vnto her; which yet many times tooke his leaue as though he would indeed depart: but when he was ſtayed by force, he kept with him deadly Sorrow, which thus exerciſed her mourning ſpeech: *Pamela* my ſiſter, my ſiſter *Pamela*, wo is me for thee, I would I had died for thee. *Pamela*, neuer more ſhal I ſee thee: neuer more ſhall I enioy thy ſweet company, and wiſe counſell. Alas, thou art gone to a beautified heauen, & haſt left me here, who haue nothing good in me, but that I did euer loue thee, and euer will lament thee. Let this day be noted of all vertuous folkes for moſt vnfortunate: let it neuer be mentioned, but among curſes; and curſed be they that did this miſchiefe, and moſt accurſed be mine eies that beheld it. Sweet *Pamela*, that head is ſtricken off, where only vviſdome might be ſpoken withall; that body is deſtroyed, which was the liuing booke of vertue. Deare *Pamela*, how haſt thou left mee to all wretchedneſſe and miſery? Yet while thou liuedſt, in thee I breathed, of thee I hoped. O *Pamela*, how much did I for thy excellencie honour thee, more than my mother, and loue thee more than my ſelf? Neuer more ſhall I lie with thee: neuer more ſhall we bathe in the pleaſant riuer together: neuer more ſhall I ſee thee in thy ſhepheard apparrell. But thou art gone, & where am I? *Pamela* is dead; and liue I? O my God. And with that ſhe fell againe in a ſwone, ſo as it was a great while before they could bring her to her ſelfe again; but being come to her ſelfe, Alas (ſaid ſhee) vnkinde women, ſince you haue giuen me ſo many deaths, torment me not now with life: for Gods ſake let mee goe, and excuſe your hands of more bloud. Let me follow my *Pamela*, whom euer I ſought to follow. Alas, *Pamela*, they will not let me come to thee. But if they keep promiſe, I ſhall tread thine own ſteppes after thee. For to what am I borne (miſerable ſoule) but to be moſt vnhappy in my ſelfe, and yet more vnhappy in others? But O that a thouſand more miſeries had chanced vnto me, ſo thou hadſt not died: *Pamela*, my ſiſter *Pamela*. And ſo like a lamentable *Philomela* complained ſhe the horrible wrong done to her ſiſter, which if it ſtird not in the wickedly cloſed minds of her tormentors, a pitie of her ſorrow, yet bred it a wearineſſe of her ſorrow: ſo as only leauing one to preuent any harme ſhee ſhould doe her ſelfe, the reſt went away, conſulting againe with *Cecropia*, how to make profit of this their late bloudy act.

In the end, that woman that vſed moſt to keep company with *Zelmane*, told *Cecropia*, that ſhee found by many moſt ſenſible proofes in *Zelmane*, that there was neuer woman ſo loued another, as ſhe loued *Philiclea*: which was the cauſe that ſhe (further than the commandement of *Cecropia*) had cauſed *Zelmane's* curtains to be alſo drawne: becauſe hauing the ſame ſpectacle that *Philoclea* had, ſhee might ſtand in the greater feare for her, whom ſhe loued ſo well: and that indeed ſhe had hit the needle in that deuice: for neuer ſaw ſhee creature ſo aſtoniſhed as *Zelmane*, exceedingly ſorry for *Pamela*, but exceedingly exceeding that exceedingneſſe in fear for *Philoclea*. Therfore her aduice was, ſhe ſhould cauſe *Zelmane* to come & ſpeak with *Philoclea*. For there being ſuch vehemency of friendſhip between them, it was moſt likely both to moue *Zelmane* to perſwade, and *Philoclea* to be perſwaded. *Cecropia* liked well of the counſell, & gaue order to the ſame woman to go deale therin with *Zelmane*, and to aſſure her with oath, that *Cecropia* was determined *Philoclea* ſhould paſſe the ſame way that *Pamela* had done, without ſhee did yeeld to ſatisfie the extremity of her ſons affection: which the woman did, adding thereunto many (as ſhe thought) good reaſons to make *Zelmane* think *Amphialus* a fit match for *Philoclea*.

But *Zelmane* (who had from time to time vnderſtood the cruell dealing they had

vſed to the ſiſters,& now had her own eies wounded with the ſight of ones death) was ſo confuſed withall(her courage ſtil rebelling againſt her wit,deſiring ſtil with force to doe impoſſible matters) that as her deſire was ſtopped with power,ſo her conceit was darkned with a miſt of deſire. For blinde Loue,and inuincible Valour ſtill would cry out, that it could not be,*Philoclea* ſhould bee in ſo miſerable eſtate, and ſhe not relieue her: and ſo while ſhe haled her wit to her courage, ſhe drew it from his owne limits. But now *Philoclea's* death (a word able to marſhall all his thoughts in order)being come to ſo ſhort a point,either with ſmall delay to be ſuffered,or by the giuing her ſelfe to another to be preuented,ſhe was driuen to think, & to deſire ſome leaſure of thinking: which the woman granted for that night vnto her. A night that was not halfe ſo blacke,as her mind; nor halfe ſo ſilent,as was fit for her muſing thoughts. At laſt,hee that would faine haue deſperately loſt a thouſand liues for her ſake,could not find in his heart,that ſhee ſhould loſe any life for her owne ſake; and hee that deſpiſed his owne death in reſpect of honour,yet could wel-nie diſpence with honour it ſelfe in reſpect of *Philoclea's* death: for once the thought could not enter into his heart, nor the breath iſſue out of his mouth, which could conſent to *Philoclea's* death for any bargain. Then how to preuent the next degree to death(which was her being poſſeſt by another)was the point of his mindes labour: and in that hee found no other way, but that *Philoclea* ſhould prerend a yeelding vnto *Cecropia's* requeſt;& ſo by ſpeaking with *Amphialus*, and making faire (but delaying) promiſes,procure liberty for *Zelmane*; who onely wiſht but to come by a ſword,not doubting then to deſtroy them all,& diliuer *Philoclea*: ſo little did both the men,and their forces ſeem in her eyes, looking downe vpon them from the high top of affections tower.

With that minde therefore (but firſt well bound) ſhe vvas brought to *Philoclea*, hauing already plotted out in her conceit, how ſhee would deale with her: and ſo came ſhe with heart & eies, which did each ſacrifice either to Loue vpon the altar of Sorrow: and there had ſhe the pleaſing diſpleaſing ſight of *Philoclea*: *Philoclea*, whom already the extreme ſenſe of ſorrow had brought to a dulneſſe therein, her face not without tokens that beauty had been by many miſeries cruelly battered, & yet ſhewed it moſt the perfection of that beauty, which could remaine vnouerthrowne by ſuch enemies. But when *Zelmane* was ſet downe by her,& the women gone away (becauſe ſhe might be the better perſwaded when no body was by,that had heard her ſay ſhe would not be perſwaded)then began firſt the eyes to ſpeake, and the hearts to crie out: Sorrow a while would needs ſpeake his owne language, without vſing their tongues to be his interpreters. At laſt *Zelmane* brake ſilence,but ſpake with the only eloquence of amazement: for all her long methodized oration was inherited only by ſuch kinde of ſpeeches. Deare Lady, in extreme neceſſities wee muſt not. But alas vnfortunate wretch that I am, that I liue to ſee this day. And I take heauen and earth to witneſſe,that nothing: & with that her breaſt ſwelled ſo with ſpite and griefe, that her breath had no leaſure to turne it ſelfe into words. But the ſweet *Philoclea* that had already dyed in *Pamela*,& of the other ſide had the heauineſs of her heart ſomthing quickned in the moſt beloued ſight of *Zelmane*,gheſſed ſomewhat at *Zelmane's* mind,& therfore ſpake vnto her in this ſort: My *Pyrocles* (ſaid ſhee) I know this exceeding comfort of your preſence, is not brought vnto me for any good wil that is owed vnto me: but(as I ſuppoſe)to make you perſwade me to ſaue my life with the ranſome of mine honour: although no body ſhould bee ſo vnfit a pleader in that cauſe as your ſelfe, yet perchance you would haue mee liue. Your honour? God forbid (ſaid *Zelmane*)that euer,for any cauſe,

cauſe, I ſhould yeeld to any touch of it. But a while to pretend ſome affection, till time, or my liberty might worke ſomething for your ſeruice: this if my aſtoniſhed ſenſes would giue me leaue, I would faine haue perſwaded you.

To what purpoſe my *Pyrocles* (ſaid *Philoclea*)? of a miſerable time what gaine is there? Hath *Pamela's* example wrought no more in mee? is a captiue life ſo much worth? can euer it goe out of theſe lips, that I loue any other but *Pyrocles*? ſhall my tongue be ſo falſe a traytor to my heart, as to ſay I loue any other but *Pyrocles*? And why ſhould I doe all this? to liue? O *Pamela*, ſiſter *Pamela*, why ſhould I liue? onely for thy ſake *Pyrocles*, I would liue: but to thee I know too well I ſhall not liue; & if not to thee, hath thy loue ſo baſe allay, my *Pyrocles*, as to wiſh me to liue? For diſſimulation, my *Pyrocles*, my ſimplicity is ſuch, that I haue hardly beene able to keep a ſtraight way, what ſhall I doe in a crooked? But in this caſe there is no meane of diſſimulation, not for the cunningeſt: preſent anſwer is required, and preſent performance vpon the anſwer. Art thou ſo terrible O death? No my *Pyrocles*; and for that I doe thanke thee, and in my ſoule thank thee; for I confeſſe the loue of thee is herein my chiefeſt vertue. Trouble me not therfore deare *Pyrocles*, nor double not my death by tormenting my reſolution: ſince I cannot liue with thee, I will die for thee. Onely remember me, deare *Pyrocles*, and loue the remembrance of me: and if I may craue ſo much of thee, let me be thy laſt loue; for though I be not worthy of thee (who indeed art the worthieſt creature liuing) yet remember that my loue was a worthy loue. But *Pyrocles* was ſo ouercome with ſorrow (which wiſdome & vertue made iuſt in ſo excellent a Ladies caſe, full of excellent kindneſſe) that words were aſhamed to come forth, knowing how weak they vvere to expreſſe his mind, and her merit: and therefore ſo ſtayed in a deadly ſilence, forſaken of hope, & forſaking comfort: till the appointed guardians came in, to ſee the fruits of *Zelmane's* labour: and then *Zelmane* warned by their preſence, fell again to perſwade, though ſcarcely her ſelfe could tell what; but in ſumme, deſirous of delaies. But *Philoclea*, ſweetely continuing conſtant, and in the end, puniſhing her importunitie with ſilence, *Zelmane* was faine to end. Yet crauing another times conference, ſhe obtained it, and diuers others; till at the laſt *Cecropia* found it was to no purpoſe; & therfore determined to follow her owne way. *Zelmane* yet ſtill deſirous to win (by any means) reſpite, euen waſted with ſorrow and vncertainty, whether in worſe caſe in her preſence, or abſence, being able to doe nothing for *Philoclea's* ſuccour, but by ſubmitting the greateſt courage of the earth to fall at the feet of *Cecropia*, and craue ſtay of their ſentence till the vttermoſt was ſeen, what her perſwaſions might doe.

Cecropia ſeemed much to be moued by her importunity, ſo as diuers daies were wonne of painfull life to the excellent *Philoclea*: while *Zelmane* ſuffered ſome hope to cheriſh her minde, eſpecially truſting vpon the helpe of *Muſidorus*, vvho (ſhee knew) vvould not be idle in this matter, till one morning a noyſe awaked *Zelmane*, from whoſe ouer-watchful mind, the tired body had ſtolne a little ſleep: & ſtraight with the firſt opening of her eies, Care taking his wonted place, ſhe ran to the window which looked into the hall (for that way the noiſe guided her) & there might ſhee ſee (the curtaine being left open euer ſince the laſt execution) ſeuen or eight perſons in a cluſter vpon the ſcaffold: who by and by retyring themſelues, nothing was to be ſeene thereupon, but a baſen of gold pitifully enamelled with bloud, and in the midſt of it, the head of the moſt beautifull *Philoclea*. The horribleneſs of the miſchiefe was ſuch, as *Pyrocles* could not at firſt beleeue his owne ſenſes, but bent his wofull eyes to diſcerne it better: where too well he might ſee it was *Philoclea's* ſelfe, hauing no veile, but beautie ouer her face, vvhich ſtill appeared to be aliue;

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ſo did thoſe eyes ſhine, euen as they were wont, and they were wont more than any other: and ſometimes as they moued, it might well make the beholder thinke, that death therein had borrowed her beauty, and not they any way diſgraced by death, ſo ſweet and piercing a grace they carried with them.

It was not a pity, it was not an amazement, it was not a ſorrow which then laid hold on *Pyrocles*, but a wilde fury of deſperate agony: ſo that he cried out, O tyrant heauen, traytor earth, blinde prouidence, no iuſtice, how is this done? how is this ſuffered? hath this world a gouernment? If it haue let, it powre out all his miſchiefs vpon me, & ſee whether it haue power to make me more wretched than I am. Did ſhe excell for this? haue I prayed for this? abominable hand that did it; deteſtable diuell that commanded it; curſed light that beheld it: & if the light be curſed, what are then mine eyes that haue ſeen it? And haue I ſeen *Philoclea* dead, and do I liue? and haue I liued not to helpe her, but to talke of her? and ſtand I ſtill talking? And with that (carried by the madneſſe of anguiſh, not hauing a readier way to kill himſelfe) he ranne as hard as euer he could with his head againſt the vvall, vvith intention to braine himſelfe: but the haſte to do it made the doing the ſlower. For as he came to giue the blow, his foote tript, ſo as it came not vvith the full force: yet forcible enough to ſtrike him downe; & withall to depriue him of his ſenſe, ſo that he lay a vvhile comforted by the hurt, in that he felt not his diſcomfort.

And when he came againe to himſelfe, he heard, or he thought he heard a voice which cryed, Reuenge, Reuenge, vnto him; whether indeed it vvere his good Angell, vvhich vſed that voice to ſtay him from vnnaturall murdering of himſelfe, or that his wandering ſpirits lighted vpon that conceit, and by their vveakneſſe (ſubiect to apprehenſions) ſuppoſed they heard it. But that indeede, helped vvith Vertue, & her valiant ſeruant Anger, ſtopped him from preſent deſtroying of himſelf: yeelding in reaſon and manhood, firſt to deſtroy man, woman, & childe, that were any way of kinne to them that were acceſſary to this cruelty; then to raze the Caſtle, and to build a ſumptuous monument for her ſiſter, and a moſt ſumptuous for her ſelfe, and then himſelfe to die vpon her tombe. This determining in himſelfe to do, & to ſeek all meanes how (for that purpoſe) to get out of priſon: he was content a while to beare the thirſt of death: & yet vvent he againe to the vvindow, to kiſſe the beloued head with his eyes; but there ſaw he nothing but the ſcaffold, all couered ouer with ſcarlet, & nothing but ſolitary ſilence to mourne this miſchiefe. But then, Sorrow hauing diſperſt it ſelfe from his heart, into all his noble parts, it proclaimed his authority, in cries and teares, nor vvith a more gentle dolefulneſſe could powre out his inward euill.

Alas (ſaid he) and is that head taken away too, ſo ſoone from mine eyes? What, mine eyes, perhaps they enuie the excellencie of your ſorrow? Indeede, there is nothing now left to become the eyes of all mankinde, but teares: and woe bee to me, if any exceede mee in wofulneſſe. I doe coniure you all my ſenſes, to accept no obiect but of ſorrow, be aſhamed, nay, abhorre to think of comfort. Vnhappy eies, you haue ſeene too much, that euer the light ſhould bee welcome to you: vnhappie eares, you ſhall neuer heare the muſicke of muſicke in her voice: vnhappy heart that haſt liued to feele theſe pangs. Thou haſt done thy vvorſt (World) and curſed be thou, and curſed art thou, ſince to thine owne ſelfe thou haſt done the vvorſt thou couldſt doe. Exiled Beautie, let onely now thy beautie bee blubbered faces. Widowed Muſicke, let now thy tunes be rorings, and lamentations. Orphane Vertue, get thee wings, and flie after her into heauen: here is no dwelling place for thee. Why liued I, alas? Alas, why loued I? To die wretched, and to be the example

of

of the heauens hate? And hate and ſpare not, for your worſt blow is ſtriken. Sweet *Philoclea*, thou art gone, & haſt carried with thee my loue; and haſt left thy loue in me, and I wretched man do liue; I liue, to die continually, till thy reuenge do giue me leaue to die: & then die I will, my *Philoclea*, my heart willingly makes this promiſe to it ſelfe. Surely he did not looke vpon thee, that gaue the cruell blow, for no eye could haue abidden to ſee ſuch beauty ouerthrowne by ſuch miſchiefe. Alas, why ſhould they diuide ſuch a head from ſuch a body? no other body is worthy of that head; no other head is worthy of that body: O yet, if I had taken my laſt leaue, if I might haue taken a holy kiſſe from that dying mouth. Where art thou Hope, which promiſeſt neuer to leaue a man while he liueth? tel me, what canſt thou hope for? nay tell mee, what is there that I would willingly hope after? Wiſhing power (which is accounted infinite) what now is left to wiſh for? Shee is gone, and gone with her all my hope, all my wiſhing. Loue, be aſhamed to be called Loue: cruell Hate, vnſpeakeable Hate is victorious ouer thee. Who is there now left, that can iuſtifie thy tyrannie, & giue reaſon to thy paſſion? O cruell diuorce of the ſweeteſt marriage that euer was in Nature: *Philoclea* is dead, and dead is with her all goodneſſe, all ſweetneſſe, all excellencie. *Philoclea* is dead, and yet life is not aſhamed to continue vpon the earth. *Philoclea* is dead: O deadly word, which containeth in it ſelfe the vttermoſt of all miſfortunes. But happy word when thou ſhalt be ſaid of me, and long it ſhall not be, before it be ſaid.

Then ſtopping his words with ſighes, drowning his ſighes in teares, and drying againe his teares in rage, he would ſit a while in a wandring muſe, which repreſented nothing but vexations vnto him: then throwing himſelfe ſometime vpon the floore, and ſometimes vpon the bed: then vp againe, till walking was wearieſome & reſt loathſome: & ſo neither ſuffering food, nor ſleepe to helpe his afflicted nature, all that day and night hee did nothing but weepe *Philoclea*, ſigh *Philoclea*, and crie out *Philoclea*; till as it happened (at that time vpon his bed) toward the dawning of the day he heard one ſtirre in his chamber, by the motion of garments; and with an angry voice asked, Who was there. A poor Gentlewoman (anſwered the party) that wiſh long life vnto you. And I ſoone death vnto you (ſaid he) for the horrible curſe you haue giuen me. Certainely (ſaid ſhe) an vnkind anſwer, and farre vnworthy the excellencie of your mind, but not vnſutable to the reſt of your behauiour. For moſt part of this night I haue heard you (being let into your chamber, you neuer perceiuing it, ſo was your mind eſtranged from your ſenſes) & haue heard nothing of *Zelmane*, in *Zelmane*, nothing but weake waylings, fitter for ſome nurſe of a village, than ſo famous a creature as you are. O God (cried out *Pyrocles*) that thou wert a man that vſeſt theſe words vnto me. I tel thee I am ſorry, I tell thee I will be ſorry in deſpite of thee, & al them that would haue me ioyful. And yet, replied ſhe, perchance *Philoclea* is not dead, whom you ſo much bemone. I would wee were both dead on that condition, ſaid *Pyrocles*. See the folly of your paſſion (ſaid ſhe) as though you ſhould be neerer to her, you being dead, and ſhee aliue, than ſhee being dead, and you aliue? and if ſhee be dead, was ſhee not borne to die? what then doe you crie out for? not for her, vvho muſt haue dyed one time or other; but for ſome few yeares: ſo as it is time & this world, that ſeeme ſo louely things, and not *Philoclea* vnto you. O noble ſiſters (cried *Pyrocles*) now you bee gone (who were the onely exalters of all womankinde) what is left in that ſex, but babling & buſineſſe? And truely (ſaid ſhe) I will yet a little longer trouble you. Nay, I pray you do, ſaid *Pyrocles*, for I wiſh for nothing in my ſhort life but miſchiefes & cumbers: and I am content you ſhall be one of them. In truth, ſaid ſhe, you would thinke your ſelfe a

greatly

greatly priuiledged person, if since the strongest building, & lastingest monarchies are subiect to end, onely your *Philoclea* (because she is yours) should be exempted. But indeede you bemone your selfe, vvho haue lost a friend; you cannot her, vvho hath in one act both preserued her honour, and left the miseries of this vvorld. O womans philosophy, childish folly (said *Pyrocles*) as though I do bemone my self: I haue not reason so to do, hauing lost more than any monarchy, nay than my life can be worth vnto me. Alas (said she) comfort your selfe; Nature did not forget her skill, when she made them: you shall finde many their superiours, and perchance such, as (when your eyes shall looke abroad) your selfe will like better.

But that speech put all good manners out of the conceit of *Pyrocles*; in so much, that leaping out of his bed, he ran to haue striken her: but comming neare her (the morning then winning the field of darkenesse) he saw, or he thought he saw, indeed, the very face of *Philoclea*; the same sweetnesse, the same grace, the same beautie: vvith which carried into a diuine astonishment, he fell down at her feet. Most blessed Angell, said he, vvell hast thou done to take that shape, since thou wouldest submit thy selfe to mortall sense; for a more Angelicall form could not haue bin created for thee. Alas, euen by that excellent beautie, so beloued of me, let it be lawfull for mee to aske of thee, what is the cause that shee, that heauenly creature, whose form you haue taken, should by the heauens be destined to so vnripe an end? Why should vniustice so preuaile? Why was shee seene to the vvorld so soon to be rauished from vs? Why was she not suffered to liue, to teach the world perfection? Do not deceiue thy selfe, answered she, I am no Angell; I am *Philoclea*, the same *Philoclea*, so truly louing you, so truly beloued of you. If it bee so, said hee, that you are indeede the soule of *Philoclea*, you haue done well to keepe your owne figure: for no heauen could haue giuen you a better. Then alas why haue you taken the paines to leaue your blissefull seat to come to this place most wretched, to me, who am wretchednesse it selfe, and not rather obtaine for mee, that I might come where you are, there eternally to behold, and eternally to loue your beauties? You know (I know) that I desire nothing but death, which I only stay to be iustly reuenged of your vniust murtherers. Deare *Pyrocles*, said she, I am thy *Philoclea*, & as yet liuing: not murdered, as you supposed, and therefore bee comforted. And with that gaue him her hand. But the sweete touch of that hand seemed to his estrayed powers so heauenly a thing, that it rather for a while confirmed him in his former beliefe: till she with vehement protestations (and desire that it might be so, helping to perswade that it was so) brought him to yeeld; yet doubtfully to yeeld to this height of all comfort, that *Philoclea* liued: which witnessing with teares of ioy, Alas, said hee, how shall I beleeue mine eyes any more? or doe you yet but appeare thus vnto me, to stay me from some desperate end? For alas I saw the excellent *Pamela* beheaded: I saw your head (the head indeed, and chiefe part of all Natures workes) standing in a dish of gold, too meane a shrine (God wot) for such a relike. How can this bee, my onely deare, and you liue? or if this be not so, how can I beleeue mine own senses? and if I cannot beleeue them, why should I beleeue these blessed tidings they bring me?

The truth is (said she) my *Pyrocles*, that neither I (as you finde) nor yet my deare sister is dead: although the mischieuously subtle *Cecropia* vsed sleights to make either of vs thinke so of other. For, hauing in vaine attempted the farthest of her wicked eloquence to make either of vs yeeld to her sonne: & seeing that neither it, accompanied with great flatteries and rich presents, could get any ground of vs, nor yet the violent way she fell into of cruelly tormenting our bodies, could preuaile with

vs,

vs, at laſt, ſhee made either of vs thinke the other dead, & ſo hoped to haue wreſted our minds to the forgetting of vertue: & firſt ſhe gaue to mine eyes the miſerable ſpectacle of my ſiſters (as I thought) death: but indeed it was not my ſiſter: it was only *Arteſia*, ſhe who ſo cunningly brought vs to this miſery. Truly I am ſorry for the poore Gentlewoman, though iuſtly ſhee be puniſhed for her double falſhood: but *Arteſia* muffled ſo, as you could not eaſily diſcern her, & in my ſiſters apparrell (which they had taken from her vnder colour of giuing her other) did they execute: And when I (for thy ſake eſpecially dear *Pyrocles*) could by no force, nor fear be won, they aſſayed the like with my ſiſter, by bringing me down vnder the ſcaffold, & (making me thruſt my head vp through a hole they had made therein) they did put about my poor neck a diſh of gold, wherout they had beaten the bottome, ſo as hauing ſet bloud in it, you ſaw how I played the part of death (God knowes euen willing to haue done it in earneſt) & ſo had they ſet me, that I reached but on tiptoes to the ground, ſo as ſcarcely I could breathe, much leſſe ſpeak: And truly if they had kept me there any whit longer, they had ſtrangled me, in ſtead of beheading me: but then they took me away, and ſeeking to ſee their iſſue of this practice, they found my noble ſiſter (for the dear loue ſhe vouchſafeth to beare me) ſo grieued withall, that ſhe willed them to doe their vttermoſt cruelty vnto her: for ſhee vowed neuer to receiue ſuſtenance of them that had beene the cauſers of my murther: and finding both of vs, euen giuen ouer, not like to liue many houres longer, and my ſiſter *Pamela*, rather worſe than my ſelfe, (the ſtrength of her heart worſe bearing thoſe indignities) the good woman *Cecropia* (with the ſame pitie as folkes keepe foule, when they are not fat enough for their eating) made vs know her deceipt, and let vs come one to another; with what ioy you can well imagine, who I know feele the like; ſauing that we only thought our ſelues reſerued to miſeries, & therfore fitter for condoling, than congratulating. For my part, I am fully perſwaded, it is but with a little reſpite, to haue a more feeling ſenſe of the torments ſhee prepares for vs. True it is, that one of my guardians would haue mee to beleeue, that this proceeds of my gentle couſin *Amphialus*: who hauing heard ſome inkling that we were euill intreated, had called his mother to his bedſide, from whence he neuer roſe ſince his laſt combate, and beſought, and charged her vpon all the loue ſhe bare him, to vſe vs with all kindnes: vowing with all the imprecations he could imagine, that if euer hee vnderſtood, for his ſake that I receiued further hurt than the want of my liberty, he would not liue an houre longer. And the good woman ſware to me that he would kill his mother, if he knew how I had been dealt with; but that *Cecropia* keepes him from vnderſtanding things how they paſſe, only hauing heard a whiſpering, and my ſelfe named, hee had (of aboundance, forſooth, of honourable loue) giuen this charge for vs; whereupon this enlargement of mine was growne: for my part, I know too well their cunning (who leaue no mony vnoffered that may buy mine honour) to beleeue any word they ſay, but (my deare *Pyrocles*) euen looke for the worſt, and prepare thy ſelfe for the ſame. Yet I muſt confeſſe, I was content to robbe from death, and borrow of my miſery the ſweet comfort of ſeeing my ſweete ſiſter, and moſt ſweete comfort of thee my *Pyrocles*. And ſo hauing leaue, I came ſtealing into your chamber: where (O Lord) what a ioy it was vnto me, to heare you ſolemnize the funerals of the poor *Philoclea*, That my ſelfe might liue to heare my death bewailed: and by whom: by my deare *Pyrocles*. That I ſaw death was not ſtrong enough to diuide thy loue from me: O my *Pyrocles*, I am too well payed for my paines I haue ſuffered: ioyfull is my woe for ſo noble a cauſe; and welcome be all miſeries, ſince to thee I am ſo welcome.

Alas

Alas how I pitied to heare thy pitie of me; and yet a great while I could not finde in my heart to interrupt thee, but often had euen pleaſure to weepe with thee: and ſo kindly came forth thy lamentations, that they inforced me to lament too, as if indeed I had beene a looker on, to ſee poore *Philoclea* dye. Till at laſt I ſpake with you, to try whether I could remoue thee from ſorrow, till I had almoſt procured my ſelfe a beating. And with that ſhe pretily ſmiled; which, mingled with her teares, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleaſure, or a delightfull ſorrow: but like when a few April drops are ſcattred by a gentle *Zephirus* among fine coloured flowers. But *Pyrocles*, who had felt (with ſo ſmall diſtance of time) in himſelfe the ouerthrow both of hope and deſpaire, knew not to what key hee ſhould tune his mind, eyther of ioy or ſorrow. But finding perfit reaſon in neither, ſuffered himſelfe to be carried by the tide of his imagination, & his imaginations to be raiſed euen by the ſway, which hearing or ſeeing might giue vnto them: he ſaw her aliue, he was glad to ſee her aliue; he ſaw her weep, he was ſorie to ſee her weep; he heard her comfortable ſpeeches, nothing more gladſome; he heard her prognoſticating her owne deſtruction, nothing more dolefull. But when he had a little taken breath from the panting motion of ſuch contrarieties in paſſions, he fell to conſider with her of her preſent eſtate, both comforting her, that certainly the worſt of this ſtorme was paſt, ſince already they had done the worſt, which mans wit could imagine: and that if they had determined to haue killed her, now they would haue done it: and alſo earneſtly counſelling her, and enabling his counſels with vehement prayers, that ſhe would ſo farre ſecond the hopes of *Amphialus*, as that ſhe might but procure him libertie; promiſing then as much to her, as the liberalitie of louing courage durſt promiſe to himſelfe.

But who could liuely deſcribe the maner of theſe ſpeeches, ſhould paint out the lightſome colours of affection, ſhaded with the deepeſt ſhadowes of ſorrow, finding then betweene hope and feare, a kind of ſweetneſſe in teares; till *Philoclea* content to receiue a kiſſe, and but a kiſſe of *Pyrocles*, ſealed vp his mouing lips, and cloſed them vp in comfort: and her-ſelfe (for the paſſage was left betweene them open) went to her ſiſter; with whom ſhe ſtayed but a while, fortifying one another (while *Philoclea* tempered *Pamela's* iuſt diſdaine, & *Pamela* enobled *Philoclea's* ſweet humbleneſſe) when *Amphialus* came vnto them: who neuer ſince hee had heard *Philoclea* named, could be quiet in himſelfe, although none of them about him (fearing more his mothers violence than his power) would diſcouer what had paſſed: and many meſſengers he ſent to know her eſtate, which brought anſwer back, according as it pleaſed *Cecropia* to endite them, till his heart full of vnfortunate affection, more and more miſgiuing him, hauing impatiently borne the delay of the nights vnfitneſſe, this morning he gate vp, & though full of wounds (which not without danger could ſuffer ſuch exerciſe) he apparelled himſelfe, and with a countenance, that ſhewed ſtrength in nothing but in griefe, he came where the ſiſters were; and weakly kneeling downe, he beſought them to pardon him, if they had not beene vſed in that Caſtle according to their worthineſſe, and his duty; beginning to excuſe ſmall matters, poore Gentleman, not knowing in what ſort they had beene handled.

But *Pamela's* high heart (hauing conceiued mortall hate for the iniurie offered to her and her ſiſter) could ſcarcely abide his ſight, much leſſe hear out his excuſes, but interrupted him with theſe words. Traytor (ſaid ſhee) to thine own bloud, & falſe to the profeſsion of ſo much loue as thou haſt vowed, do not defile our eares with thy excuſes, but purſue on thy crueltie, that thou and thy godly mother haue

vſed

vſed towards vs: for my part, aſſure thy ſelf, and ſo do I anſwer for my ſiſter (whoſe minde I know) I do not more deſire mine owne ſafety than thy deſtruction. Amazed with this ſpeech, he turned his eye, full of humble ſorrowfulneſſe, to *Philoclea*. And is this (moſt excellent Lady) your doome of me alſo? Shee, ſweet Lady, ſate vveeping: for as her moſt noble kinſman, ſhee had euer fauoured him, and loued his loue, though ſhee could not be in loue with his perſon: and now partly vnkindneſſe of his wrong, partly pity of his caſe, made her ſweet mind yeeld ſome teares, before ſhee could anſwer; and her anſwer was no other, but that ſhe had the ſame cauſe as her ſiſter had. He replied no further, but deliuering from his heart two or three (vntaught) ſighes, roſe, and with moſt low reuerence, went out of their chamber: and ſtraight by threatning torture, learned of one of the vvomen in what terrible manner thoſe Princeſſes had been vſed. But when he heard it, crying out, O God; and then not able to ſay any more (for his ſpeech went backe to rebound woe vpon his heart) he needed no iudge to go vpon him: for no man could euer thinke any other worthy of greater puniſhment, than hee thought himſelfe. Full therefore of the horribleſt deſpaire, vvhich a moſt guilty conſcience could breed, with wild looks promiſing ſome terrible iſſue, vnderſtanding his mother was vpon the top of the Leads, he caught one of his ſeruants ſwords from him, and none of them daring to ſtay him, hee went vp, carried by fury, in ſtead of ſtrength; where ſhe was at that time, muſing how to goe thorough with this matter, and reſoluing to make much of her Neeces in ſhew, and ſecretly to impoyſon them; thinking ſince they were not to be wonne, her ſonnes loue would no otherwiſe be mitigated.

But when ſhe ſaw him come in with a ſword drawne, and a looke more terrible than the ſword, ſhee ſtreight was ſtriken vvith the guiltineſſe of her owne conſcience: yet the vvell-knowne humbleneſſe of her ſon ſomewhat animated her, till hee comming neerer her, and crying to her, Thou damnable creature, onely fit to bring forth ſuch a monſter of vnhappineſſe as I am; ſhe fearing he would haue ſtriken her (though indeede he meant it not, but onely intended to kill himſelfe in her preſence) went back ſo far, till ere ſhe were aware, ſhe ouerthrew her ſelf from ouer the Leads, to receiue her deaths kiſſe at the ground: and yet vvas ſhe not ſo happy as preſently to die, but that ſhee had time with helliſh agonie to ſee her ſonnes miſchiefe (whom ſhe loued ſo well) before her end; vvhen ſhe confeſt (with moſt deſperate, but not repenting minde) the purpoſe ſhe had to impoyſon the Princeſſes, and would then haue had them murdered. But euery body ſeeing, and glad to ſee her end, had left obedience to her tyrannie.

And (if it could be) her ruine increaſed woe in the noble heart of *Amphialus*, who when he ſaw her fall, had his own rage ſtayed a little with the ſodainneſs of her deſtruction. And was I not enough miſerable before, ſaid he, but that before my end I muſt be the death of my mother? vvho how wicked ſoeuer, yet I vvould ſhe had receiued her puniſhment by ſome other. O *Amphialus*, vvretched *Amphialus*, thou haſt liued to bee the death of thy moſt deare companion and friend *Philoxenus*, & of his father, thy moſt carefull foſter-father. Thou haſt liued to kill a Lady with thine own hands, and ſo excellent and vertuous a Lady as the faire *Parthenia* was: thou haſt liued to ſee thy faithful *Iſmenus* ſlaine in ſuccouring thee, and thou not able to defend him: thou haſt liued to ſhew thy ſelfe ſuch a coward, as that one vnknown knight could ouercome thee in thy Ladies preſence: thou haſt liued to bear armes againſt thy rightful Prince, thine own vncle: thou haſt liued to be accounted, & iuſtly accounted a traitor, by the moſt excellent perſons that this world holdeth:

thou hast liued to be t he death of her, that gaue thee life. But ah wretched *Amphialus*, thou hast liued, for thy sake, and by thy authority, to haue *Philoclea* tormented, O Heauens, in *Amphialus* Castle, where *Amphialus* commanded, tormented, tormented? Torment of my soule, *Philoclea* tormented, and thou hast had such comfort in thy life, as to liue all this while. Perchance this hand (vsed only to mischieuous acts) thinks it were too good a deede to kill me, or else filthy hand, only worthy to kil women, thou art affraid to strike a man. Fear not cowardly hand, for thou shalt kill but a cowardly traytor: & do it gladly, for thou shalt kill him whom *Philoclea* hateth. With that furiously he tare open his doublet, & setting the pommell of the sword to the ground, & the point to his breast, he fell vpon it. But the sword more mercifull than he to himself, with the slipping of the pōmell, the point swarued, & razed him but vpon the side: yet with the fall his other wounds opened so, as he bled in such extremity, that *Charons* boate might very well be carried in that floud: which yet he sought to hasten by this means. As he opened his doublet, and fell, there fell out *Philoclea's* kniues, which *Cecropia* at the first had taken from her, & deliuered to her son, & he had euer worne them next his heart, as the only relike he had of his Saint: now seeing them by him (his sword being so, as weakenes could not well draw it out from his doublet) he took the kniues, and pulling one of them out, and many times kissing it, and then, first with the passions of kindnesse and vnkindnesse melting in teares: O deare kniues, you are come in good time, to reuenge the wrong I haue done you all this while, in keeping you from her blessed side, and wearing you without your mistresse leaue. Alas, be witnesse with me, yet before I dye (and well you may; for you haue lain next my heart) that by my consent, your excellent mistresse should haue had as much honour as this poore place could haue brought forth for so high an excellencie; and now I am condemned to die by her mouth. Alas, other, farre other hope would my desire often haue giuen mee; but other euent it hath pleased her to lay vpon me. Ah *Philoclea* (with that his tears gushed out, as though they would striue to ouerflow his bloud) I would yet thou knewest how I loue thee. Vnworthy I am, vnhappy I am, false I am, but to thee alas, I am no false. But what a traytor am I, any way to excuse him, whom she condemneth? Since there is nothing left me, wherin I may do her seruice, but in punishing him, who hath so offended her. Dear knife, then do your noble mistresses commandement. With that, he stabbed himselfe into diuers places of his breast and throat, vntill those wounds (with the old, freshly bleeding) brought him to the senseless gate of death. By which time, his seruants, hauing (with feare of his fury) abstained a while from comming vnto him, one of them (preferring dutifull affection before fearfull duty) came in, and there found him swimming in his owne bloud, giuing a pitifull spectacle; where the conquest was the conquerors ouerthrow, & self-ruine the onely triumph of a battaile, fought betweene him and himselfe. The time full of danger, the person full of worthinesse, the maner full of horror, did greatly astonish all the beholders: so as by and by all the towne was full of it, and then of all ages came running vp to see the beloued body; euery body thinking their safety bled in his wounds, and their honour died in his destruction.

But when it came (and quickly it came) to the eares of his proud friend *Anaxius*, (who by that time was growne well of his wound, but neuer had come abroad, disdaining to abase himselfe to the company of any other but of *Amphialus*) he was exceedingly vexed either with kindnesse, or (if a proud heart be not capable thereof) with disdaine, that he, who had the honour to be called the friend of *Anaxius*, should come to such an vnexpected ruine. Therefore then comming abroad, with

a face

a face red in anger, and engrained in pride, vvith liddes raiſed, and eyes leuelling from top to toe of them that met him, treading as though he thought to make the earth ſhake vnder him, with his hand vpon his ſword, ſhort ſpeeches, and diſdainefull anſwers, giuing ſtreight order to his two brothers, to goe take the oath of obedience, in his name, of all the Souldiers and Citizens in the Towne: and withall, to ſweare them to reuenge the death of *Amphialus*, vpon *Baſilius*; hee himſelfe went to ſee him, calling for all the Surgeons & Phyſicians there; ſpending ſome time in viewing the body, and threatning them all to be hanged, if they did not heale him. But they (taking view of his wounds, and falling downe at *Anaxius's* feete) aſſured him that they were mortall, and no poſſible meanes to keepe him aboue two daies aliue: and hee ſtood partly in doubt, to kill, or ſaue them, between his owne furie, and their humbleneſſe. But vowing with his owne hands to kill the two ſiſters, as cauſers of his friends death: when his brothers came to him, & told him they had done his commandement, in hauing receiued the oath of allegeance, with no great difficultie; the moſt part terrified by their valour, and force of their ſeruants; and many that had been forward actors in the rebellion, willing to do any thing, rather than come vnder the ſubiection of *Baſilius* againe; and ſuch few as durſt gainſay, being cut off by preſent ſlaughter.

But withall (as the chiefe matter of their comming to him) they told *Anaxius*, that the faire Queene *Helen* was come, with an honourable retinue, to the towne: humbly deſiring leaue to ſee *Amphialus*, whom ſhee had ſought in many places of the world; & laſtly, being returned into her own country, ſhe heard together of the late ſiege, and of his combat vvith the ſtrange Knight, vvho had dangerouſly hurt him. Whereupon, full of louing care (which ſhe was content euen to publiſh to the world, how vngratefully ſoeuer he dealt with her) ſhe had gotten leaue of *Baſilius*, to come by his frontiers, to carry away *Amphialus* with her, to the excellenteſt ſurgeon then known, whom ſhe had in her country, but ſo old, as not able to trauaile: but had giuen her ſoueraigne anoyntments, to preſerue his body withall, till hee might bee brought vnto him: and that *Baſilius* had granted leaue: either naturall kindneſſe preuailing ouer all the offences done, or rather glad to make any paſſage, which might lead him out of his countrey, and from his daughters. This diſcourſe *Lycurgus* vnderſtanding of *Helen*, deliuered to his brother, with her vehement deſire to ſee the body, and take her laſt farewell of him. *Anaxius*, though hee were fallen out with all womankind (in reſpect of the hate he bare the ſiſters, whom hee accounted murtherers of *Amphialus*) yet at his brothers requeſt, granted her leaue. And ſhee, poore Lady, vvith grieuous expectation, and languiſhing deſire, carried her faint legs to the place where hee lay, either not breathing, or in all appearance breathing nothing but death.

In which pitieous plight when ſhee ſaw him, though Sorrow had ſet before her minde the pitifulleſt conceit thereof that it could paint, yet the preſent ſight vvent beyond all the former apprehenſions: ſo that beginning to kneele by the body, her ſight ranne from her ſeruice, rather than abide ſuch a ſight, and ſhee fell in a ſwone vpon him, as if ſhe could not chooſe but die of his wounds. But when her breath (aweary to be cloſed vp in woe) broke the priſon of her faire lippes, and brought memory (with his ſeruant ſenſes) to his naturall office, ſhee yet made the breath conuey theſe dolefull vvords vvith it. Alas (ſaid ſhee) *Amphialus*, what ſtrange diſaſters be theſe, that hauing ſought thee ſo long, I ſhould bee now ſorry to finde thee? that theſe eies ſhould looke vpon *Amphialus*, and be grieued withall? that I ſhould haue thee in my power without glory, and embrace thee without comfort?

How often haue I bleſt the meanes that might bring mee neere thee? Now vvoe worth the cauſe that brings me ſo neere thee. Often, alas, often haſt thou diſdained my teares: but now, my deare *Amphialus*, receiue them: theſe eyes can ſerue for nothing elſe, but to weepe for thee; ſince thou vvouldeſt neuer vouchſafe them thy comfort, yet diſdaine not them thy ſorrow. I would they had been more deare vnto thee; for then hadſt thou liued. Woe is mee that thy noble heart could loue vvho hated thee, and hate who loued thee. Alas, vvhy ſhould not my faith to thee couer my other defects, vvho only ſought to make my Crown thy foot-ſtoole, my ſelfe thy ſeruant? that was all my ambition; and alas thou diſdainedſt it, to ſerue them, by whom thy incomparable ſelfe vvert diſdained. Yet, O *Philoclea*, vvhereſoeuer you are, pardon me, if I ſpeake in the bitterneſſe of my ſoule, excellent may you be in all other things (and excellent ſure you are ſince he loued you) your want of pitie, vvhere the fault onely was infiniteneſſe of deſert, cannot bee excuſed. I would, O God, I would that you had granted his deſerued ſuite of marrying you, and that I had beene your ſeruing-mayde, to haue made my eſtate the foile of your felicity, ſo hee had liued. How many weary ſteps haue I trodden after thee, while my onely complaint was, that thou vvert vnkinde? Alas, I would now thou vvert to be vnkinde. Alas, vvhy wouldeſt thou not command my ſeruice, in perſwading *Philoclea* to loue thee? Who could, or (if euery one could) who would haue recounted thy perfection ſo well as I? who vvith ſuch kindly paſſions could haue ſtirred pitie for thee as I? vvho ſhould haue deliuered not onely the vvords, but the teares I had of thee; and ſo ſhouldeſt thou haue exerciſed thy diſdaine in me, and yet vſed my ſeruice for thee.

With that the body mouing ſomewhat, & giuing a grone, full of deaths muſick, ſhe fell vpon his face, and kiſt him, and vvithall cryed out; O miſerable I, that haue onely fauour by miſery: and then vvould ſhee haue returned to a freſh careere of complaints, vvhen an aged and wiſe Gentleman came to her, and beſought her, to remember what was fit for her greatneſſe, wiſedome and honour: and withall, that it was fitter to ſhew her loue, in carrying the body to her excellent ſurgeon, firſt applying ſuch excellent medicines as ſhe had receiued of him for that purpoſe, rather than only ſhew her ſelf a woman-louer in fruitleſſe lamentations. She was ſtraight warned with the obedience of an ouerthrowne minde, and therefore leauing ſome ſurgeons of her owne to dreſſe the body, went her ſelfe to *Anaxius*; and humbling her ſelfe to him, as lowe as his owne pride could wiſh, beſought him, that ſince the ſurgeons there had vtterly giuen him ouer, that he would let her carry him away in her litter with her, ſince the worſt he could haue ſhould be to die, and to die in her armes that loued him aboue all things; and where he ſhould haue ſuch monuments erected ouer him, as were fit for her loue, & his worthineſſe: beſeeching him withall, ſince ſhe was in a countrey of enemies (where ſhee truſted more to *Anaxius's* valour, than *Baſilius's* promiſe) that he would conuey them ſafely out of thoſe territories. Her reaſons ſomething moued him, but nothing throughly perſwaded him, but the laſt requeſt of his help: which he ſtraight promiſed, warranting all ſecurity, as long as that ſword had his maſter aliue. She as happy therin as vnhappineſs could be (hauing receiued as ſmall comfort of her owne ſurgeons as of the others) cauſed yet the body to be eaſily conueyed into the litter: all the people then beginning to roare and cry, as though neuer till then they had loſt their Lord. And if the terrour of *Anaxius* had not kept them vnder, they would haue mutinied, rather than ſuffered his body to be carried away.

But *Anaxius* himſelfe riding before the litter, with the choice men of that place, they

they were affraid euen to crie, though they were ready to crie for feare; but (becauſe that they might do) euery body forced (euen with harming themſelues) to do honour to him: ſome throwing themſelues vpon the ground; ſome tearing their clothes, and caſting duſt vpon their heads, and ſome euen wounding themſelues, and ſprinkling their owne bloud in the ayre.

The generall conſort of whoſe mourning, performed ſo the naturall tunes of ſorrow; that euen to them (if any ſuch were) that felt not the loſſe, yet others griefe taught them griefe; hauing before both their cõpaſſionat ſenſe ſo paſſionat a ſpectacle of a yong man, of great beauty, beautified with great honor, honoured by great valour, made of ineſtimable value by the noble vſing of it, to lie there languiſhing vnder the arreſt of death, & a death where the maner could be no comfort to the diſcomfortableneſs of the matter. But when the body was carried through the gate, & the people (ſauing ſuch as were appointed) not ſuffred to goe further, then was ſuch an vniuerſall cry, as if they had all had but one life, and all receiued but one blow.

Which ſo moued *Anaxius* to conſider the loſſe of his friend, that (his mind apter to reuenge, than tenderneſſe) hee preſently giuing order to his brother to keep the priſoners ſafe, & vnuiſited till his returne from conueying *Helen*, hee ſent a meſſenger to the ſiſters, to tell them this curteous meſſage: that at his return, with his own hands, he would cut off their heads, and ſend them for tokens to their father.

This meſſage was brought vnto the ſiſters, as they ſate at that time together with *Zelmane*, conferring how to carry themſelues, hauing heard of the death of *Amphialus*. And as no expectation of death is ſo painful, as where the reſolution is hindred by the intermixing of hopes, ſo did this new alarum, though not remoue, yet moue ſomwhat the conſtancy of their minds, which were ſo vnconſtantly dealt with. But within a while, the excellent *Pamela* had brought her minde againe to his old acquaintance: & then as carefull for her ſiſter (whom ſhe moſt dearly loued) Siſter, ſaid ſhee, you ſee how many acts our Tragedie hath: Fortune is not yet aweary of vexing vs: but what? A ſhip is not counted ſtrong by by ding one ſtorme: It is but the ſame trumpet of death, which now perhaps giues the laſt ſound: & let vs make that profit of our former miſeries, that in them we learned to die willingly. Truely, ſaid *Philoclea*, dear ſiſter, I was ſo beaten with the euils of life, that though I had not vertue enough to deſpiſe the ſweetneſſe of it, yet my weakneſſe bred that ſtrength, to be wearie of the pains of it: only I muſt confeſſe, that little hope, which by theſe late accidents was awaked in me, was at the firſt angry withall. But euen in the darkneſſe of that horrour, I ſee a light of comfort appeare; and how can I tread amiſſe, that ſee *Pamela's* ſteps? I would onely (O that my wiſh might take place) that my ſchool-Miſtreſs might liue, to ſee me ſay my leſſon truly. Were that a life, my *Philoclea*, ſaid *Pamela*? No no (ſaid ſhe) let it come, and put on his worſt face: for at the worſt it is but a bug-beare. Ioy is it to me to ſee you ſo well reſolued, and ſince the world will not haue vs, let it loſe vs. Only (with that ſhe ſtayed a little, and ſighed) only my *Philoclea* (then ſhe bowed down, and whiſpered in her eare) only *Muſidorus*, my ſhepheard, comes between me and death, and makes me thinke I ſhould not die, becauſe I know he would not I ſhould die. With that *Philoclea* ſighed alſo, ſaying no more, but looking vpon *Zelmane*: who was walking vp and downe the chamber, hauing heard this meſſage from *Anaxius*, & hauing in time paſt heard of his nature, thought him like enough to performe it, which winded her againe into the former maze of perplexity. Yet debating with her ſelfe of the manner how to preuent it, ſhee continued her muſing humour, little ſaying, or indeede, little finding in her heart to ſay, in a caſe of ſuch extremity, where peremptorily death was

threatned: and ſo ſtayed they; hauing yet that comfort, that they might tarry together. *Pamela* nobly, *Philoclea* ſweetely, and *Zelmane* ſadly and deſperately; none of them entertaining ſleepe, vvhich they thought ſhould ſhortly begin neuer to awake.

But *Anaxius* came home, hauing ſafely conducted *Helen*; and ſafely hee might well do it: For though many of *Baſilius* Knights would haue attempted ſomthing vpon *Anaxius*, by that meanes to deliuer the Ladies, yet *Philanax*, hauing receiued his maſters commandement, and knowing his word was giuen, would not conſent vnto it. And the blacke-knight (who by then was able to carry abroad his wounds) did not know thereof; but vvas bringing force, by force to deliuer his Lady. So as *Anaxius*, interpreting it rather feare than faith, and making euen chance an argument of his vertue, returned: and as ſoon as he was returned, with a fellon heart calling his brothers vp with him, he went into the chamber, where they were all three together; vvith ſtill intention to kill the ſiſters with his owne hands, and ſend their heads for tokens to their father: Though his brothers (vvho were otherwiſe enclined) diſſwaded him: but his reuerence ſtayed their perſwaſions. But vvhen he was come into the chamber, with the very vvords of cholericke threatning climing vp his throate, his eyes firſt lighted vpon *Pamela*; vvho hearing he was comming, and looking for death, thought ſhe vvould keep her owne maieſty in welcomming it; but the beames thereof ſo ſtrake his eyes, vvith ſuch a counterbuffe vpon his pride, that if his anger could not ſo quickly loue, nor his pride ſo eaſily honour, yet both vvere forced to finde a worthineſſe.

Which while it bred a pauſe in him, *Zelmane* (who had already in her mind both what & how to ſay) ſtept out vnto him, and with a reſolute ſtaiedneſſe (void either of anger, kindneſſe, diſdaine, or humbleneſſe) ſpake in this ſort. *Anaxius*, ſaid ſhe, if Fame hath not beene ouer-partiall to thee, thou art a man of exceeding valour. Therefore I do call thee euen before that vertue, & will make it the iudge between vs. And now I do affirme, that to the eternall blot of all the faire acts that thou haſt done, thou doeſt weakly, in ſeeking vvithout danger to reuenge his death, vvhoſe life vvith danger thou mighteſt perhaps haue preſerued: thou doeſt cowardly in going about by the death of theſe excellent Ladies, to preuent the iuſt puniſhment that hereafter they by the powers, which they better than their father, or any other could make, might lay vpon thee, & doeſt moſt baſely, in once preſenting thy ſelfe as an executioner; a vile office vpon men, and in a iuſt cauſe: beyond the degree of any vile word, in ſo vniuſt a cauſe, and vpon Ladies, and ſuch Ladies. And therefore, as a hangman, I ſay, thou art vnworthy to be counted a knight, or to be admitted into the company of knights. Neither for what I ſay, will I alledge other reaſons of wiſdome, or iuſtice, to proue my ſpeech, becauſe I know thou doeſt diſdain to bee tyed to their rules, but euen in thine owne Vertue (whereof thou ſo much glorieſt) I will make my triall: and therefore defie thee, by the death of one of vs two, to proue or diſproue theſe reproches. Chuſe thee what arms thou likeſt: I only demand, that theſe Ladies, whom I defend, may in liberty ſee the combat.

When *Zelmane* began her ſpeech, the excellencie of her beauty and grace made him a little content to heare. Beſides that, a new leſſon he had read in *Pamela*, had already taught him ſome regard. But when ſhe entred into brauerie of ſpeech, he thought at firſt, a mad & rayling humour poſſeſt her: till finding the ſpeeches hold well together, & at length come to flat challenge of combat, he ſtood leaning back with his body and head, ſomtimes with bent browes looking vpon the one ſide of her, ſometimes of the other, beyond maruell marueling, that hee, who had neuer

heard

heard ſuch ſpeeches from any knight, ſhould be thus rebuffed by a woman, & that maruell made him heare out her ſpeech: which ended, hee turned his head to his brother *Zoilus*, and ſaid nothing, but onely lifting vp his eyes, ſmiled. But *Zelmane* finding his minde, *Anaxius*, ſaid ſhee, perchance thou diſdaineſt to anſwer me, becauſe (as a woman) thou thinkeſt me not fit to be fought withall. But I tell thee, that I haue bin trayned vp in martiall matters, with ſo good ſucceſſe, that I haue manie times ouercome brauer knights than thy ſelfe: & am well knowne to be equall in feates of armes, to the famous *Pyrocles*, who ſlue thy valiant vncle, the gyant *Euardes*. The remembrance of his Vncles death ſomething nettled him, ſo as hee anſwered thus.

Indeede, ſaid hee, any woman may be as valiant as that coward, and trayterly boy, who ſlue my Vncle trayterouſly, and after ranne from me in the plaine field. Fiue thouſand ſuch could not haue ouercome *Euardes*, but by falſhood. But I ſought him all ouer *Aſia*, following him ſtil from one of his cony holes to another, till comming into this Country, I heard of my friends being beſieged, & ſo came to blow away the wretches that troubled him. But whereſoeuer the miſerable boy flie, heauen, nor hell, ſhall keepe his heart from being torne by theſe hands. Thou lyeſt in thy throate (ſaid *Zelmane*) that boy, where euer he went, did ſo noble acts, as thy heart (as proud as it is) dares not thinke of, much leſſe performe. But to pleaſe thee the better with my preſence, I tel thee, no creature can be nearer of kin to him, than my ſelfe: and ſo well we loue, that he would not be ſorrier for his own death than for mine: I being begotten by his father, of an Amazon Lady. And therfore, thou canſt not deuiſe to reuenge thy ſelfe more vpon him, than by killing mee: which if thou dareſt doe, manfully doe it, otherwiſe, if thou harme theſe incomparable Ladies, or my ſelfe without daring to fight with me, I proteſt before theſe knights, and before heauen and earth (that will reueale thy ſhame) that thou art the beggerlieſt daſtardly villaine that diſhonoureth the earth with his ſteps: & if thou letteſt me ouer-liue them, ſo will I blaze thee. But all this could not moue *Anaxius*, but that hee onely ſaid; Euill ſhould it become the terrour of the world to fight, much worſe to ſcold with thee.

But, ſaid he, for the death of theſe ſame (pointing to the Princeſſes) of my grace I giue them life. And withall, going to *Pamela*, and offering to take her by the chin, And as for you, Minion (ſaid he) yeeld but gently to my will, and you ſhall not only liue, but liue ſo happily: Hee would haue ſaid further, when *Pamela*, diſpleaſed both with words, matter and manner, putting him away with her faire hand, Proud beaſt, ſaid ſhee, yet thou plaieſt worſe thy Comedie, than thy Tragedie. For my part, aſſure thy ſelfe, ſince my deſtinie is ſuch, that each moment my life and death ſtand in equall ballance, I had rather haue thee, and thinke thee farre fitter to be my hangman, than my husband. Pride and anger would faine haue cruelly reuenged ſo bitter an anſwer, but already *Cupid* had begun to make it his ſport, to pull his plumes: ſo that, vnuſed to a way of courteſie, and put out of his byas of pride, hee haſtily went away, grumbling to himſelfe; betweene threatning and wiſhing; leauing his brothers with them: the elder of whom *Lycurgus*, liked *Philoclea*, and *Zoilus* would needes loue *Zelmane*, or at leaſt, entertaine themſelues with making them beleeue ſo. *Lycurgus* more bragged, and neere his brothers humour, began, with ſetting forth their bloud, their deedes, how many they had deſpiſed of moſt excellent women; how much they were bound to them, that would ſeeke that of them. In ſumme, in all his ſpeeches, more like the beſtower than the deſirer of felicitie. Whom it was an excellent paſtime (to

thoſe that would delight in the play of vertue) to ſee with vvhat a witty ignorance ſhe would not vnderſtand: & how, acknowledging his perfections, ſhe would make that one of his perfections, not to be iniurious to Ladies. But when hee knew not how to reply, then would he fall to touching and toying, ſtill viewing his graces in no glaſſe but ſelf-liking. To which *Philoclea's* ſhamefaſtneſſe & humbleneſſe, were as ſtrong reſiſters as choller and diſdaine: for though ſhee yeelded not, he thought ſhee vvas to be ouercome: and that thought a while ſtayed him from further violence. But *Zelmane* had eye to his behauiour, and ſet it in her memory vpon the ſcore of reuenge, vvhile ſhee her ſelfe vvas no leſſe attempted by *Zoilus*; who leſſe full of brags vvas forwardeſt in offring (indeed) diſhonourable violence.

But vvhen after their fruitleſſe labours they had gone away called by their brother, (vvho began to be perplexed between new conceiued deſires, and diſdaine to be diſdained) *Zelmane* (who with moſt aſſured quietneſſe of iudgement looked into their preſent eſtate) earneſtly perſwaded the two ſiſters, that to auoide the miſchiefes of proud outrage, they vvould onely ſo farre ſute their behauiour to their eſtates, as they might winne time (which as it could not bring them to vvorſe caſe than they vvere, ſo it might bring forth vnexpected reliefe. And why, ſaid *Pamela*, ſhall vve any longer flatter aduerſitie? Why ſhould vve delight to make our ſelues any longer balls to iniurious Fortune, ſince our owne parents are content to be tyrants ouer vs, ſince our owne kinne are content trayterouſly to abuſe vs? Certainly in miſhap it may be ſome comfort to vs that we are lighted in theſe fellows hands, vvho yet will keep vs from hauing cauſe of being miſerable by our friends means. Nothing grieues mee more, than that you, noble Ladie *Zelmane*, (to vvhom the vvorld might haue made vs able to doe honour) ſhould receiue onely hurt by the contagion of our miſerie. As for mee and my ſiſter, vndoubtedly it becomes our birth to thinke of dying nobly, vvhile wee haue done or ſuffered nothing, vvhich might make our ſoule aſhamed at the parture from theſe bodies. Hope is the fawning traytor of the minde, while vnder colour of friendſhip, it robs it of his chiefe force of reſolution. Vertuous and faire Lady, ſaid *Zelmane*, vvhat you ſay is true, and that truth may vvell make vp a part in the harmonie of your noble thoughts. But yet the time (which ought alwayes to bee one) is not tuned for it; while that may bring forth any good, doe not barre your ſelfe thereof: for then will be the time to die nobly, vvhen you cannot liue nobly. Then ſo earneſtly ſhe perſwaded with them both, to referre themſelues to their fathers conſent (in obtaining whereof they knew ſome while would be ſpent) and by that means to temper the mindes of their proud woers; that in the end *Pamela* yeelded to her, becauſe ſhee ſpake reaſon; and *Philoclea* yeelded to her reaſon, becauſe ſhee ſpake it.

And ſo when they were againe ſolicited in that little pleaſing petition, *Pamela* forced her ſelfe to make anſwer to *Anaxius*, that if her father gaue his conſent, ſhe would make her ſelfe beleeue, that ſuch was the heauenly determination, ſince ſhee had no meanes to auoide it. *Anaxius* (who was the moſt franke promiſer to himſelfe of ſucceſſe) nothing doubted of *Baſilius* conſent, but rather aſſured himſelfe, hee would bee his Orator in that matter: and therefore hee choſe out an officious ſeruant (whom hee eſteemed very wiſe, becauſe he neuer found him but iuſt of his opinion) and willed him to be his Embaſſadour to *Baſilius*, and to make him know, that if he meant to haue his daughter both ſafe and happy, and deſired himſelfe to haue ſuch a ſonne-in-law, as would not onely protect him in his quiet courſe, but (if he liſted to accept it) would giue him the Monarchie of the world, that then he ſhould receiue *Anaxius*, who neuer before knew what it was to pray any thing.

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That if he did not, hee would make him know, that the power of *Anaxius* vvas in euery thing beyond his will, and yet his wil not to be reſiſted by any other power. His ſeruant with ſmiling and caſt-vp looke, deſired God to make his memory able to containe the treaſure of that wiſe ſpeech; and therefore beſought him to repeat it againe, that by the oftner hearing it, his minde might bee the better acquainted with the diuineneſſe thereof, and that being graciouſly granted, hee then doubted not by carrying with him in his conceit, the grace wherewith *Anaxius* ſpake it, to perſwade rockie minds to their owne harme: ſo little doubted he to win *Baſilius* to that, which he thought would make him think the heauens opened, when he heard but the proffer thereof. *Anaxius* grauely allowed the probability of his coniecture, and therefore ſent him away, promiſing him he ſhould haue the bringing vp of his ſecond ſon by *Pamela*.

The meſſenger vvith ſpeede performed his Lords commandement to *Baſilius*; who by nature quiet, and by ſuperſtition made doubtfull, was loth to take any matter of armes in hand, wherein already he had found ſo ſlow ſucceſſe; though *Philanax* vehemently vrged him thereunto, making him ſee that his retiring backe did encourage iniuries. But *Baſilius* betwixt the feare of *Anaxius* might, the paſſion of his loue, and iealouſie of his eſtate, was ſo perplexed, that not able to determine, hee tooke the common courſe of men, to flie onely then to deuotion, vvhen they want reſolution: therefore detayning the meſſenger with delayes, he deferred the directing of his courſe to the counſell of *Apollo*, vvhich becauſe himſelfe at that time could not well go to require, he entruſted the matter to his beſt truſted *Philanax*: who (as one in whom obedience was a ſufficient reaſon vnto him) went with diligence to *Delphos*, where being entred into the ſecret place of the Temple, & hauing performed the ſacrifices vſuall, the ſpirit that poſſeſt the prophecying woman, with a ſacred fury attended not his demand, but as if it would argue him of incredulity, told him, not in darke wonted ſpeeches, but plainly to be vnderſtood, what he came for, and that hee ſhould returne to *Baſilius*, and will him to deny his daughters to *Anaxius* & his brothers, for that they were reſerued for ſuch as were better beloued of the gods. That he ſhould not doubt, for they ſhould returne vnto him ſafely and ſpeedily. And that he ſhould keep on his ſolitarie courſe, till both *Philanax* and *Baſilius* fully agreed in the vnderſtanding of the former prophecie: withall commanding *Philanax* from thenceforward to giue tribute, but not oblation to humane wiſedome.

Philanax then finding that reaſon cannot ſhew it ſelfe more reaſonable, than to leaue reaſoning in things aboue reaſon, returnes to his Lord, and like one that preferred truth before the maintaining of an opinion, hid nothing from him, nor from thenceforth durſt any more diſſwade him from that which hee found by the celeſtiall prouidence directed; but he himſelfe looking to repaire the gouernment as much as in ſo broken an eſtate by ciuill diſſention, he might, and fortifying with notable art, both the Lodges, ſo as they were almoſt made vnapproachable, he left *Baſilius* to bemone the abſence of his daughters, and to bewaile the impriſonment of *Zelmane*: yet wholly giuen holily to obey the Oracle, hee gaue a reſolute negatiue vnto the meſſenger of *Anaxius*, who all this while had waited for it, yet in good termes deſiring him to ſhew himſelf, in reſpect of his birth & profeſſion, ſo Princely a knight, as without forcing him to ſeeke the way of force, to deliuer in noble ſort thoſe Ladies vnto him, and ſo ſhould the iniury haue beene by *Amphialus*, and the benefit in him.

The meſſenger went backe with this anſwer, yet hauing euer vſed to ſuget any

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thing which his Maſter was to receiue, hee told him, that when *Baſilius* firſt vnderſtood his deſires, it did ouer-reach ſo farre all his moſt hopefull expectations, that he thought it were too great a boldneſs to hearken to ſuch a man, in whom the heauens had ſuch intereſt, vvithout asking the gods counſell; and therefore had ſent his principall Counſeller to *Delphos*, vvho although he kept the matter neuer ſo ſecret, yet his diligence, inſpired by *Anaxius* priuiledge ouer all vvorldly things, had found out the ſecret, vvhich vvas, that hee ſhould not preſume to marry his daughter to one, vvho already vvas enrolled among the demi-gods, and yet much leſſe he ſhould dare the attempting to take them out of his hands.

Anaxius, who till then had made Fortune his Creator, and Force his God, now began to finde another vviſedome to be aboue, that iudged ſo rightly of him: and vvhere in this time of his ſeruants wayting for *Baſilius* reſolution, he and his brothers had courted their Ladies, as vvhom they vouchſafed to haue for their wiues, hee reſolued now to dally no longer in delayes, but to make violence his Orator, ſince he had found perſwaſions had gotten nothing but anſwers. Which intention hee opened to his brothers, who hauing all this while wanted nothing to take that away but his authority, gaue ſpurres to his runnings; and (vvorthy men) neither feeling vertue in themſelues, nor tendering it in others, they went headlong to make that euill conſort of loue and force, vvhen *Anaxius* had word, that from the Tower there were deſcried ſome companies of armed men, marching towards the Towne; wherefore he gaue preſent order to his ſeruants and ſouldiers, to go to the gates and walls, leauing none within but himſelfe and his brothers: his thoughts then ſo full of their intended prey, that *Mars* his lowdeſt trumpet could ſcarcely haue awaked him.

But while hee vvas directing vvhat hee vvould haue done, his yongeſt brother *Zoilus*, glad that he had the commiſſion, vvent in the name of *Anaxius*, to tell the ſiſters, that ſince hee had anſwer from their father, that hee and his brother *Lycurgus* ſhould haue them in what ſort it pleaſed them, that they would now grant them no longer time, but preſently to determine, vvhether they thought it more honourable comfort to be compelled, or perſwaded. *Pamela* made him anſwer, that in a matter whereon the whole ſtate of her life depended, and wherein ſhe had euer anſwered ſhe would not lead, but follow her parents pleaſure, ſhe thought it reaſon ſhe ſhould either by letter, or particular meſſenger, vnderſtand ſomething from themſelues, & not haue their beliefe bound to the report of their partiall ſeruant; & therfore as to their words, ſhe & her ſiſter had euer a ſimple & true reſolution, ſo againſt their vniuſt force, God they hoped, would either arme their liues, or take away their liues. Well Ladies (ſaid hee) I will leaue my brothers, who by and by will come vnto you, to be their owne Ambaſſadors: for my part, I muſt now doe my ſelfe ſeruice. And with that turning vp his muſtachoes, & marching as if he would begin a pauen, he went toward *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane* (hauing had all this while of the meſſengers being with *Baſilius*, much to do to keep thoſe excellent Ladies from ſeeking by the paſport of death, to eſcape thoſe baſe dangers, wherunto they found themſelues ſubiect) ſtill hoping that *Maſidorus* would finde ſome means to deliuer them; and therfore had often, both by her own example and comfortable reaſons, perſwaded them to ouerpaſſe many inſolent indignities of their proud ſuters, who thought it was a ſufficient fauour not to do the vttermoſt iniury, now come againe to the ſtreight ſhe moſt feared for them, either of death or diſhonour, if heroicall courage would haue let her, ſhe had bin beyond her ſelfe amazed: but that yet held vp her wit, to attend the vttermoſt occaſion, which euen then brought his hayrie

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forehead vnto her: for *Zoilus* ſmacking his lips, as for the Prologue of a kiſſe, and ſomething aduancing himſelfe, Darling (ſaid he) let thy heart be full of ioy, and let thy faire eies be of counſell with it, for this day thou ſhalt haue *Zoilus*, whom many haue longed for; but none ſhall haue him, but *Zelmane*. And oh! how much glorie I haue to thinke what a race will be between vs! The world, by the heauens, the world will be too little for them. And with that, he would haue put his arme about her necke; but ſhe withdrawing her ſelfe from him, My Lord, ſaid ſhe, much good may your thoughts doe you: but that I may not diſſemble with you, my natiuitie being caſt by one that neuer failed in any of his prognoſtications, I haue beene aſſured, that I ſhould neuer be apt to beare children. But ſince you will honour mee with ſo high fauour, I muſt onely deſire that I may performe a vow which I made among my country women, the famous *Amazons*, that I would neuer marry none, but ſuch one as was able to withſtand mee in armes: therefore, before I make mine owne deſire ſeruiceable to yours, you muſt vouchſafe to lend me armour and weapons, that at leaſt, with a blow or two of the ſword, I may not find my ſelf periured to my ſelfe. But *Zoilus* (laughing vvith a hearty loudneſſe) vvent by force to embrace her; making no other anſwer, but ſince ſhee had a minde to trie his Knighthood, ſhe ſhould quickly know vvhat a man of armes he was: and ſo, without reuerence to the Ladies, began to ſtruggle with her.

But in *Zelmane* then Diſdaine became wiſedome, and Anger gaue occaſion. For abiding no longer aboad in the matter, ſhe that had not put off, though ſhe had diſguiſed *Pyrocles*, being farre fuller of ſtrong nimbleneſſe, tript vp his feet, ſo that he fell downe at hers. And withall (meaning to purſue vvhat ſhe had begun) puld out his ſword vvhich he vvare about him: but before ſhe could ſtrike him withall, hee gat vp, and ranne to a faire chamber, vvhere he had left his two brethren, preparing themſelues to come downe to their Miſtreſſes. But ſhe followed at his heeles, and euen as he came to throw himſelf into their armes for ſuccour, ſhe hit him with his owne ſword, ſuch a blow vpon the waſte, that ſhe almoſt cut him a ſunder: once, ſhe ſundred his ſoule from his body, ſending it to *Proſerpina*, an angry goddeſſe againſt rauiſhers. But *Anaxius*, ſeeing before his eies the miſerable end of his brother, fuller of deſpite than wrath, and yet fuller of wrath than ſorrow, looking vvith a wofull eye vpon his brother *Lycurgus*, Brother, ſaid he, chaſtiſe this vile creature, vvhile I goe downe, and take order leſt further miſchiefe ariſe: and ſo vvent downe to the Ladies, vvhom he viſited, doubting there had bin ſome further practice than yet he conceiued. But finding them onely ſtrong in patience, he vvent and lockt a great Iron gate, by vvhich only any body might mount to that part of the Caſtle; rather to conceale the ſhame of his brother, ſlain by a woman, than for doubt of any other annoyance: & then went vp to receiue ſome comfort of the execution, he was ſure his brother had done of *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane* no ſooner ſaw thoſe brothers, of whom Reaſon aſſured her ſhe was to expect reuenge, but that ſhe leapt to a Target, as one that well knew the firſt marke of valour to be defence. And then accepting the opportunity of *Anaxius* going away, ſhee vvaited not the pleaſure of *Lycurgus*, but without any words (which ſhe euer thought vaine, when reſolution tooke the place of perſwaſion) gaue her own heart the contentment to be the aſſailer. *Lycurgus*, who was in the diſpoſition of his nature hazzardous, & by the lucky paſſing through many dangers, growne confident in himſelf, went toward her, rather as to a ſpoile than to a fight, ſo farre from feare, that his aſſuredneſſe diſdained to hope. But when her ſword made demonſtrations aboue all flatterie of arguments, and that hee found ſhe preſt ſo vpon him, as ſhewed that her courage ſprang not from

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blinde deſpaire, but was guarded both with cunning and ſtrength: ſelfe-loue then firſt in him diuided it ſelfe from vaine-glory, and made him find that the world of worthineſs had not his whole Globe compriſed in his breaſt, but that it was neceſſary to haue ſtrong reſiſtance againſt ſo ſtrong aſſailing. And ſo between them, for a few blowes, *Mars* himſelfe might haue beene delighted to look on. But *Zelmane*, who knew that in her caſe ſlowneſſe of victory vvas little better than ruine, vvith the bellowes of hate, blew the fire of courage; and hee ſtriking a maine blow at her head, ſhee vvarded it with the ſhield, but ſo vvarded, that the ſhield was cut in two peeces while it protected her: and withall ſhee ranne in to him, and thruſting at his breaſt, which hee put by vvith his Target, as he vvas lifting vp his ſword to ſtrike againe, ſhee let fall the peece of her ſhield, and vvith her left hand catching his ſword of the inſide of the pommell, vvith nimble and ſtrong ſleight, ſhee had gotten his ſword out of his hand, before his ſenſe could conuey to his imagination what was to be doubted. And hauing now two ſwords againſt one ſhield, meaning not fooliſhly to be vngratefull to good fortune, while hee vvas no more amazed with his being vnweaponed, than vvith the ſuddenneſſe thereof, ſhe gaue him ſuch a wound vpon his head, in deſpite of the ſhields ouer-weak reſiſtance, that withall hee fell to the ground, aſtoniſhed vvith the paine, and agaſt with feare. But ſeeing *Zelmane* ready to conclude her victory in his death, bowing vp his head to her, with a countenance that had forgotten all pride, Enough excellent Lady, ſaid hee, the honour is yours: wherof you ſhall want the beſt witneſſe, if you kill me. As you haue taken from men the glory of manhood, returne ſo now againe to your owne ſex, for mercy. I will redeeme my life of you vvith no ſmall ſeruices; for I will vndertake to make my brother obey all your commandements. Grant life, I beſeech you, for your owne honour, and for the perſons ſake that you loue beſt. *Zelmane* repreſt a while her great heart, either diſdaining to be cruell or pitifull, and therefore not cruell: & now the image of the humane condition began to be an Orator vnto her of compaſſion, when ſhee ſaw, as if he lifted vp his armes with a ſuppliants grace, about one of them, vnhappily tied, a garter with a iewell, which (giuen to *Pyrocles* by his aunt of *Theſſalia*, & greatly eſteemed by him) he had preſented to *Philoclea*, and with inward rage promiſing extreame hatred, had ſeene *Lycurgus* vvith a proud force, & not vvithout ſome hurt vnto her, pull away from *Philoclea*, becauſe at intreaty ſhe would not giue it him. But the ſight of that was like a cypher, ſignifying all the iniuries which *Philoclea* had of him ſuffred, and that remembrance feeding vpon wrath, trod downe all conceits of mercy. And therfore ſaying no more, but, No villaine, die: it is *Philoclea* that ſends thee this token for thy loue. With that ſhe made her ſword drinke the bloud of his heart, though he wreſting his body, & with a countenance prepared to excuſe, would faine haue delayed the receiuing of deaths Ambaſſadours. But neither that ſtayed *Zelmane's* hand, nor yet *Anaxius* crie vnto her; who hauing made faſt the iron gate, euen then came to the toppe of the ſtairs, when contrary to all his imaginations, he ſaw his brother lie at *Zelmane's* mercy. Therefore crying, promiſing, & threatning to her to hold her hand: the laſt grone of his brother was the onely anſwer hee could get to his vnreſpected eloquence. But then Pitie would faine haue drawne teares, which Fury in their ſpring dryed; & Anger would faine haue ſpoken, but that Diſdain ſealed vp his lips: but in his heart he blaſphemed heauen, that it could haue ſuch a power ouer him; no leſſe aſhamed of the victory he ſhould haue of her, than of his brothers ouerthrow: and no more ſpited that it was yet vnreuenged, than that the reuenge ſhould be no greater than a womans deſtruction. Therefore vvith no ſpeech, but ſuch a groning cry

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as often is the language of sorrowful anger, he came running at *Zelmane*; vse of fighting then seruing in stead of patient consideration what to doe. Guided therewith, though he did not with knowledge, yet did he according to knowledge, pressing vpon *Zelmane* in such a well defended manner, that in all the combates that euer shee had fought, she had neuer more neede of quick senses, and ready vertue. For being one of the greatest men of stature then liuing; as hee did fully answer that stature in greatnesse of might: so did he exceede both in greatnesse of courage, which with a countenance formed by the nature both of his minde and bodie, to an almost horrible fiercenesse, was able to haue carried feare to any minde, that was not priuie to it selfe of a true and constant worthinesse. But *Pyrocles*, whose soule might well be separated from his bodie, but neuer alienated from the remembring of what was comely, if at the first he did a little apprehend the dangerousnesse of his aduersarie, whom once before hee had something tried, and now perfectly saw, as the very picture of forcible furie: yet was that apprehension quickely stayed in him, rather strengthning than weakning his vertue by that wrestling; like wine, growing the stronger by being moued. So that they both, prepared in hearts, and able in hands, did honour solitarinesse there with such a combate, as might haue demanded, as a right of fortune, whole armies of beholders. But no beholders needed there, where manhood blew the Trumpet, and satisfaction did whet as much as glorie. There was strength against nimblenesse; rage against resolution; furie against vertue; confidence against courage; pride against nobleness: loue in both, breeding mutuall hatred, and desire of reuenging; the iniuries of his brothers slaughter, to *Anaxius*, beeing like *Philoclea's* captiuitie to *Pyrocles*. Who had seene the one, would haue thought nothing could haue resisted: who had markt the other, would haue maruelled that the other had so long resisted. But like two contrary tides, eyther of which are able to carry worlds of ships, & men vpon them, with such swiftnesse, as nothing seemes able to withstand them: yet meeting one another, with mingling their watry forces, & strugling together; it is long to say whether streame gets the victorie: so betweene these, if *Pallas* had beene there, shee could scarcely haue told, whether shee had nursed better in the feates of armes. The Irish Greyhound against the English Mastiffe: the Sword-fish against the Whale: the Rhinoceros against the Elephant, might be models, and but models of this combate. *Anaxius* was better armed defensiuely: for (beside a strong caske brauely couered, wherewith hee couered his head) hee had a huge shield, such perchance, as *Achilles* shewed to the pale walls of Troy, wherewithall that great bodie was couered. But *Pyrocles*, vtterly vnarmed for defence, to offend had the aduantage: for, in either hand he had a Sword, & with both hands nimbly performed that office. And according as they were diuersly furnished, so did they differ in the manner of fighting: for *Anaxius* most by warding, and *Pyrocles* oftnest by auoiding, resisted the aduersaries assault. Both hasty to end, yet both often staying for aduantage. Time, distance, and motion, custome made them so perfect in, that as if they had bin fellow Counsellers, and not enemies, each knew the others minde, and knew how to preuent it. So as their strength failed them sooner than their skill, and yet their breath fayled them sooner than their strength. And breathlesse indeede they grew, before either could complaine of any losse of blood.

So that consenting by the mediation of necessitie, to a breathing time of truce, being withdrawn a little one from the other, *Anaxius* stood leaning vpon his sword with his grimme eye so settled vpon *Zelmane*, as is wont to be the look of an earnest thought. Which *Zelmane* marking, and according to the *Pyroclean* nature, fuller

of gay brauery in the midſt, then in the beginning of danger: What is it (ſaid ſhee) *Anaxius*, that thou ſo deeply muſeſt on? Doth thy brothers example make thee thinke of thy fault paſt, or of thy comming puniſhment? I think, ſaid he, what ſpitefull god it ſhould be, who enuying my glory, hath brought mee to ſuch a wayward caſe, that neither thy death can be a reuenge, nor thy ouerthrowe a victorie. Thou doeſt well indeede (ſaid *Zelmane*) to impute thy caſe to the heauenly prouidence, which will haue thy pride finde it ſelfe (euen in that whereof thou art moſt proud) puniſhed by the weake ſexe which thou moſt contemneſt.

But then hauing ſufficiently reſted themſelues, they renewed againe their combat, far more terrible than before: like nimble vaulters, who at the firſt & ſecond leape do but ſtirre, and (as it were) awake the fiery & ayrie parts, which after in the other leaps they do with more excellency exerciſe. For in this pauſing, each had brought to his thoughts the maner of the others fighting, & the aduantages, which by that, & by the quality of their weapons they might work themſelues, and ſo again repeated the leſſon they had ſaid before, more perfectly, by the vſing of it. *Anaxius* oftner vſed blowes, his huge force (as it were) more delighting therein, & the large protection of his ſhield animating him vnto it. *Pyrocles*, of a more fine and deliuer ſtrength, watching his time, when to giue fit thruſts, as, with the quick obeying of his body, to his eies quicke commandement, he ſhunned any harme *Anaxius* could doe to him: ſo would he ſoon haue made an end of *Anaxius*, if he had not found him a man of wonderfull, and almoſt matchleſſe excellencie in matters of armes. *Pyrocles* vſed diuers faynings to bring *Anaxius* on into ſome inconuenience: but *Anaxius* keeping a ſound manner of fighting, neuer offered but ſeeing faire cauſe, and then followed it with well gouerned violence. Thus ſpent they a great time, ſtriuing to doe, and with ſtriuing to doe, wearying themſelues more than with the very doing: *Anaxius* finding *Zelmane* ſo near vnto him, that with little motion he might reach her, knitting all his ſtrength together, at that time manly foyned at her face. But *Zelmane* ſtrongly putting it by with her right hand ſword, comming in with her left foot and hand, would haue giuen a ſharpe viſitation to his right ſide, but that hee was faine to leape away. Whereat aſhamed, as hauing neuer done ſo much before in his life.

THus far the worthy Author had reuiſed or inlarged that firſt written Arcadia of his, which onely paſſed from hand to hand, and was neuer printed: hauing a purpoſe likewiſe to haue new ordred, augmented, and concluded the reſt, had he not beene preuented by vntimely death. So that all which followeth here of this Worke, remained as it was done and ſent away in ſeuerall looſe ſheets (being neuer after reuiewed, nor ſo much as ſeen altogether by himſelfe) without any certaine diſpoſition or perfect order. Yet for that it was his, howſoeuer deprined of the inſt grace it ſhould haue had, was held too good to bee loſt: and therefore with much labour were the beſt coherencies, that could be gathered out of thoſe ſcattered papers, made, and afterwards printed as now it is, onely by her Noble care to whoſe deare hand they were firſt committed, and for whoſe delight and entertainment onely vndertaken.

What concluſion it ſhould haue had, or how farre the Worke haue been extended (had it had his laſt hand thereunto) was onely knowne to his owne ſpirit, where onely thoſe admirable Images were (and no where elſe) to be caſt.

And here we are likewiſe vtterly deprined of the relation how this combat ended, & how the Ladies by diſcouery of the approaching forces were deliuered and reſtored to Baſilius: *how* Dorus *returned to his old maſter* Dametas: *all which vnfortunate maime wee muſt be content to ſuffer with the reſt.*

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A ſupplement of the ſaid defect by Sir W. A.

THe fire of rage then burning contempt out of his breaſt, did burſt forth in flames through his eyes, and in ſmoake from his mouth; ſo that hee was returning with a terrible madneſſe (all the ſtrength of his whole body transferred to the one hand for a ſingular ſeruice) which the reſolute *Zelmane* did earneſtly obſerue with a prouidently all-deſpiſing courage, whileſt the eares of *Anaxius* were ſuddenly arreſted by a ſound, whereof they were onely capable, which (ſince in conſort with his owne humour) could onely of him with authoritie haue challenged a due attendance: ſtraight a martiall noyſe (rayſed by the violence of Inuaders, and diſtractednеſſe of others, dreadfully tumultuous) giuing him intelligence what a bloudie Scene was acting without in the Court of the Caſtle, where hee was expected as a ſpeciall Actor; though his eye (as harbinger of his blow) had alreadie marked the roome where his bended arme threatned to lodge it; yet his feete did ſo ſuddenly rauiſh away the reſt of his bodie, that euen his owne thoughts (much more *Zelmane's*) were preuented by the ſuddennеſſe of his flight, a flight indeede, not from the fighting with one, but to the fighting with many, where he did looke for an obiect worthy of the wrath of *Anaxius*. So that vaniſhing away, as carried in a Cloude of whirle-winde, *Zelmane* eyther could not, or elſe would not reach him: as diſdayning the baſe aduantage of thoſe diſhonourable wounds, which though greateſt ſhame to the flying receiuer, can giue no glory to the vnreſiſted giuer.

The impetuous ſtorme that tranſported the ſpirit of *Anaxius*, had quickely blowne him downe the ſtaires, and vp the doore, his ſword vſhering his way, till his eyes were encountred with the beames of the lightning weapons of a ſmall number, which rather ſeemed ſurpriſed within the Caſtle, than to haue ſurpriſed the Caſtle. Yet they had ſpeedily purchaſed a great roome for ſo ſmall a company, challenging as their owne all the bounds that their ſwords could compaſſe: and in effect their enemies proued their fewneſſe many, reckoning the blacke Knight and his ſeconds (as ciphers are eſteemed when valued by others, ouer which they are rayſed) not for the number which indeed they were, but for the number which they were worth. Thoſe three were quickely knowne by their wonted armes; but more by their wonted valour. The Court had been a fitter liſts for two, than a field for ſo many, where the narrowneſſe of the place, not giuing place to ſleight, there was no way but by plaine force; ſo that the greateſt cowards were as forward as the moſt couragious, feare making them bold, who ſaw no refuge but by fighting; which made the conflict exceeding cruell, either of the parties hauing more ſpurres than one to draw bloud.

The *Amphialians*, beſides their rage for beeing abuſed by an vnexpected ſtratagem, and their deſire to defend the place, beeing bound both by priuate intereſt and publike vowes, they had added further, to make vp the accompliſhment of a iuſt wrath, the meanes of reuenge (as they thought) on their Maſters murtherer; looking no otherwiſe on the blacke Knight, than as on him who had buried all their hopes in the ruines of *Amphialus*, whereof, to their further griefe, they had been

idle witneſſes. All this made them deſperately endeauour, that the eyes of *Annaxius* might bee entertayned with their victorie, before his eares could bee burthened with their errour; chiefly at his comming, thoſe of his owne traine kindled their courage at the Torches of his eyes, prodigious Comets of a deluge of bloud. As for the purſued purſuers: like thoſe who landing to make warre in an Iland, burne the ſhips which brought them thither, by the impoſsibilitie of their returne, to ſhew the deſperate neceſſitie of their victorie; they were aſſured they could neyther aduance nor retire, but ouer the bellies of their enemies; Yet were they not ſo deſperate of their retreat, as confident of their victorie. The blacke Knight, though all the Gyants that fought againſt the gods had beene there, hee thought they could not hinder him from going where his heart was already, nor from preuailing where the prize was the deliuerie of his Lady, and Friend, the double treaſures of his ſoule, whereof any was valued aboue his life, yea, both were ballanced with his honour; ſo that he did ſhew not onely the height of valour, but a rauiſhing of his ſoule, and a tranſportation of magnanimitie, farre from the leuell of ordinary aymes, and euen ſcarce within the proſpect of more lofty thoughts. Yet neither loue nor courage could blinde his iudgement, in ſeeing his aduantage: marching with his company euer next the Wall, to preuent being compaſſed; though ſometimes making braue ſallies. Which *Annaxius* at his firſt approach eſpying, vpbraided his owne troupe, as vnworthy of his attendance, and all as traytors in receiuing, or daſtards in not expelling that (in his eyes) contemned crew, oftentimes vrging them by their retiring to make way for him, and he alone would eyther beate them ouer the Walls or in the Walles: For the truth is, they ſeemed all too ſmall a ſacrifice to appeaſe his high indignation. It was a ſuperfluous labour for *Alecto* to inflame his ſoule with poyſonous inſpirations: for his ſoule might haue furniſhed all the infernall furies with furie, and yet haue continued the moſt furious of all it ſelfe. Rage and diſdaine, burning his boſome, made him vtter a roaring voyce, as if his breath had beene able to haue blowne away the world, which for the ſound that his ſword made, could not diſtinctly bee vnderſtood.

The firſt whom he encountred, lifting vp his hand to ſtrike, and withall opening his mouth, as if intending ſome ſpeech: his propoſition was preuented by an actiue anſwer, cutting him from the lips to the eares, ſo by opening his mouth, reſtrayning his ſpeech. The Knight of the Sheepe ſucceeding in his place (a vindictiue heire), was exchanging blowes with *Annaxius* with no diſaduantage, when ſuddenly a Dart (none knew to whoſe hand the honour of it was due) did wound him in the thigh, which hee (doubtfull to whom he ſtood debtor) did pay backe to many (an extraordinary intereſt) with the death of ſome one ſtriuing to defray euery drop of his bloud.

The blacke Knight, blacke indeede to all his aduerſaries, when viewing the wonderfull valour of *Annaxius* (with whom then riuall in fame he entertayned a terrible emulation) what bred terrour in others, bred him contentment; that his conqueſt, whereof hee neuer doubted, might be endeered by the difficultie, and his victorie be honoured by ſo honourable an enemie, with whom, aboue all others, hee laboured to meete, by the ruine of many making a roome where they might fight.

But in the meane time the torrent of the violence of *Annaxius* was interrupted by a ſudden tumult; ſeeming to proceede from an ambuſhment broken forth from

from the houſes behinde them. And no wonder though all thought ſo: the two ſwordes of *Zelmane* beeing riotous in their charges, were ſo couetous to extend their confines. Shee following, or rather (as a Faulcon in an earneſt chaſe) flying downe the ſtaires after him, did not ouertake *Annaxius* but with her eyes, till hee was walled about with the armed multitude, and then, like a Lioneſſe lately enlarged, that had beene long furniſhed in priſon, ſhe ranged ouer all for her prey: But yet like a cunning Hound, that out of a whole heard of Deare doth only ſingle him out, with whom ſhe had entered firſt in hoſtilitie (a little drop of his bloud hauing betrayed all the reſt) ſhe diſdained to fight with any other, but would bee reſiſted by none, till ſhee might vnbend all her forces on *Annaxius*, whoſe ſight as ſoone as her eyes had greedily ſwallowed, ſhee burſt forth: Baſe daſtard, who haſt abuſed the world with ſhadowes of worth, yet art voyde of all valour, hauing doubly forfeited thy vſurped title of honour, in offering iniurious violence to a woman, and yet flying the iuſt violence of a woman, to hide thy ſelfe (beeing protected by the ſhield of ſome truſted attender) where the ſufficiencie of others may conceale thy cowardiſe: but all this ſhall not defraud my wrath, nor preuent thy puniſhment.

Annaxius, more troubled with thoſe words, than if all the ſwordes of the enemies had lighted vpon him (who for the higheſt of all his wiſhes, would haue but wiſhed her a man, yea an armie of men) looked ouer his ſhoulder with an eye burning with diſdaine, as if one of his lookes might haue ſerued to conſume a woman, and at the ſame inſtant (vttering his rage another way) with a blow worthy of his arme, he did cleaue one before him through the helmet to the ſhoulders, making him ſo by being two headed headleſſe. But ſeeing *Zelmane* preaſſe neare him, though hee hoped for no honour from her, yet to preuent diſhonour from her (ſhame kindling rage, and rage quenching reaſon) hee commanded *Armagines* his Nephew (a youth of great valour) to take thoſe fooliſh fellowes priſoners, who durſt aduenture within that Caſtle without his leaue, and to ſhut all the gates, that none of them might eſcape; and therewith whirling about, and caſting a ſideward looke on *Zelmane*, made an imperious ſigne with a threatning allurement (a diſ-inuiting inuiting of her) to follow, which ſhee performed with a countenance witneſſing as great contentment, as euer *Venus* did to meete with *Mars*, *Mars* and *Venus* at the ſame time hauing met within her minde, to make, though a leſſe louing, yet a more martiall meeting.

The clouds of people in their way, were quickly diſperſed by the tempeſtuous breath of *Annaxius*, ſo that they had no hinderance: hee being feared of all, and ſhe hated of none. Neither was their ſolitarie retyring, in reſpect of their different ſeeming ſexe, ſuſpiciouſly cenſured by any: the diſdainefulneſſe of their countenance bearing witneſſe, that they were led by hate to honour, and not by loue to the contrary.

The place appointed by fortune to bee famous by the famouſneſſe of this combate, was a backe Court: which they found out at that time emptied of Inhabitants; the ſtronger being gone to purſue others, and the weaker runne to hide themſelues: mediocritie being no more a vertue, where all was at height, to make excellencie eminent in extremitie.

They two came here alone, for they would haue no ſeconds, or rather were ſo farre firſt as they could haue no ſeconds, and euery one of them being confident in his owne worth, could not miſtruſt anothers. As if words had beene too

weke meſſengers of their vvrath, and ſwords onely worthy to vtter their mindes, they beganne with that wherewith they hoped to end; none of them now could flatter himſelfe ſo farre againſt the proofe of his owne experienced knowledge, as to contemne his fellow.

Annaxius at the firſt, rioting in rage, and burning with a voluptuous appetite of bloud, did abandon his hands to their accuſtomed prodigalitie, which contrarie to the nature of that vice vvas hurtfull to the receiuer, and profitable for the ſpender. But *Zelmane* vvell weighing with whom ſhe had to deale, was more warie in her charges, and circumſpectly mannaging the treaſure of her ſtrength, would not idly beſtow it, but vvas liberall when occaſion offered. It was hard to ſay, whether the one was more francke, or the other more thankefull: the guerdon neuer deferred, oft preuenting the gift, aboue the deſire of the receiuer, yet ſhort of the giuers minde. Their thought, eye, hand, and foote ſeemed chained to one motion, as all being tuned by violence, to make vp a harmonie in horror. Neuer was courage better ſupported by skill and ſtrength, nor skill and ſtrength better accompanied by courage; the blowes of euerie one of them ſeemed not onely to ſtriue vvith the others, but euen amongſt themſelues, for ſingularitie; the latter ſtill (by being more obſerueable) ſeeking to burie the remembrance of the former.

It ſeemed that thoſe two were not retired from the battell, but that the battell was transferred where they were. The eye might well haue taken them to bee two, but the eare vvould neuer haue beene perſwaded that ſo mightie ſounds could bee ſent but from the weapons of a number; the enuironing windowes with a ſad ſolitarineſſe ſeemed to bewaile their want of eyes, which defrauded them the entertainement of that delectable terrour and tranſporting ſport.

Annaxius more angrie with himſelfe, than with his enemy, that hee ſhould bee ſo long in vanquiſhing, where (when victorious) hee would bee but aſhamed of the victory, all his actiue powers being highly bended both by choller and courage, hee thus diſcharged his tongue: What ſpitefull god, iealous of my greatneſſe, or enuying my glorie, hath ſent this Diuell in a womans ſhape (as a cloud for *Iuno* to *Ixion*) to mocke mee? But all this is one: though thou bee a Diuell in a vvoman, or all the Diuels in one Diuell, I ſweare by this blow, I will beate thee hence to the Hells, to the eternall terrour of all the darke Region; and with that lighted on *Zelmane* vvith ſuch a huge force, that all ſhee could procure by the mediation of one of her ſwords, was, that what was intended wholly at her head, by the wrying of her bodie, did but wound her a little on the ſhoulder. This was ſo farre from diſmaying her, that it did confirme (increaſe it could not) her reſolution alreadie at a height: Yet, though not more courage, ſhee pretended more furie, compaſsing him about to eſpie aduantages, and oft giuing him fained alarmes, as bragging to make a breach in his breaſt, aduanced her right-hand ſword, which *Annaxius* beate downe, and withall encroached to vſurpe a roome in her right ſide: but *Zelmane* ſuddenly inclining to the left, gaue him a flat blow with that hands ſword, which returned backe clad with the ſpoyles of that part of the body which it had forced.

Both thus being alreadie allied by bloud, yet did ſtriue for a more ſtrict affinitie: wounds (in regard of their frequencie) being no more reſpected than blowes were before. Though they met in diuerſe colours, now both were clad in one Liuerie, as moſt ſutable to their preſent eſtate: being ſeruants to one Maſter,

and

and riuals in preferment. Neither could ſhowres of bloud quench the windes of their wrath, which did blow it forth in great abundance, till faintneſſe would haue faine perſwaded both that they were mortall, and though neither of them by another, yet both ouercomeable by death. Then deſpaire came to re-inforce the fight, ioyning with courage, not as a companion, but as a ſeruant: for courage neuer grew deſperate, but deſpaire grew couragious; both being reſolued, if not conquering, none of them ſhould ſuruiue the others conqueſt, nor owe Trophee but to death.

The greateſt griefe of the one, vvas to dye by a woman; and of the other, to dye as a woman: both in reſpect of her apparrell, and (as ſhee thought) action; being matched by one man, who had ore-matched multitudes of men. At laſt the great ſtorme of blowes being paſt, ſhe reſted one of her ſwords on the earth, either forced by faintneſſe, or intending art, offering a thruſt with the other, vvhich *Annaxius* perceiuing, did ſpeedily repell: and with that (gathering his diſtreſſed ſtrength together, as readie to remoue, but firſt bent to giue a gallant farewell) ran foreward with ſuch a violent violence on *Zelmane* (nought being able to reſiſt his vnreſiſtable force) that ſhee preſently interpoſing her repoſed ſword, though it ranne him through the heart (or rather hee his heart vpon it) it could not hinder him from running her through the body, and both to the earth, a braue flaſh of a dying light! a mighty thunder of a quenched lightning! Thus did hee ouerthrow his ouerthrower; not falling till none was able to ſtand before him: whileſt though he were vanquiſhed, none could vaunt of the victorie. His breſt fell aboue the hand with the ſword, as if he would needs dye embracing it, euen after death adoring that Idoll of his life, and his dead weight ſtriuing with *Zelmanes* weake life, whilſt ſhee ſtrugling to riſe did breake the ſword, a part remaining vnder him, and the reſt within her: thus hard it was to force *Annaxius*, though hee was dead, and impoſſible while he liued.

Zelmane, after her riſing, did draw the other ſword out of him, as bent to turne not intereſted in any thing. She was ſtepping forward with a ſword in euerie hand, and a part of one in her breaſt: A Trophee of victorie, yet a badge of ruine; neuer better weaponed, neuer more vnfit for fighting; vvhen lo all the followers of *Annaxius*, diſcomforted by his abſence, but more by the blacke Knights preſence, *Armagines* hauing his death honoured by his hand, the reſt were quickly diſcomfited, and (deſpairing to ſaue the Caſtle) ſought to ſaue themſelues.

The blacke Knight committed the following of their flight to others, as a dangerleſſe action, and therefore not worthy of him; then fearing that elſewhere for another which he could no more finde there for himſelfe, he went by the direction of his eyes, and the information of his eares, to ſeeke out the two retyred Champions, when ſuddenly hee encountred his other-ſelfe, marching like *Pallas* from the Gyants ouerthrow.

As ſoone as the eyes of *Pyrocles*, no, his ſoule was rauiſhed with the ſight of *Muſidorus*, it hauing infuſed a freſh vigour in his feeble members, and that Phyſicke applyed to his minde, triumphing ouer the infirmitie of his body, hee threw away his ſwords (onely conquerable by kindneſſe) and pulled out that which was in his body, that nothing might hinder him from embracing the Image of his ſoule, which reflected his owne thoughts. Their ſoules by a diuine ſympathy did firſt ioyne, preuenting the elementall maſſes of the bodies: but ah, whilſt they were claſped in others armes (like two graffes graffed in one ſtocke) the high

tide

tide of ouer-flowing affection reſtrayning their tongues with aſtoniſhment, as vnable to expreſſe an vnexpreſſable paſſion.

Pyrocles weakened with the loſſe of blood (the effects of hate) and in that weakeneſſe ſurcharged with kindeneſſe, the fruits of loue; not able to abide the interchoaking of ſuch extremities, the paleneſſe of his face witneſſed the parting of his ſpirits, ſo that not able to ſtand, *Muſidorus* was forced to fall with him, or elſe would not ſtand after him. And at the ſuddenneſſe of this vnexpected aduenture, or vehemently reſpectable miſaduenture: like one who (vnawares ſlipping from a great height) is choaked betwixt the height and the lowneſſe, ere hee can conſider, either whence he fell, or where he falls. Being throwne from the top of contentment, to bee drowned in the depths of miſerie, hee had his reaſonable parts ſo haſtily ouerwhelmed with confuſion, that hee remained dead aliue, as the other was liuing in death. At laſt re-aſſembling his confounded ſenſes from the rockes of ruine, griefe had gathered ſo much ſtrength through weakeneſſe, as to attempt an impoſſibilitie in manifeſting it ſelfe.

Oh what a monſter of miſerie am I? Euen when moſt fortunate, moſt vnfortunate, who neuer had a lightning of comfort, but that it was ſuddenly followed with a thunder of confuſion. Twice was my felicitie by land (that it might bee waſhed for euer away) made a prey to the inexorable waues, whileſt the relenting deſtinies pitying the rigour of their owne decrees, to preuent their threatned effects, would haue drowned mee in (reſpecting the Ocean of ſorrow prepared to ſwallow me) that little drop of the Sea. And, O thrice happie I, if I had periſhed whileſt I was altogether vnhappy: then, when a deiected Shepheard offenſiue to the perfection of the world, I could hardly (being oppreſſed by contempt) make my ſelfe worthy to be diſdained, diſdaine to the deſpiſed, being a degree of grace. O would to God that I had dyed obſcurely, whileſt my life might ſtill haue liued famous with others, and my death haue dyed with my ſelfe; whileſt my not being knowne might haue kept my diſhonour vnknowne; euen then when matched, matched by one, and in the preſence of many fighting for one, who was more deare to me than all the world. Ah mee moſt miſerable, in not being more miſerable. Such a peſtilencious influence poyſoned the time of my natiuitie, that I haue had a ſparke of happineſſe, to cleare mee the way to deſtruction. I was carried high to bee fit for a precipice, and that from that height I might behold how low the dungeons were, wherein I was to fall. Euen now I was ſo far from feare, as I was higher than hope, being in imagination Maſter of all my wiſhes: yet at an inſtant, as if all that could bee inflicted on my ſelfe were not ſufficient to afflict mee, being armed with reſolution, both to braue the terrours of death, and to contemne the flatteries of life, I am tormented in another, whoſe ſufferings could onely make me tenderly ſenſible. And with that, ſorrow, as it were ſorry to bee interrupted by vtterance, did damme it ſelfe vp to ſwell higher, feeding on the contemplation of it ſelfe within; where, when abſolute tyrant of the breaſt, it might rather burſt him, than burſt out.

Then he was lying downe ſenſleſly on his ſenſleſſe friend, as in all eſtates ſtriuing to be ſtill like him, when lo hee felt his breaſt beate, and thereafter ſaw his vnclouded eyes weakely ſtriue to ſhine againe; Thus firſt reſaluting the light, Oh where am I? *Muſidorus* replyed: With him who is haſting to die with you. No, ſaid hee, I haue haſted to liue with you. Death or life, ſaid *Muſidorus*; eyther of them muſt ioyne vs, but neither of them is able to part vs. With that *Pyrocles* weakely

weakely rising, entrusted his feete with their owne burthen, but *Musidorus*, iealous of the carriage of so precious a treasure, would needes ayde them with his arme, his strength strengthning *Pyrocles*, and the weakenesse of *Pyrocles* weakning him.

Thus whilest (guided by one who was acquainted with the Castle) they were seeking out a roome, where *Pyrocles* reposing might cause take a triall of the estate of his bodie, and repaire the bloody breaches of the late batterie; it being, though euill fortified, yet well defended. As they were walking alongst a Gallerie, they heard from a Chamber neighbouring the side of it, a dolorous sound, but so heauily deliuered with a disordered conuoy, that choaked with sobbs, else drowned with teares, the paines of the bearer had so spoyled the birth, that it could not be known: yet a secret sympathie by an vnexpressable working did more wound the minde of *Pyrocles*, than it was wounded by all the wounds of his bodie, he pitying the complaint, though not knowing from whom, nor for what. O how the soule, apt for all impressions transcending reason, can comprehend vnapprehensible things! this was the lamentation of the lamentable *Philoclea*.

The Ladies after the departure of *Zelmane*, by the inundation in their eares of horrible sounds were violently inuited to come fearefully to a window, ouerlooking the Court, where they beheld the bloudy effects of that, whereof they were the innocent causes. At first the Lillies of their cheekes, ouergrowing the Roses, paleneſse had almost displaced beautie, were it not beautie was so powerfull as to make paleneſse beautifull; yet their often trauelled memorie instructed their iudgement, that miserie being at a height could not but of force eyther worke the end of it selfe, or a beginning of comfort, and they could expect no worse estate than that in which they were.

Pamela would faine haue flattered her selfe to thinke that it was *Musidorus* come to deliuer her, but shee had rather haue remained still captiue, than to haue drawne him to such a danger for her deliuerie; and hauing once apprehended that hee was there, neuer a blow was giuen but that she was wounded with it, beeing euer sorry for the ouerthrowne, neuer glad for the ouerthrower; eyther pitie preuailing with the tenderneſse of her sexe, or because she knew no danger could come by ouercomming.

As for *Philoclea*, she, who through the gentleneſse of her owne nature would haue smarted for any other who had beene in danger, when shee remembred the hazzard of her treasure *Zelmane*, who (as she knew) did not vse to be an idle spectator of so earnest a game, a multitude of thoughts (without Art artificiall) did paint feare in her face, and engraue griefe in her bosome. Whilest they continued thus, *Pamela* (in vaine striuing to match maiestie with affection) stood with a distracted statelineſse, and with a stately astonishment; where griefe and feare in *Philoclea* made easily a consort in sorrow, with watrie eyes (like the Sunne shining in a shower) weakely clearing a cloudie countenance: when suddenly they heard one crie, since the Castle was wonne to set the Ladies at libertie; but they who were well acquainted both with the frownes and smiles of fortune, as they had euer triumphed ouer the one, would not suffer themselues to be led captiues by the other; neither could this accomplish their contentment, till they had the Lords of that pleasant bondage, which they did value more than vnualuable libertie; the constrained captiuitie of the bodie, hauing nothing diminished the voluntarie thraldome of the minde.

But

But ah! this smooth calme came onely to make them the more sensible of the succeeding tempest, which the breath of one from below (roring forth the death of *Zelmane*) did thunder vp vpon them. *Pamela* (like a rocke amidst the Sea, beaten both with the windes and with the waues, yet it selfe immoueable) did receiue this rigorous charge with a constant (though sad) countenance, and with fixed eyes witnessing the mouing of her minde, yet neither vttering word, nor teare, as disdaining to imploy their weakenesse in so great a griefe. Such might haue beene the gesture of *Niobe* hearing the newes of her childrens death, ere she was metamorphosed into a stone; like one (maiestie triumphing ouer miserie) who would rather burst strongly within, than be disburdened by bursting out in an abiect manner.

But, ah mee, the confounded *Philoclea*, who being the weaker had receiued the sharpest assault (an affectionate fury forcing from her an absolute passion, which a dutifull kindenesse through compassion only prouoked in her sister) she smothered with so monstrous a weight did sinke downe vnder it to the earth.

This made *Pamela* forget her other griefe without any comfort: transferring her affection from her friend to her more than friendly sister; for whom shee saw at that time her care might be more seruiceable, wherewith she brought her to her selfe, and she her selfe to sorrow. At first, the tongue and the eyes being too feeble instruments for so violent a passion, shee vsed her hands: beating that breast which the most barbarous creature else in the world could not haue done; offering those torne haires as oblations to him after death, which had beene the delights of his life; and deforming that face, the register of Natures wonders, confirmed by the admiration of men. Which when *Pamela* (of a Patient become a Physitian) sought to hinder, shee thus said: Alas sister, you do not know what a treasure I haue lost, euen a treasure more worth than all the world was worthy to enioy. Ah pardon me thou, whom euen death is not able to kill in my soule: pardon me, who haue euer concealed thy secret, now to discouer mine owne: for while my life lasts (short may it be, and long it shall not bee) I will shew to all the world that, which, whilest thou liued, I would haue beene ashamed to haue showne to thy selfe, euen thy perfection, and mine affection. Neither do I regard how the conceits of others censure my carriage in this: for there is no eye now, wherein I desire to appeare precious, nor no opinion, whereof I craue to make a purchase; death may end my life, but not my loue, which (as it is infinite) must be immortall, I would gladly vse meanes to dispatch this miserable life: but it were a shame for me, if, after so great a disaster, sorrow onely were not sufficient to kill me. And with that beautie in the heauen of her face (two Sunnes eclipsed) being wrapped vp in paleneſſe, she fell downe groueling on the ground.

Pyrocles imagining what report might bee made, and not doubting what effect it would worke, bent to furnish physicke for her minde, ere hee sought any for his owne bodie, came in at the doore, whom *Pamela* (her armes and her tongue rituals in kindnesse) embracing, said: Neuer more welcome though euer welcome *Zelmane*: thou who art euer victorious, hast thou likewise brought thy selfe away a trophee from death? Sweete Ladies (replyed shee) who would faint to fight for such diuine creatures, as you are? and who could haue force to fight against you?

Philoclea, who at the first, either dull through excessiue dolor, did not conceiue her sisters words; or else suspecting (as she thought) her impossible desire to please her

her (all being doubtfull to truſt what they doe extreamely affect) did miſconceiue her meaning. Shee was raiſing her eyes to examine her eares: but the moſt truſty of her ſenſes preuenting both; by a palpable proofe, gaue her an abſolute aſſurance; ſo that, ere ſhe could thinke *Zelmane* was at all to be embraced, finding her ſelfe embraced by *Zelmane*, ſhee was lifted vp to a heauen of ioy, as before ſhe had beene ſunke downe in a hell of griefe; neuer abſolutely her owne; but either rauiſhed or ruined. Spying the bloud on *Zelmanes* garment, not knowing whether her owne, or her enemies, ſhee grew pale; and then looking on her ſiſter, ſhee bluſhed; ſuſpecting that ſhee ſuſpected the cauſe of her paleneſſe (conferring it with her former plaints) to bee more than a friendly kindneſſe: but *Zelmane* fearing what might be the effects of her feare, ſaid, that ſhee expected a congratulation of her victorie, and not condoling of paſſed danger, which was acquitted with the ſpeechleſſe anſwer of an affectionate looke; and a paſſionate preſſing of her hand.

Then *Pamela*, inquiring the perilous courſe of her ſhort progreſſe, ſhee told: how fortified with their fortune (truſting more to it, than to her owne valour which like their beautie could not but preuaile) ſhee had firſt fatally ouerthrowne the two brethren of *Anaxius*; and thereafter fighting with himſelfe, it was her chance (God ſtrengthning her weakeneſſe to puniſh his iniuſtice) to kill him; ſhe could not ſay ouercome him: no, ſhe was not aſhamed to affirme, that though hee was killed, ſhe thought him not ouercome, ſeeing both he dyed with opinion, and in action of victorie; death preuenting the knowledge of his laſt ſucceſſe. A rare happineſſe! his life and fortune hauing both but one bounds.

Both highly prayſing her valour, admiring her modeſtie, and glad of their owne deliuerie; whereof they thought her the author (thoughts ſtriuing to expreſſe themſelues the more powerfully without words) they were acknowledging the ſame with a gratefull countenance, and kindly affecting lookes, when *Zelmane* (not complementally hunting that which ſhe fled, but like one who with a glaſſe reflects the force of the Sunne ſome where elſe) earneſtly proteſted, that ſhe would be loath to vſurpe that which was due to another, ſpecially in the owners preſence. And turning towards the blacke Knight (who all the time ſtood aſide as her attender, though armed, trembling for feare of one vnarmed, who vnarmed would not haue beene ſo affraid of an Armie in armes) ſhe freely affirmed: There is the deliuerer of vs all, from whom we receiue our libertie, to whom we owe our ſelues, ſince that which makes vs our ſelues.

Then the blacke Knight, inuited by the willing countenance of the Princeſſe (abaſing his helmet) aduanced (more fearefully than to a battell) to kiſſe her hand: when *Zelmane* courteouſly retired *Philoclea* a little diſtance from thence, as glad to conferre with her, as to giue her friend occaſion to conferre with *Pamela*. Who preſently (whileſt the roſes of his lippes made a flower of affection with the Lillies of her hands) knowing her owne *Dorus*, at the ſuddenneſſe of the aſſault, the mouing of her minde was betrayed by the changes of her countenance, the bloud of her face ebbing and flowing according to the tide of affection; Yet borrowing a maske from hate, wherewith to hide loue, ſhee thus charged him; who alreadie had yeelded: How durſt you thus preſume to preſent your ſelfe in my preſence, being diſcharged it, when you deſerued the vttermoſt that reaſon could deuiſe, or furie execute? Hath my deiected eſtate emboldened you to exalt your ſelfe againſt mee? Then hee, gathering courage from the extremitie of deſpaire,

thus

thus cleared his intention: True it is Ladie of my life (and ſhall be of my death) I was worthy then to haue beene baniſhed from the world. But what of a world of worlds? I was baniſhed from your ſight, and which is worſt of all, deſeruedly. Neyther come I now of contempt, but onely to teſtifie my obedience, which otherwiſe at this time might haue beene conſtrued to a cowardiſe. Such a loue as mine, wedded to vertue, can neuer bee ſo adulterated by any accident, no, nor yet rauiſhed by paſsion, as to bring forth a baſtard-diſobedience, whereof (my very conſcience not beeing able to accuſe my thoughts) I come to cleare my ſelfe. But now hauing performed all that was within the compaſſe of my power; a part of my blood witneſſing my affection, which I wiſh were confirmed by the reſt: you may ſee (directreſſe of my deſtinie) that no force can force me to any thing, much leſſe from your ſight, ſaue only your owne will, which is vnto me a Law, yea, an Oracle. And now when you ſee I doe it not for feare of others, but onely out of a reuerence to you: if not for your ſatisfaction, yet for my puniſhment (ſo to perſecute him whom you hate) I will goe waſte the remnant of my wretched dayes in ſome remote Wilderneſſe, as not worthy to bee ſeene of any, ſince odious in your ſight: hauing (I hope) by many proofes preuailed thus much with your opinion, that after my death you will thinke there was ſome worth in mee; though not worthy of your loue. When hee, full of humble affection, was retyring himſelfe with a courteſie as low as his thoughts: ſhee, thinking enough done to trye him, yet without ſeeming to truſt him, whileſt (though guiltie of griefe) her countenance could accuſe her of no care (as out of a freſh remembrance) ſaid: That ſhee would not haue *Dametas* to loſe a ſeruant, nor *Mopſa* a ſuiter, by her meanes; and if hee would needes returne toward the Lodges, that hee ſhould firſt expect ſome employment homeward from her. Then hee (as one who falne in the bottome of ſome deepe water, comming to flote aboue, in ſight of Land, receiueth ſome comfort, though ſtill in danger) beganne to re-aſſemble his diſperſed ſpirits againe, looking more cheerefully. But, ere his thoughts (euery one of them ore-flowing another) could ſettle themſelues in wordes, ſhee (preuenting the violence of ſo ſudden a change) did call to her ſiſter, by accuſing their indiſcretion, in holding thoſe two ſo long by talking with them, from looking to themſelues. Which *Philoclea* allowed; trembling with an earneſt feare, to know in what eſtate *Zelmane* ſtood.

They two iniured by this courteſie, with an vnwilling obedience accepted of it; more reſpecting the pleaſure of others, than their owne neceſſitie. *Pamela*, as onely affecting *Zelmane*, offered her eyther all, or a part of their chamber: and ſhee (her tongue rebelling againſt her heart) refuſed what ſhe deſired; pretending a lothneſſe to trouble them. Then the ſiſters offered to accompanie them: but after they had a while coloured true kindeneſſe with ordinarie complements, *Zelmane* preuailed againſt her ſelfe, to goe accompanied as ſhee came; yet both looking as if they would haue left their eyes behinde them, as well as their hearts. Aſſoone as they were by themſelues in a chamber, *Zelmane* diſapparelling her ſelfe, the blacke Knight, though better skilled in giuing, than in curing of wounds; yet lately experienced by paſsing the like danger, hee would needes proue a Surgeon: and after hee had purchaſed things neceſſary, hauing conſidered his wounds, hee found none, ſaue the laſt that went through the bodie, dangerous; and it not deadly. Thereafter melting their mindes in diſcourſes,

courſes, either of them had his owne contentment doubled by hearing of the others.

Then the blacke Knight taking leaue for a while, locking the doore behinde him, went downe to the Court, to trie if any ſparke of the late fire remained as yet to quench. For after the oppoſite partie, as if their armes were not ſufficient to arme them, vnleſſe their armes were armed with walls, ranne to fortifie themſelues within houſes, which had no ſtrength ſaue that which men were to afford them: Hee, who thought his owne good fortune no better than a misfortune, till hee was aſſured that his friende had the like (without whom no happineſſe of his could be accompliſhed) recommending the remnant of the aduerſaries ruines to his two companions, had gone to learne if hee were alike happy in all places: and they (feare freezing the courage, and diſſoluing the hearts of their ſcattered enemies) found quickely more throwing themſelues weaponleſſe at their feete, than they could haue leiſure ſeuerally to raiſe; ſo that they were more wearie (though more contented) with pardoning, than they had been with puniſhing.

Some more craftie, or more feareſull, cryed out at the windowes, that they would render vpon ſecuritie of pardon. But they, ſcorning to capitulate with fugitiues, who would not haue done it with them when fighters: and diſdaining all that by the moſt large conſtruction could bee wreſted to the ſenſe of conſtraint, they would not equall them with thoſe who were already humbled, till they ſubmitted in a more ſubmiſſe manner, depending onely on their free diſpoſition. Which they (either truſting to the vertue of others, or miſtruſting their owne) hauing done, the Knight of the Sheepe was conſtrayned (his wound bleeding in great abundance, which beeing made by an impoyſoned Dart, had inflamed all his body) to retire. The other, hauing receiued the keyes of the gate, committed the chiefe Captiues to Keepers, till the blacke Knights comming, who preſently thereafter exacting what conditions hee pleaſed, did enlarge them all. Then Sentinels were ſet on the Wall, and a company appointed to watch all night: when ſuddenly one came from their friend, to deſire them to come and take their laſt farewell of him: a requeſt wonderfully grieuing them, yet quickely granted; yea, performed, ere anſwered.

Beeing met, and all others retyred, hee with theſe words deepely wounded their ſoules. Deare Friends, whom I may iuſtly call ſo, though none of vs as yet doth know another; I ſee I haue acted my part, and the Curtaine muſt quickly bee drawne. Death, the onely period of all reſpects, doth diſpenſe with a free ſpeech. At a Tilting in *Iberia* (where I was borne) dedicated to the memorie of the Queene *Andromanes* marriage: a nouice in armes (amongſt others) I ranne in a Paſtorall ſhew againſt the Corinthian Knights, whom the ſucceſſe had preferred in the opinion of the beholders; till the worthily admirable Princes, *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, drawn forth by the yong Prince *Palladius*, brought backe the reputation to our partie, and there did ſuch things as might haue honoured *Mars*, if hee had beene in any of their places; and made either of them worthy of his. Thereafter being drawne away from that Country by an accident, the report whereof craues a longer time, and a ſtronger breath than the heauens are like to afford me, their glory tyrannizing ouer my reſt, did kindle ſuch flames in my boſome, that burning with a generous ardour, I

did reſolue (leauing mine owne countrey, as too ſtrict a bound for my thoughts) to trie my fortune, where I might either liue famous, or die vnknowne; vowing withall to trauell, till thoſe Princes were either the ſubiect or witneſſes of my valour. What paſſed in my way I paſſe: perchance others may remember. At laſt, inuited by fame, I came to this fatall Countrey, the band of my heart was, and now muſt bee of my body: where firſt carried with curioſity, the feuer of youth, I went to the Arcadian Paſtorals for my recreation; but found the ruine of my reſt. There, blinded with beholding, and tormented with delight, my earneſt eyes ſurfeited on the excellencies of the patterne of perfection, the quinteſſence of worth, euen the moſt diuinely diuine *Philoclea*. Ah too aduenturous eyes! Neither could this content them, but they would needes offer vp her picture on the Altar of my heart; where, by my thoughts their choice might bee allowed, yea, and idolatrouſly aduanced. For they, ſcorning the ſimple rudeneſſe of the eyes (as eaſily defrauded of their too forwardly affected obiect) would ſecurely entreaſure it in a more precious Place, by a piercing apprehenſion ſinking it in the ſoule for euer. For a time, ſuffered as a ſtranger, and a Shepheard, knowne (as you know) by the name of *Philiſides* amongſt the reſt I had the meanes to poure forth my plaints before her; but neuer to her, and (though ore-throwne not rendred) I had concluded neuer to haue throwne the Dice betwixt hope and deſpaire, ſo betraying my eſtate to the tyrannie of anothers will. No, I was reſolued ſhee ſhould neuer know her power in mee, till I had knowne her minde of mee: ſo that if ſhee would not raiſe mee, ſhee ſhould not haue meanes to inſult ouer mee. Thus if I had not procured pitie, I ſhould not haue expoſed my ſelfe to diſdaine.

In the haughtineſſe of my heart (thinking nothing impoſſible) I durſt promiſe my ſelfe, that (my deedes hauing purchaſed reputation) with words worthie of reſpect, I might venter the proceſſe of my affection. In the meane time I ioyned ioyfully with you in this late warre now ended: though profeſſing a generall deſire of glory, yet for a particular end; and happy end, ſince I end for her. But ſince whileſt I liued, I had not the meanes (as I wiſhed) to content her, I craue not, by the knowledge of this, after death to diſcontent her. It ſhall ſatisfie mee that I dye before my hopes: and ſhee cannot grieue for the loſſe of that which ſhe neuer knew to be hers.

With this, the other ſliding apart to beare and burie his ſorrow priuately, the blacke Knight weeping embraced him in his armes, and told him what hee was: ſaying, hee was glad that his vow was performed; hee being a benefited witneſſe, not the endangered ſubiect of his valour. Then contentment, budding forth in his countenance, flouriſhed in a ſmile: and hauing kiſſed his friends, deſiring to liue in their memory, wiſhed them as contented liues, as his was a death. He died as ioyfully as hee left them ſorrowfull, who had knowne him a mirrour of courage, and courteſie, of learning and armes, ſo that it ſeemed, that *Mars* had begotten him vpon one of the Muſes.

Muſidorus, exceedingly ſorrowfull for this irreparable loſſe, was yet more ſorrowfull when hee remembred himſelfe to bee in danger of a greater: and recommending the direction of all below to the Knight of the Pole, he went himſelfe vp to viſite his Patient; whom hee found, though lying, yet reſting,

resting, and though not sleeping yet dreaming. As soone as hee heard *Musidorus*, starting as one wakened out of a slumber, hee looked on his face (grieued to see the impression of griefe in it, hee not knowing the cause) with an inquisitiue amazement. But the other (preuenting that threatned tempest) did blow away the clouds that were gathered in his countenance; telling him, That hee had no interest in the anguish, which then did afflict him. What, said *Pyrocles*, (being passionately moued) can *Musidorus* haue any thing wherein I haue no interest? I (said hee) and for the present a greater wonder! my griefe may breede you ioy, I hauing lost a friend, and you a Riuall. Then hee began to discourse vnto him what was passed. And beside that, which was iustly deserued, pitie adorning praise, and praise augmenting pitie, a generous passion so conquered the vnconquerable *Pyrocles*, that he lamented him dead, whom hee had not knowne; no, nor would neuer haue loued aliue, and vndoubtedly would haue wished him no better successe than he had. Yet the very thing which before might haue most discontented him, did then most content him; hauing his iudgement confirmed by the like, in one of such worth.

After that, layed downe in one bed together (friendship making them free, and solitarinesse bold) whileſt their mindes began to bee deliuered of all, wherewith they had a long time trauelled, a mayde came to the doore, sent by the two sisters, to visite *Zelmane*: who hearing two, where shee expected but one, and the one by the manner of his speech likely to bee a man, did presently returne, and reported to the Ladies, who were lying together, that whereof her eares had giuen her sufficient assurance. At which newes *Pamela*, burning within, sparkled forth these words to her Sister: What wonder though strangers, euer wandering, wander from all things, chiefly those of our sexe, who being borne to be bounded within houses, when they cannot be bounded within Kingdomes, how can they bee bounded by modestie? Yet though I hate the deed, the respect of the doer, but more of vs whose companie she hath haunted (lest her reproach, by the commentary of Fame, bee too largely extended) bindes mee to conceale her shame, that we blush not at it. But wee must either free our selues from her, or shee her selfe from this slander.

Oh, but answered the euer (and more now than euer) milde *Philoclea*: We must not, sister, rashly condemne them, whom wee haue oftentimes considerately approued, lest the change bee in our iudgement, and not in them. No doubt because of the indisposition of her bodie, it was necessary that shee should haue some one to accompany her: perchance a woman mistaken; and if a man, who knowes for what end? Shee, who being sound would acquaint her selfe with none, in this estate could not bee acquainted with any.

It is an easie matter, replied *Pamela*, for one who can deceiue, to dissemble: neither is this a new acquaintance. You might haue seene her vse that Knight, who did come in with her, rather kindly than courteously; a preceding friendship ouerpassing present respects: For where a great familiaritie is, no ceremoniall duetie can bee obserued. Then *Philoclea* hauing found her, could hardly restraine the violence of a iust laughter. As for that which you affirme last, said shee, I cannot denie it: no, I dare assure you, and assure your selfe I will

aſſure nothing without aſſurance, that Knight is the man of the world whom *Zelmane* moſt dearely loues; and yet I know, that neither would hee offer, nor ſhee ſuffer her honour to bee wronged, as you imagine. This laſt wound was too deepe for *Pamela* to ſpeake after it: ſo that ſhee (abandoning her heart to throw it ſelfe ouer the rocke of vnkindneſſe) in danger to bee drowned with her owne teares, was thus preuented by *Philoclea*: Deare Siſter (and if any word can expreſſe more deareneſſe more deare than that) your vſing me not onely as a Siſter, but as a friend in the higheſt degree of truſt, would make mee aſhamed to miſtruſt you, or that you ſhould bee beholden to any other than to mee for my ſecret. So might my ſtrangeneſſe iuſtifie your vnkindneſſe, though you ſhould diſcouer and condemne that, which I know you will conceale, perchance approue, and further, being by my imparting of it to you, made of the party, ere the report of others make you a Iudge; bee bold my tongue: for though my cheekes bluſh, yet they couer you. Bee not aſhamed, nay, euen glory to tell that *Zelmane* is the Prince *Pyrocles*; hee, vvhom you haue heard ſo oft (yet euer to his honour) named: and, to deſigne him vnto you more particularly, the friend of *Muſidorus*, ouer vvhom with him you are iealous; they lying now in one bed with no leſſe loue, than I told you. Why hee goes diſguiſed with others, and why I am plaine with you I neede not tell: you may imagine. One God hath metamorphoſed both, the one in a Shepheard, the other in a vvoman: and we only can reſtore them to themſelues, and themſelues to the world; that they may grace it with the glory of their actions, as they vvere wont to doe.

Then *Philoclea*, exchanging eſtates vvith her Siſter (vvords arreſted by thoughts) ſhee became ſad, and the other ioyfull: vvho thinking her ſelfe vvell reuenged of the paſſed ſcorne, and hauing a ſufficient pledge of her Siſters ſecrecie, began to complaine of their fathers ſtrict vſing of them, by ſurmizings of his owne minding to marre their fortunes; ſo that where hee ſhould reioyce at ſuch an occaſion (if comming to the knowledge thereof) hee vvould not faile to diſappoint it, perchance vvith the ruine of the Princes: vvhich vvould not onely proue a particular loſſe for them, but (vvhich ſhee lamented more) a generall loſſe for all the vvorld; depriuing it of thoſe patterns of vertue, who in all their actions did but paint out the height of perfection, and encourage others to follow their foote-ſteps in the way of vvorth. Therefore it behoued them to regard themſelues, and ſeriouſly to conſider a matter of ſo great importance. Then both beginning to muſe, Night did caſt the Nets of ſleepe ouer their eyes, yet could not hinder their earneſt thoughts from proſecuting the courſe of their owne fancies: for vvhat they were thinking vvhen waking, they ſtill dreamed when ſleeping.

But ere the Morning Starre began to retire (as giuing place to a greater light, vvhoſe comming, it, as a fore-runner, had onely warned the world to attend) both awaked complaining of the nights length, and hauing vvith paſſionate diſcourſes vvorne away darkeneſſe (as vvearie of them) they aroſe and haſtily apparrelled themſelues, though not in a curious, yet in a comely manner. Then with a pretended charity they vvould needes goe viſite the diſeaſed patient, being themſelues impatient. A little before their comming, *Muſidorus* being gone to giue order for the buriall of *Philiſides*, and (at the earneſt deſire of *Pyrocles*) of *Amaxius*, vvhoſe valour now had the full praiſe, from vvhich his

his owne presumption had derogated much vvhilest hee liued: as they approched to his Chamber doore, they heard *Pyrocles* preparing his voice for the conuoy of a sadly conceiued, and weakely deliuered song, which they resolued not to interrupt; attending the letter which followed.

More dangerous darts, than Death, Loue throwes I spie,
Who by experience now know both their wounds:
Death pierc'd me all, yet could not make me die:
Loue with a thought me in effect confounds.
The power of Death, Art sometimes may restraine,
Where Loue (I finde) can neuer Physicke finde:
Death onely plagues the body but with paine,
Where Loue with pleasure doth torment the minde.
Death still to all alike none free doth leaue:
Where partiall Loue, shafts but at some doth send:
Death with more mercy kils, than Loue doth saue;
Death end breeds rest, Loue neuer rests to end.
Death doth enlarge, where Loue imprisons still:
Death fore'd by fates; Loue, willingly doth kill.

As soone as this song vvas ended *Pamela* opened the doore, saluting him still (so to disguise her knowledge) by the name of *Zelmane*; and asked in vvhat estate shee vvas with her selfe: vvho returned this answer: How can I smart hauing such Angels to giue mee comfort? Or how can I feele paine in their presence, vvhose faces are Heauens of pleasure? Since (said *Pamela*) being onely infortunate by falling in our company; the hazzard of your life hath procured our liberty, so that accidentally (though farre from our intention) vvee haue beene the causes of all your trouble: how can vve thinke of your paine but as of our owne? or haue any delight, vvhilst you rest grieued? Wonders of vvorth (said *Zelmane*) I shall euer, vvhilest I liue, reckon for my highest happinesse, my being honoured by your company: and as for my trauels in this, they are by the successe aboundantly rewarded, since I could aspire to no higher good, than I haue compassed, hauing purchased you any contentment.

Whilest that passionate *Zelmane*, vvith an animated feruencie, did incorporate her hand vvith *Philoclea's*, vvhose speaking lookes, how euer sometime out of modesty obliquely mouing, had a continuall revolution about his face: the blacke Knights comming in, drew *Pamela's* spirits from her thoughts to her eyes. A Gentleman followed him, directed from *Basilius*: vvho, after his duety done to the Ladies, hauing shewne them that their Father and Mother vvere in good health (induced by their inquiring attendance) told how the first, vvhom prodigall fame had breathed forth vvith newes, (hasted by himselfe, as vvho carried an acceptable message in hope of benefit or thankes) certified the King how the Castle vvas vvonne, and his daughter deliuered by the blacke Knight, vvho before had put a period to the victories of *Amphialus*; At this, *Pamela* looking on *Musidorus* blushed: and hee (though by no gesture betraying his Ioy) reioyced, not because hee heard himselfe praised, but because

ſhee heard him praiſed, and that *Annaxius* in a ſingle combate was killed by *Zelmane*, ſhee not long ouer-liuing the victoy.

The King hearing this, who of his gracious nature vvould rather ſaue one friend than deſtroy all his enemies, as if the deliuery of his daughters had beene a matter of ſmall moment, and a gaine too light to counterpoſe ſo great a loſſe, did abandon his ſoule to the tyranny of ſorrow, euen more than Maieſtie in a Prince, or vertue in affliction, in the ballances of reaſon, vvould haue allowed of ſuch vveight. At this *Zelmanes* ſmile vvas accompanied vvith *Philocleas*. But when he ſpake of *Gynecias* griefes ouer-growing the other; they grew pale: being affraid of the Fountaine from whence her teats did flow, leſt it ſhould drowne them.

But whileſt *Gynecia* (the meſſenger inſiſted) as runne mad vvith anguiſh, incloſed in a Chamber vvould ſuffer none to come vnto her: all vvondered, that her children being ſafe, a Strangers death, or her Husbands griefe, could vveaken the knowne ſtrength of her minde ſo much. The next Meſſenger came, being the latter, and thereby the better informed, vvho ſugred the firſt newes with the aſſurance of *Zelmanes* ſafetie. Then the Queene comming forth as after a great tempeſt, the Skie of her countenance cleared, looking brighter than before. The King vvould haue come himſelfe here in perſon, but hee vvas perſwaded to ſend *Philanax* vvith a number of choſen men to receiue the Caſtle and the Ladies; eftſoones being curious to know who cured *Zelmane*, when it was told him that the Knight vvho wonne the Caſtle vvould truſt none with that ſaue himſelfe, hee was ſorry that one of his worth ſhould bee put to ſuch trouble; and vvould needes haue an ordinary Surgeon ſought out to vndertake the charge. In the meane time, the Queene came and brought out of a boxe a ſoueraigne balme, vvhich ſhee hath ſent by mee to be applied to your wounds, faire *Zelmane*, not doubting but they will quickly become found if her direction bee obſerued, which is onely: That you reſt and keepe your ſelfe quiet from company now, and by the way, till ſhee her ſelfe may vſe other remedies. And for this effect ſhee intreates you (Miracles of Nature) her daughters to forbeare her company during this time: that your example (whoſe authority abuſed might embolden the indiſcretion of inferiours) may bee a Law for others: and ſhee aſſured mee, that ſhe would by a ſecret ſpie learne how ſhe were obeyed in this. Such a care hath ſhe of this ſweet Ladies health.

By the end of this Commiſſion vvell did *Zelmane* and *Philoclea* know, at whom in particular thoſe generall Iniunctions did onely aime. This enioyned abſtinence did giue *Zelmane* a ſurfeit in ſorrow, who had rather haue continued ſtill infirme, than to haue recouered by ſo cruell a Phyſicke. And yet her miſerie was multiplied whon ſhee remembred the cauſe, whereof this (in reſpect of that which ſhee did expect) was a ſlender iſſue, and but a little fury, ſent to afflict her out of that hell of *Gynecias* breaſt; into whoſe company ſhe was ſhortly to enter. Now the blacke Knight, purpoſing to depart before *Philanax* arriued, brought his companion the Knight of the Pole (as a Partner of his victory) to kiſſe the Ladies hands: extenuating his owne part, and preferring his: Thoſe who haue true worth in themſelues, can neuer enuie it in another. Thereafter aduiſing him priuately to haue their little companie

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in a readineſſe, hee went with an vncounterfeited reuerence, humbling himſelfe before the Idoll of his ſoule to know her will: telling her what he had done, being onely done for her, he would attend thankes from no other; neither would he be knowne till he might be knowne for hers: and ſhee (her countenance rather lightning courteſie than affection) deſired him to returne to his old Maſter, and hee ſhould be reſtored to the eſtate which by his fault he had before iuſtly forfeited; wiſhing that he ſhould carrie himſelfe more moderately thereafter, if hee would not incurre her indignation, and raze all regard of him out of her memory.

Then *Musidorus* (as contented as one who had beene brought from Hell to Heauen) with many vehement atteſtations to win truſt with her, and imprecations againſt himſelfe in caſe of periury, wiſhed, if euer his minde were ſo vnhappie, as to bee ſurpriſed by any purpoſe, tending in the leaſt degree to grieue her, That hee might neuer liue till it tooke effect, but dye ere it were diſcouered. And (like a warie gameſter, who hauing once aduantage is loath to aduenture againe) willing to ſeale vp his eares with the acceptable ſounds which they had receiued, hee tooke leaue, leauing his heart with her, and taking hers with him. Then went hee towards *Pyrocles* (the ioy of his heart ſhining thorough his face) and acquainted him with his vnwilling abſenting himſelfe, referring all further conference till their meeting at the Arbour. And hauing in a complementall manner craued, but not deſired imployment from *Philoclea* in any ſeruice: after the funerals were performed, hee marched with his Troupe away, the moſt part thinking that hee went to meete *Philanax*: whileſt *Pamela* from a window followed with her eyes, till clouds of duſt did bury their obiect in the Ayre.

Soone after their departure from the Caſtle, about this time, *Philanax* arriued, who immediately after hee had receiued the Caſtle in the Kings name, ſought for the Knight, whoſe gift (though not giuen by him) hee eſteemed it to bee. For hee being generouſly iudicious, thought it more fit that Princes ſhould defray obligations by rewardes (euery man being inferiour to him to whom he ſtands indebted) than to bee behinde with any by being beholding; and hearing that hee was gone by publike inquirie for him, and praiſes of him, hee witneſſed to the world how highly his valour was valued. After hee had ſaluted the Princeſſes, hee viſited *Zelmane*, and told her how carefull his Maſter was to haue thoſe wounds cured, which in his ſeruice had beene procured, that thereafter hee might otherwiſe expreſſe his gratefulneſſe. But *Zelmane* affirmed, That though that bloud which was ſhed, had beene followed by all the reſt of her body: with the Kings former courteſies towards her, the deſeruing by the recompence was both preceeded and exceeded. Then *Philanax* (loth to ſtriue with deedes in words) deſired her, if her health might ſerue, to prouide for her remouing with the reſt to morrow: otherwiſe, that ſhould bee done for her, which ſhee her ſelfe would direct.

Immediately after his departure *Zelmane* aroſe: and hauing apparrelled her ſelfe, began to walke, not ſo much to trie how ſhee might comport with the intended iourney, as that ſhee might pretend any meanes which might afford her the ſatisfaction of *Philoclea*s preſence; where (violently carried by her thoughts) ſhee came ſoone, but not ſo ſoone as ſhee wiſhed, and was wiſhed: where (*Pamela*

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apart entertaining her thoughts) shee thus entred vvith *Philoclea*. Deare loue, Oh in vvhat an Ocean of troubles doth our estate continually flote! yet hath neuer so much as attained the sight of any secure Port. I see that this freedome vvill but bring vs to a greater bondage: vvee are led from captiuity, onely to become captiues. For, where before those senseleſſe walls were thought sufficient to guard vs, wee shall be watched now, by one more iealous than *Iuno*, with more eyes than euer *Argus* had. I would willingly conueigh you where I might enioy you, and you a Kingdome: but this, my infirmity first hindred; and the comming of *Philanax* hath altogether preuented. In the meane time, till for performing of that, a longed-for occasion come, I must arme my selfe against your Fathers folly, and your Mothers fury. The one might easily bee deluded; but the others cannot bee resisted, but by a shew of yeelding, which I must cunningly counterfeit: and therefore trust no externall shew; for who euer haue my countenance, you haue my heart. *Philoclea's* words were, that shee cared not where shee vvent, so it were vvith him, nor what shee did, so it were warranted by his direction, as bent rather to burne her breast, than to let it lodge any thought which durst but doubt of the sufficiencie of his intentions; since, what euer circle they made, hauing alwayes for their centre the excellencie of his owne vvorth. So parting, as if they had beene to goe to liue in sundry Kingdomes, though going to liue in one company, Night inuited them to repose.

The next morning being saluted by the Trumpets sounds, and all ready to remoue, they were quickely transported over the Lake, and as quickly (when landed) mounted by the prouident care of *Philanax*, to finish their iourney. But ere they came two or three miles off the Lodges, *Basilius* met them: who imbraced his Daughters, not that he would goe first to them, but that he vvould bee last with *Zelmane*, whom hee had kissed with his eyes, ere his lips were drawne from his Daughters. And as soone as hee had shewne as much affection encountring her, as his state before so many would permit: hee said, that notwithstanding her countenance vvas the treasure in the World, whereof hee vvas most couetous, yet it grieued him, that another should bee so happy as to haue procured her liberty, rather than himselfe; and that it was his purpose, as a priuate aduenturer, to haue manifested his affection, fighting as a Knight, not as a King, for her deliuerie.

Zelmane replying, That it had beene against all reason, that so great a Prince, on whom the liues of so many did depend, should haue beene hazzarded for the life of ayme, whose fall could extend no further than to her owne ruine: Your ruine (said hee) I wish that mine were first: for it could not but follow after. And doe not thinke that the blacke Knight, or any other durst doe more for you than I: yet such is the miserable estate of vs Kings, that wee cannot proue men; but are compelled to moue in our owne Spheare. The iournies end cutting off their discourse, *Gynecia* was wayting on their lighting: and hauing first (duety tyrannizing ouer affection) carelesly kissed *Pamela*, disdainfully *Philoclea*, and vehemently *Zelmane*, there first enquiring of her wounds, thankes (though bestowing nothing deseruing meede) were courteously returned for the Balme which was sent; shee protesting that if no other thing could helpe, shee would pull out her owne heart, vvhen *Basilius* interrupted them,

them, comming to haue lightned his heart, by burdening his body with his Miſtreſſes lighting.

Dametas came ſtarting and leaping like a giddy Kidde to meete with *Pamela*; and as ſoone as ſhee vvas lighted, for the firſt ſaluation, told her how much ſhe was beholding to him, hauing ſhewne his manhood and good will as much as the beſt fellow in thoſe bounds could haue done: ſwearing that he had ventured more for her, than hee would doe for all the vvorld againe, and for his owne life too; I (quoth hee) and when my man *Dorus* durſt not bee ſeene, who was thought a braue fellow, yet hee fained a buſineſſe farre from the noiſe of vvarre, to ſeeke ſheepe, but the truth is, to hide himſelfe, whileſt my deedes made all our Army laugh for joy: ſo that during all that time of trouble, which I tremble yet to thinke vpon, I neuer heard of him, till euen now hee ſent mee word by a Shepheard, whom hee met on the way, that hee had found the Ewes, which had ſtrayed with great difficulty; and was driuing them at leiſure, for feare they ſhould miſcarry. But when hee comes, I promiſe I will make his cowardiſe bee knowne for leauing mee, when I would faine haue left my ſelfe for feare. O but (ſaid *Pamela*) you muſt not bee offended though euery man bee not ſo ſtout as you are; hee may bee an euill Souldier, but yet a good Shepheard: and I hope you keepe him that hee may keepe ſheepe, not that hee may kill men. Now in good faith (ſaid hee) I ſee you are not changed: for you were euer wiſe, and ſo doe you continue ſtill. I may well chide the fellow, but I will not beate him.

Then all entering the Lodge with *Baſilius*, though the Supper was ready, *Gynecia* would dreſſe *Zelmanes* wounds firſt, and *Baſilius* would ſee them dreſſed; ſo by his deſpiſed importunateneſſe reſtrayning the torrent of *Gynecia's* paſſions; which would but burſt forth more furiouſly thereafter. This freeing *Zelmanes* cares at that time, was but ſuch a reliefe to her, as they finde who expell poyſon by counterpoyſon, ſhee being as weary of him, as affraid of the other.

Then ſitting downe to the Supper, more curious of a ſurfeit to their eyes, than for ſuſtenance to the reſt of their body: the eyes of *Baſilius* were euer feeding on the face of *Zelmane* with a fearefull earneſtneſſe, ſaue ſometime when they were conſtrained to retire by the violence of his wiues lookes: thinking that they with a iealous anger had vpbraided his errour, which ſhee (otherwiſe buſied) had neuer ſo much as obſerued. The one of her eyes was ſettled like a fixed Starre on *Zelmane*: the other like a wandring Comet threatning confuſion where it ſhined, ſtrayed betwixt *Zelmane*, and her daughter *Philoclea*; watching and chaſtiſing with a looke her ſtolne lookes. *Zelmanes* languiſhing lights made the Table enuied, whileſt her deiected lookes did onely bleſſe it; as ſcorning to looke on any, ſince ſhee might not looke where ſhee liked. *Philoclea*, chayned by thoughts to *Zelmane*, did imitate her, being penſiue, becauſe ſhee was penſiue: yet like a cunning Painter, who hauing fully fed his eyes with the affected obiect, turnes backe within himſelfe, that his imagination may engraue it the more exactly within his memory, ſhee would ſometimes with a theeuiſhly aduentrous looke ſpie *Zelmanes* geſture, that ſhee might the better counterfeit it in her countenance. As for *Pamela*, ſhee kept her accuſtomed Maieſtie, being abſent where ſhee was, and preſent where ſhee was not. Then, the Supper being ended,

after

after some ambiguous speeches, which might (for feare of being mistaken) be taken in two senses, or else were altogether estranged from the speakers minde; speaking as in a maze, not what they thought, but what they would bee thought to think: and so entered to the Lodge where they had vsed before to meet. *Basilius* having first ignited them, the next morning found a Paste-ball represented by the ordinarie Shepheards, to congratulate their prosperous returne.

If this little Essay, haue not that perfection which is required for supplying the want of that place for which it was intended, yet shall it serue for shadow to giue a lustre to the rest. I haue onely herein conformed my selfe to that which preceded my beginning, and was knowne to be that admirable Authors owne, but do differ in some things from that which followes, specially in the death of Philisides, *making choise of a course, whereby I might best manifest, what affection I beare to the memorie of him, whom I took to be alluded vnto by that name, And whom I onely by this imperfect parcell (designing more then a minde to honour*

S. W. A.

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From hence the Hiſtory is againe continued out of the Authors owne writings and conceits, as followeth.

AFter that *Baſilius* (according to the Oracles promiſe) had receiued home his daughters, & ſettled himſelf again in his ſolitary courſe & accuſtomed company, there paſſed not many daies ere the now fully recomforted *Dorus* hauing waited a time of *Zelmanes* walking alone towards her little Arbor, took leaue of his maſter *Dametas* husbandry to follow her. Neare whereunto ouertaking her, and ſitting downe together among the ſweete flowers vvhereof that place was very plentifull, vnder the pleaſant ſhade of a broad-leaued Sycamor, they recounted one to another their ſtrange pilgrimage of paſſions, omitting nothing (vvhich open hearted friendſhip is wont to lay forth, where there is cauſe to communicate both ioyes & ſorrowes, for indeede there is no ſweeter taſte of friendſhip, than the coupling of ſoules in this mutuality either of condoling, or comforting: where the oppreſſed mind finds it ſelf not altogether miſerable, ſince it is ſure of one which is feelingly ſorry for his miſery: & the ioyful ſpends not his ioy, either alone, or there where it may be enuied: but may freely ſend it to ſuch a wel grounded obiect, from vvhence hee ſhall be ſure to receiue a ſweete reflection of the ſame ioy, and, as in a cleere mirror of ſincere good will, ſee a liuely picture of his own gladnes. But after much diſcourſe on either part, *Dorus* (his heart ſcarce ſeruing him to come to the point, whereunto his then comming had been vvholly directed, as loth in the kindeſt ſort to diſcouer to his friend his owne vnkindneſſe) at length, one vvord emboldening another made known to *Zelmane*, how *Pamela* vpon his vehement oath to offer no force vnto her, till hee had inueſted her in the Dutchie of *Theſſalie*, had condeſcended to his ſtealing her away to the next ſea port. That beſides the ſtrange humors ſhe ſaw her father more and more falling into, and vnreaſonable reſtraint of her liberty, vvhereof ſhee knew no cauſe but light grounded icalouſies, added to the hate of that manner of life, and confidence ſhee had in his vertue, the chiefeſt reaſon had vvonne her to this, was the late danger ſhee ſtood in of loſing him, the like whereof (not vnlike to fall if this courſe were continued) ſhe choſe rather to dye than againe to vndergo. That now they waited for nothing elſe, but ſome fit time for their eſcape, by the abſence of their three lothſome companions, in whom folly ingendred ſuſpicion. And therefore now, ſaid *Dorus*, my deare Couſin, to whom nature began my friendſhip, education confirmed it, and vertue hath made it eternall, here haue I diſcouered the very foundation whereupon my life is built: bee you the Iudge betwixt mee and my fortune. The violence of loue is not vnknowne to you: And I know my caſe ſhall neuer want pity in your conſideration. How all the ioyes of my heart do leaue me, in thinking I muſt for a time be abſent from you, the eternall truth is witneſſe vnto mee. I know I ſhould not ſo ſenſibly feele the pangs of my laſt departure. But this enchantmene of my reſtleſſe deſire hath ſuch authority in my ſelfe aboue my ſelfe, that I am become a ſlaue vnto it, I haue no more freedome in mine owne determinations. My thoughts are now all bent how to carry away my burdenous bliſſe. Yet, moſt beloued Couſin, rather than you ſhould thinke I doe herein violate that holy band of true friendſhip, vvherein I vnworthy am knit vnto you, command mee ſtay. Perchance the force of your commandement may vvorke ſuch impreſſion into my heart, that no reaſon of mine owne can imprint into it. For the Gods forbid, the

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foule word of abandoning *Pyrocles*, might euer be obiected to the faithful *Muſidorus*. But if you can ſpare my preſence, whoſe preſence no way ſerues you, & by the diuiſion of theſe two Lodges is not oft with you: nay if you can think my abſence may, as it ſhall, ſtand you in ſtead, by bringing ſuch an armie hither, as ſhall make *Baſilius*, willing or vnwilling, to know his own hap, in granting you *Philoclea*: then I will cheerefully goe about this my moſt deſired enterpriſe, and ſhall thinke the better halfe of it already atchieued, being begun, in the fortunate houre of my friends contentment. Theſe words, as they were not knit together with ſuch a conſtant courſe of flowing eloquence, as *Dorus* was wont to vſe: ſo was his voyce interrupted with ſighes, and his countenance with enterchanging colour diſmaid. So much his own heart did finde him faultie to vnbend any way the continuall vſe of their deare friendſhip. But *Zelmane*, who had all this while gladly harkened to the other tydings of her friends happy ſucceſſe, when this laſt determination of *Dorus* ſtrake her attentiue ears, ſhe ſtaied a great while oppreſſed with a dead amazement. There came ſtraight before her minde, made tender with woes, the images of her own fortune. Her tedious longings, her cauſes to deſpair, the comberſome folly of *Baſilius*, the enraged iealouſie of *Gynecia*, her ſelfe a Prince without retinue; a man annoyed with the troubles of woman-kind; lothſomely loued, & dangerouſly louing. And now for the perfecting of all, her friend to be taken away by him ſelf, to make the loſſe the greater by the vnkindnes. But within a while ſhe reſolutely paſſed ouer all inward obiections, and preferring her friends profit to her own deſire, with a quiet but heartie looke, ſhe thus anſwered him: If I bare thee this Loue, vertuous *Muſidorus*, for mine owne ſake, and that our friendſhip grew becauſe I, for my part, might reioyce to enioy ſuch a friend, I ſhould now ſo throughly feel mine owne loſſe, that I ſhould call the heauens and earth to witneſſe, how cruelly ye rob me of my greateſt comfort, meaſuring the breach of friendſhip by mine own paſſion. But becauſe indeede I loue thee for thy ſelfe, and in my iudgement iudge of thy worthineſſe to be loued, I am content to build my pleaſure vpon thy comfort; And then will I deeme my hap in friendſhip great, when I ſhall ſee thee, whom I loue, happy. Let me be onely ſure thou loueſt me ſtill, the onely price of true affection: go therefore on, worthy *Muſidorus*, with the guide of vertue, and ſeruice of fortune. Let thy loue be loued, thy deſires proſperous, thy eſcape ſafe, and thy iourny eaſie. Let euery thing yeeld his help to thy deſert: for my part abſence ſhall not take thee from mine eies, nor afflictions ſhall barre mee from gladding in thy good, nor a poſſeſſed heart ſhall keepe thee from the place it hath for euer allotted vnto thee. *Dorus* would faine haue replyed againe, to haue made a liberall confeſſion that *Zelmane* had of her ſide the aduantage of well performing friendſhip: but partly his own griefe of parting from one he loued ſo dearely, partly the kind care in what ſtate hee ſhould leaue *Zelmane*, bred ſuch a conflict in his minde, that many times hee wiſhed, hee had either neuer attempted, or neuer reuealed this ſecret enterpriſe. But *Zelmane*, who had now looked to the vttermoſt of it, and eſtabliſhed her minde vpon an aſſured determination, My only friend ſaid ſhe, ſince to ſo good towardneſſe, your courteous deſtinies haue conducted you, let not a ceremoniall conſideration of our mutuall loue, bee a barre vnto it. I ioy in your preſence, but I ioy more in your good: that friendſhip brings forth the fruits of enmitie, which preferres his owne tenderneſſe, before his friends dammage. For my part, my greateſt griefe herein ſhall bee, I can be no further ſeruiceable vnto you. O *Zelmane*, ſaid *Dorus*, with his eyes euen couered with water, I did not thinke ſo ſoon to haue diſplaied my determination vnto you, but to haue made my way firſt

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in your louing iudgment. But alas as your ſweet diſpoſition drew me ſo far: ſo doth it now ſtrengthen me in it. To you therefore be the due commendation giuen; who can conquer me in Loue, and Loue in wiſedome. As for mee then ſhall goodneſſe turne to euill, & vngratefulneſſe be the token of a true heart, when *Pyrocles* ſhall not poſſeſſe a principall ſeate in my ſoule, when the name of *Pyrocles* ſhall not be held of me in deuout reuerence.

They would neuer haue come to the cruell inſtant of parting, nor to the il-faring word of farewell, had not *Zelmane* ſeene a farre off the old *Baſilius*, who hauing performed a ſacrifice to *Apollo*, for his daughters, but principally for his miſtreſſe happy returne, had ſince beene euery where to ſeeke her. And now being come within compaſſe of diſcerning her, he began to frame the louelieſt countenance hee could, ſtroking vp his legges, ſetting his beard in due order, and ſtanding bolt vpright. Alas ſaid *Zelmane*, behold an euill fore-token of your ſorrowfull departure. Yonder ſee I one of my furies which doth daily vexe mee, farewell, farewell my *Atauſidorus*, the gods make fortune to waite on thy vertues, and make mee wade through this lake of wretchednesſe. *Dorus* burſt out into a flo'd of tears, wringing her faſt by the hand. No, no, ſaid he, I go blindfold whither the courſe of my ill happe carries me: for now too late my heart giues me this our ſeparating can neuer be proſperous. But if I liue, attend me here ſhortly with an army. Thus both appalled with the grieuous renting of their long combination (hauing firſt reſolued with themſelues, that whatſoeuer fell vnto them, they ſhould neuer vpon no occaſion vtter their names for the conſerning the honour of their royall parentage, but keepe the names of *Diophantus* & *Palladius*, as before had bin agreed between them) they took diuers waies: *Dorus* to the lodge-ward, where his heauy eyes might be ſomething refreſhed, *Zelmane* towards *Baſilius*: ſaying to her ſelfe with a ſcorneſull ſmiling: Yet hath not my friendly fortune depriued me of a pleaſant companion. But hee hauing with much ſearch come to her preſence, *Doubt* and *Deſire* bred a great quarrel in his mind. For his former experience had taught him to doubt: & true feeling of Loue made doubts dangerous, but the working of his deſire, had ere long wonne the field. And therefore with the moſt ſubmiſſiue maner his behauiour could yeeld. O Goddeſſe, ſaid hee, towards whom I haue the greateſt feeling of Religion, be not diſpleaſed at ſom ſhew of deuotion I haue made to *Apollo*: ſince hee (if he know any thing) knowes that my heart beares farre more awfull reuerence to your ſelfe, than to his, or any other the like *Deitie*. You will euer be deceiued in me, anſweted *Zelmane*: I will make my ſelfe no competitor with *Apollo*, neither can blaſphemies to him bee duties to mee. With that *Baſilius* tooke out of his boſome certaine verſes he had written, and kneeling downe, preſented them to her. They contained this.

PHœbus *farewell, a ſweeter Saint I ſerue,*
The high conceits thy heau'nly wiſedomes breed,
My thought I forget: my thoughts which neuer ſwerue
From her in whom is ſowne their freedomes ſeed,
And in whoſe eyes my daily doome I reede.

Phœbus *farewell, a ſweeter Saint I ſerue,*
Thou art farre off, thy kingdome is aboue:
She beau'n on earth with beauties doth preſerue.
Thy beames I like, but her cleare rayes I loue:
Thy force I feare, her force I ſtill doe proue.

Phœbus *yeeld vp thy title in my minde:*
She doth poſſeſſe thy image is defac'd,
But if thy rage ſome braue reuenge will finde,
On her, who hath in me thy temple rac'd,
Employ thy might, that ſhe my fires may taſte,
And how much more her worth ſurmounteth thee,
Make her as much more baſe by louing me.

This is my Hymne to you, ſaid he, not left me by my anceſtors, but begun in my ſelfe. The temple wherin it is daily ſung, is my ſoule: and the ſacrifice I offer to you withall, is all whatſoeuer I am. *Zelmane*, who euer thought ſhe found in his ſpeeches the ill taſte of a medicine, and the operation of a poyſon, would haue ſuffered a diſdainfull looke to haue bin the only witneſſe of her good acceptation; but that *Baſilius* began afreſh to lay before her many pitifull prayers, and in the end to conclude that he was fully of opinion it was onely the vnfortunatenes of that place that hindred the proſperous courſe of his deſires. And therfore ſince the hatefull influence which made him embrace this ſolitarie life, was now paſt ouer him (as he doubted not the iudgement of *Philanax* would agree with his) & his late miſhaps had taught him how perillous it was to commit a Princes ſtate to a place ſo weakly guarded: he was now inclined to returne to his palace in *Mantinea*, & there he hoped hee ſhould be better able to ſhew how much he deſired to make all he had hers: with many other ſuch honey words, which my pen grows almoſt wearie to ſet down. This indeed neerely pierced *Zelmane*: for the good beginning ſhe had there obtained of *Philoclea*, made her deſire to continue the ſame trade, till vnto the more perfecting of her deſires: and to come to any publike place ſhe did deadly feare, leſt her maſk by many eyes might the ſooner be diſcouered, and ſo her hopes ſtopped, and the ſtate of her ioyes indangered. Therefore a while ſhe reſted, muſing at the daily changing labyrinth of her owne fortune, but in her ſelfe determined it was her onely beſt to keepe him there: & with fauors to make him loue the place, where the fauors were receiued, as diſgraces had made him apt to change the ſoyle.

Therefore caſting a kinde of corner looke vpon him, It is truely ſaid, (ſaid ſhee) that age cooleth the bloud. How ſoone, good man, you are terrified before you receiue any hurt? Doe you not know that daintineſſe is kindly vnto vs? And that hard obtaining, is the excuſe of womans granting? Yet ſpeake I not as though you were like to obtaine, or I to grant. But becauſe I would not haue you imagin, I am to be wonne by courtly vanities, or eſteeme a man the more, becauſe hee hath handſome men to wait on him; when he is afraid to liue without them. You might haue ſeene *Baſilius* humbly ſwell, and with a lowly looke, ſtand vpon his tiptoes; ſuch diuerſitie her words deliuered vnto him. O *Hercules*, anſwered he, *Baſilius* afraid? Or his bloud cold, that boyles in ſuch a furnace? Care I who is with mee while I enioy your preſence? Or is any place good or bad to me, but as it pleaſeth you to bleſſe or curſe it? O let me be but armed in your good grace, and I defie whatſoeuer there is or can be againſt me. No, no, your loue is forcible, and my age is not without vigor. *Zelmane* thought it not good for his ſtomack, to receiue a ſurfet of too much fauour, and therefore thinking he had enough for the time, to keepe him from any ſodaine remouing, with a certaine gracious bowing downe of her head toward him, ſhe turned away, ſaying, She would leaue him at this time to ſee how temperately he could vſe ſo bountifull a meaſure of her kindneſſe. *Baſilius* that thought euery drop a floud that bred any refreſhment, durſt not further preſſe her, but with an ancient

ancient modestie left her to the sweet repast of her owne fancies. *Zelmane* assoone as he was departed, went toward *Pamela's* lodge in hope to haue seene her friend *Dorus*, to haue pleased her selfe with another painefull farefull, and further to haue taken some aduise with him touching her owne estate, whereof before sorrow had not suffered her to thinke. But being come euen neere the Lodge, she saw the mouth of a caue, made as it should seeme by Nature in despite of Art: so fitly did the rich-growing marble serue to beautifie the vault of the first entry. Vnder foot the ground seemed minerall, yeelding such a glistering shew of gold in it, as they say the riuer *Tagus* carries in his sandy bed. The caue framed out into many goodly spacious roomes, such as selfe-liking men haue with long and learned delicacie found out the most easefull: there ran through it a little sweet riuer, which had left the face of the earth to drowne her selfe for a small way in this darke, but pleasant mansion. The very first shew of the place entised the melancholy minde of *Zelmane* to yeelde her selfe ouer there to the floud of her owne thoughts. And therefore sitting downe in the first entry of the caues mouth, with a song she had lately made, she gaue a dolefull way to her bitter affects, and sung to this effect:

Since that the stormie rage of passions darke
(Of passions darke, made darke by beauties light)
With rebell force, hath clos'de in dungeon darke
My minde, ere now led forth by reasons light.

Since all the things which giue my eyes their light,
Doe foster still the fruits of fancies darke:
So that the windowes of my inward light
Doe serue to make my inward powers darke.

Since, as I say, both mind and senses darke
Are hurt, not helpt, with piercing of the light:
While that the light may shew the horrors darke,
But cannot make resolued darkenesse light:
I like this place, where at the least the darke
May keepe my thoughts from thought of wonted light.

Instead of an instrument, her song was accompanied with the wringing of her hands, the closing of her weary eyes, and euen sometime cut off with the swelling of her sighes, which did not suffer the voyce to haue his free and native passage. But as she was a while musing vpon her song, raising vp her spirits, which were something falne into the weakenesse of lamentation, considering solitarie complaints doe no good to him whose help stands without himselfe, she might a farre off, first heare a whispring sound, which seemed to come from the inmost part of the caue, and being kept together with the close hollownesse of the place, had, as in a trunke, the more liberall accesse to her eares, and by and by she might perceiue the same voyce deliuer it selfe into musicall tunes, and with a base *Lyra* giue forth this song:

Harke plaintfull ghosts, infernall furies harke
Vnto my woes the hatefull heauens doe send,
The heauens conspir'd, to make my vitall sparke
A wretched wracke, a glasse of Ruines end.

Seeing, Alas, ſo mightie powers bend
Their irefull ſhot againſt ſo weake a marke,
Come cane, become my graue, come death, and lend
Receit to mee, within thy boſome darke.

For what is life to daily dying minde,
Where drawing breath, I ſucke the ayre of woe:
Where too much ſight makes all the body blinde,
And higheſt thoughts downeward moſt headlong throw?
Thus then my forme, and thus my ſtate I find,
Death wrapt in fleſh, to liuing graue aſsign'd.

And pawſing but a little, with monefull melodie it continued this octaue:

Like thoſe ſicke folkes, in whom ſtrange humours flow,
Can taſte no ſweets, the ſowre onely pleaſe:
So to my mind, while paſsions daily grow,
Whoſe fierie chaines, vpon his freedome ſeaze,
Ioyes ſtrangers ſeeme, I cannot bide their ſhow,
Nor brooke ought elſe but well acquainted woe.
Bitter griefes taſtes me beſt, paine is my eaſe,
Sicke to the death, ſtill loning my diſeaſe.

O *Venus*, ſaid *Zelmane*, who is this ſo well acquainted with me, that can make ſo liuely a portracture of my miſeries? It is ſurely the ſpirit appointed to haue care of me, which doth now in this darke place beare part with the complaints of his vnhappie charge. For if it be ſo, that the heauens haue at all times a meaſure of their wrathfull harmes, ſurely ſo many haue come to my bliſſeſſe lot, that the reſt of the world hath too ſmall a portion, to make with cauſe ſo wailfull a lamentation. But (ſaid ſhe) whatſoeuer thou be, I will ſeeke thee out, for thy muſicke well aſſures me we are at leaſt hand fellow-prentiſes to one vngracious maſter. So roſe ſhe, & went guiding her ſelfe by the ſtill playning voyce, till ſhe ſaw vpon a ſtone a little waxe-light ſet, & vnder it a piece of paper with theſe verſes very lately (as it ſhould ſeeme) written in it:

HOw is my Sunne, whoſe beames are ſhining bright,
Become the cauſe of my darke ougly night?
Or how doe I captiu'd in this darke plight,
Bewaile the caſe, and in the cauſe delight?

My mangled minde huge horrors ſtill doe fright,
With ſenſe poſſeſt, and claim'd by reaſons right:
Betwixt which two in me I haue this fight,
Where whoſo winnes, I put my ſelfe to flight.

Come clowdie feares, cloſe vp my dazled ſight,
Sorrowes ſucke vp the marrow of my might,
Due ſighes blow out all ſparkes of ioyfull light,
Tyre on deſpaire vpon my tyred ſprite.
An end, an end, my dull'd pen cannot write,
Nor maz'd head thinke, nor faltring tongue recite.

And hard vnderneath the Sonnet, were theſe words written:

This Caue is darke, but it had neuer light.
This waxe doth waſte it ſelfe, yet painleſſe dies.
Theſe words are full of woes, yet ſeele they none.

I darkned am, who once had cleareſt ſight.
I weepe my heart, which ſtill new torments tries.
I plaine with cauſe, my woes are all mine owne.

No Caue, no maſking waxe, no words of griefe,
Can hold, ſhew, tell my paines without reliefe.

She did not long ſtay to reade the words, for not farre off from the ſtone, ſhee might diſcerne in a darke corner, a Lady lying with her face ſo proſtrate vpon the ground, as ſhe could neither know, nor be knowne. But (as the generall nature of man is deſirous of knowledge, and ſorrow eſpecially glad to find fellowes) ſhee went as ſoftly as ſhe could conney her foot, neare vnto her, where ſhe heard theſe words come with vehement ſobbings from her. O darkeneſſe (ſaid ſhe) which doſt lightſomly (me thinkes) make me ſee the picture of my inward darkeneſſe: ſince I haue choſen thee to be the ſecret witneſſe of my ſorrowes, let me receiue a ſafe receit in thee; and eſteeme them not tedious, but if it be poſſible, let the vttering them bee ſome diſcharge to my ouerloden breaſt. Alas ſorrow, now thou haſt the full ſacke of my conquered ſpirits, reſt thy ſelfe a while, and ſet not ſtill new fire to thy owne ſpoyles: O accurſed reaſon, how many eyes thou haſt to ſee thy euils, and how dim, nay blinde thou art in preuenting them? Forlorne creature that I am! I would I might be freely wicked, ſince wickedneſſe doth preuaile: but the footſteps of my ouer-trodden vertue lie ſtill as bitter accuſations vnto me. I am diuided in my ſelfe, how can I ſtand? I am ouerthrowne in my ſelfe, who ſhall raiſe mee? Vice is but a nurſe of new agonies, and the vertue I am diuorced from, makes the hatefull compariſon the more manifeſt. No, no, vertue, either I neuer had but a ſhaddow of thee, or thou thy ſelfe art but a ſhadow. For how is my ſoule abandoned? How are all my powers laide waſte? My deſire is pained, becauſe it cannot hope, and if hope came, his beſt ſhould be but miſchiefe. O ſtrange mixture of humane mindes, onely ſo much good left, as to make vs languiſh in our owne euils. Yee infernall Furies (for it is too late for me, to awake my dead vertue, or to place my comfort in the angry gods) ye infernall Furies, I ſay, ayde one that dedicates her ſelfe vnto you; let my rage be ſatisfied, ſince the effect of it is fit for your ſeruice. Neither bee affraide to make me too happy, ſince nothing can come to appeaſe the ſmart of my guilty conſcience. I deſire but to aſſwage the ſweltring of my helliſh longing, deiected *Gynecia*. *Zelmane* no ſooner heard the name of *Gynecia*, but that with a cold ſweate all ouer her, as if ſhe had bin readie to tread vpon a deadly ſtinging Adder, ſhe would haue withdrawne her ſelfe, but her owne paſſion made her yeeld more vnquiet motions, then ſhe had done in comming. So that ſhee was perceiued, and *Gynecia* ſodainely riſen vp, for indeed it was *Gynecia*, gotten into the Caue (the ſame Caue, wherein *Dametas* had ſafely kept *Pamela* in the late vproare) to paſſe her pangs, with change of places. And as her mind ran ſtill vpon *Zelmane*, her piercing louers eye had ſoone found it was ſhee. And ſeeing in her a countenance to flye away, ſhee fell downe at her feete, and catching faſt hold of her: Alas (ſaid ſhee) whither, or from whom

doest thou flie away? The fiercest beasts are wonne with seruice, and there is no flint but may be mollified: How is *Gynecia* so vnworthy in thine eyes? or whom cannot abundance of loue make worthy? O thinke not that crueltie, or vngratefulnesse, can flow from a good minde! O weigh, Alas weigh with thy selfe the new effects of this mightie passion, that I, vnfit for my estate, vncomely for my sexe, must become a suppliant at thy feete! By the happy woman that bare thee, by all the ioyes of thy heart, and successe of thy desire, I beseech thee runne thy selfe to some consideration of mee, and rather shew pittie in now helping mee, than in too late repenting my death, which hourely threatens me. *Zelmane* imputing it to one of her continuall mishaps, thus to haue met with this Lady, with a full wearie countenance; Without doubt Madame, said shee, where the desire is such as may be obtained, and the partie well deseruing as your selfe, it must be a great excuse that may well colour a deniall: but when the first motion carries with it a direct impossibilitie, then must the only answer be, comfort without help, and sorrow to both parties; to you not obtaining, to me not able to grant. O, said *Gynecia*, how good leisure you haue to frame these scornefull answers? Is *Gynecia* thus to be despised? Am I so vile a worm in your sight? No, no, trust to it hard-hearted Tygre, I will not be the only Actor of this Tragedie: since I must fall, I will presse down some others with my ruines: since I must burne, my spitefull neighbours shall feele my fire. Doest thou not perceiue that my diligent eyes haue pierced through the clowdie maske of thy disguisement? Haue I not told thee, O foole (if I were not much more foole) that I knew thou wouldest abuse vs with thy outward shew? Wilt thou still attend the rage of loue in a womans heart? the gyrle thy well chosen mistresse, perchance shall defend thee, when *Basilius* shall know how thou hast sotted his minde with falshood, and falsely sought the dishonour of his house. Beleeue it, beleeue it vnkind creature, I will end my miseries with a notable example of reuenge, and that accursed cradle of mine shall feele the smart of my wound, thou of thy tyranny, and lastly, (I confesse) my selfe of mine own worke. *Zelmane* that had long before doubted her selfe to bee discouered by her, and now plainely finding it, was, as the prouerb saith, like them that hold the Wolfe by the eares, bitten while they hold, and slaine if they loose. If she held her off in these wonted termes, she saw rage would make her loue work the effects of hate, to grant vnto her, her heart was so bound vpon *Philoclea*, it had bin worse than a thousand deaths. Yet found she it was necessary for her to come to a resolution, for *Gynecia's* sore could bide no leisure, and once discouered, besides the danger of *Philoclea*, her desires should be for euer vtterly stopped. She remembred withal the words of *Basilius*, how apt he was to leaue this life, & returne to his court, a great bar to her hopes. Lastly, she considered *Dorus* enterprise might bring some strange alteration of this their well liked fellowship. So that encompassed with these instant difficulties, she bent her spirits to thinke of a remedy, which might at once both saue her from them, & serue her to the accomplishment of her onely pursuit. Lastly, she determined thus, that there was no way but to yeeld to the violence of their desires, since striuing did the more chafe them. And that following their owne current, at length of it selfe it would bring her to the other side of her burning desires.

Now in the meane while, the diuided *Dorus*, long diuided betweene loue and friendship, & now for his loue diuided from his friend, though indeed without preiudice of friendships loyaltie, which doth neuer barre the minde from his free satisfaction: yet still a cruell iudge ouer himselfe, thought he was some waies faulty, and applied his minde now to amend it, with a speedie and behouefull returne. But

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then was his first study, how to get away, whereto already he had *Pamela's* consent, confirmed and concluded vnder the name of *Mopsa* in her owne presence: *Dorus* taking this way, that whatsoeuer he would haue of *Pamela*, he would aske her, whether in such a case it were not best for *Mopsa* so to behaue her selfe, in that sort making *Mopsa's* enuie, an instrument of that shee did enuie. So hauing passed ouer his first and most feared difficultie, hee busied his spirits how to come to the haruest of his desires, whereof hee had so faire a shew. And thereunto (hauing gotten leaue for some dayes of his master *Dametas*, who now accounted him as his sonne in law) he romed round about the desart, to finde some vnknowne way, that might bring him to the next Sea port, as much as might be out of all course of other passengers: which all very wel succeeding him, & he hauing hired a Barke for his liues trafficke, and prouided horses to carry her thither, returned homeward, now come to the last point of his care, how to goe beyond the lothsome watchfulnesse of these three vncomely companions, and therein did wisely consider, how they were to be taken with whom he had to deale, remembring that in the particularities of euery bodies minde, & fortune, there are particular aduantages, by which they are to be held. The muddy mind of *Dametas*, he found most easily stirred with couetousnesse. The curst mischieuous heart of *Miso*, most apt to be tickled with iealousie, as whose rotten braine could thinke well of no body. But yong mistresse *Mopsa*, who could open her eyes vpon nothing, that did not all to bewonder her, hee thought curiositie the fittest baite for her. And first for *Dametas*, *Dorus* hauing employed a whole dayes worke, about a ten mile off from the Lodge (quite contrary way to that hee meant to take with *Pamela*) in digging and opening the ground, vnder an ancient oke that stood there, in such sort as he might longest hold *Dametas* greedy hopes, in some shew of comfort, he came to his master, with a countenance mixt betweene chearefulnesse and haste, & taking him by the right hand, as if he had a great matter of secrecie to reueale vnto him: Master (said he) I did neuer thinke that the gods had appointed my mind freely brought vp, to haue so longing a desire to serue you, but that they minded thereby to bring some extraordinary fruit to one so beloued of them, as your honesty makes me thinke you are. This bindes me euen in conscience, to disclose that which I perswade my selfe is alotted vnto you, that your fortune may be of equall ballance with your deserts. He said no further, because he would let *Dametas* play vpon the bit a while, who not vnderstanding what his words intended, yet well finding they carried no euill news, was so much the more desirous to know the matter, as he had free scope to imagine what measure of good hap himselfe would. Therefore putting off his cap to him, which he had neuer done before, and assuring him he should haue *Mopsa*, though she had bin all made of cloth of gold, he besought *Dorus* not to hold him long in hope, for that hee found it a thing his heart was not able to beare. Master, answered *Dorus*, you haue so satisfied me, with promising mee the vttermost of my desired blisse, that if my duty bound me not, I were in it sufficiently rewarded. To you therefore shall my good hap be conuerted, and the fruit of al my labor dedicated. Therwith he told him, how vnder an ancient oke (the place he made him easily vnderstand, by sufficient markes he gaue vnto him) he had found digging but a little depth, scatteringly lying a great number of rich Medalles, and that piercing further into the ground, he had met with a great stone, which by the hollow sound it yeelded, seemed to be the couer of some greater vault, and vpon it a boxe of Cypresse, with the name of the valiant *Aristomenes* grauen vpon it: & that within the boxe, hee found certaine verses, which signified that some depth againe vnder that all his treasure lay hidden, what time for the discord fell out in *Arcadia*,

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he lined banished. There with he gaue *Dametas* certaine Medailles of gold hee had long kept about him, and asked him because it was a thing much to be kept secret, and a matter one man in twentie houres might easily performe, whether he would haue him go & seeke the bottome of it, which he had refrained to do till he knew his mind, promising he would faithfully bring him what he found, or else that he himselfe would doe it, and be the first beholder of that comfortable spectacle. No man need doubt which part *Dametas* would choose: whose fancie had already deuoured all this great riches, and euen now began to grudge at a partner, before he saw his owne share. Therefore taking a strong iade, loden with spades and mattockes, which he meant to bring backe, otherwise laden, he went in all speede thitherward, taking leaue of no body, onely desiring *Dorus* he would looke well to the Princesse *Pamela*, promising him mountaines of his owne labour, which neuertheless he little meant to performe, like a foole, not considering, that no man is to be moued with part, that neglects the whole. Thus away went *Dametas*, hauing already made an image in his fancie, what palaces he would build, how sumptuously he would fare, and among all other things imagined what money to employ in making coffers to keepe his money: his ten mile seemed twise so many leagues, and yet contrary to the nature of it, though it seemed long, it was not wearisome. Many times he cursed his horses want of consideration, that in so important a matter, would make no greater speed: many times he wished himselfe the backe of an Asse, to helpe to carry away the new sought riches (an vnfortunate wisher, for if hee had as well wished the head, it had beene granted him.) At length being come to the tree, which hee hoped should beare so golden Acornes, downe went all his instruments, and forthwith to the renting vp of the hurtlesse earth, where by & by he was caught with the lime of a few promised Medailles, which was so perfect a pawne vnto him of his further expectation, that he deemed a greater number of houres well employed in groping further into it, which with logs and great stones, was made as cumbersome as might be, till at length, with sweatie browes, he came to the great stone. A stone. God knowes, full vnlike to the couer of a Monument, but yet there was the Cypresse box with *Aristomenes* grauen vpon it, and these verses written in it.

A Banisht man, long bard from his desire
By inward lets, of them his state possest,
Hid here his hopes, by which he might aspire
To haue his harmes with wisedomes helpe redrest.

Seeke then hand, see, what man esteemeth best,
All is but this, this is our labours hire:
Of this we liue, in this we finde our rest,
Who hold this fast no greater wealth require.
Looke further then, so shalt thou finde at least,
A bait most fit, for hungry minded guest.

He opened the box, and to his great comfort read them, and with fresh courage went about to lift vp that stone. But in the meane time: ere *Dametas* was halfe a mile gone to the treasure-ward, *Dorus* came to *Miso*, whom hee found sitting in the chimnie end, babbling to her selfe, and shewing by all her gestures, that shee was loathsomely weary of the world, not for any hope of a better life, but finding no one good, neither in minde nor body, whereout shee might nourish a quiet

thought,

thought, hauing long ſince hated each thing elſe, beganne now to hate her ſelfe. Before this ſweet humoured Dame, *Dorus* ſet himſelfe, and framed towards her ſuch a ſmiling countenance, as might ſeeme to be mixt betweene a tickled mirth, and a forced pittie. *Miſo*, to whom cheerefulneſſe in others, was euer a ſauce of enuie in her ſelfe, tooke quickly marke of his behauiour, and with a looke full of foreworne ſpite: Now the Diuell, ſaid ſhee, take theſe villaines, that can neuer leaue grenning; becauſe I am not ſo faire as Miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, to ſee how this skip-iack lookes at me. *Dorus* that had the occaſion he deſired, Truely miſtreſſe, anſwered hee, my ſmiling is not at you, but at them that are from you, and indeed I muſt needes a little accord my countenance with others ſport: And therewithall tooke her in his armes, and rocking her to and fro, In faith miſtreſſe ſaid hee, it is high time for you, to bid vs good night for euer, ſince others can poſſeſſe your place in your owne time. *Miſo* that was neuer voide of malice enough to ſuſpect the vttermoſt euill, to ſatisfie a further ſhrewdneſſe, tooke on a preſent mildneſſe, and gently deſired him, to tell her what he meant: for, ſaid ſhee, I am like enough to be knauiſhly dealt with, by that churle my husband. *Dorus* fell off from the matter againe, as if hee had meant no ſuch thing, till by much refuſing her entreatie, and vehemently ſtirring vp her deſire to know, hee had ſtrengthened a credit in her to that he ſhould ſay. And then with a formall countenance, as if the conſcience of the caſe had touched himſelfe: Miſtreſſe, ſaid hee, I am much perplexed in mine owne determination, for my thoughts doe euer will me to doe honeſtly, but my iudgement failes mee what is honeſt, betwixt the generall rule, that entruſted ſecrecies are holily to be obſerued, and the particular exception, that the diſhoneſt ſecrecies are to be reuealed: eſpecially there, where by reuealing they may either be preuented, or at leaſt amended. Yet in this ballance, your iudgement weyes mee downe, becauſe I haue confidence in it, that you will vſe what you know moderately, and rather take ſuch faults as an aduantage to your owne good deſert, than by your bitter vſing it, be contented to be reuenged on others with your own harmes. So it is Miſtreſſe, ſaid hee, that yeſterday driuing my ſheepe vp to the ſtately hill, which lifts his head ouer the faire Citie of *Mantinea*, I happened vpon the ſide of it, in a little falling of the ground which was a rampier againſt the Sunnes rage, to perceiue a young maid, truly of the fineſt ſtamp of beauty, and that which made her beautie the more admirable, there was at all no arte added to the helping of it. For her apparell was but ſuch as Shepheards daughters are wont to weare: and as for her haire, it hong downe at the free libertie of his goodly length, but that ſometimes falling before the cleare ſtars of her ſight, ſhe was forced to put it behinde her eares, and ſo open againe the treaſure of her perfections, which that for a while had in part hidden. In her lap there lay a Shepheard ſo wrapped vp in that well-liked place, that I could diſcerne no piece of his face, but as mine eyes were attent in that, her Angel-like voyce ſtrake mine eares with this ſong:

My true loue hath my heart, and I haue his,
By iuſt exchange, one for the other giu'ne:
I hold his deare, and mine he cannot miſſe:
There neuer was a bargaine better driu'ne.

His heart in me, keepes me and him in one,
My heart in him, his thoughts and ſenſes guides:

He loues my heart, for once it was his owne:
I cherish his, because in me it bides.
His heart his wound receiued from my ſight:
My heart was wounded, with his wounded hart,
For as from mee, on him his hurt did light,
So ſtill me thought in me his hurt did ſmart:
Both equall hurt, in this change ſought our bliſſe:
My true loue hath my heart and I haue his.

But as if the Shepheard that lay before her, had beene organes, which were onely to be blowne by her breath, ſhe had no ſooner ended with the ioyning her ſweet lips together, but that he recorded to her muſicke this rurall poeſie:

O words which fall like ſommer dew on me,
O breath more ſweet, than is the growing beane,
O tongue in which all honyed liquors be,
O voyce that doth the thruſh in ſhrilneſſe ſtaine,
Doe you ſay ſtill, this is her promiſe due,
That ſhe is mine, as I to her am true.

Gay haire, more gay than ſtraw when harueſt lies,
Lips red and plump, as cherries ruddie ſide,
Eyes faire and great, like faire great Oxen eyes,
O breaſt in which two white ſheepe ſwell in pride:
Ioyne you with me, to ſeale this promiſe due,
That ſhe be mine, as I to her am true.

But thou white skin, as white as cruddes well preſt,
So ſmooth as ſleekeſtone, like it ſmoothes each part,
And thou deare fleſh, as ſoft as woull new dreſt,
And yet as hard as brawne, made hard by art:
Fit ſit fewer but ſay, next fewer their ſaying ſeale,
But you muſt pay the gage of promiſt weale.

And with the concluſion of his ſong, he embraced her about the knees, O ſweete *Charite* ſaid he, when ſhall I enioy the reſt of my toyling thoughts? And when ſhall your bliſs fall promiſe now due, be verified with iuſt performance? With that I drew neerer to them, and ſaw (for now he had lifted vp his face, to glaſſe himſelfe in her faire eyes) that it was my maſter *Dametas*: but here *Miſo* interrupted his tale, with rayling at *Dametas*, with all thoſe exquiſite termes, which I was neuer good skold enough to imagine. But *Dorus*, as if he had bin much offended with her impatience, would proceed no further till ſhe had vowed more ſtilneſſe. For, ſaid hee, if the firſt drumme thus chafe you, what will you be when it comes to the blowes? Then hee tolde her, how after many familiar entertainments betwixt them, *Dametas*, laying before her his great credit with the Duke, and withall giuing her very faire preſents with promiſe of much more, had in the end concluded together to meete as that night at *Mantinea*, in the *Oulemian* ſtreete, at *Charillas* vncles houſe, about tenne of

the clocke. After which bargaine *Dametas* had spied *Dorus*, and calling him to him, had with great brauery told him all his good happe, willing him in any ease to returne to the olde Witch *Miso* (for so indeede mistresse of liuelinesse, and not of ill will hee termed you) and to make some honest excuse of his absence, for said hee, kissing *Charita*, if thou didst know what a life I leade with that driuell, it would make thee euen of pitie, receiue mee into thy onely comfort. Now Mistresse, said hee, exercise your discretion, which if I were well assured of, I would wish you to goe your selfe to *Mantinea*, and (lying secret in some one of your gossips houses, till the time appointed come) so may you finde them together, and vsing mercy, reforme my Master from his euill wayes. There had nothing more enraged *Miso*, than the prayses *Dorus* gaue to *Charitas* beautie, which made her iealousie swell the more, with the poyson of enuy. And that being increased with the presents shee heard *Dametas* had giuen her (which all seemed torne out of her bowels) her hollow eyes, yeelded such wretched lookes, as one might well thinke *Pluto* at that time, might haue had her soule very good cheape. But when the fire of spite had fully caught hold of all her inward parts, then whosoeuer would haue seene the picture of *Alecto*, or with what manner of countenance *Medea* kild her owne childrē, needed but take *Miso* for the ful satisfaction of that point of his knowledge. She that could before scarce goe, but supported by crutches, now flew about the house, borne vp with the wings of Anger: there was no one sort of mortall reuenge, that had euer come to her eares, but presented it selfe now to her gentle minde. At length with few words, for her words were choakt vp with the rising of her reuengefull heart, she ran down, & with her owne hands sadled a mare of hers, a mare that seuen yeere before had not been acquainted with the sadle, & so to *Mantinea* she went, casting with her selfe, how shee might couple shame with the punishment of her accursed husband: but the person is not worthy in whose passion I should too long stand. Therefore now must I tell you that Mistresse *Mopsa* (who was the last party *Dorus* was to practise his cunning withall) was at the parting of her parents, attending vpon the Princesse *Pamela*, whom because she found to be placed in her fathers house, she knew it was for suspicion the Duke had of her. This made *Mopsa* with a right base nature (which ioyes to see any hard hap happen to them they deeme happy) grow proud ouer her, & vse great ostentation of her owne diligence, in prying curiously into each thing that *Pamela* did. Neither is there any thing sooner ouerthrows a weake heart, than opinion of authority, like too strong a liquor for so feeble a glasse, which ioyned it selfe to the humor of enuying *Pamela's* beauty, so far, that oft she would say to her selfe, if shee had bin borne a Princesse as well as *Pamela*, her perfections then should haue been as wel seen as *Pamela's*. With this maner of woman, and placed in these tearmes, had *Dorus* to play his last part; which hee would quickly haue dispatched in tying her vp in such a maner, that she should little haue hindred his enterprise. But that the vertuous *Pamela* (when she saw him so minded) by countenance absolutely forbad it, resolutely determining, shee would not leaue behind her any token of wrong, since the wrong done to her selfe was the best excuse of her escape: So that *Dorus* was compelled to take her in the manner he first thought of, and accordingly *Pamela* fitting musing at the strange attempt shee had condescended vnto, and *Mopsa* hard by her, (looking in a glasse with very partiall eyes) *Dorus* put himselfe betweene them, and casting vp his face to the top of the house, shrugging all ouer his body, and stamping sometimes vpon the ground, gaue *Mopsa* occasion (who was as busie as a Bee to know any thing) to aske her louer *Dorus* what ayled him, that made him vse so strange a behauiour: he, as if his spirits had

beene

better rauiſhed with ſome ſupernaturall contemplation, ſtood ſtill mute, ſometimes rubbing his forehead, ſometimes ſtaring in himſelfe, that hee ſet *Mopſa* in ſuch an itch of enquirie, that ſhee would haue offered her mayden head, rather than be long kept from it. *Dorus* not yet anſwering to the purpoſe, ſtill keeping his amazement; O *Hercules* ſaid ſhe, reſolue me in this doubt. A tree to graunt ones wiſhes? Is this the cauſe of the Kings ſolitarie life? Which part ſhall I take? Happie in either, vnhappie becauſe I cannot know which were my beſt hap. Theſe doubtfull ſelfe ſpeeches, made *Mopſa* yet in a further longing of knowing the matter: ſo that the pretie pigge, laying her ſweet burden about his necke, My *Dorus*, ſaid ſhee, tell mee theſe words, or elſe I know not what will befall me, honny *Dorus* tell them me. *Dorus* hauing ſtretched her minde vpon a right laſt, extreamely loued *Mopſa*, ſaid hee, The matters be ſo great, as my heart faile me in the telling them: but ſince you hold the greateſt ſeate in it, it is reaſon your deſire ſhould adde life vnto it. Herewith he told her a farre-fet tale, how that many millions of yeeres before, *Iupiter* fallen out with *Apollo*, had throwne him out of heauen, taking from him the priuiledge of a god. So that poore *Apollo* was faine to leade a very miſerable life, vnacquainted to worke, and neuer vſed to begge; that in this order hauing in time learned to be *Admetus* heardman, he had vpon occaſion of fetching a certaine breede of beaſts out of *Arcadia*, come to that very deſart, where, wearied with trauaile, and reſting himſelfe in the boughes of a pleaſant Aſh tree, ſtood a little off from the lodge, hee had with pitifull complaints gotten his father *Iupiters* pardon, and ſo from that tree was receiued againe to his golden ſpheare. But hauing that right nature of a god, neuer to be vngratefull, to *Admetus* hee had granted a double life: and becauſe that tree was the chappell of his proſperous prayers, he had giuen it this qualitie, that whatſoeuer of ſuch eſtate, and in ſuch manner as he then was, ſate downe in that tree, they ſhould obtaine whatſoeuer they wiſhed. This *Baſilius* hauing vnderſtood by the oracle, was the onely cauſe which had made him trie, whether framing himſelfe to the ſtate of an heardman, hee might haue the priuiledge of wiſhing onely graunted to that degree; but that hauing often in vaine attempted it, becauſe indeede he was not ſuch, he had now opened the ſecret to *Dametas*, making him ſweare he ſhould wiſh according to his direction. But becauſe, ſaid *Dorus*, *Apollo* was at that time with extreame griefe, muffled round about his face, with a ſcarlet cloake *Admetus* had giuen him, and becauſe they that muſt wiſh, muſt be muffled in like ſort, and with like ſtuffe, my maſter *Dametas* is gone I know not whither, to prouide him a ſkarlet cloake, and to morrow doth appoint to returne with it. My Miſtreſſe I cannot tell how, hauing gotten ſome inkling of it, is trudged to *Mantinea*, to get her ſelfe a cloake before him: becauſe ſhe would haue the firſt wiſh. My maſter at his parting, of great truſt told me this ſecret, commanding mee to ſee no body ſhould clime that tree. But now my *Mopſa*, ſaid he, I haue here the like cloake of mine owne, and am not ſo very a foole, as though I keepe his commandement in others, to barre my ſelfe. I reſt onely extreamely perplexed, becauſe hauing nothing in the world I wiſh for, but the enioying you & your fauour, I thinke it a much pleaſanter conqueſt to come to it by your own conſent, than to haue it by ſuch a charming force as this is. Now therefore chooſe ſince haue you I will, in what ſort I ſhall haue you. But neuer child was ſo deſirous of a gay puppet, as *Mopſa* was to be in the tree, and therefore without ſqueamiſhneſſe, promiſing all he would, ſhee coniured him by all her precious Loues, that ſhe might haue the firſt poſſeſſion of the wiſhing tree, aſſuring him that for the enioying her, he ſhould neuer need to clime farre. *Dorus* to whom time was precious, made no great ceremonies with her; but helping her vp to the

top

top of the tree, from whence likewise she could ill come down without help, he muffled her round about the face, so truely, that she her selfe could not vndoe it. And so he told her the manner was, she should hold her mind in continuall deuotion to *Apollo*, without making at all any noise, till at the farthest within twelue houres space, she should heare a voyce call her by name three times, & that till the third time shee must in no wise answer; & then you shall not need to doubt your comming downe, for at that time, said he, be sure to wish wisely, & in what shape soeuer he come vnto you, speake boldly vnto him, and your wish shall haue as certaine effects, as I haue a desire to enioy your sweet Loues: in this plight did he leaue *Mopsa*, resolued in her heart, to be the greatest Lady in the world, & neuer after to feed of worse than furmentie. Thus *Dorus* hauing deliuered his hands of his three tormentors, tooke speedily the benefit of his deuise, and mounting the gracious *Pamela* vpon a faire horse he had prouided for her, he thrust himselfe forthwith into the wildest part of the desart, where he had left markes to guide him from place to place to the next sea port, disguising her very fitly with scarfs; although he rested assured, he should meet that way with no body, till he came to his barke, into which he meant to enter by night. But *Pamela*, who all this while, transported with desire, & troubled with fear, had neuer free scope of iudgement to look with perfect consideration into her own enterprise, but euen by the lawes of loue, had bequeathed the care of her self vpon him to whom she had giuen her selfe; now that the pang of desire with euident hope was quieted, and most part of the feare passed, reason began to renew his shining in her hart, & make her see her self in her self; & weigh with what wings she flew out of her natiue country; & vpon what ground she built so strange a determination. But loue fortified with her louers presence kept stil his own in her heart. So that as they ridde together with her hand vpō her faithful seruants shoulder, so dainly casting her bashful eyes to the ground, & yet bending her self towards him (like the clyent that commits the cause of all his worth to a well trusted aduocate) from a milde spirit said vnto him these sweetly deliuered words: Prince *Musidorus*, (for so my assured hope is I may iustly call you, since with no other my heart would euer haue yeelded to goe; And if so I doe not rightly tearme you, all other words are as bootlesse, as my deede miserable, and I as vnfortunate, as you wicked) my Prince *Musidorus*, I say now that the vehement shewes of your faithfull Loue towards mee, haue brought my minde to answer it, in so due a proportion, that contrary to all generall rules of reason, I haue laid in you, my estate, my life, my honour: it is your part to double your former care, and make me see your vertue no lesse in preseruing, than in obtaining: and your faith to be a faith as much in freedome, as bondage. Tender now your owne workemanshippe, and so gouerne your loue towards me, as I may still remaine worthy to be loued. Your promise you remember, which here by the eternall giuers of vertue, I coniure you to obserue, let me be your own as I am, but by no vniust conquest; let not our ioyes which ought euer to last, bee stayned in our owne consciences, let no shadow of repentance steale into the sweet consideration of our mutuall happinesse. I haue yeelded to be your wife, stay then till the time that I may rightly be so; let no other defiled name burden my heart. What should I more say? If I haue chosen well, all doubt is past, since your action onely must determine, whether I haue done vertuously or shamefully in following you. *Musidorus* that had more abundance of ioy in his heart, than *Vlysses* had what time with his owne industrie he stole the fatall *Palladium*, imagined to bee the only relike of *Troyes* safety, taking *Pamela's* hand, & many times kissing it, What I am, said he, the gods I hope will shortly make your owne eyes iudges; and of my

mind towards you, the meane time ſhall be my pledge vnto you; your contentment is dearer to me than mine owne, & therfore doubt not of his mind, whoſe thoughts are ſo thralled vnto you, as you are to bend or ſlack them as it ſhall ſeeme beſt vnto you. You doe wrong to your ſelfe, to make any doubt that a baſe eſtate could euer vndertake ſo high an enterpriſe; or a ſpotted minde be able to behold your vertues. Thus much onely I muſt confeſſe, I can neuer doe, to make the world ſee you haue choſen worthily, ſince all the world is not worthy of you. In ſuch delightfull diſcourſes, kept they on their iourney, maintaining their hearts in that right harmony of affection, which doth enterchangeably deliuer each to other the ſecret workings of their ſoules, till with the vnuſed trauaile, the Princeſſe being wearie, they lighted downe in a faire thicke wood, which did entiſe them with the pleaſantneſſe of it to take their reſt there. It was all of Pine trees, whoſe broad heads, meeting together, yeelded a perfit ſhade to the ground, where their bodies gaue a ſpacious and pleaſant roome to walke in, they were ſet in ſo perfit an order, that euery way the eye being full, yet no way was ſtopped. And euen in the middeſt of them, were there many ſweet ſprings, which did looſe themſelues vpon the face of the earth. Here *Muſidorus* drew out ſuch prouiſion of fruits, and other cates, as hee had brought for that dayes repaſt, and laid it downe vpon the faire Carpet of the greene graſſe. But *Pamela* had much more pleaſure to walke vnder thoſe trees, making in their barkes pretty knots, which tyed together the names of *Muſidorus* and *Pamela*, ſometimes intermixedly changing them, to *Pammidorus* and *Muſimela*, with twentie other flowers of her trauailing fancies, which had bound themſelues to a greater reſtraint, than they could without much paine well endure: and to one tree more beholding to her than the reſt, ſhe entruſted the treaſure of her thoughts in theſe verſes:

Doe not diſdaine, O ſtreight vp-raiſed Pine,
That wounding thee, my thoughts in thee I graue:
Since that my thoughts, as ſtreight as ſtreightneſſe thine,
No ſmaller wound, alas! far deeper haue.

Deeper engrau'd, which ſalue nor time can ſaue,
Giu'n to my heart, by my forewounded eyne:
Thus cruell to my ſelfe, how canſt thou craue
My inward hurt ſhould ſpare thy outward rine?

Yet ſtill faire tree, liſt vp thy ſtately line,
Liue long, and long witneſſe my choſen ſmart,
Which barr'd deſires (barr'd my ſelfe) impart.

And in this growing barke grow verſes mine.
My heart my word, my word hath giu'n my hart.
The giuer giu'n from gift ſhall neuer part.

Vpon a roote of the tree, that the earth had left ſomething barer than the reſt, ſhee wrote this couplet:

Sweete roote ſay thou, the roote of my deſire
Was vertue cladde in conſtant loues attire.

Muſidorus, ſeeing her fancies drawne vp to ſuch pleaſant contemplations, accompanied

companied her in them, and made the trees as well beare badges of his passions; as this song engraued in them did testifie:

You goodly pines, which still with braue ascent;
In natures pride your heads to heau'nward heane,
Though you besides such graces earth hath lent,
Of some late grace a greater grace receiue,

By her who was (O blessed you) content
With her faire hand, your tender barkes to cleane,
And so by you (O blessed you) hath sent,
Such piercing words as no thoughts else conceiue.

Yet yeeld your grant, a baser hand may leane
His thoughts in you, where so sweet thoughts were spent,
For how would you the mistresse thoughts bereaue
Of waiting thoughts all to her seruice ment?

Nay higher thoughts (though thralled thoughts) I call
My thoughts then hers, who first your ryne did rent:
Then hers, to whom my thoughts a lonely thrall
Rising from lowe, are to the highest bent;
Where hers, whom worth makes highest ouer all
Comming from her, cannot but downeward fall.

While *Pamela* sitting her downe vnder one of them, and making a poesie of the faire vndergrowing flowers, filled *Musidorus* eares with the heauenly sound of her musicke, which before he had neuer heard, so that it seemed vnto him a new assault giuen to the castle of his heart, already conquered: which to signifie, and withall reply to her sweet notes, he sang in a kinde of still, but rauishing tune, a few verses: her song was this, and her reply followes.

Pamela. *Like diuers flowers, whose diuers beauties serue*
To decke the earth with his well colour'd weede,
Though each of them, his priuate forme preserue,
Yet ioyning formes one sight of beautie breede.

Right so my thoughts, whereon my heart I feede:
Right so my inward parts, and outward glasse,
Though each possesse a diuers working kinde,
Yet all well knit to one faire end doe passe:
That he to whom these sundry gifts I binde,
All what I am, still one, his owne, doe finde.

Musidorus. *All what you are still one, his owne to finde,*
You that are borne to be the worlds eye,
What were it else but to make each thing blinde?
And to the sunne with waxen wings to flie?

No, no, ſuch force with my ſmall force to trye
Is not my skill, or reach of mortall minde.
Call me but yours, my title is moſt hye:
Hold me moſt yours, then my long ſuite is ſign'd.

You none can claime but you your ſelfe aright,
For you doe paſſe your ſelfe, in vertues might.
So both are yours: I, bound with gaged hart:
You onely yours, too farre beyond deſart.

In this vertuous wantonneſſe, ſuffring their minds to deſcend to ech tender enioying their vnited thoughts, *Pamela* hauing taſted of the fruits, and growing extreame ſleepie, hauing bin long kept from it, with the perplexitie of her dangerous attempt, laying her head in his lap, was inuited by him to ſleep with theſe ſoftly vttred verſes:

LOck vp, faire liddes, the treaſure of my heart,
Preſerue thoſe beames, this ages onely light:
To her ſweet ſence, ſweet ſleepe ſome eaſe impart,
Her ſence too weake to beare her ſpirits might.

And while O ſleepe thou cloſeſt vp her ſight,
(Her ſight where loue did forge his faireſt dart)
O harbour all her parts in eaſefull plight:
Let no ſtrange dreame make her faire body ſtart.

But yet O dreame, if thou wilt not depart
In this rare ſubiect from thy common right:
But wilt thy ſelfe in ſuch a ſeate delight,

Then take my ſhape, and play a louers part:
Kiſſe her from me, and ſay vnto her ſprite,
Till her eyes ſhine, I line in darkeſt night.

The ſweet *Pamela* was brought into a ſweete ſleepe with this ſong, which gaue *Muſidorus* opportunitie at leiſure to behold her excellent beauties. He thought her faire forehead was a field, where all his fancies fought; and euery haire of her head ſeemed a ſtrong chaine that tyed him. Her faire liddes then hiding her fairer eyes, ſeemed vnto him ſweet boxes of mother of pearle, rich in themſelues, but contayning in them farre richer Iewels. Her cheekes with their colour moſt delicately mixed, would haue entertained his eyes ſome while, but that the roſes of her lippes (whoſe ſeparating was wont to be accompanied with moſt wiſe ſpeeches) now by force drew his ſight to marke how pretily they lay one ouer the other, vniting their diuided beauties: and thorough them the eye of his fancie deliuered to his memorie the lying (as in ambuſh) vnder her lippes of thoſe armed rankes, all armed in moſt pure white, and keeping the moſt preciſe order of militarie diſcipline. And leſt this beautie might ſeeme the picture of ſome excellent artificer, forth there ſtole a ſoft breath carrying good teſtimonie of her inward ſweetneſſe: and ſo ſtealingly it came out, as it ſeemed loath to leaue his contentfull manſion, but that it hoped to

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be drawne in againe to that well closed paradise, which did so tyrannize ouer *Musidorus* affects, that he was compelled to put his face as low to hers, as he could, sucking the breath with such ioy, that he did determine in himselfe, there had beene no life to a *Chameleons*, if he might be suffered to enioy that food. But long he was not suffered, being within a while interrupted by the comming of a company of clownish villaines, armed with diuers sorts of weapons, and for the rest both in face and apparell so forewasted, that they seemed to beare a great conformity with the sauages; who miserable in themselues, taught to encrease their mischiefes in other bodies harmes, came with such cryes as they both awaked *Pamela*, and made *Musidorus* turne vnto them full of a most violent rage, with the looke of a shee *Tygre* when her whelpes are stolne away.

But *Zelmane* whom I left in the Caue hardly bestead, hauing both great wittes and stirring passions to deale with, makes me lend her my penne awhile to see with what dexteritie she could put by her dangers. For hauing in one instant both to resist rage and goe beyond wisedome, being to deale with a Ladie that had her wits awake in euery thing, but in helping her owne hurt, shee saw now no other remedy in her case, but to qualifie her rage with hope, and to satisfie her wit with plainnesse. Yet lest too abrupt falling into it, should yeeld too great aduantage vnto her, shee thought good to come to it by degrees with this kind of insinuation. Your wise, but very darke speeches, most excellent Lady, are wouen vp in so intricate a maner, as I know not how to proportion mine answer vnto them: so are your praiers mixt with threats, and so is the shew of your loue hidden with the name of reuenge, the naturall effect of mortall hatred. You seeme displeased with the opinion you haue of my disguising, and yet if I be not disguised, you must needes be much more displeased. Hope then (the onely succour of perplexed mindes) being quite cut off, you desire my affection, and yet you your selfe thinke my affection already bestowed. You pretend crueltie, before you haue the subiection, and are iealous of keeping that, which as yet you haue not gotten. And that which is strangest in your iealousie, is both the vniustice of it, in being loath that should come to your daughter, which you deeme good; and the vaineness, since you two are in so diuers respects, that there is no necessitie one of you should fall to be a barre to the other. For neither (if I be such as you fancie) can I marrie you, which must needes be the onely end I can aspire to in her: neither need the marrying of her keepe me from a gratefull consideration how much you honour mee in the loue you vouchsafe to beare mee. *Gynecia*, to whom the fearefull agonies shee still liued in, made any small repriuall sweete, did quickly finde her words falling to a better way of comfort, and therfore with a minde ready to shew nothing could make it rebellious against *Zelmane*, but too extreme tyrannie, she thus said, Alas too much beloued *Zelmane*, the thoughts are but ouerflowings of the mind, and the tongue is but a seruant of the thoughts, therefore maruaile not that my words suffer contrarieties, since my minde doth hourely suffer in it selfe whole armies of mortall aduersaries. But, alas, if I had the vse of mine owne reason, then should I not needs, for want of it, to finde my selfe in this desperate mischiefe: but because my reason is vanished, so haue I likewise no power to correct my vnreasonableness. Doe you therfore accept the protection of my minde, which hath no other resting place: and driue it not, by being vnregarded, to put it selfe into vnknowne extremities. I desire but to haue my affection answered, and to haue a right reflection of my loue in you. That granted, assure your selfe mine owne loue will easily teach mee to seeke your contentment; and make mee thinke my daughter a very meane price to keepe still in mine eyes the foode

of my ſpirits. But take heede that contempt driue mee not into deſpaire, the moſt violent cauſe of that miſerable effect. *Zelmane* that already ſaw ſome fruit of her laſt determined fancie (ſo farre as came to a mollifying of *Gynecia's* rage) ſeeing no other way to ſatisfie ſuſpicion, which was held open with the continuall prickes of loue: reſolued now with plaineneſſe to winne truſt, which truſt ſhee might after deceiue with a greater ſubtiltie. Therefore looking vpon her with a more relenting grace, than euer ſhe had done before, pretending a great baſhfulneſſe before ſhe could come to confeſſe ſuch a fault, ſhe thus ſaid vnto her; Moſt worthy Lady, I did neuer thinke, till now, that pittie of another could make mee betray my ſelfe, nor that the ſound of words could ouerthrow any wiſe bodies determination. But your words (I thinke) haue charmed me, and your grace bewitched me. Your compaſſion makes me open my heart to you, & leaue vnharboured mine owne thoughts. For proof of it, I will diſcloſe my greateſt ſecret, which well you might ſuſpect, but neuer know, and ſo haue your wandring hope in a more painfull wilderneſſe, being neither way able to be lodged in a perfect reſolution. I will, I ſay, vnwrap my hidden eſtate, and after make you iudge of it, perchance director. The truth is, I am a man: nay, I will ſay further to you, I am borne a Prince. And to make vp your minde in a through vnderſtanding of mee ſince I came to this place, I may not deny I haue had ſome ſprinkling of I know not what good liking to my Lady *Philoclea*. For how could I euer imagine, the heauens would haue rained downe ſo much of your fauour vpon me? and of that ſide there was a ſhew of poſsible hope, the moſt comfortable Counſellor of loue. The cauſe of this my changed attyre, was a iourney two yeeres agoe I made among the *Amazons*, where hauing fought to try my vnfortunate valour, I mette not one in all the Country but was too hard for mee, till in the end in the preſence of their Queene *Marpeſia*, I hoping to preuaile againſt her, challenged an old woman of foureſcore yeeres, to fight on horſebacke to the vttermoſt with mee. Who hauing ouerthrowne me, for the ſauing of my life, made me ſweare I ſhould goe like an vnarmed *Amazon*, till the comming of my beard did, with the diſcharge of my oath, deliuer me of that bondage. Here *Zelmane* ended, not comming to a full concluſion, becauſe ſhee would ſee what it wrought in *Gynecia's* minde, hauing in her ſpeech ſought to winne a beliefe of her, and, if it might be, by diſgrace of her ſelfe to diminiſh *Gynecia's* affection. For the firſt it had much preuailed: But *Gynecia*, whoſe end of louing her, was not her fighting, neither could her loue too deepely grounded, receiue diminiſhment; and beſides ſhee had ſeene, her ſelfe ſufficient proofes of *Zelmanes* admirable proweſſe. Therefore ſleightly paſsing ouer that point of her feined diſhonour, but taking good hold of the confeſſing her manly ſexe, with the ſhamefaſt looke of that ſuitor, who hauing already obtained much, is yet forced by want to demaund more, put forth her ſorrowfull ſuite in theſe words: The gods, ſaid ſhee, reward thee for thy vertuous pittie of my ouerladen ſoule, who yet hath receiued ſome breath of comfort, by finding thy confeſſion to maintaine ſome poſſibilitie of my languiſhing hope. But alas! as they who ſeeke to enrich themſelues by minerall induſtrie, the firſt labour is to finde the myne, which to their cheerefull comfort being found, if after any vnlooked for ſtop, or caſuall impediment keepe them from getting the deſired vre, they are ſo much the more grieued, as the late conceiued hope addes torment to their former want. So falles it out with mee happy or hapleſſe woman (as it pleaſeth you to ordaine) who am now either to receiue ſome guerdon of my moſt wofull labours, or to returne into a more wretched darkeneſſe, hauing had ſome glimmering of my bliſfull Sunne. O *Zelmane*

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tread not vpon a ſoule that lyes vnder your foote: let not the abaſing of my ſelfe make me more baſe in your eyes, but iudge of me according to that I am, and haue beene, and let my errors be made excuſable by the immortall name of loue. With that, vnder a fained rage, tearing her clothes, ſhe diſcouered ſome parts of her faire body, which if *Zelmane's* heart had not been ſo fully poſſeſt as there was no place left for any new gueſt, no doubt it would haue yeelded to that gallant aſſault. But *Zelmane* ſo much the more arming her determination, as ſhee ſaw ſuch force threatned, yet ſtill remembring ſhee muſt wade betwixt conſtancie and curteſie, embracing *Gynecia*, and once or twiſe kiſſing her, Deare Lady, ſaid ſhe, hee were a great enemy to himſelfe, that would refuſe ſuch an offer, in the purchaſe of which a mans life were bleſſedly beſtowed. Nay, how can I euer yeeld due recompence for ſo exceſſiue a fauour? but hauing nothing to giue you but my ſelfe, take that: I muſt confeſſe a ſmall, but a very free gift: what other affection ſoeuer I haue had, ſhall giue place to as great perfection, working beſides vpon the bond of gratefulneſſe. The gods forbid I ſhould bee ſo fooliſh, as not to ſee, or ſo wicked, as not to remember, how much my ſmall deſerts are ouer ballanced by your vnſpeakable goodneſſe. Nay happy may I well account my miſhap among the *Amazons*, ſince that diſhonour hath beene ſo true a path to my greateſt honour, and the changing of my outward rayment, hath clothed my minde in ſuch inward contentation. Take therefore noble Lady as much comfort to your heart, as the full commandement of mee can yeeld you: wipe your faire eyes, and keepe them for nobler ſeruices. And now I wil preſume thus much to ſay vnto you, that you make of your ſelfe for my ſake, that my ioyes of my new obtained riches may be accompliſhed in you. But let vs leaue this place, leſt you be too long miſſed, & henceforward quiet your minde from any further care, for I will now (to my too much ioy) take the charge vpon mee, within few daies to worke your ſatisfaction, and my felicitie. Thus much ſhee ſaid, and withall led *Gynecia* out of the Cane, for well ſhe ſaw the boyling minde of *Gynecia* did eaſily apprehend the fitneſſe of that lonely place. But indeed this direct promiſe of a ſhort ſpace, ioyned with the cumberſome familiar of womankinde, I meane modeſtie, ſtayed ſo *Gynecia's* minde, that ſhe tooke thus much at that preſent for good payment: remaining with a painefull ioy, and a weariſome kinde of comfort, not vnlike to the condemned priſoner, whoſe minde ſtill running vpon the violent arriuall of his cruell death, heares that his pardon is promiſed, but not yet ſigned. In this ſort they both iſſued out of that obſcure manſion: *Gynecia* already halfe perſwaded in her ſelfe (ô weakneſſe of humane conceit) that *Zelmane's* affection was turned towards her. For ſuch alas! wee are all, in ſuch a mould are we caſt, that with the too much loue we beare our ſelues, being firſt our owne flatterers, wee are eaſily hooked with others flattery, we are eaſily perſwaded of others loue.

But *Zelmane* who had now to play her prize, ſeeing no way things could long remaine in that ſtate, & now finding her promiſe had tied her triall to a ſmall compaſſe of time, began to throw her thoughts into each corner of her inuention, how ſhee might atchieue her liues enterpriſe: for well ſhee knew deceit cannot otherwiſe bee maintained but by deceit: and how to deceiue ſuch liedfull eyes, and how to ſatisfie, and yet not ſatisfie ſuch hopefull deſires, it was no ſmall skill. But both their thoughts were called from themſelues, with the ſight of *Baſilius*, who then lying downe by his daughter *Philoclea*, vpon the faire, though naturall, bed of greene graſſe, ſeeing the Sunne what ſpeede he made, to leaue our Weſt to doe his office in the other *Hemiſphere*, his inward Muſes made him in his beſt muſicke, ſing this Madrigall.

why

VVHy doſt thou haſte away
O Titan faire, the giuer of the day?
Is it to carry newes
To weſterne wights, what ſtarres in Eaſt appeare?
Or doeſt thou thinke that here
Is left a Sunne, whoſe beames thy place may vſe?
Yet ſtay and well peruſe,
What be her gifts, that make her equall thee,
Bend all thy light to ſee
In earthly clothes enclos'de a heauenly ſparke:
Thy running courſe cannot ſuch beauties marke.
No, no, thy motions be
Haſtened from vs with barre of ſhadow darke,
Becauſe that thou the author of our ſight
Diſdain'ſt we ſee thee ſtaind with others light.

And hauing ended, Deare *Philoclea*, ſaid hee, ſing ſomething that may diuert my thoughts from the continuall taske of their ruinous harbour: Shee obedient to him, and not vnwilling to disburden her ſecret paſſion, made her ſweet voice be heard in theſe words:

O Stealing time the ſubiect of delaie,
(Delay, the racke of vnrefrain'd deſire)
What ſtrange deſigne haſt thou my hopes to ſlaie,
My hopes which doe but to mine owne aſpire?

Mine owne? O word on whoſe ſweet ſound doth pray
My greedy ſoule, with gripe of inward fire:
Thy title great I iuſtly challenge may,
Since in ſuch phraſe his faith he did attire.

O time, become the chariot of my ioyes:
As thou drawe'ſt on, ſo let my bliſſe draw neere.
Each moment loſt, part of my hap deſtroyes.

Thou art the father of occaſion deare:
Ioyne with thy ſonne, to eaſe my long annoyes,
In ſpeedy helpe, thanke-worthy friends appeare.

Philoclea brake off her ſong, as ſoone as her mother with *Zelmane* came neere vnto them, riſing vp with a kindly baſhfulneſſe, being not ignorant of the ſpite her mother bare her, and ſtriken with the ſight of that perſon, whoſe loue made all thoſe troubles ſeeme faire flowers of her deareſt garland, nay rather all thoſe troubles made the loue encreaſe. For as the arriuall of enemies makes a towne ſo fortifie it ſelfe, as euer after it remaines ſtronger, ſo that a man may ſay, enemies were no ſmall cauſe to the townes ſtrength: So to a mind once fixed in a well pleaſing determination, who hopes by annoyance to ouerthrow it, doth but teach it to knit together all his beſt grounds, and ſo perchance of a chanceable purpoſe, make an vnchangeable reſolution. But no more did *Philoclea* ſee the wonted ſignes of *Zelmanes* affection towards

towards her; ſhe thought ſhe ſaw another light in her eyes, with a bold and careleſſe looke vpon her, which was wont to be dazeled with her beautie; and the framing of her curteſies rather ceremonious than affectionate, and that which worſt liked her, was, that it proceeded with ſuch quiet ſetledneſſe, as it rather threatned a full purpoſe, than any ſodaine paſſion. She found her behauiour bent altogether to her mother, and preſumed in her ſelfe, ſhe diſcerned the well acquainted face of his fancies now turned to another ſubiect. She ſaw her mothers worthineſſe, & too well knew her affection. Theſe ioyning their diuers working powers together in her minde, as yet a prentiſe in the painefull myſterie of paſſions, brought *Philoclea* into a new trauerſe of her thoughts, and made her keepe her carefull looke the more attentiue vpon *Zelmanes* behauiour, who indeed (though with much paine and condemning her ſelfe to commit a ſacriledge againſt the ſweet Saint that liued in her inmoſt temple) yet ſtrengthening her ſelfe in it; being the ſureſt way to make *Gynecia* bite of her other baites, did ſo quite ouer-rule all wonted ſhewes of loue to *Philoclea*, and conuert them to *Gynecia*, that the part ſhe played did worke in both a full and liuely perſwaſion: to *Gynecia*, ſuch exceſſiue comfort, as the being preferred to a riuall doth deliuer to ſwelling deſire: But to the delicate *Philoclea*, whoſe calme thoughts were vnable to nouriſh any ſtrong debate, it gaue ſo ſtinging a hurt, that fainting vnder the force of her inward torment, ſhe withdrew her ſelfe to the Lodge, and there weary of ſupporting her owne burthen, caſt her ſelfe vpon her bed, ſuffering her ſorrow to melt it ſelfe into abundance of teares; at length cloſing her eyes, as if each thing ſhee ſaw was a picture of her miſhap, and turning vpon her heart ſide, which with vehement panting, did ſummon her to conſider her fortune, ſhee thus bemoned her ſelfe.

Alas *Philoclea*, is this the price of all thy paines? Is this the reward of thy giuen-way libertie? Hath too much yeelding bred crueltie? Or can too great acquaintance make mee held for a ſtranger? Hath the chooſing of a companion made mee left alone? Or doth granting deſire, cauſe the deſire to bee neglected? Alas, deſpiſed *Philoclea*, why diddeſt thou not hold thy thoughts in their ſimple courſe, and content thy ſelfe with the loue of thine owne vertue, which would neuer haue betrayed thee? Ah ſilly foole, didſt thou looke for truth in him, that with his owne mouth confeſt his falſhood? for plaine proceeding in him, that ſtill goes diſguiſed? They ſay the falſeſt men will yet beare outward ſhewes of a pure minde. But he that euen outwardly beares the badge of treachery, what hels of wickedneſſe muſt needes in the depth bee contained? But O wicked mouth of mine, how dareſt thou thus blaſpheme the ornament of the earth, the veſſell of all vertue? O wretch that I am that will anger the gods in diſpraiſing their moſt excellent work! O no, no, there was no fault but in mee, that could euer thinke ſo high eyes would looke ſo low, or ſo great perfections would ſtaine themſelues with my vnworthineſſe. Alas, why could I not ſee, I was too weake a band to tie ſo heauenly a heart? I was not fit to limit the infinite courſe of his wonderfull deſtinies. Was it euer like that vpon onely *Philoclea* his thoughts ſhould reſt? Ah fillie ſoule that couldeſt pleaſe thy ſelfe with ſo impoſſible an imagination! An vniuerſall happineſſe is to flow from him. How was I ſo inueigled to hope, I might be the marke of ſuch a mind? He did thee no wrong, O *Philoclea*, he did thee no wrong, it was thy weakeneſſe to fancie the beames of the Sunne ſhould giue light to no eyes but to thine! And yet O Prince *Pyrocles*, for whom I may well begin to hate my ſelfe, but can neuer leaue to loue thee, what triumph canſt thou make of this conqueſt? What ſpoiles wilt thou carrie away of this my vndeſerued ouerthrow? could thy force finde

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out no fitter field than the feeble minde of a poore maide, who at the firſt ſight did wiſh thee all happineſſe? Shal it be ſaid, the mirror of mankind hath beene employed to deſtroy a hurtleſſe Gentlewoman? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles*, let mee yet call thee before the iudgement of thine own vertue, let me be accepted for a plaintiffe in a cauſe which concerns my life: what need hadſt thou to arme thy face with the inchanting maske of thy painted paſſions? what need hadſt thou to fortifie thy excellencies with ſo exquiſite a cunning, in making our owne arts betray vs? what neededſt thou deſcend ſo far from thy incomparable worthineſſe, as to take on the habite of weake womankind? Was all this to winne the vndefended Caſtle of a friend, which being wonne, thou wouldeſt after raze? Could ſo ſmall a cauſe allure thee? or did not ſo vniuſt a cauſe ſtop thee? O me, what ſay I more? this is my caſe, my Loue hates mee, vertue deales wickedly with me, and hee does mee wrong whoſe doing I can neuer account a wrong. With that the ſweet Lady turning her ſelfe vpon her weary bed, ſhe happely ſaw a Lute, vpon the belly of which *Gynecia* had written this ſong, what time *Baſilius* imputed her iealous motions to proceed of the doubt ſhe had of his vntimely loues. Vnder which vaile ſhe contented to couer her neuer ceaſing anguiſh, had made the Lute a monument of her minde, which *Philoclea* had neuer much marked, till now the feare of a competitor more ſtirred her, than before the care of a mother. The verſes were theſe:

MY Lute within thy ſelfe thy tunes encloſe,
Thy miſtreſſe ſong is now a ſorrow's trie,
Her hand benumb'd with fortunes daily blowes,
Her mind amaz'd can neithers helpe apply.
Weare theſe my words as mourning weeds of woes,
Blacke inke becomes the ſtate wherein I die.
And though my mones be not in muſicke bound,
Of written griefes, yet be the ſilent ground.

The world doth yeeld ſuch ill conſorted ſhowes,
With circled courſe, which no wiſe ſtay can trie,
That childiſh ſtuffe which knowes not friends from foes,
(Better deſpiſde) bewonder gaſing eye.
Thus noble gold, downe to the bottome goes,
When worthleſſe corke, aloft doth floting lye.
Thus in thy ſelfe, leaſt ſtrings are londeſt ſound,
And loweſt ſtops doe yeeld the higheſt ſound.

Philoclea read them, and throwing downe the Lute, Is this the legacie you haue bequeathed me, O kinde mother of mine, ſaid ſhee? did you beſtow the light vpon me for this? or did you beare me to be the Author of my buriall? A trim purchaſe you haue made of your owne ſhame; robbed your daughter to ruine your ſelfe? The birds vnreaſonable, yet vſe ſo much reaſon, as to make neaſts for their tender yong ones; my cruell mother turnes mee out of mine owne harbour; alas, plaint bootes not, for my caſe can receiue no helpe, for who ſhould giue mee helpe? ſhall I flye to my parents? they are my murtherers: ſhall I goe to him, who alreadie being wonne and loſt, muſt needs haue killed all pitie? Alas, I can bring no new interceſſions, hee knowes already what I am is his. Shall I come home againe to my ſelfe? O me contemned wretch; I haue giuen away my ſelfe. With that the poore

ſoule

ſoule beat her breaſt, as if that had beene guiltie of her faults, neither thinking of reuenge, nor ſtudying for remedy, but (ſweet creature) gaue griefe a free dominion, keeping her chamber a few daies after, not needing to faine her ſelfe ſicke, feeling euen in her ſoule the pangs of extreme paine. But little did *Gynecia* reck that, neither when ſhe ſaw her goe away from them, neither when ſhee after found that ſickneſſe made her hide her faire face: ſo much had fancie preuailed againſt nature. But O you that haue euer knowne, how tender to euery motion loue makes the louers heart, how he meaſures all his ioyes vpon her contentment: & doth with reſpectfull eye hang all his behauiour vpon her eyes: iudge I pray you now of *Zelmanes* troubled thoughts, when ſhe ſaw *Philoclea*, with an amazed kind of ſorrow, carrie away her ſweet preſence, and eaſily found (ſo happy a coniecture vnhappy affection hath) that her demeanour was guiltie of that treſpaſſe. There was neuer fooliſh ſoft hearted mother, that forced to beate her childe, did weepe firſt for his paines, & doing that ſhe was loth to doe, did repent before ſhe began, did finde halfe that motion in her weake minde, as *Zelmane* did, now that ſhee was forced by reaſon to giue an outward blow to her paſſions, and for the lending of a ſmall time, to ſeeke the vſurie of all her deſires. The vnkindneſſe ſhe conceiued, *Philoclea* might conceiue, did wound her ſoule, each teare ſhee doubted ſhe ſpent, drowned all her comfort: Her ſickeneſſe was a death vnto her. Often would ſhee ſpeake to the image of *Philoclea* which liued and ruled in the higheſt of her inward part, and vſe vehement othes and proteſtations vnto her; that nothing ſhould euer falſifie the free choſen vow ſhe had made. Often would ſhee deſire her that ſhe would looke well to *Pyrocles* heart, for as for her ſhe had no more intereſt in it to beſtow it any way: Alas would ſhee ſay, onely *Philoclea* haſt thou not ſo much feeling of thine own force, as to know no new Conquerour can preuaile againſt thy conqueſts? Was euer any dazeled with the Moone, that had vſed his eyes to the beames of the Sunne? Is hee carried away with a greedy deſire of Acornes, that hath had his ſenſes rauiſhed with a garden of moſt delightfull fruits? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, bethou but as mercifull a Princeſſe to my mind, as thou art a true poſſeſſour, and I ſhall haue as much cauſe of gladneſſe, as thou haſt no cauſe of miſdoubting. O no, no, when a mans own heart is the gage of his debt, when a mans owne thoughts are willing witneſſes to his promiſe; laſtly, when a man is the Iaylor ouer himſelfe; there is little doubt of breaking credite, and leſſe doubt of ſuch an eſcape. In this combate of *Zelmanes* doubtfull imaginations, in the end reaſon well backed with the vehement deſire to bring her matter ſoon to the deſired hauen, did ouer-rule the boyling of her inward kindneſſe, though as I ſay with ſuch a manifeſt ſtriſe, that both *Baſilius* and *Gynecias* well waiting eyes, had marked her muſes had laboured in deeper ſubiects than ordinary: which ſhe likewiſe perceiuing they had perceiued, awaking her ſelfe out of thoſe thoughts, and principally caring how to ſatisfie *Gynecia* (whoſe iudgement and paſsion ſhee ſtood moſt in regard of) bowing her head to her attentiue eares, Madame (ſaid ſhe) with practiſe of my thoughts, I haue found out a way by which your contentment ſhall draw on my happineſſe. *Gynecia* deliuering in her face as thankefull a ioyfulneſſe as her heart could hold, ſaid, it was then time to retire themſelues to their reſt, for what with riding abroad the day before, and late ſitting vp for Eclogues, their bodies had dearely purchaſed that nights quiet. So went they home to their Lodge, *Zelmane* framing of both ſides bountifull meaſures of louing countenances to eithers ioy, and neithers iealouſie, to the ſpeciall comfort of *Baſilius*, whoſe weaker bowels were ſtraight full with the leaſt liquor of hope. So that ſtill holding her by the hand, and ſometimes tickling it, he went by her with the moſt gay conceits that euer had

entred

entred his braines, growing now ſo hearted in his reſolution, that he little reſpected *Gynecia's* preſence. But with a luſtier note than wonted, clearing his voyce, and cheering his ſpirits, looking ſtill vpon *Zelmane* (whom now the Moone did beautifie with her ſhining almoſt at the full) as if her eyes had beene his ſong-Booke, hee did the meſſage of his minde in ſinging theſe verſes:

VVHen two Sunnes doe appeare,
Some ſay it doth betoken wonders geare,
As Princes loſſe or change:
Two gleaming Sunnes of ſplendour like I ſee,
And ſeeing feele in me
Of Princes heart quite loſt the ruine ſtrange.

But now each where doth range
With vgly cloke the darke enuious night:
Who full of guiltie ſpite,
Such lining beames ſhould her blacke feate aſſaile,
Too weake for them our weaker ſight doth vaile.

No ſayes faire Moone, my light
Shall barre that wrong, and though it not preuaile
Like to my brothers rayes, yet theſe I ſend
Hurt not the face, which nothing can amend.

And by that time being come to the Lodge, and viſited the ſweet *Philoclea*, with much leſſe than naturall care of the parents, & much leſſe than wonted kindneſſe of *Zelmane*, each party full fraught with diuerſly working fancies, made their pillowes weake props of their ouer-loden heads. Yet of all other were *Zelmanes* braines moſt turmoyled, troubled with loue both actiue and paſſiue; and laſtly, and eſpecially with care, how to vſe her ſhort limited time to the beſt purpoſe, by ſome wiſe and happy diuerting her two louers vnwelcome deſires. *Zelmane* hauing had the night her onely counſellor in the buſie enterpriſe ſhe was to vndertake, & hauing all that time muſed, and yet not fully reſolued, how ſhee might ioyne preuailing with preuenting, was offended with the daies bold entrie into her chamber, as if he had now by cuſtome growne an aſſured bringer of euill newes. Which ſhee taking a Citterne to her, did lay to *Aurora's* charge with theſe well ſung verſes:

AVrora now thou ſheweſt thy bluſhing light,
Which oft to hope layes out a guileſull baite,
That truſts in time, to finde the way aright
To eaſe thoſe paines, which on deſire doe waite.

Bluſh on for ſhame: that ſtill with thee doe light
On penſiue ſoules (in ſteed of reſtfull baite)
Care vpon care (in ſteed of doing right)
To ouer-preſſed breaſts, more grieuous waight.

As oh! my ſelfe, whoſe woes are neuer light,
(Tide to the ſtake of doubt) ſtrange paſſions baite.

while

While thy knowne course, obseruing natures right,
Stirres me to thinke what dangers lie in waite.
For mischiefes great, day after day doth show,
Make me still feare, thy faire appearing show.

Alas, said she, am not I runne into a strange gulfe, that am faine for loue to hurt her I loue? And because I detest the others, to please them I detest? O onely *Philoclea* whose beautie is matched with nothing, but with the vnspeakeable beautie of thy fairest mind, if thou didst see vpon what racke my tormented soule is set, little would you thinke I had any scope now to leape to any new change; with that with hastie hands shee got her selfe vp, turning her sight to euery thing, as if change of obiect might help her inuention. So went she againe to the Caue, where forthwith it came into her head, that should be the fittest place to performe her exploit, of which she had now a kinde of confused conceit, although shee had not set downe in her fancie, the meeting with each particularitie that might fall out. But as the painter doth at the first but shew a rude proportion of the thing he imitates, which after with more curious hand he drawes to the representing each lineament: so had her thoughts beating about it continually, receiued into them a ground-plot of her deuise, although she had not in each part shaped it according to a full determination. But in this sort hauing early visited the mornings beautie, in those pleasant desarts, shee came to the King and Queene and told them, that for the performance of certaine her country deuotions, which onely were to bee exercised in solitarinesse, she did desire their leaue she might for a few dayes lodge her selfe in the Caue, the fresh sweetnesse of which did greatly delight her, in that hot Countrey; and that for that smal space, they would not otherwise trouble themselues in visiting her, but at such times as she would come to waite vpon them, which should bee euery day at certaine houres; neither should it be long, shee would desire this priuiledged absence of them. They whose minds had already taken out that lesson, perfectly to yeeld a willing obedience to all her desires, with consenting countenance made her soone see her pleasure was a law vnto them. Both indeed inwardly glad of it, *Basilius* hoping that her diuiding her selfe from them, might yet giue him some freer occasion of comming in secret vnto her, whose fauourable face had lately strengthened his fainting courage. But *Gynecia* of all other most ioyous, holding her selfe assured that this was but a prologue to the play she had promised her. Thus both flattering themselues with diuersly grounded hopes, they rang a bell which serued to call certaine poore women which euer lay in cabins not far off, to doe the houshold services of both Lodges, and neuer came to either but being called for: and commanded them to carry forthwith *Zelmanes* bed and furniture of her chamber, into the pleasant Caue, & to decke it vp as finely as it was possible for them, that their soules rest might rest her body to her best pleasing maner: that was with all diligence performed of them, and *Zelmane* alreadie in possession of her new chosen lodging; where she like one of *Vestaes* Nunnes, entertained her selfe for a few daies in all shew of straightnesse, yet once a day comming to doe her duty to the King and Queene, in whom the seldomnesse of the sight encreased the more vnquiet longing, though somewhat qualified, as her countenance was decked to either of them with more comfort than wonted; Especially to *Gynecia*, who seeing her, wholly neglecting her daughter *Philoclea*, had now promised her selfe a ful possession of *Zelmanes* heart, still expecting the fruit of the happie and hoped for inuention. But both she and *Basilius* kept such a continuall watch about the precincts of the Caue, that either of them

was a bar to the other from hauing any ſecret communing with *Zelmane*. While in the meane time the ſweet *Philoclea* forgotten of her father, deſpiſed of her mother, and in apparance left of *Zelmane*, had yeelded vp her ſoule to be a prey to ſorow and vnkindnes, not with raging conceit of reuenge as had paſſed through the ſtout and wiſe heart of her mother, but with a kindly meeknes taking vpon her the weight of her own woes, and ſuffering them to haue ſo full a courſe, as it did exceedingly weaken the eſtate of her body: as well for which cauſe, as for that ſhe could not ſee *Zelmane*, without expreſſing (more than ſhe would) how far now her loue was impriſoned in extremitie of ſorow, ſhe bound her ſelfe firſt to the limits of her own chamber, and after, (griefe breeding ſickneſſe) of her bed. But *Zelmane* hauing now a full libertie to caſt about euery way how to bring her conceiued attempt to a deſired ſucceſſe, was oft ſo perplexed with the manifold difficultie of it, that ſometimes ſhee reſolued by force to take her away, though it were with the death of her parents, ſometimes to go away her ſelfe with *Muſidorus*, & bring both their forces, ſo to win her. But laſtly, euen the ſame day that *Muſidorus* by feeding the humour of his three loathſome gardians, had ſtolne away the Princeſſe *Pamela* (whether it were that loue meant to match them euery way, or that her friends example had holpen her inuention, or that indeed *Zelmane* forbare to practiſe her deuiſe till ſhee found her friend had paſſed through his.) The ſame day, I ſay, ſhe reſolued on a way to rid out of the Lodge her two cumberſome louers, and in the night to carry away *Philoclea*: whereunto ſhe was aſſured her own loue no leſſe than her ſiſters, would eaſily win her conſent: hoping that although their abrupt parting had not ſuffered her to demand of *Muſidorus* which way he meant to direct his iourney, yet either they ſhould by ſome good fortune find him: or if that courſe failed, yet they might well recouer ſome towne of the *Helots*, neare the frontiers of *Arcadia*, who being newly againe vp in armes againſt the Nobilitie, ſhee knew would be as glad of her preſence, as ſhe of their protection. Therefore hauing taken order for all things requiſite for their going, and firſt put on a ſlight vnder-ſuit of mans apparell, which before for ſuch purpoſes ſhe had prouided, ſhee curiouſly trimmed her ſelfe to the beautifying of her beauties, that being now at her laſt triall, ſhe might come vnto it in her braueſt armour. And ſo putting that kinde of milde countenance, which doth encourage the looker on to hope for a gentle anſwer, according to her late receiued manner, ſhe left the pleaſant darkneſſe of her melancholy Caue, to go take her dinner of the king and Queene, and giue vnto them both a pleaſant food of ſeeing the owner of their deſires. But euen as the *Perſians* were anciently wont to leaue no riſing Sunne vnſaluted, but as his faire beames appeared clearer vnto them, would they more heartily reioyce, laying vpon them a great foretoken of their following fortune: So was there no time that *Zelmane* encountred their eyes with her beloued preſence, but that it bred a kinde of burning deuotion in them, yet ſo much the more gladding their greedie ſoules, as her countenance was cleared with more fauour vnto them: which now being determinately framed to the greateſt deſcent of kindneſſe, it tooke ſuch hold of her infortunate louers, that like children about a tender father from a long voyage returned, with louely childiſhneſſe hang about him, and yet with ſimple feare meaſure by his countenance, how farre he accepts their boldneſſe: ſo were theſe now throwne into ſo ſeruiceable an affection, that the turning of *Zelmane's* eye was a ſtrong ſterne enough to all their motions, wending no way but as the inchanting force of it guided them. But hauing made a light repaſt of the pleaſant fruits of that country, enterlarding their food with ſuch manner of generall diſcourſes, as louers are wont to couer their paſſions in, when reſpect of a third perſon keepes

them

them from plaine particulars, at the earneſt entreatie of *Baſilius*, *Zelmane*, firſt ſalutting the Muſes with a baſe Violl hung hard by her, ſent this ambaſſage in verſified muſicke to both her ill-requited louers.

Beautie hath force to catch the humane ſight:
Sight doth bewitch the fantie euill awaked.
Fancie we feele, includes all paſsions might,
Paſsion rebuld oft reaſons ſtrength hath ſhaked.

No wonder then, though ſight my ſight did taint,
And though thereby my fancie was infected,
Though (yoked ſo) my mind with ſickneſſe faint,
Had reaſons weight for paſsions eaſe reiected.

But now the fit is paſt: and time hath giu'n
Leiſure to weigh what due deſert requireth.
All thoughts ſo ſprung, are from their dwelling driu'n,
And wiſedome to his wonted ſeate aſpireth;
Crying in me: eye-hopes deceitfull proue:
Things rightly priz'd, loue is the band of loue.

And after her ſong with an affected modeſtie, ſhee threw downe her eye, as if the conſcience of a ſecret graunt her inward minde made, had ſodainely caſt a baſhfull vaile ouer her. Which *Baſilius* finding, and thinking now was the time to vrge his painfull petition, beſeeching his wife with more carefull eye to accompany his ſickly daughter *Philoclea*, being rid for that time of her, who was content to graunt him any ſcope, that ſhe might after haue the like freedome; with a geſture gouerned by the force of his paſſions, making his knees his beſt ſupporters, he thus ſaid vnto her: If either, ſaid he, O Lady of my life, my deadly pangs could beare delay, or that this were the firſt time the ſame were manifeſted vnto you, I would now but maintaine ſtill the remembrance of my misfortune, without vrging any further reward, than time and pitie might procure for me. But (alas) ſince my martyrdome is no leſſe paine full than manifeſt, and that I no more feele the miſerable danger, than you know the aſſured truth thereof: why ſhould my tongue deny his ſeruice to my heart? Why ſhould I feare the breath of my words, who daily feele the flame of your works? Embrace in your ſweet conſideration, I beſeech you, the miſerie of my caſe, acknowledge your ſelfe to be the cauſe, and thinke it is reaſon for you to redreſſe the effects. Alas, let not certaine imaginatiue rules, whoſe truth ſtands but vpon opinion, keepe ſo wiſe a mind from gratefulneſſe and mercie, whoſe neuer failing lawes nature hath planted in vs. I plainely lay my death vnto you, the death of him that loues you, the death of him whoſe life you may ſaue, ſay your abſolute determination, for hope it ſelfe is a paine, while it is ouermaſtered with feare, & if you do reſolue to be cruell, yet is the ſpeedieſt condemnation, as in euils, moſt welcome. *Zelmane* who had fully ſet to her ſelfe the traine ſhe ſhould keepe, yet knowing that who ſooneſt means to yeeld doth well to make the braueſt parlie, keeping countenance aloft: Noble Prince (ſaid ſhee) your words are too well couched to come out of a reſtleſſe minde, and thanked be the gods, your face threatens no danger of death. Theſe are but thoſe ſwelling ſpeeches, which giue the vttermoſt name to euery trifle, which all were worth nothing, if they were not enameld with the goodly

outſide of loue. Truely loue were very vnlouely, if it were halfe ſo deadly, as you louers (till liuing) tearme it. I thinke well it may haue a certaine childiſh vehemencie, which for the time to one deſire will engage all the ſoule, ſo long as it laſteth. But with what impatience you your ſelfe ſhew, who confeſſe the hope of it a paine, and thinke your own deſire ſo vnworthy, as you would faine be rid of it, & ſo with ouermuch loue ſue hard for a haſtie refuſall. A refuſall! (cried out *Baſilius*, amazed with all, but pierced with the laſt.) Now aſſure your ſelfe, whenſoeuer you vſe that word definitiuely, it will be the vndoubted doome of my approching death. And then ſhal your owne experience know in me, how ſoone the ſpirits dryed vp with anguiſh, leaue the performance of their miniſterie, whereupon our life dependeth. But alas, what a crueltie is this, not onely to torment, but to thinke the torment ſleight? The terribleſt tyrants would ſay by no man they killed, he died not; nor by no man they puniſhed, that he eſcaped free: for of all other, there is leaſt hope of mercie where there is no acknowledging of the paine; & with like crueltie are my words breathed out from a flamie heart accounted as meſſengers of a quiet minde. If I ſpeake nothing, I choake my ſelfe, and am in no way of reliefe: if ſimply, neglected: if confuſedly, not vnderſtood: if by the bending together all my inward powers, they bring forth any liuely expreſſing of that they truely feele, that is a token, forſooth, the thoughts are at too much leiſure. Thus is ſilence deſperate, folly puniſhed, and wit ſuſpected: but indeed it is vaine to ſay any more, for words can bind no beliefe. Lady, I ſay, determine of me, I muſt confeſſe I cannot beare this battell in my mind, & therefore let me ſoone know what I may account of my ſelfe, for it is a hell of dolours when the mind ſtill in doubt for want of reſolution, can make no reſiſtance.

Indeed (anſwered *Zelmane*) if I ſhould grant to your requeſt, I ſhould ſhew an example in my ſelfe that I eſteeme the holy band of chaſtitie to be but an imaginatiue rule, as you termed it: and not the trueſt obſeruance of nature, the moſt noble commandement that mankind can haue ouer themſelues, as indeed both learning teacheth, and inward feeling aſſureth. But firſt ſhall *Zelmane's* graue become her mariage bedde, before my ſoule ſhall conſent to his owne ſhame, before I will leaue a marke in my ſelfe of an vnredeemable treſpaſſe. And yet muſt I confeſſe that if euer my heart were ſtirred, it hath beene with the manifeſt and manifold ſhewes of the miſerie you liue in for me. For in truth ſo it is, nature giues not to vs her degenerate children, any more generall precept, than one to helpe the other, one to feele a true compaſſion of the others miſhap. But yet if I were neuer ſo contented to ſpeake with you (for further O *Baſilius* neuer looke for at my hands) I know not how you can auoid your wiues iealous attendance, but that her ſuſpicion ſhall bring my honour into queſtion. *Baſilius* whoſe ſmall ſailes the leaſt wind did fill, was forthwith as farre gone into a large promiſing himſelfe his deſire, as before he was ſtriken downe with a threatned deniall. And therfore bending his browes as though he were not a man to take the matter as he had done; What (ſaid he) ſhall my wife become my miſtreſſe? Thinke you not that thus much time hath taught me to rule her? I will mew the Gentlewoman till ſhe haue caſt all her feathers, if ſhee rouze her ſelfe againſt me. And with that he walked vp & downe, nodding his head, as though they miſtooke him much that thought he was not his wiues maſter. But *Zelmane* now ſeeing it was time to conclude; Of your wiſedom & manhood (ſaid ſhe) I doubt not, but that ſufficeth not me, for both they can hardly tame a malicious tongue, and impoſſibly bar the freedome of thought, which be the things that muſt be only witneſſes of honour, or iudges of diſhonor. But that you may ſee I doe not ſet light your affection, if to night after your wife be aſſuredly aſleep, whereof by your loue I con-

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iure you to haue a moſt preciſe care, you wil ſteale handſomly to the Caue vnto me, there do I grant you as great proportion as you wil take of free conference with me; euer remembring you will ſeek no more, for ſo ſhall you but deceiue your ſelf, & for euer loſe me. *Baſilius* that was old enough to know that women are not wont to appoint ſecret night meetings for the purchaſing of land, holding himſelfe already an vndoubted poſſeſſor of his deſires, kiſſing her hand, and lifting vp his eies to heauen, as if the greatneſſe of the benefit did goe beyond all meaſure of thanks, ſaid no more, leſt ſtirring of more words, might bring forth ſome perhaps contrarie matter. In which trance of ioy, *Zelmane* went from him, ſaying ſhe would leaue him to the remembrance of their appointment, and for her ſhe would goe viſite the Lady *Philoclea*, into whoſe chamber being come, keeping ſtill her late taken-on grauitie, and aſking her how ſhe did, rather in the way of dutifull honor, than any ſpecial affection, with extreame inward anguiſh to them both, ſhe turned from her, and taking the Queene *Gynecia*, led her into a bay window of the ſame chamber, determining in her ſelfe, not to vtter to ſo excellent a wit as *Gynecia* had, the vttermoſt point of her pretended deuiſe, but to keepe the clauſe of it for the laſt inſtant, when the ſhortneſſe of the time ſhould not giue her ſpirits leiſure to looke into all thoſe doubts, that eaſily enter to an open inuention. But with ſmiling eyes, and with a delibered ouer grace, fayning as much loue to her, as ſhe did counterfeit little loue to *Philoclea*, ſhee began with more credible than eloquent ſpeech to tell her, that with much conſideration of a matter ſo nearely importing her owne fancie, and *Gynecia's* honour, ſhe had now concluded that the night following ſhould be the fitteſt time for the ioyning together their ſeuerall deſires, what time ſleepe ſhould perfectly doe his office vpon the king her husband, and that the one ſhould come to the other into the Caue. Which place as it was the firſt receipt of their promiſed loue, ſo it might haue the firſt honour of the due performance. That the cauſe why thoſe few daies paſt, ſhee had not ſought the like, was, leſt the new change of her lodging, might make the King more apt to marke any ſodaine euent: which now the vſe of it would take out of his mind. And therefore now moſt excellent Lady (ſaid ſhe) there reſteth nothing, but that quickly after ſupper, you traine vp the King to viſite his daughter *Philoclea*, and then fayning your ſelfe not well at eaſe, by your going to bedde, draw him not long to be after you. In the meane time I will be gone home to my lodging, where I will attend you, with no leſſe deuotion, but as I hope with better fortune, than *Thisbe* did the too much louing and too much loued *Pyramus*. The cloud that quickly came into *Gynecia's* faire face, was the onely anſwer ſhee made, but that one might eaſily ſee, contentment and conſent were both to the full in her; which ſhee did teſtifie with the wringing *Zelmane* faſt by the hand, cloſing her eyes, and letting her head fall, as if ſhe would giue her to know, ſhe was not ignorant of her fault, although ſhe were tranſported with the violence of her will. But in this triple agreement did the day ſeeme tedious of all ſides, till his neuer reſting courſe had giuen place to the nights ſucceſſion: And the ſupper by each hand haſted, was with no leſſe ſpeede ended, when *Gynecia* preſenting a heauie ſleepineſſe in her countenance brought vp both *Baſilius* and *Zelmane* to ſee *Philoclea*, ſtill keeping her bedde, and farre more ſicke in minde than body, and more grieued than comforted with any ſuch viſitation. Thence *Zelmane* wiſhing reſtfull reſt to *Philoclea*, did ſeeme to take that nights leaue of this princely crue, when *Gynecia* likewiſe ſeeming ſomewhat diſeaſed, deſired *Baſilius* to ſtay a while with his daughter, while ſhee recommended her ſickneſſe to her beddes comfort, indeed deſirous to determine againe of the manner of her ſtealing away; to no leſſe comfort to *Baſilius*,

who the sooner she was asleepe, the sooner hoped to come by his long pursued prey. Thus both were bent to deceiue each other, and to take the aduantage of either others disaduantage. But *Gynecia* hauing taken *Zelmane* into her bed-chamber, to speake a little with her of their sweet determination: *Zelmane* vpon a sodaine (as though she had neuer thought of it before.) Now the gods forbid (said she) so great a Ladie as you are should come to me; or that I should leaue it to the hands of fortune, if by either the ill gouerning of your passion, or your husbands sodaine waking, any danger might happen vnto you. No, if there be any superiority in the points of true loue, it shall be yours: if there be any danger, since my selfe am the author of this deuise, it is reason it should be mine. Therefore doe you but leaue with me the keyes of the gate, and vpon your selfe take my vpper garment, that if any of *Dametas* house see you, they may thinke you be my selfe; and I will presently lye downe in your place, so muffled for your supposed sickenesse, as the King shall nothing know me. And then as soone as he is asleepe, will I (as it much better becomes me) waite vpon you. But if the vttermost of mischiefes should happen, I can assure you the kings life shall sooner pay for it, than your honor. And with the ending of her words, she threw off her mantell; not giuing *Gynecia* any space to take the full image of this new change into her fancie. But seeing no readie obiection against it in her heart, and knowing that there was no time then to stand long disputing; besides, remébring the giuer was to order the maner of his gift, yeelded quickly to this conceit, indeed not among the smallest causes, titckled thereunto by a certaine wanton desire, that her husbands deceit might be the more notable. In this sort did *Zelmane* nimbly disaraying her selfe, possesse *Gynecia's* place, hiding her head in such a close maner, as grieuous and ouerwatched sickenesse is wont to inuite to it selfe the solace of sleepe. And of the other side the Queene putting on *Zelmane's* outmost apparell, went first into her closet, there quickly to beautifie her selfe with the best and sweetest night deckings. But there casting an hasty eye ouer her precious things, which euer since *Zelmane's* comming, her head otherwise occupied had left vnseene, she hapned to see a bottle of gold, vpon which down along were graued these verses:

Let him drinke this, whom long in armes to fold
Thou dost desire, and with free power to hold.

She remembred the bottle, for it had beene kept of long time by the Kings of *Cyprus*, as a thing of rare vertue, and giuen to her by her mother, when shee being very yong married to her husband of much greater age, her mother perswaded it was of propertie to force loue with loues effects, had made a precious present of it to this her beloued childe, though it had beene receiued rather by tradition to haue such a qualitie, than by any approued experiment. This *Gynecia* (according to the common disposition, not onely (though especially) of wiues, but of all other kinds of people, not to esteeme much ones owne, but to thinke the labor lost, employed about it) had neuer cared to giue to her husband, but suffered his affection to runne according to his owne scope. But now that loue of her particular choyse had awaked her spirits, and perchance the very vnlawfulnesse of it had a little blowne the coale, among her other ornaments with glad minde she tooke most part of this liquor, putting it into a faire cup, all set with diamonds: for what dares not loue vndertake, armed with the night, and prouoked with lust? And thus downe she went to the Caue-ward, guided onely by the Moones faire shining, suffering no other thought to haue any familiaritie with her braines, but that which did present vnto her

her a picture of her approching contentment. She that had long disdained this solitary life her husband had entred into, now wished it much more solitary, so she might only obtaine the priuate presence of *Zelmane*. She that before would not haue gone so farre, especially by night, and to so darke a place, now tooke a pride in the same courage, and framed in her minde a pleasure out of the paine it selfe. Thus with thicke doubled paces shee went to the Caue, receiuing to her selfe, for her first contentment, the onely lying where *Zelmane* had done; whose pillow shee kist a thousand times, for hauing borne the print of that beloued head. And so keeping with panting heart her trauelling fancies so attentiue, that the wind could stirre nothing, but that shee stirred her selfe, as if it had beene the pace of the longed for *Zelmane*, she kept her side of the bed, defending only and cherishing the other side with her arme, till after a while waiting, counting with her selfe how many steps were betwixt the Lodge and the Caue, and oft accusing *Zelmane* of more curious stay than needed, shee was visited with an vnexpected guest.

For *Basilius*, after his wife was departed to her fained repose, as long as hee remained with his daughter, to giue his wife time of vnreadying her selfe, it was easily seene it was a very thorny abode hee made there: and the discourses with which hee entertained his daughter, not vnlike to those of earnest players, when in the middest of their game, trifling questions be put vnto them, his eyes still looking about, & himselfe still changing places, beginning to speake of a thing, & breaking it off before it were halfe done. To any speech *Philoclea* ministred vnto him, with a sodaine starting and casting vp his head, made an answer farre out of all Grammer: a certaine deepe musing, and by and by out of it: vncertaine motions, vnstayed gracees. Hauing borne out the limit of a reasonable time with as much paine as might bee, he came darkeling into his chamber, forcing himselfe to tread as softly as hee could. But the more curious he was, the more he thought euery thing creaked vnder him: and his minde being out of the way with another thought, and his eyes not seruing his turne in that darke place, each Coffer or Cupbord hee met, one saluted his shinnes, another his elbowes: sometimes readie in reuenge to strike them againe with his face. Till at length, fearing his wife were not fully asleepe, hee came lifting vp the clothes as gently as (I thinke) poore *Pan* did, when in steed of *Ioles* bed hee came into the rough embracings of *Hercules*; and laying himselfe downe, as tenderly as a new Bride, rested a while with a very open eare, to marke each breath of his supposed wife. And sometimes he himselfe would yeeld such a long fetched sigh, as though that had beene a musicke to draw on another to sleepe, till within a very little while, with the other parties well counterfeit sleepe (who was as willing to be rid of him, as he was to be gone thence) assuring himselfe he left all safe there, in the same order stole out againe, & putting on his night gowne, with much groping & scrambling, he gat himselfe out of the little house, and then did the Moone light serue to guide his feete. Thus with a great deale of paine, did *Basilius* go to her whom hee fled, & with much cunning left the person for whom hee had employed all his cunning. But when *Basilius* was once gotten (as he thought) into a cleare coast, what ioy he then made, how each thing seemed vile in his sight, in comparison of his fortune, how far already hee deemed himselfe in the chiefe tower of his desires, it were tedious to tell: once, his heart could not choose but yeeld this song, as a fairing of his contentment.

GEt hence soule Griefe the canker of the minde:
Farewell Complaint, the misers onely pleasure.

Away

Away vaine Cares, by which few men doe finde
Their ſought-for treaſure.

Te helpeleſſe Sighes, blow out your breath to nought,
Teares drowne your ſelues, for woe (your cauſe is waſted,)
Thought, thinke to end, too long the fruit of thought
My minde hath taſted.

But thou, ſure Hope, tickle my leaping heart.
Comfort, ſtep thou in place of wonted ſadneſſe:
Fore-felt Deſire, begin to fauour part
Of comming gladneſſe.

Let voice of Sighes into cleare muſicke ran:
Eyes, let your Teares with gazing now be mended,
In ſteed of Thought, true pleaſure be begun,
And neuer ended.

Thus imagining as then with himſelfe, his ioyes ſo held him vp, that he neuer touched ground. And like a right old beaten Souldier, that knew well enough the greateſt Captaines doe neuer vſe long Orations, when it comes to the very point of execution, as ſoone as hee was gotten into the Caue, and to the ioyfull (though ſilent) expectation of *Gynecia*, come cloſe to the bed, neuer recking his promiſe to looke for nothing but conference, hee lept into that ſide reſerued for a more welcome gueſt. And laying his louingſt hold vpon *Gynecia*: O *Zelmane*, ſaid he, embrace in your fauor this humble ſeruant of yours: hold within me my heart, which pants to leaue his maſter to come vnto you. In what caſe poore *Gynecia* was, when ſhee knew the voice, and felt the body of her husband, faire Ladies, it is better to know by imagination than by experience. For ſtreight was her minde aſſaulted, partly with the being depriued of her vnquenched deſire, but principally with the doubt that *Zelmane* had betrayed her to her husband, beſides the renewed ſting of iealouſie, what in the meane time might befal her daughter. But of the other ſide, her loue with a fixed perſwaſion ſhee had, taught her to ſeeke all reaſon of hopes. And therein thought beſt before diſcouering of her ſelfe, to marke the behauiour of her husband; who, both in deedes and words ſtill vſing her, as taking her to bee *Zelmane*, made *Gynecia* hope that this might bee *Baſilius* owne enterpriſe, which *Zelmane* had not ſtayed, leſt ſhee ſhould diſcouer the matter which might bee performed at another time. Which hope accompanied with *Baſilius* manner of dealing, (he being at that time fuller of liuelier fancies, than many yeares before he had beene) beſides the remembrance of her daughters ſickeneſſe, and late ſtrange countenance betwixt her and *Zelmane*, all comming together into her minde, which was loath to condemne it ſelfe of an vtter ouerthrow, made her frame her ſelf, not truly with a ſugred ioy, but with a determinate patience to let her husband thinke hee had found a very gentle and ſupple-minded *Zelmane*; which he good man making full reckoning of, did melt in as much gladneſſe as ſhe was oppreſſed with diuers vngratefull burthens.

But *Pyrocles* who had at this preſent no more to play the part of *Zelmane*, hauing ſo naturally meaſured the manner of his breathing, that *Baſilius* made no doubt of his ſound ſleeping, and laine a pretty while with a quiet vnquietneſſe to performe

performe his entended enterprise, as soone as by the debate betwixt *Basilius* shinnes and the vnregarding formes, hee perceiued that hee had fully left the Lodge: after him went he with his stealing steps, hauing his sword vnder his arme (still doubting lest some mischance might turne *Basilius* backe againe) downe to the gate of the Lodge. Which not content to locke fast, he barred and fortified with as many deuises, as his wit and haste would suffer him, that so hee might haue full time both for making ready *Philoclea*, and conueying her to her horse, before any might come in to finde them missing. For further ends of those ends, and what might ensue of this action, his loue and courage well matched neuer looked after, holding for an assured ground, that whosoeuer in great things will thinke to preuent all obiections, must lye still, and doe nothing. This determination thus weyed, the first part thus performed, vp to *Philocleas* chamber doore went *Pyrocles*, rapt from himselfe with the excessiue fore-feeling of his (as hee assured himselfe) neere comming contentment. What euer paines hee had taken, what dangers hee had runne into, and especially those sawcie pages of loue, doubts, griefes, languishing hopes and threatning despaires, came all now to his minde, in one ranke to beautifie his expected blissefulnesse, and to serue for a most fit sawce, whose soureness might giue a kinde of life to the delightfull cheare his imagination fed vpon. All the great estate of his father, all his owne glory, seemed vnto him but a trifling pompe, whose good stands in other mens conceit, in comparison of the true comfort hee found in the depth of his minde, and the knowledge of any misery that might ensue his ioyous aduenture, was recked of but as a slight purchase of possessing the top of happinesse, for so far his thoughts past through all perils, that already hee conceiued himselfe safely arriued with his Lady at the stately palace of *Pella*, among the exceeding ioyes of his father, and infinite congratulations of his friends giuing order for the royall entertaining of *Philoclea*, and for sumptuous shewes and triumphes, against their mariage. In the thought whereof as he found extremitie of ioy, so well found he that extremitie is not without a certaine ioyfull paine, by extending the heart beyond his wonted limits, and by so forcible a holding all the senses to one obiect, that it confounds their mutuall working, not without a charming kind of rauishing them, from the free vse of their owne function. Thus grieued onely with too much gladnesse, being come to the doore which should be the entrie to his happinesse, hee was met with the latter end of a song, which *Philoclea* like a solitarie Nightingale, bewayling her guiltlesse punishment, and helpelesse misfortune, had newly deliuered ouer, meaning none should be iudge of her passion, but her owne conscience. The song hauing beene accorded to a sweetely playd on Lute, contained these verses, which she had lately with some art curiously written, to enwrap her secret and resolute woes.

1 2 3 1 2 3
VErtue, beautie, and speech, did strike, wound, charme,
1 2 3 1 2 3
My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight:
1 2 3 1 2 3
First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
1 2 3 1 2 3
His works shewes, suites, with wit grace, and vow's might,
1 2 3 1 2 3
Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
1 2 3 1 2 3
Held, pearst, possest, my iudgement, sense, and will,

Till

Till wrong, contempt, deceit did grow, steale, creepe,
Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.

Then griefe, vnkindnesse, proofe, tooke, kindled, thought
Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdaine,
But ah, alas! (In vaine) my minde, sight, thought,
Doth him, his face, his words, leaue, shunne, refraine,
For no thing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease
Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.

The force of loue to those poore folke, that feele it, is many waies very strange, but no way stranger, than that it doth so enchaine the louers iudgement vpon her that holds the raines of his minde, that whatsoeuer she doth is euer in his eyes best. And that best, being the continuall motion of our changing life, turned by her to any other thing, that thing againe becommeth best. So that nature in each kinde suffring but one superlatiue, the louer onely admits no positiue. If she sit still, that is best, for so is the conspiracie of her seuerall graces held best together to make one perfect figure of beautie. If she walke, no doubt that is best, for besides the making happie the more places by her steps, the very stirring addes a pleasing life to her natiue perfections. If she be silent, that without comparison is best, since by that means the vntroubled eye most freely may deuour the sweetnesse of his obiect. But if shee speake, he will take it vpon his death that is best, the quintessence of each word being distilled downe into his affected soule: Example of this was well to be seene in the giuen-ouer *Pyrocles*, who with panting breath, and sometime sighes, not such as sorrow restrayning the inward parts doth make them glad to deliuer, but such as the impatience of delay, with the vnsuretie of neuer so sure hope, is wont to breathe out. Now being at the dore, of the one side hearing her voice, which hee thought if the Philosophers said true of the heauenly seuen sphered harmony, was by her not onely represented, but farre surmounted, and of the other hauing his eyes ouer filled with her beautie, (for the king at his parting had left the chamber open, and shee at that time lay, as the heate of that country did well suffer, vpon the top of her bed, hauing her beauties eclypsed with nothing but with a faire smocke, wrought all in flames of ash-colour silke and gold, lying so vpon her right side, that the left thigh down to the foote, yeelded his delightfull proportion to the full view, which was seene by the helpe of a rich lampe, which thorow the curtaines a little drawne cast forth a light vpon her (as the Moone doth when it shines into a thinne wood;) *Pyrocles* I say was stoped with the violence of so many darts, cast by *Cupid* altogether put vpon him, that quite forgetting himselfe, & thinking therein already he was in the best degree of felicitie, he would haue lost much of his time, and with too much loue omitted the enterprise vndertaken for his loue, had not *Philoclea's* pitifull accusing of him forced him to bring his spirits againe, to a new byas; for shee laying her hand vnder her faire cheek, vpon which there did priuily trickle the sweet drops of her delightfull though sorrowfull teares, made these words waite vpon her moanefull song. And hath that cruell *Pyrocles*, said shee, deserued thus much of

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me, that I ſhould for his ſake lift vp my voice in my beſt tunes, and to him continually, with powring out my plaint, make a diſdained oblation? Shall my ſoule ſtill do this honour to his vnmercifull tyrannie, by my lamenting his loſſe, to ſhew his worthineſſe and my weakeneſſe? He heares thee not ſimple *Philoclea*, he heares thee not; and if he did, ſome hearts grow the harder the more they find their aduantage. Alas, what a miſerable conſtitution of minde haue I! I diſdaine my fortune, and yet reuerence him that diſdaines me. I accuſe his vngratefulneſſe, and haue his vertue in admiration. O ye deafe heauens, I would either his iniury could blot out mine affection, or my affection could forget his iniury. With that giuing a pitifull but ſweet ſhrich, ſhe tooke againe the Lute, and began to ſing this Sonnet, which might ſerue as an explaning to the other:

THe loue which is imprinted in my ſoule
with beauties ſeale, and vertue faire diſguis'de,
with inward cries puts vp a bitter role
Of huge complaints, that now it is deſpis'de.

Thus thus the more I loue, the wrong the more
Monſtrous appeares, long truth receiued late,
Wrong ſtirres remorſe, griefe griefes deadly ſore
Vnkindneſſe breeds, vnkindneſſe foſtereth hate.

But ah the more I hate, the more I thinke
Whom I doe hate; the more I thinke on him,
The more his matchleſſe gifts doe deepely ſinke
Into my breaſt, and loues renewed ſwimme.
What medicine then, can ſuch diſeaſe remoue,
Where loue drawes hate, and hate engendreth loue?

But *Pyrocles* that had heard his name accuſed, & cõdemned by the mouth which of all the world, and more than all the world, he moſt loued, had then cauſe enough to call his mind to his home, and with the moſt haſte he could (for true loue feares the accident of an inſtant) to match the excuſing of his fault, with declaration of his errand thither. And therefore blowne vp and downe with as many contrary paſſions, as *Aeolus* ſent out winds vpon the Troian reliques guided vpon the ſea by the valiant *Aeneas*, he went into her chamber with ſuch a pace as reuerent feare doth teach, where kneeling downe, & hauing prepared a long diſcourſe for her, his eyes were ſo filled with her ſight, that as if they would haue robbed all their fellowes of their ſeruices, both his heart fainted, & his tongue failed in ſuch ſort, that hee could not bring forth one word, but referred her vnderſtanding to his eyes language. But ſhe in extremitie amazed to ſee him there, at ſo vndue a ſeaſon, & aſhamed that her beautifull body made ſo naked a proſpect, drawing in her delicate limmes into the weake guard of the bed, and preſenting in her face to him ſuch a kinde of pittifull anger, as might ſhew, this was only a fault, therefore becauſe ſhe had a former grudge vnto him, turning away her face from him, ſhe thus ſaid vnto him: O *Zelmane* or *Pyrocles*, (for whether name I vſe it much skils not, ſince by the one I was firſt deceiued, & by the other now betrayed) what ſtrange motion is the guide of thy cruell minde hither? Doſt thou not thinke the day torments thou haſt giuen me ſufficient, but

that

that thou dooest enuie me the nights quiet? Wilt thou giue my sorrowes no truce, but by making me see before mine eyes how much I haue lost, offer me due cause of confirming my plaint? Or is thy heart so full of rancor, that thou dost desire to feed thine eyes with the wretched spectacle of thine ouerthrowne enemie, and so to satisfie the full measure of thy vndeserued rage, with the receiuing into thy sight the vnrelieueable ruines of my desolate life? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles*, for thine own vertues sake, let miseries be no musicke vnto thee, and be content to take to thy selfe some colour of excuse, that thou didst not know to what extremitie thy inconstancie, or rather falshood hath brought me. *Pyrocles* to whom euery syllable shee pronounced, was a thunderbolt to his hart, equally distraught betwixt amazement & sorrow, abashed to see such a stop of his desires, grieued with her paine, but tormented to finde himselfe the author of it, with quaking lips, & pale cheere, alas diuine Lady said he, your displeasure is so contrary to my desert, & your words so farre beyond all expectations, that I haue least ability now I haue most need, to speake in the cause vpon which my life dependeth. For my troth is so vndoubtedly constant vnto you, my heart is so assured a witnesse to it selfe, of his vnspotted faith, that hauing no one thing in mee, whereout any such sacriledge might arise, I haue likewise nothing in so direct a thing to say for my selfe, but sincere and vehement protestations; for in truth, there may most words be spent, where there is some probabilitie to breed of both sides coniecturall allegations. But so perfect a thing as my loue is of you, as it suffers no question, so it seemes to receiue iniury by addition of any words vnto it. If my soule could haue beene polluted with trechery, it would likewise haue prouided for it selfe due furniture of colourable answers; but as it stood vpon the naked cõscience of his vntouched duty, so I must confesse it is altogether vnarmed against so vniust a violence as you lay vpon me: alas! let not the pains I haue taken to serue you, be now accounted iniurious vnto you, let not the dangerous cunning I haue vsed to please you be deemed a treason against you, since I haue deceiued them whõ you feare for your sake, do not you destroy me for their sake; what can I without you further do? Or to what more forwardnesse can any counsell bring our desired happinesse? I haue prouided whatsoeuer is needfull for our going, I haue rid them both out of the Lodg, so that there is none here to be hinderers or knowers of our departure, but only the almighty powers, whom I inuoke as triers of mine innocencie, & witnesses of my welmeaning. And if euer my thoughts did receiue so much as a fainting in their affections: if they haue not continually with more & more ardour from time to time pursued the possession of your sweetest fauour; if euer in that possession they receiued either spot or falshood: then let their most horrible plagues fall vpon mee, let mine eyes be depriued of the light which did abase the heauenly beames that strake them, let my falsified tongue serue to no vse but to bemone mine own wretchednes, let my heart impoisoned with detestable treason, be the seate of infernall sorrow, let my soule with the endlesse anguish of his conscience become his owne tormentor. O false mankind! cried out the sweet *Philoclea*. How can an impostumed hart but yeeld forth euill matter by his mouth? Are oathes there to be beleeued, where vowes are broke? No no, who doth wound the eternall iustice of the gods, cares little for abusing their names: & who in doing wickedly doth not feare due recõpencing plagues, doth little feare that inuoking of plagues, will make them come euer a whit the sooner. But alas what ayleth this new conuersion, haue you yet another sleight to play, or do you thinke to deceiue me in *Pyrocles* forme, as you haue done in *Zelmanes*? Or rather now you haue betrayed me in both, is some third sex left you, into which you can transforme your selfe to inueigle my simplicitie? Enioy the conquest you haue

haue already won: and assure your selfe you are come to the farthest point of your cunning. For my part vnkind *Pyrocles*, my onely defence shal be beleefe of nothing, my comfort my faithful innocencie, & the punishment I desire of you shall be your owne conscience. *Philoclea's* hard persevering in this vniust condemnation of him, did so ouerthrow all the might of *Pyrocles* mind (who saw that time would not serue to proue by deeds, & that the better words he vsed, the more they were suspected of deceitfull cunning.) That voide of all counsell, & depriued of all comfort, finding best deserts punished, & neerest hopes preuented, he did abandon the succour of himselfe, & suffered griefe so to close his heart, that his breath fayling him with a deathfull shutting of his eyes, he fell down at her bedside, hauing had time to say no more, but oh! whom dost thou kill *Philoclea*? She that little looked for such an extreame euent of her doings, start out of her bed, like *Venus* rising from her mother the sea, not so much striken down with amazement, & griefe of her fault, as lifted vp with the force of loue & desire to helpe, she layd her faire body ouer his breast, & throwing no other water in his face, but the streame of her teares, nor giuing him other blowes, but the kissing of her well formed mouth, her only cries were these lamentations: O vnfortunate suspicion, said she, the very meane to lose that wee most suspect to lose. O vnkind kindnesse of mine, which returnes an imagined wrong with an effectuall iniury. O foole to make quarrell my supplication, or to vse hate as the mediator of loue: childish *Philoclea*, hast thou throwne away the iewell wherein all thy pride consisted? Hast thou with too much haste ouer-run thy selfe? Then would she renew her kisses: & yet not finding the life return, redouble her plaints in this maner. O diuine soule, said she, whose vertue can possesse no lesse than the highest place in heauen, if for mine eternall plague, thou hast vtterly left this most sweet mansion, before I follow thee with *Thisbes* punishment for my rash vnwarinesse, heare this protestation of mine: That as the wrong I haue done thee proceeded of a most sincere, but vnresistable affection, so led with this pitifull example, it shall end in the mortall hate of my selfe, & (if it may be) I will make my soule a tombe of thy memory. At that word with anguish of mind & weakenesse of body encreased one by the other, & both augmented by this fearfull accident, she had falne down in a sound, but that *Pyrocles* then first seuering his eye-liddes, & quickly apprehending her danger, to him more than death, beyond all powers striuing to recouer the cõmandement of all his powers, stayed her from falling: & then lifting the sweet burthen of her body in his armes, laid her again in her bed. So that she, but then the Physition, was now become the patient: & he, to whom her weakenesse had been seruiceable, was now enforced to do seruice to her weakenesse: which performed by him with that harty care which the most carefull loue on the best loued subiect in greatest extremity could employ, preuailed so farre, that ere long she was able (though in strength exceedingly deiected) to call home her wandring senses, to yeeld attention to that her beloued *Pyrocles* had to deliuer. But he lying downe on the bed by her, holding her hand in his, with so kind an accusing her of vnkindnes, as in accusing her he condemned himselfe, began from point to point to discouer vnto her all that had passed betweene his lothed louers & him. How he had entertained, & by entertaining deceiued, both *Basilius* & *Gynecia*: and with such a kind of deceit, as either might see the cause in the other, but neither espie the effect in themselues. That all his fauours to them had tended onely to make them strangers to this his action: & all his strangenesse to her, to the finall obtaining of her long promised, & now to be performed fauour. Which deuise seeing it had so well succeeded to the remouing all other hinderances, that only her resolution remained for the taking their happy iourney, he coniured her by all the loue

ſhe had euer borne him, ſhe would make no longer delay to partake with him whatſoeuer honors the noble kingdome of *Macedon*, and all other *Eoarthus* dominions might yeeld him, ſpecially ſince in this enterpriſe he had now waded ſo farre, as he could not poſſibly retire himſelfe back, without being ouerwhelmed with danger & diſhonor. He needed not haue vſed further perſwaſion: for that only coniuration had ſo forcibly bound all her ſpirits, that could her body haue ſeconded her mind, or her mind haue ſtrengthened her body, without reſpect of any worldly thing, but onely feare to be again vnkind to *Pyrocles*, ſhe had condeſcended to go with him. But raiſing her ſelf a litle in her bed, & finding her own vnability in any ſort to endure the aire: My *Pyrocles* ſaid ſhe (with tearefull eyes & pitifull countenance, ſuch as well witneſſed ſhe had no will to deny any thing ſhe had power to performe) if you can conuey me hence in ſuch plight as you ſee mee; I am moſt willing to make my extremeſt danger a teſtimony, that I eſteeme no danger in regard of your vertuous ſatisfaction. But ſhe fainted ſo faſt, that ſhe was not able to vtter the reſt of her conceiued ſpeech: which alſo turned *Pyrocles* thoughts from expecting further anſwer, to the neceſſary care of reuiuing her; in whoſe fainting himſelfe was more than ouerthrowne. And that hauing effected with all the ſweet meanes his wits could deuiſe, though his higheſt hopes were by this vnexpected downefall ſunke deeper than any degree of deſpaire: yet leſt the appearance of his inward griefe might occaſion her further diſcomfort, hauing racked his face to a more cõfortable ſemblance, he ſought ſome ſhew of reaſon, to ſhew ſhe had no reaſon, either for him, or for her ſelfe to be afflicted. Which in the ſweet minded *Philoclea*, whoſe conſideration was limited by his words, & whoſe conceit pierced no deeper than his outward countenance, wrought within a while ſuch quietneſſe of minde, & that quietneſſe againe ſuch repoſe of body, that ſleepe by his harbingers weakneſſe, wearineſſe, & watchfulneſſe, had quickly taken vp his lodging in all her ſenſes. Then indeed had *Pyrocles* leaſure to fit in iudgment on himſelfe, and to heare his reaſon accuſe his raſhneſſe, who, without forecaſt of doubt, without knowledge of his friend, without acquainting *Philoclea* with his purpoſe, or being made acquainted with her preſent eſtate, had falne headlong into that attempt, the ſucceſſe whereof he had long ſince ſet downe to himſelfe as the meaſure of all his other fortunes. But calling to minde how weakely they doe, that rather finde fault with what cannot be amended, than ſeeke to amend wherein they haue beene faultie: he ſoone turned him from remembring what might haue beene done, to conſidering what was now to be done, & when that conſideration failed, what was now to be expected. Wherein hauing runne ouer all the thoughts, his reaſon, called to the ſtricteſt accounts, could bring before him, at length hee lighted on this: That as long as *Gynecia* bewrayed not the matter (which hee thought ſhee would not doe, as well for her owne honour & ſafety, as for the hope ſhe might ſtill haue of him, which is loth to die in a louers heart) all the reſt might turne to a pretty merryment, and enflame his louer *Baſilius*, againe to caſt about for the miſſed fauour. And as naturally the heart ſtuffed vp with wofulneſſe, is glad greedily to ſucke the thinneſt ayre of comfort: ſo did hee at firſt, embrace this conceit as offering great hope, if not aſſurance of well doing, till looking more neerely into it, and not able to anſwer the doubts & difficulties hee ſaw therein more & more ariſing, the night being alſo farre ſpent, his thoughts euen weary of his owne burthens, fell to a ſtraying kind of vncertaintie: & his mind ſtanding onely vpon the nature of inward intelligences, left his body to giue a ſleeping reſpite to his vitall ſpirits, which he, according to the qualitie of ſorrow receiued with greater greedineſſe than euer in his life before: according to the nature of ſorow, I ſay, which is paſt eares remedie: For

care;

care ſtirring the braines, and making thin the ſpirits, breaketh reſt: but thoſe griefes wherein one is determined there is no preuenting, doe breed a dull heauineſſe which eaſily clothes it ſelfe in ſleepe. So as laid downe ſo neere the beautie of the world *Philoclea*, that their neckes were ſubiect each to others chaſte embracements, it ſeemed loue had come thither to lay a plot in that picture of death, how gladly, if death came, their ſoules would goe together.

The third ECLOGVE.

Thyrſis not with many painted words nor falſified promiſes had won the conſent of his beloued *Kala*, but with a true and ſimple making her know hee loued her, not forcing himſelfe beyond his reach to buy her affection, but giuing her ſuch prety preſents, as neither could wearie him with the giuing, nor ſhame her for the taking. Thus, the firſt Strawberies hee could finde, were euer in a cleane waſht diſh, ſent to *Kala*; thus poeſies of the ſpring flowers were wrapt vp in a little greene ſilke, & dedicated to *Kalas* breaſts; thus ſometimes his ſweeteſt creame, ſometimes the beſt Cakebread his mother made, were reſerued for *Kalas* taſte. Neither would he ſtick to kill a lambe when ſhe would be content to come ouer the way vnto him. But then lo, how the houſe was ſwept, & rather no fire than any ſmoke left to trouble her. Then loue ſongs were not dainty, when ſhe would heare them, & as much manerly ſilence when ſhe would not: in going to Church great worſhip to *Kala*. So that all the pariſh ſaid, neuer a mayde they knew ſo well waited on: and when dancing was about the May-pole, no body taken out but ſhe, and he after a leape or two to ſhew her his owne actiuitie, would frame all the reſt of his dancing, onely to grace her. As for her fathers ſheepe, hee had no leſſe care of them than his owne: ſo that ſhe might play her as ſhe would, warranted with honeſt *Thyrſis* carefulneſſe. But if he ſpied *Kala* fauoured any one of the flocke more than his fellowes, then that was cheriſhed: ſhearing him ſo (when ſhorne he muſt be) as might moſt become him: but while the wooll was on, wrapping within it ſome verſes, wherein *Thyrſis* had a ſpeciall gift, & making the innocent beaſt his vnweeting meſſenger. Thus cõſtantly continuing though he were none of the faireſt, at length hee wan *Kalas* heart, the honeſteſt wench in all thoſe quarters. And ſo with conſent of both parents (without which neither *Thyrſis* would aske, nor *Kala* grant) their marying day was appointed, which becauſe it fell out in this time, I thinke it ſhall not be impertinent, to remember a little our ſhepheards, while the other greater perſons, are either ſleeping or otherwiſe troubled. *Thyrſis* mariage time once knowne, there needed no inuiting of the neighbours in that valley, for ſo well was *Thyrſis* beloued, that they were all readie to doe him credit, neither yet came they like Harpies to deuoure him: but one brought a fat pigge, the other a tender kidde, the third a great gooſe: as for cheeſe, milke, & butter, were the goſſips preſents. Thither came of ſtrange ſhepheards onely the melancholy *Philiſides*, for the vertuous *Coridon* had long ſince left off all ioyfull ſolemnities. And as for *Strephon* and *Klaius*, they had loſt their miſtreſſe, which put them into ſuch extreme ſorrowes as they could ſcarcely abide the light of the day, much leſſe the eyes of men. But of the *Arcadian* borne ſhepheards, thither came good old *Geron*, yong *Hiſtor*, though vnwilling, and vpright *Dicus*, merry *Pan* and iolly *Nico*. As for *Dametas*, they durſt not preſume (his pride was ſuch) to inuite him, and *Dorus* they found might not be ſpared. And there vnder a bower was made of bowes (for *Thyrſis* houſe was not able to receiue thẽ) euery one placed according to his age. The women (for ſuch was the maner of the country) kept together to make

good cheare among themſelues, from which otherwiſe a certaine painefull modeſty reſtraines them, and there might the ſadder matrons giue good counſell to *Kala*: who poore ſoule wept for feare of that ſhe deſired. But among the ſhepheards was all honeſt libertie, no feare of dangerous tel-tales, who hunt greater preyes, nor indeed mindes in them to giue tel-tales any occaſion, but one queſtioning with another of the manuring his ground, and gouerning his flocke, the higheſt point they reached to, was, to talke of the holineſſe of mariage; to which purpoſe as ſoone as their ſober dinner was ended, *Dicus* in ſteed of thankes ſang this ſong with a cleare voice and cheerefull countenance.

LEt mother earth now decke her ſelfe in flowers,
To ſee her off-ſpring ſeeke a good increaſe,
Where iuſteſt loue doth vanquiſh Cupids *powers,*
And warre of thoughts is ſwallowed vp in peace,
Which neuer may decreaſe,
But like the turtles faire,
Liue one in two, a well vnited paire;
Which that no chance may ſtaine,
O Hymen *long their cupled ioyes maintaine.*

O beau'n awake, ſhew forth thy ſtately face,
Let not theſe ſlumbring clouds thy beauties hide,
But with thy cheerefull preſence helpe to grace
The honeſt Bridegroome, and the baſhfull Bride,
Whoſe loues may euer bide,
Like to the Elme and Vine,
With mutuall embracements them to twyne:
In which delightfull paine,
O Hymen *long their cupled ioyes maintaine.*

Yee Muſes all which chaſte affects allow,
And haue to Thyrſis *ſhewed your ſecret skill,*
To this chaſte loue your ſacred fauours bow,
And ſo to him and her your gifts diſtill,
That they all vice may kill:
And like to lillies pure,
May pleaſe all eyes, and ſpotleſſe may endure.
Where that all bliſſe may raigne,
O Hymen *long their cupled ioyes maintaine.*

Yee Nymphes which in the waters empire haue,
Since Thyrſis *muſicke oft doth yeeld you praiſe,*
Grant to the thing which we for Thyrſis *craue.*
Let one time (but long firſt) cloſe vp their daies,
One graue their bodies ſeaze:
And like two riuers ſweet,
When they, though diuers, doe together meet;
One ſtreame both ſtreames containe:
O Hymen *long their cupled ioyes maintaine.*

Pan, *father* Pan *the god of ſilly ſheepe,*
Worſe care is cauſe that they in number grow,
Haue much more care of them that them doe keepe,
Since from theſe good the others good doth flow,
And make their iſſue ſhow
In number like the heard
Of yonglings, which thy ſelfe with loue haſt reard;
Or like the drops of raine.
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

Vertue (if not a God) yet Gods chiefe part,
Be thou the knot of thu their open vow,
That ſtill he be her head, ſhe be his heart,
He leane to her, ſhe vnto him doe bow:
Each other ſtill allow:
Like Oke and Miſtletoe.
Her ſtrength from him, his praiſe from her doe growe;
In which moſt louely traine,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

But thou fonde Cupid *fire to lawleſſe luſt,*
Be thou farre hence with thy empoyſon'd dart,
which though of glittering golde, ſhall here take ruſt,
Where ſimple loue, which chaſtneſſe doth impart,
Anoides thy hurtfull art,
Not needing charming skill,
Such mindes with ſweet affections for to fill,
Which being pure and plaine,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

All churliſh words, ſhrewd anſwers, crabbed lookes,
All priuateneſſe, ſelfe-ſeeking, inward ſpite,
All waywardneſſe, which nothing kindly brookes,
All ſtriſe for toyes, and clayming maſters right.
Be hence aye put to flight:
All ſtirring husbands hate
Gainſt neighbors good for womaniſh debate,
Ie fled as things moſt vaine,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

All peacocke pride, and fruits of peacocks pride,
Longing to be with loſſe of ſubſtance gay,
With retchleſneſſe what may the houſe betide,
So that you may on hyer ſlippers ſtay,
For euer hence away:
Yet let not ſluttery,
The ſinke of filth, be counted huſwifery:
But keeping whole your meane,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

But aboue all, away vile iealouſie,
The euill of euils, iuſt cauſe to be vniuſt,
(How can he loue ſuſpecting treachery?
How can ſhe loue where loue cannot win truſt?)
Goe ſnake, hide thee in duſt,
Ne dare once ſhew thy face,
Where open hearts doe hold ſo conſtant place,
That they thy ſting reſtraine,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

The earth is deckt with flowers, the heau'ns diſplaid,
Muſes grant gifts, Nymphes long and ioyned life,
Pan *ſtore of babes, vertue their thoughts well ſtaid,*
Cupids *luſt gone and gone is bitter ſtriſe,*
Happy man, happy wife.
No pride ſhall them oppreſſe,
Nor yet ſhall yeeld to lothſome ſluttiſhneſſe,
And iealouſie is ſlaine:
For Hymen *will their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

Truly *Dicus*, ſaid *Nico*, although thou didſt not grant mee the prize the laſt day, when vndoubtedly I won it, yet muſt I needs ſay, Thou for thy part haſt ſung well & thriftily. *Pas* ſtraight deſired all the company they would beare witneſſe that *Nico* had once in his life ſpoken wiſely; for, ſaid he, I will tell it his father, who will bee a glad man when he heares ſuch newes. Very true, ſaid *Nico*, but indeed ſo would not thine in like caſe, for he would looke thou ſhouldeſt liue but one houre longer, than a diſcreete word wandred out of thy mouth. And I pray thee, ſaid *Pas*, gentle *Nico*, tell me, what miſchance it was that brought thee to taſte ſo fine a meat? Mary good-man blockhead, ſaid *Nico*, becauſe he ſpeakes againſt iealouſie, the filthy traytor to true affection, and yet diſguiſing it ſelfe in the rayment of loue. Sentences, Sentences, cryed *Pas*. Alas, how ripe witted theſe yong folkes bee now adayes! But well counſelled ſhall that husband be, when this man comes to exhort him not to be iealous. And ſo ſhall he, anſwered *Nico*, for I haue ſeene a freſh example, though it bee not very fit to be knowne. Come, come, ſaid *Pas*, be not ſo ſqueamiſh, I know thou longeſt more to tell it, than we to heare it. But for all his words, *Nico* would not beſtow his voice, till he was generally entreated of all the reſt. And then with a mery mariage looke he ſang this following diſcourſe, for with a better grace hee could ſing than tell:

A Neighbour mine not long agoe there was,
(But nameleſſe he, for blameleſſe he ſhall be)
That maried had a tricke and bonny laſſe
As in a ſommer day a man might ſee:
But he himſelfe a foule vnhandſome groome,
And farre vnfit to hold ſo good a roome.

Now whether moou'd with ſelfe vnworthineſſe,
Or with her beauty fit to make a pray,
Fell iealouſie did ſo his braine oppreſſe,

That

That if he absent were but halfe a day,
He gheſt the worſt (you wot what it the worſt)
And in himſelfe new doubting causes nurſt.

While thus he fear'd the ſilly innocent,
Who yet was good, becauſe ſhee knew none ill,
Vnto his houſe a iolly ſhepheard went,
To whom our Prince did beare a great good will,
Becauſe in wreſtling and in paſtorall,
He farre did paſſe the reſt of ſhepheards all.

And therefore he a Courtier was benamed,
And as a Courtier was with cheere receiued,
(For they haue tongues to make a poore man blamed,
If he to them his dutie miſconceiued)
And for this Courtier ſhould well like his table,
The good man bade his wife be ſeruiceable.

And ſo ſhe was, and all with good intent;
But few daies paſt while ſhe good maner vſde,
But that her husband thought her ſeruice bent
To ſuch an end as he might be abuſde.
Yet like a coward fearing ſtrangers pride,
He made the ſimple wench his wrath abide,

With chumpiſh lookes, hard words, and ſecret nips,
Grumbling at her when ſhe his kindneſſe ſought,
Asking her how ſhe taſted Courtiers lips,
He forc'ſt her thinke that which ſhe neuer thought.
In fine he made her gheſſe, there was ſame ſweet,
In that which he ſo fear'd that ſhe ſhould meet.

When once this entred was, in womans hart,
And that it had enflam'd a new deſire,
There reſted then, to play a womans part,
Fuell to ſeeke and not to quench the fire:
But (for his iealous eye ſhe well did finde)
She ſtudied cunning how the ſame to blinde.

And thus ſhe did. One day to him ſhe came,
And (though againſt his will) on him ſhe leand,
And out gan cry, Ah well away for ſhame,
If you helpe not our wedlock will be ſtaind.
The goodman ſtarting, askt what her did meue?
She ſigh'd and ſaid, The bad gueſt ſought her loue.

He little looking that ſhe ſhould complaine
Of that, whereto he fear'd ſhe was enclinde;

Busing her oft, and in his heart full faine,
He did demaund what remedie to finde;
How they might get that guest from them to wend,
And yet the Prince (that lou'd him) not offend.

Husband quoth she, goe to him by and by,
And tell him you doe finde I doe him loue:
And therefore pray him that of curtesie
He will absent himselfe, lest he should moue
A yong girles heart, to that were shame for both,
Whereto you know, his honest heart were loath.

Thus shall you shew that him you doe not doubt,
And as for me (sweet husband) I must beare.
Glad was the man when he had heard her out,
And did the same, although with mickle feare.
For feare he did, lest he the yong man might
In choller put, with whom he would not fight.

The Courtly shepheard much agast at this,
Not seeing earst such token in the wife,
Though full of scorne, would not his dutie misse,
Knowing that ill becomes a houshold strife,
Did goe his way, but soiourn'd neare thereby,
That yet the ground hereof he might espie.

The wife thus hauing settled husbands braine,
Who would haue sworne his spouse Diana *was,*
Watched when she a further point might gaine,
Which little time did fitly bring to passe.
For to the Court her man was call'd by name,
Whither he needs must goe for feare of blame.

Three dayes before that he must sure depart,
She written had (but in a hand disguisde)
A letter such, which might from either part,
Seeme to proceed, so well it was deuisde.
She seald it first, then she the sealing brake,
And to her iealous husband did it take.

With weeping eyes (her eyes she taught to weep)
She told him that the Courtier had it sent:
Alas (quoth she) thus womens shame doth creepe.
The goodman read on both sides the content,
It title had, Vnto my onely Loue:
Subscription was, Yours most, if you will proue.

The pistle selfe such kind of words it had,

My ſweeteſt ioy, the comfort of my ſpirite,
So may thy flockes increaſe thy deare heart glad,
So may each thing, euen as thou wiſheſt light,
As thou wilt deigne to reade, and gently reed
This mourning inke, in which my heart doth bleed.

Long haue I lou'd (alas thou worthy art)
Long haue I lou'd (alas loue craueth loue)
Long haue I lou'd thy ſelfe, alas my heart
Doth breake, now tongue vnto thy name doth moue,
And thinke not that thy anſwer anſwer is,
But that it is my doome of bale or bliſſe.

The iealous wretch muſt now to Court be gone:
Ne can he faile, for Prince hath for him ſent:
Now is the time we may be here alone,
And giue a long deſire a ſweet content.
Thus ſhall you both reward a louer true,
And eke reuenge his wrong ſuſpecting you.

And this was all, and this the husband read
With chafe enough, till ſhe him pacified:
Deſiring, that no griefe in him be bread,
Now that he had her words ſo truely tried:
But that he would, to him the letter ſhow,
That with his fault he might her goodneſſe know.

That ſtraight was done with many a boyſtrous threat,
That to the King he would his ſinne declare:
But now the Courtier gan to ſmell the feat,
And with ſome words which ſhewed little care,
He ſtaid vntill the goodman was departed,
Then gaue he him the blow which neuer ſmarted.

Thus may you ſee, the iealous wretch was made
The Pandar of the thing he moſt did feare.
Take heed therefore, how you enſue that trade,
Leſt the ſame markes of iealouſie you beare.
For ſure, no iealouſie can that preuent,
Whereto two parties once be full content.

Behold, ſaid *Pas*, a whole dicker of wit: he had pickt out ſuch a tale with intention to keepe a husband from iealouſie, which were enough to make a ſanctified husband iealous, to ſee ſubtilties ſo much in the feminine gender. But, ſaid hee, I will ſtrike *Nico* dead, with the wiſe words ſhall flow out of my gorge. And without further entreatie thus ſang:

WHo doth deſire that chaſte his wife ſhould be,
Firſt, be he true, for truth doth truth deſerue:

Then

Then ſuch be he, as ſhe his worth may ſee,
And one man ſtill credite with her preſerue.

Not toying kind, nor cauſeleſly vnkind,
Not ſtirring thoughts, nor yet denying right,
Not ſpying faults, nor in plaine errors blind,
Neuer hard hand, nor euer raines too light.

As farre from want, as farre from vaine expence,
(The one doth force, the latter doth entice)
Allow good company, but keepe from thence
All filthy mouthes that glory in their vice.
This done, thou haſt no more, but leaue the reſt
To vertue, fortune, time and womans breſt.

Well concluded, ſaid *Nico*, when hee hath done all, hee leaues the matter to his wiues diſcretion. Now whenſoeuer thou marrieſt, let her diſcretion decke thy head with *Aglaeons* ornament. *Pas* was ſo angry with his wiſh, being indeed towards marriage, that they might perchance haue fallen to buffets, but that *Dicus* deſired *Philiſides* (who as a ſtranger ſate among them, reuoluing in his minde all the tempeſts of euill fortunes he had paſſed) that he would doe ſo much grace to the company, as to ſing one of his countrey ſongs. *Philiſides* knowing it no good maners to bee ſqueamiſh of his cunning, hauing put himſelfe in their company, without further ſtudie beganne to vtter that, wherewith his thoughts were then (as alwaies) moſt buſied: and to ſhew what a ſtranger he was to himſelfe, ſpake of himſelfe, as of a third perſon, in this ſort:

THe lad Philiſides
Lay by a riuer ſide,
In flowry field a gladder eye to pleaſe:
His pipe was at his foot,
His lambs were him beſide,
A widdow turtle neare on bared root
Sate wayling without boot.
Each thing both ſweet and ſad
Did draw his boyling braine
To thinke, and thinke with paine
Of Mira's *beames, eclipſt by abſence bad.*
And thus, with eyes made dimme
With teares, he ſaid, or ſorrow ſaid for him:
O earth, once anſwer giue,
So may thy ſtately grace
By North, or South ſtill rich adorned liue,
So Mira *long may be*
On thy then bleſſed face,
Whoſe foot doth ſet a heau'n on curſed thee,
I aske, now anſwer me.
If th' author of thy bliſſe
Phœbus, *that ſhepheard high,*

Doe

Doe turne from thee his eye,
Doth not thy selfe, when he long absent is,
Like rogue, all ragged goe,
And pine away with daily wasting woe?
Tell me you wanton brooke,
So may your sliding race
Shun loathed-loving banks with cunning crooke:
So in you euer new
Mira *may looke her face,*
And make you faire with shadow of of her hue:
So when to pay your due
To mother sea you come,
She chide you not for stay,
Nor beat you for your play,
Tell me if your diuerted springs become
Absented quite from you,
Are you not dried? Can you your selues renew?
Tell me you flowers faire
Cowslop and Columbine,
So may your Make this wholesome spring time ayre
With you embraced lie,
And lately thence vntwine:
But with dew drops engeinder children hie:
So may you neuer die,
But pull'd by Mira's *hand,*
Dresse bosome hers, or head,
Or scatter on her bed.
Tell me, if husband spring time leane your land,
When he from you is sent,
Wither not you, languisht with discontent?
Tell me, my silly pipe,
So may thee still betide
A cleanly cloth thy moistnesse for to wipe:
So may the cherries red
Of Mira's *lips diuide*
Their sugred selues to kisse thy happy head;
So may her eares be led,
Her eares where Musicke lines,
To heare and not despise
Thy lyribliring cryes:
Tell, if that breath, which thee thy sounding giues,
Be absent farre from thee,
Absent alone canst thou then piping be?
Tell me my lambe of gold,
So maist thou long abide
The day well fed, the night in faithfull folde?
So grow thy woll of note,
In time that richly dy'd,
It may be part of Mira's *petticote,*

Tell

Tell me, if wolues the throte
Haue caught of thy deare dammie,
Or she from thee be stayd,
Or thou from her be strayd,
Canst thou poore lambe, become another's lamme?
Or rather till thou die
Still for thy Dam with ben-mayneting crie?
Tell me O Turtle true,
So may no fortune breed
To make thee nor thy better-loued rue:
So may thy blessings swarme
That Mira *may thee feede*
With hand and mouth; with lap and breast keepe warme:
Tell me if greedie arme,
Doe fondly take away
With trayter lime the one
The other left alone:
Tell me poore wretch, parted from wretched pray
Disdaine not you the greene,
Wayling till death shun you not to be seene?
Earth, brooke, flowr's, pipe, lambe Done
Say all and I with them,
Absence is death or worse, to them that lone.
So I vnluckie lad
Whom hilles from her doe hemme,
What fits me now but teares, and sighings sad?
O fortune too too bad,
I rather would my sheepe
Tha'dst killed with a stroke,
Burnt Cabin, lost my cloke,
Than want one howre those eyes which my lopes keepe.
Oh! what doth wailing winne?
Speech without end were better not beginne.
My song climbe thou the wind,
Which Cyprus sweet now gently sendeth in,
That on his wings the tunefull tone maist find
To hit, but Kissing hit
Her ear's the weights of wit.
If thou know not for whom thy Master dies,
These markes shall make thee wise:
She is the heardesse faire whose shines in darke,
And gines her kids no food, but willow's barke.
Thus said, at length he ended
His oft sigh-broken ditie,
Then raise, but raise on legs with faintnesse bended,
With skinne in sorow dried,
With face the plot of pitie,
With thoughts which thoughts their owne tormenters tried.
He rose, and streight espied

His Ramme, who to recouer
The Ewe another loued,
With him proud battell proued.
He enuied such a death in sight of louer,
And alwaies westward eying,
More enuied Phœbus *for his westerne flying.*

The whole companie would gladly haue taken this occasion of requesting *Philisides* in plainer sort to discouer vnto them his estate. Which he willing to preuent (as knowing the relation thereof more fit for funerals than the time of a marriage) began to sing this song he had learned before he had euer subiected his thoughts to acknowledge no Master, but a Mistresse.

AS I my little flocke on Ister *banke*
(A little flocke, but well my pipe they couth)
Did piping leade, the Sunne alreadie sanke
Beyond our world, and ere I got my booth,
Each thing with mantle blacke the night doth scoth;
Sauing the glow-worme, which would courteous be
Of that small light oft watching shepheards see.

The welkin had full niggardly enclosed
In coffer of dimme clouds his siluer groates,
Icleped starres, each thing to rest disposed,
The caues were full, the mountaines voide of goates:
The birds eye clos'd, closed their chirping notes.
As for the Nightingale wood-musickes King,
It August was, he daign'd not then to sing.

Amid my sheepe, though I saw nought to feare,
Yet (for I nothing saw) I feared sore;
Then found I which thing is a charge to beare,
As for my sheepe I dradded mickle more
Than euer for my selfe since I was bore.
I sate me downe: for see to goe me could,
And sang vnto my sheepe lest stray they should.

The song I sang old Lanquet *had me taught,*
Lanquet, *the shepheard best swift* Ister *knew,*
For clearkly reed, and hating what is naught,
For faithfull heart, cleane hands, and mouth as true:
With his sweet skill my skilleſſe youth he drew,
To haue a feeling taste of him that sits
Beyond the heauen, farre more beyond our wits.

He said, the Musicke best thilke powers pleas'd
Was iump concord betweene our wit and will;
Where highest notes to godlinesse are rais'd,
And lowest sinke not downe to iote of ill:

With old true tales he wont mine eares to fill,
How shepheards did of yore, how now they thrive,
Spoyling their flocke, or while twixt them they strive.

He liked me, but pittied lustfull youth:
His good strong staffe my slipperie yeares vphore:
He still hop'd well because I loued truth;
Till forc't to part, with heart and eyes euen sore,
To worthy Coridon he gaue me ore,
But thus in okes true shade recounted be,
Which now in nights deepe shade sheepe heard of me.

Such manner time there was (what time I n'ot)
When all this Earth, this damme or mould of ours
Was only won'd with such as beasts begot:
Vnknowne as then were they that builded towers:
The cattell wilde, or tame, in natures bowers
Might freely rome, or rest, as seemed them:
Man was not man their dwellings into hem.

The beasts had sure some beastly policie:
For nothing can indure where order n'is.
For once the Lion by the Lambe did lie.
The fearefull Hinde the Leopard did kisse.
Hurtlesse was Tygers pawe and Serpents hisse.
This thinke I well, the beasts with courage clad,
Like Senators a harmelesse empire had.

At which whether the others did repine,
(For enuie harbreth most in feeblest hearts)
Or that they all to changing did incline,
(As euen in beasts their dammes leane changing parts)
The multitude to Ioue a suit imparts,
With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,
Roring, and howling for to haue a King.

A King, in language theirs they said they would:
(For then their language was a perfect speech)
The birds likewise with chirps, and puing could
Cackling, and chattering, that of Ioue beseech.
Onely the Owle still warn'd them not to seech
So hastily that which they would repent:
But saw they would, and he to deserts went.

Ioue wisely said (for Wisedome wisely sayes)
O beasts, take heede what you of me desire.
Rulers will thinke all things made them to please,
And soone forget the swinke due to their hire:
But since you will, part of my heav'nly fire
I will you lend; the rest your selues must give,

That

That it both ſeene and felt may with you liue.

Full glad they were, and tooke the naked ſprite,
Which ſtraight the Earth ycloathed in his clay:
The Lyon heart; the Ounce gaue actiue might;
The Horſe, good ſhape; the Sparrow, luſt to play;
Nightingale, voyce, entiſing ſongs to ſay.
Elephant gaue a perfect memory:
And Parrot, readie tongue, that to apply.

The Foxe gaue craft; the Dogge gaue flatterie;
Aſſe, patience; the Mole, a working thought;
Eagle, high looke; wolfe, ſecret cruelty:
Monkie, ſweet breath; the Cow, her faire eyes brought;
The Ermion, whiteſt skin, ſpotted with nought;
The Sheepe, mild-ſeeming face; climing, the Beare;
The Stagge did giue the harme-eſchuing feare.

The Hare, her ſleights; the Cat, his melancholy;
Ant, induſtry; and Conny, skill to build;
Cranes, order; Storkes, to be appearing holy;
Chameleon, eaſe to change; Ducke, eaſe to yeeld;
Crocodile, teares, which might be falſely ſpild:
Ape great thing gaue, though he did mowing ſtand,
The inſtrument of inſtruments, the hand.

Each other beaſt likewiſe his preſent brings:
And (but they drad their Prince they ought ſhould want)
They all conſented were to giue him wings;
And ay more awe towards him for to plant,
To their owne worke this priuiledge they grant,
That from thenceforth to all eternitie,
No beaſt ſhould freely ſpeake, but onely he.

Thus Man was made; thus Man their Lord became:
who at the firſt, wanting, or hiding pride,
He did to beaſts beſt vſe his cunning frame;
With water drinke, hearbs meat, and naked hide.
And fellow-like let his dominion ſlide;
Not in his ſayings, ſaying I, but we:
As if he meant his Lordſhip common be.

But when his ſeate ſo rooted he had found,
That they now skild not, how from him to wend;
Then gan in guiltleſſe earth full many a wound,
Iron to ſeeke, which 'gainſt it ſelfe ſhould bend,
To teare the bowels, that good corne ſhould ſend.
But yet the common Damme none did bemone;
Becauſe (though hurt) they neuer heard her grone.

Then gan the factions in the beasts to breed,
Where helping weaker sort, the nobler beasts,
(As Tygers, Leopards, Beares, and Lions seed)
Disdain'd with this, in desarts sought their rests;
Where famine ranine taught their hungry chests,
That craftily before't them to doe ill,
Which being done he afterwards would kill.

For murther done, which neuer earst was seene,
By those great beasts, as for the weakers good,
He chose themselues his guarders for to been,
'Gainst those of might, of whom in feare they stood,
As horse and dogge, not great, but gentle blood:
Blithe were the commons cattell of the field,
Tho when they saw their foen of greatnesse kild.

But they or spent, or made of slender might,
Then quickly did the meaner cattell finde,
The great beames gone, the house on shoulders light:
For by and by the Horse faire bitts did binde:
The dogge was in a coller taught his kinde.
As for the gentle birds like case may rewe,
When Falcon they, and Gosse-hawke saw in mew.

Worst fell to smallest birds, and meanest heard,
Whom now his owne, full like his owne be vs'd.
Yet first but woull, or feathers off he tear'd:
And when they were well vs'd to be abus'd,
For hungry teeth their flesh with teeth he brus'd:
At length for glutton taste he did them kill:
At last for sport their silly lines did spill.

But yet O man, rage not beyond thy neede:
Deeme it no glory to swell in tyrannie.
Thou art of bloud; ioy not to see things bleede:
Thou fearest death; thinke they are loth to die.
A plaint of guiltlesse hurt doth pierce the skie.
And you poore beasts, in patience bide your hell,
Or know your strengths, and then you shall doe well.

Thus will I sing, and pipe eight sullen houres
To sheepe, whom loue, not knowledge made to heare,
Now fancies fits, now fortunes balefull stowers:
But then I homewards call'd my lambkins deare:
For to my dimmed eyes began t'appeare
The night growne old, her blacke head waxen gray,
Sure Shepheards signe, that morne should soonne fetch day.

According to the nature of diuers eares, diuerse iudgements streight followed: some prayfing his voice, others his words fit to frame a Pastorall stile, others the strangenesse of the tale, and scanning what he should meane by it. But old *Geron* (who

who had borne him a grudge euer ſince in one of their Eclogues hee had taken him vp ouer-bitterly) tooke hold of this occaſion to make his reuenge, & ſaid, He neuer ſaw thing worſe proportioned, than to bring in a tale of hee knew not what beaſts at ſuch a ſport-meeting, when rather ſome ſong of loue, or matter for ioyful melody was to be brought forth. But (ſaid he) this is the right conceipt of young men, who thinke then they ſpeake wiſeſt, when they cannot vnderſtand themſelues. But little did the melancholike ſhepheard regard eyther his diſpraiſes, or the others praiſes, who had ſet the foundation of his honour there, where he was moſt deſpiſed. And therefore he returning againe to the traine of his deſolate penſiueneſſe, *Geron* inuited *Hiſtor* to anſwer him in Eclogue-wiſe; who indeed hauing been long in loue with the faire *Kala*, and now by *Lalus* ouergone; was grown into a deteſtation of marriage. But thus it was:

Geron. Hiſtor.

Geron. *IN faith, good* Hiſtor, *long is your delay,*
From holy marriage, ſweet and ſureſt meane:
Our fooliſh luſt in honeſt rules to ſtay,
I pray thee doe to Lalus *ſample leane:*
Thou ſeeſt, how ſtrike, and iolly now he is,
That laſt day ſeem'd, he could not chew a beane.
Beleeue me man, there is no greater bliſſe,
Than is the quiet ioy of louing wife;
Which who ſo wants, halfe of himſelfe doth miſſe.
Friend without change, play-fellow without ſtrife,
Food without fulneſſe, counſaile without pride,
Is this ſweet doubling of our ſingle life.

Hiſtor. *No doubt, to whom ſo good chance did betide,*
As for to finde a paſture ſtrewed with gold,
He were a foole if there he did not bide.
Who would not haue a Phœnix *if he could?*
The humming Waſpe if it had not a ſting,
Before all flies the Waſpe accept I would:
But this bad world, frm golden fields doth bring,
Phœnix *but one, of Crowes we millions haue.*
The Waſpe ſeemes gay, but is a combrous thing.
If many Kalaes *our* Arcadia *gaue,*
Lalus *example I would ſoone enſue,*
And thinke, I did my ſelfe from ſorrow ſaue.
But of ſuch wines we finde a ſlender crew;
Shrewdneſſe ſo ſtirres, pride ſo puffes vp the heart,
They ſeldome ponder what to them is due.
With meager lookes, as if they ſtill did ſmart;
Puiling or whimpring, or elſe ſcoulding flat,
Make home more paine than following of the cart.
Eyther dull ſilence, or eternall chat:
Still contrary to what her husband ſaies;
If he doe praiſe the dog, ſhe likes the cat.
Auſtere ſhe is, when he would honeſt playes;
And gameſome then, when he thinkes on his ſheep;

Shee bids him goe, and yet from iourney stayes,
Shee warre doth euer with his kinsfolke keepe,
And makes them fremb'd, who friends by nature are,
Enuying shallow toyes with malice deepe.
And if forsooth there come some new found ware,
The little coyne his sweating browes haue got,
Must goe for that, if for her lowres he care:
Or else; Nay faith, mine is the luckliest lot,
That euer fell to honest woman yet:
No wife but I hath such a man, God wot:
Such is their speech, who be of sober wit;
But, who doe let their tongues shew vvell their rage,
Lord, what by-words they speake, what spite they spit?
The house is made a very lothsome cage,
Wherein the bird doth neuer sing but cry,
With such a will as nothing can asswage.
Dearely the seruants doe their wages buy,
Reuil'd for each small fault, sometimes for none:
They better liue that in a gaile doe lie.
Let other fowler spots away be blowne;
For I seeke not their shame, but still me thinkes,
A better life it is to lie alone.

Geron. Who for each fickle feare from vertue shrinkes,
Shall in this life embrace no worthy thing:
No mortall man the cup of suretie drinkes.
The heav'ns doe not good haps in handfulls bring,
But let vs pike our good from out much bad:
That still our little world may know his king.
But certainly so long we may be glad,
While that we doe what Nature doth require,
And for th' euent we neuer ought be sad.
Man oft is plagu'd with ayre, is burnt with fire,
In water drown'd, in earth his buriall is;
And shall we not therefore their vse desire?
Nature aboue all things requireth this,
That we our kinde doe labour to maintaine;
Which drawne-out line doth hold all humane blisse.
The father iustly may of thee complaine,
If thou doe not repay his deeds for thee,
In granting vnto him a Grandsires gaine.
Thy common-wealth may rightly grieued be,
Which must by this immortall be preserued,
If thus thou murther thy posteritie.
His very being he hath not deserued,
Who for a selfe-conceit will that forbeare,
Whereby that being aye must be conserued.
And God forbid, women such cattell were,
As you paint them: but well in you I finde,

No man doth ſpeake aright, who ſpeakes in feare,
Who onely ſees the ill is worſe than blind.
Theſe fifty winters married haue I beene;
And yet finde no ſuch fault in womankind.
I haue a wife worthy to be a Queene,
So well ſhe can command, and yet obay;
In ruling of a houſe ſo well ſhee's ſeene.
And yet in all this time betwixt vs tway,
We beare our double yoke with ſuch conſent,
That neuer paſt foule word, I dare well ſay;
But theſe are your loue toyes, which ſtill are ſpent
In lawleſſe games, and loue not as you ſhould,
But with much ſtudie learne late to repent.
How well laſt day before our Prince you could
Blinde Cupids *workes with wonder teſtifie?*
Yet now the roote of him abaſe you would.
Goe to, goe to, and Cupid *now apply,*
To that where thou thy Cupid *maiſt auow,*
And thou ſhalt finde, in women vertues lie:
Sweete ſupple mindes which ſoone to wiſedome bow,
Where they by wiſedomes rule directed are,
And are not forc'd fond thraldome to allow.
As we to get are fram'd, ſo they to ſpare:
We made for paine, our paines they made to cheriſh:
We care abroad, and they of home haue care.
O Hiſtor, *ſeeke within thy ſelfe to flouriſh:*
Thy houſe by thee muſt liue, or elſe be gone:
And then who ſhall the name of Hiſtor *nouriſh?*
Riches of children paſſe a Princes throne;
Which touch the fathers heart with ſecret ioy,
When without ſhame he ſaith, theſe be mine owne.
Marry therefore: for marriage will deſtroy
Thoſe paſſions which to youthfull head do clime,
Mothers and Nurſes of all vaine annoy.

Hiſtor. *Perchance I will, but now me thinkes it time,*
To goe vnto the Bride, and vſe this day:
To ſpeake with her while freely ſpeake we may.

He ſpake theſe words with ſuch affection, as a curious eye might eaſily haue perceiued he liked *Lalus* fortune better than he loued his perſon. But then indeede did all ariſe, and went to the women, where ſpending all the day, and good part of the night in dauncing, carolling & waſſalling, laſtly, they left *Lalus*, where hee long deſired to be left, & with many vnfained thankes returned euery man to his home. But ſome of them hauing to croſſe the way of the two Lodges, might ſee a Lady making dolefull lamentations ouer a body which ſeemed dead vnto them. But mee thinkes *Dametas* cries vnto mee, if I come not the ſooner to comfort him, hee will leaue off his golden worke, that hath already coſt him ſo much labour and longing.

The end of the third Booke.

THE FOVRTH BOOK OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

THe Almighty Wiſedome euermore delighting to ſhew the world, that by vnlikelieſt meanes greateſt matters may come to concluſion: that humane reaſon may bee the more humbled, and more willingly giue place to diuine Prouidence: as at the firſt it brought *Dametas* to play a part in this royall Pageant, ſo hauing continued him ſtill an actor, now that all things were growne ripe for an end, made his folly the inſtrument of reuealing that, which farre greater cunning had ſought to conceale. For ſo it fell out, that *Dametas* hauing ſpent the whole day in breaking vp the cumberſome vvorke of the Paſtor *Dorus*, and feeling in all his labour no paine ſo much, as that his hungry hopes receiued any ſtay, hauing with the price of much ſweat and wearineſſe gotten vp the huge ſtone, which he thought ſhould haue ſuch a golden lining, the good man in the great bed, that ſtone had made, found nothing but theſe two verſes written vpon a broad peece of velame:

Who hath his hire, hath well his labour plac't:
Earth thou didſt ſeeke, and ſtore of earth thou haſt.

What an inward diſcontentment it was to Maſter *Dametas*, to finde his hope of wealth turned to poore verſes, for which he neuer cared much, nothing can deſcribe but either the feeling in ones ſelfe the ſtate of ſuch a minde *Dametas* had, or at leaſt the bethinking what was *Midas* fancie, when after the great pride hee conceiued to be made Iudge betweene Gods, hee was rewarded with the ornament of an Aſſes eares. Yet the deepe apprehenſion hee had receiued of ſuch riches, could not ſo ſodainly loſe the colour that had ſo throughly died his thicke braine, but that hee turned and toſſed the poore bowels of the innocent earth, till the comming on of the night, and the tedioufneſſe of his fruitleſſe labour made him content rather to exerciſe his diſcontentation at home than there. But forced hee was (his horſe being otherwiſe burthened with digging inſtruments) to returne as hee came, moſt part of the way on foote: with ſuch grudging lamentations as a nobler minde would (but more nobly) make for the loſſe of his Miſtreſſe. For ſo farre had hee fed his fooliſh ſoule with the expectation of that which he reputed felicitie, that he no leſſe accounted himſelfe miſerable, than if hee had fallen from ſuch an eſtate his fancie had embraced. So then home againe went *Dametas*, puniſhed in conceit, as in conceit he had erred, till he found himſelfe there from a fancied loſſe falne to eſſentiall miſerie.

For

For entring into his house three houres before night, in stead of the lightsome countenance of *Pamela*, which gaue such an inward decking to that Lodge, as proudest Palaces might haue cause to enuie it; and of the gratefull conuersation of *Dorus*, whose witty behauiour made that lonelinesse to seem full of good company: in stead of the loud scoulding of *Miso*, and the busie rumbling vp and down of *Mopsa*, which though they were so short, as quite contrary to the others praise-worthinesse, yet were they farre before them in filling of a house; hee found nothing but a solitarie darknesse: which as naturally it breeds a kind of irkesome gastfulnesse, so it was to him a most present terrour, remembring the charge he had left behinde, which hee well knew imported no lesse than his life vnto him. Therfore lighting a candle, there was no place a Mouse could haue dwelled in, but that hee with quaking diligence sought into. But when hee saw hee could see nothing of that he most cared for, then became he the right pattern of a wretch deiected with feare: for, crying, & howling, knocking his head to the wall hee began to make pitifull complaints, where no body could heare him: & (with too much dread he should not recouer her) leaue al consideration how to recouer her. But at length looking like a shee goat, when shee casts her kid, for very sorrow he took in his own behalf, out of the lodge he went running as hard as he could, hauing now receiued the very form of hanging into his consideration. Thus running as a man that would gladly haue run from himselfe, it was his foolish fortune to espie, by the glimmering light the Moone did then yeeld him, one standing aloft among the boughs of a faire Ash. He that would haue asked counsell at that time of a dog, cast vp his face, as if his tooth had bin drawing: and with much bending his sight, perceiued it was mistresse *Mopsa*, fitly seated there for her wit and dignity. There (I will not say with ioy, for how could he taste of ioy, whose imagination was fallen from a palace to a gallows?) but yet with some refreshing of comfort in hope he should learne better tidings of her: hee began to crie out; O *Mopsa*, my beloued chicken, here am I thine owne father *Dametas*, neuer in such a towardnesse of hanging, if thou canst not helpe mee. But yet neuer a word could his eloquence procure of *Mopsa*, who indeed was there attending for greater matters. This was yet a new burthen to poore *Dametas*, who thought all the world was conspired against him: & therefore with a silly choler he began another tune. Thou vile *Mopsa*, said he, now the vengeance of my fatherly curse light ouerthwart thee, if thou do not straight answer mee. But neither blessing nor cursing could preuaile. *Mopsa*, who was now great with childe with the expectation of her May-game hopes, did long to bee deliuered with the third time being named. Which by and by followed. For *Dametas* rubbing his elbow, stamping and whining, seeing neither of these take place, began to throw stones at her, and withall to coniure her by the name of hellish *Mopsa*. But when hee had named her the third time, no chime can more suddenly follow the striking of a clocke, than shee verily thinking it was the God, that vsed her fathers voice, throwing her armes abroad, & not considering shee was muffled vpon so high a tree, came fluttring downe like a hooded hawke; like enough to haue broken her neck, but that the tree full of boughes tossed her from one bough to another, & lastly well bruised brought her to receiue an vnfriendly salutation of the earth. *Dametas*, as soone as shee was downe, came running to her, and finding her so close wrapt, pulled off the scarlet cloake: in good time for her, for with the soreneſse of the fall, if she had not had breath giuen her shee had deliuered a foolish soule to *Pluto*. But then *Dametas* began afresh to desire his daughter not to forget the paines hee had taken for her in her childhood (which hee was sure shee could not remember) and to tell where *Pamela* was. O good *Apollo*, said *Mopsa*, if euer

thou

thou didſt beare loue to *Phaetons* mother, let me haue a king to my husband. Alas, what ſpeakeſt thou of *Phaeton*, ſaid *Dametas*? If by thy circumſpect meanes I finde not out *Pamela*, thy father will be hanged to morrow. It is no matter though he bee hanged, anſwered *Mopſa*: doe but thou make *Dorus* a king, and let him bee my huſband, good *Apollo*, for my courage doth much pricke mee toward him. Ah *Mopſa*, cried out *Dametas*, where is thy wit? doſt thou not know thy father? How haſt thou forgotten thy ſelfe? I do not aske wit of thee, mine owne god, (ſaid ſhee) but I ſee thou wouldeſt haue mee remember my father, and indeede forget my ſelfe. No, no, a good husband. Thou ſhalt haue thy fill of husbands (ſaid *Dametas*) and doe but anſwer me my queſtion. O I thanke thee (ſaid *Mopſa*) with all my heart heartily; but let them be all kings. *Dametas* ſeeing no other way preuaile, fell downe on his knees, *Mopſa*, *Mopſa*, (ſaid he) doe not thus cruelly torment me: I am already wretched enough, alas either helpe me, or tell mee thou canſt not. She that would not be behinde *Apollo* in curteſie, kneeled down on the other ſide, I will neuer leaue tormenting thee (ſaid *Mopſa*) vntill thou haſt ſatisfied my longing, but I will proclaime thee a promiſe-breaker, that euen *Iupiter* ſhall heare it. Now by the foſtering thou haſt receiued in this place, ſaue my life (ſaid *Dametas*.) Now by the faire Aſh (anſwered *Mopſa*) where thou didſt receiue ſo great a good turne, grant poſt haſte to my burning fancie. O where is *Pamela*, ſaid *Dametas*? O a luſtie huſband, ſaid *Mopſa*. *Dametas* that now verily aſſured himſelfe, his daughter was mad, began vtterly to deſpaire of his life, and therefore amazedly catching her in his armes, to ſee whether hee could bring her to her ſelfe, he might feele the weight of a great cudgell light vpon his ſhoulders, and for the firſt greeting hee knew his wife *Miſos* voyce, by the calling him ribalde villaine, and asking him whether ſhee could not ſerue his turne as well as *Charita*? For *Miſo* hauing according to *Dorus* counſell, gone to *Mantinea* and there harboured her ſelfe in an old acquaintance houſe of hers, as ſoone as ten of the clocke was ſtricken (where ſhe had remained cloſely all that while, I thinke with ſuch an amiable cheare, as when iealous *Iuno* ſate croſſe-legged, to hinder the child-birth of her husbands loue) with open mouth ſhe went to the Magiſtrate appointed ouer ſuch matters, and there with the moſt ſcolding inuectiue, her rage rather than eloquence could bring forth, ſhee required his ayde to take *Dametas*, who had left his duty to the king and his daughter, to commit adultery in the houſe of *Charitas* vncle, in the Oudemian ſtreete. But neither was the name of *Charita* remembred, nor any ſuch ſtreet known. Yet ſuch was the generall miſlike all men had of *Dametas* vnworthie aduancement, that euery man was glad to make himſelfe a miniſter of that, which might redound to his ſhame, and therefore with *Panike* cries and laughters, there was no ſuſpected place in all the city but was ſearched for vnder the title of *Dametas*, *Miſo* euer formoſt encouraging them with all the ſhamefull blaſings of his demeanour, encreaſing the ſport of hunting her husband, with her diligent barking, till at length hauing already done both him and her ſelfe as much infamous ſhame, as ſuch a tongue in ſuch an action might performe, in the end not being able to find a thing that was not, to her mare again ſhe wēt, hauing neither ſuſpicion nor rage any thing mitigated. But (leauing behinde her a ſufficient remedy of her tragicall fancies) away homeward ſhe came, imputing the not finding her husband, to any chance rather than to his innocencie. For her heart being apt to receiue and nouriſh a bitter thought, it had ſo ſwallowed vp a determinate condemnation, that in the very anatomy of her ſpirits one ſhould haue found nothing but diuelliſh diſdaine, and hatefull iealouſie. In this ſort grunting out her miſchieuous ſpite, ſhee came by the tree, euen as *Dametas*

was

was making that ill-vnderstood intercession to his foolish *Mopsa*. As soone as shee heard her husbands voice, she verily thought she had her play: and therefore stealing from her mare as softly as she could, she came creeping & halting behinde him, euen as he (thinking his daughters little wits had quite left her great nowle) began to take her in his armes; thinking perchance her feeling sense might call her mind-parts vnto her. But *Miso* who saw nothing but thorough the colour of reuengefull anger, establish'd vpon the fore-iudgment of his trespasse, vndoubtedly resoluing that *Mopsa* was *Charita*, *Dorus* had told her of; mumping out her hoarse chafe, shee gaue him the wooden salutation you heard of. *Dametas* that was not so sensible in any thing as in blowes, turned vp his blubbered face like a great lowt new whipt: Alas thou woman, said he, what hath thy poore husband deserued to haue his own ill-luck loaden with thy displeasure? *Pamela* is lost, *Pamela* is lost. *Miso* stil holding on the course of her former fancie, what tellest thou me naughty varlet of *Pamela*, doest thou think that doth answer mee, for abusing the lawes of marriage? Haue I brought thee children, haue I beene a true wife vnto thee, to be despised in mine old age? And euer among shee would sauce her speeches with such bastanados, that poore *Dametas* began now to thinke, that either a generall madding was falne, or else that all this was but a vision. But as for visions the smart of the cudgell put out of his fancie: & therefore againe turning to his wife, not knowing in the world what she meant, *Miso* (said he) hereafter thou maist examine me, do but now tell me what is become of *Pamela*. I will first examine this drab, said she, & withall let fall her staffe as hard as she could vpon *Mopsa*, still taking her for *Charita*. But *Mopsa* that was already angry, thinking that shee had hindred her from *Apollo*, leapt vp & caught her by the throate, like to haue strangled her, but that *Dametas* from a condemned man was faine to become a iudge & part this fray, such a picture of a rude discord, where each was out with the other two. And then getting the opportunity of their falling out to hold himselfe in surety, who was indeed the veriest coward of the three, hee renewed his earnest demand of them. But it was a sport to see, how the former conceits *Dorus* had printed in their imaginations, kept still such dominion in them, that *Miso* though now she found and felt it was her daughter *Mopsa*, yet did *Charita* continually passe through her thoughts, which shee vttered with such crabbed questions to *Dametas*, that he not possibly conceiuing any part of her doubt, remained astonished, & the astonishment encreased her doubt. And as for *Mopsa*, as first she did assuredly take him to be *Apollo*, & thought her mothers comming did marre the bargaine: so now much talking to and fro had deliuered so much light into the misty mould of her capacity, as to know him to be her father. Yet remained there such footsteps of the foretaken opinion, that she thought verily her father & mother were hasted thither to get the first wish. And therefore to whatsoeuer they asked of her, shee would neuer answer, but embracing the tree, as if she feared it had beene running away, Nay, sayes she, I will haue the first wish, for I was here first: which they vnderstood no more, than *Dametas* did what *Miso* meant by *Charita*: till at length with much vrging them, being indeed better able to perswade both, than to meete hand to hand with either, hee preuailed so much with them, as to bring them into the Lodge to see what losse their negligence had suffered. Then indeede the neare neighbourhood they bare to themselues, made them leaue other toyes, and look into what dangerous plight they were falne, assoone as the king should know his daughters escape. And as for the women they began afresh to enter into their brawling, whether were in the fault. But *Dametas* who did feare that among his other euils, the thunderbolt of that storme would fall upon his shoulders, slipt away from them, but with so maigre a

cheare

cheare, as might much sooner engender laughter than pitie. O true *Arcadia*, would he say (tearing his haire and beard, and sometime for too much woe, making vnweldie somersaults) how dareſt thou beare vpon thee ſuch a felonious traytor as I am? And you falſe-hearted trees, why would you make no noiſe, to make her vngracious departure known? Ah *Pamela*, *Pamela*, how often when I brought thee in fine poſies of all coloured flowers, wouldeſt thou clap mee on the cheeke, and ſay thou wouldſt be one day euen with me? Was this thy meaning, to bring mee to an euen payre of gallowes? Ah ill taught *Dorus*, that camest hither to learne good maners of me; Did I euer teach thee to make thy maſter ſweat out his heart for nothing, & in the meane time to run away with thy miſtreſſe? O my dun cow, I did thinke ſome euill was towards me euer ſince the laſt day thou didſt run away from me, and held vp thy tayle ſo pitifully: did not I ſee an Eagle kill a Cuckoe, which was a plaine foretoken vnto me *Pamela* ſhould be my deſtruction? O wife *Miſo* (if I durſt ſay it to thy face) why didſt thou ſuſpect thy husband, that loueth a peece of cheeſe better than a woman? And thou little *Mopſa*, that ſhalt inherit the ſhame of thy fathers death, was it time for thee to clime trees, which ſhould ſo ſhortly be my beſt burial? O that I could liue without death, or die before I were aware! O heart, why haſt thou no hands at commandement to diſpatch thee? O hands why want you a heart to kill this villaine? In this ſort did he inuey againſt euery thing, ſometimes thinking to run away, while it was yet night: but he that had included all the world within his ſheepcote, thought that worſe than any death: ſometime for dread of hanging hee meant to hang himſelfe: finding as indeed it is, that feare is far more painefull to cowardiſe, than death to a true courage. But his fingers were nothing nimble in that action, and any thing was let enough thereto, he being a true louer of himſelfe without any riuall. But laſtly, guided by a farre greater conſtellation than his owne, hee remembred to ſearch the other lodge, where it might be *Pamela* that night had retired her ſelfe. So thither with trembling hammes he carried himſelfe: but employing his double key which the king for ſpecial credit had vnworthily beſtowed vpon him, he found all the gates ſo barred, that his key could not preuaile, ſauing onely one trapt doore which went down into a vault by the cellar, which as it was vnknowne of *Pyrocles*, ſo had he left it vnregarded. But *Dametas* that euer knew the Buttery better than any other place, got in that way, and paſſing ſoftly to *Philoclea's* chamber, where hee thought moſt likely to finde *Pamela*, the dore being left open hee entred in, and by the light of the lampe he might diſcerne one on the bed by her: which he although he tooke to bee *Pamela*, yet thinking no ſurety enough in a matter touching his necke, hee went hard to the bed ſide of theſe vnfortunate louers, who at that time being not much before the breake of day (whether it were they were ſo diuinely ſurpriſed, to bring this whole matter to the deſtined concluſion, or that the vnreſiſtable force of their ſorrowes had ouerthrowne the wakefull vſe of their ſenſes) were as then poſſeſſed with a mutuall ſleepe, yet not forgetting with vnie embracements to giue any eye a perfect modell of affection. But *Dametas* looking with the lampe in his hand, but neither with ſuch a face nor minde vpon theſe excellent creatures, as *Pſyche* did vpon her vnknowne louer, and giuing euery way freedome to his fearefull eyes, did not onely perceiue it was *Zelmane*, and therefore much different from the Lady hee ſought: but that this ſame *Zelmane* did more differ from the *Zelmane* he and others had euer taken her for, wherin the change of her apparell chiefly confirmed his opinion; ſatisfied with that, and not thinking it good to awake the ſleeping Lyon, hee went downe againe, taking with him *Pyrocles* ſword (wherewith vpon his flight vnderſute *Pyrocles* came onely apparelled thither) being ſure to leaue no weapon in the

the chamber, and ſo making the doore as faſt as hee could on the out ſide, hoping with the reuealing of this (as he thought greater fault) to make his owne the leſſe, or at leaſt that this iniurie would ſo fill the Kings head, that he ſhould not haue leaſure to chaſtiſe his negligence (like a foole, not conſidering, that the more rage breeds the crueller puniſhment) he went firſt into the kings chamber, and not finding him there, hee ran downe crying with open mouth, the King was betrayed, and that *Zelmane* did abuſe his daughter. The noiſe he made, being a man of no few words, ioyned to the yelping ſound of *Miſo*, and his vnpleaſant inheritrix, brought together ſome number of the ſhepheards, to whom hee without any regard of reſeruing it for the Kings knowledge, ſpattered out the bottome of his ſtomack, ſwearing by him he neuer knew that *Zelmane*, whom they had taken all the while to be a woman, was as arrant a man as himſelfe was, whereof he had ſeene ſufficient ſignes and tokens, and that he was as cloſe as a Butterflie with the Lady *Philoclea*. The poore men iealous of their Princes honour, were ready with weapons to haue entred the Lodge, ſtanding yet in ſome pauſe, whether it were not beſt, firſt to heare ſome newes from the king himſelfe, when by the ſodaine comming of other ſhepheards, which with aſtoniſhed lookes ran from the one cry to the other, their griefes were ſurcharged with the euill tidings of the Kings death. Turning therefore all their minds and eyes that way, they ranne to the Caue where they ſaid he lay dead, the Sunne beginning now to ſend ſome promiſe of comming light, making haſte, I thinke to be ſpectator of the following tragedies. For *Baſilius* hauing paſt ouer the night more happy in contemplation than action, hauing had his ſpirits ſublimed with the ſweet imagination of embracing the moſt deſired *Zelmane*, doubting leſt the Caues darkneſſe might deceiue him in the dayes approach, thought it now ſeaſon to returne to his wedlocke bed, remembring the promiſe hee had made to *Zelmane*, to obſerue true orders towards *Gynecia*. Therefore departing, but not departing without bequeathing by a Will of vvords, ſealed with many kiſſes, a full gift of all his loue and life to his miſconceiued bedfellow, he went to the mouth of the Caue, there to apparrell himſelfe; vvhich doing, the motion of his ioy could not bee bridled from vttering ſuch like words: Bleſſed be thou, O night, ſaid hee, that haſt with thy ſweet vvings ſhrowded mee in the vale of bliſſe, it is thou that art the firſt gotten childe of time, the day hath beene but an vſurper vpon thy delightfull inheritance, thou inuiteſt all liuing things to comfortable reſt, thou art the ſtop of ſtrife, and the neceſſary truce of approaching bartels. And therewith he ſang theſe verſes to confirme his former prayſes.

O Night, the eaſe of care, the pledge of pleaſure,
Deſires beſt meane, harueſt of hearts affected,
The ſeate of peace, the throne which is erected,
Of humane life to be the quiet meaſure;

Be victor ſtill of Phœbus *golden treaſure:*
Who hath our ſight with too much ſight infected,
Whoſe light is cauſe we haue our liues neglected,
Turning all natures courſe to ſelfe diſpleaſure.

Theſe ſtately ſtarres in their now ſhining faces,
With ſinleſſe ſleepe, and ſilence wiſedomes mother,
Witneſſe his wrong which by thy helpe is eaſed:

Thou art therefore of these our desart places
The sure refuge; by thee and by no other
My soule is blist, sense ioy'd, and fortune raysed.

And yet further would his ioyes needs breake forth. O *Basilius* (said he) the rest of thy time hath beene but a dreame vnto thee: it is now onely thou beginnest to liue, now onely thou hast entred into the way of blissefulnesse. Should fancy of marriage keepe me from this paradise? or opinion of I know not what promise bind me from paying the right duties to nature and affection? O who would haue thought there could haue bin such difference betwixt vvomen? Be iealous no more, O *Gynecia*, but yeeld to the preheminence of more excellent gifts, support thy self with such marble pillers as she doth, decke thy breast vvith those Alabaster bowles that *Zelmane* doth: then accompanied with such a title, perhaps thou maist recouer the possession of my otherwise inclined loue. But alas *Gynecia*, thou canst not shew such cuidence, therefore thy plea is vaine. *Gynecia* heard all this he said, who had cast about her *Zelmanes* garment, wherin she came thither, & had followed *Basilius* to the Caues entrie, full of inward vexation, betwixt the deadly accusation of her owne guiltinesse, and the spitefull doubt shee had *Zelmane* had abused her. But because of the one side (finding the King did thinke her to be *Zelmane*) she had libertie to imagine it might rather be the Kings owne vnbridled enterprise, which had barred *Zelmane*, than *Zelmanes* cunning deceiuing of her; and that of the other, if shee vvould headily seeke a violent reuenge, her owne honour might be as much interessed, as *Zelmane* endangered; she fell to this determination: First with fine handling of the King to settle in him a perfect good opinion of her, and then as shee should learne how things had passed, to take into her selfe new deuised counsell: but this being her first action, hauing giuen vnlooked for attendance to the King, she heard vvith what partiality he did preferre her to her selfe, she saw in him how much fancie doth not only darken reason, but beguile sense, she found opinion mistresse of the Louers iudgement, which seruing as a good lesson to her good conceit, she vvent out to *Basilius*, setting her selfe in a graue behauiour and stately silence before him: vntill he (who at the first thinking her by so much shadow as he could see to be *Zelmane*, vvas beginning his louing ceremonies) did now being helped by the peeping light, wherwith the morning did ouercome the nights darknesse, know her face and his error, which acknowledging in himselfe with starting back from her, she thus with a modest bitternesse spake vnto him: Alas my Lord, well did your words discipher your minde, and well be those words confirmed with this gesture. Very lothsome must that woman be, from whom a man hath cause to goe backe; and little better liked is that wife, before whom the husband preferres them he neuer knew. Alas, hath my faithfull obseruing my part of duetie made you thinke your selfe euer a whit the more exempted? Hath that which should claime gratefulnesse, been a cause of contempt? Is the being the mother of *Pamela* become an odious name vnto you? If my life hitherto led haue not auoyded suspicion, if my violated truth to you bee deseruing of any punishment, I refuse not to bee chastised with the most cruell torment of your displeasure, I refuse not miserie, purchased by mine owne merit. Hard I must needes say (although till now I neuer thought I should haue had cause to say) is the destinie of womankind, the triall of whose vertue must stand vpon the louing of them that employ all their industrie not to be beloued. If *Zelmanes* young yeares had not had so much grauitie hidden vnder a youthfull face, as your gray haires haue been but the vizar of vnfitting youthfulnesse, your vicious mind had brought

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some fruits of repentance, and *Gynecia* might then haue bin with much more right so basely despised.

Basilius that was more ashamed to see himselfe ouertaken, than *Vulcan* vvas, when vvith much cunning hee proued himselfe a Cuckold, began to make certaine extrauagant excuses: but the matter in it selfe hardly brooking any purgation, vvith the sodaineness of the time, vvhich barred any good conioyned inuention, made him sometimes alleage one thing, to which by and by hee would bring in a contrary, one time with flat deniall, another time with mitigating the fault; now braue, then humble, vse such a stammering defensiue, that *Gynecia*, the violence of vvhose sore indeede ran another way, was content thus to fasten vp the last stitch of her anger. Well, well my Lord, said shee, it shall well become you so to gouerne your selfe, as you may be fit rather to direct mee, than to be iudged of mee, and rather to bee a wise master of mee, than an vnskilfull pleader before mee. Remember the wrong ye haue done is not onely to mee, but to your children, whom you had of mee: to your Countrey, vvhen they shall finde they are commanded by him, that cannot command his owne vndecent appetites: lastly, to your selfe, since with these paines you doe but build vp a house of shame to dwell in: it from those moueable goods of nature (wherewith, in my first youth my royall parents bestowed mee vpon you) bearing you children, and encrease of yeares haue withdrawne me; consider I pray you, that as you are cause of the one, so in the other, time hath not left to worke his neuer failing effects in you. Truely, truely (Sir) verie vntimely are these fires in you: it is time for vs both to let reason enioy his due soueraignetie. Let vs not plant anew those weeds, which by natures course are content to fade.

Basilius that would rather than his life the matter had bene ended, the best Rhetoricke hee had, was flat demanding pardon of her, sweating it was the very force of *Apollo's* destinie which had carried him thus from his owne byas, but that now like as farre trauellers were taught to loue their owne Countrie, hee had such a lesson without booke, of affection vnto her, as hee would repay the debt of this errour with the interest of a great deale more true honour than euer before hee had done her. Neither am I to giue pardon to you, my Lord (said shee) nor you to beare honour to me. I haue taken this boldnesse for the vnfained loue I owe vnto you, to deliuer my sorrow vnto you; much more for the care I haue of your well-doing, than for any other selfe fancie. For well I know that by your good estate my life is maintained, neither, if I would, can I separate my selfe from your fortune. For my part therefore I claime nothing but that which may best safest for your selfe; my life, will, honour, and whatsoeuer else, shall be but a shadow of that bodie. How much *Basilius* owne shame had found him culpable, and had already euen in soule read his owne condemnation, so much did this vnexpected mildenesse of *Gynecia* captiue his heart vnto her, which otherwise perchance would haue growne to a desperate carelessnesse. Therefore embracing her, and confessing that her vertue shined in his vice, hee did euen with a true resolued minde vowe vnto her, that as long as hee, vnworthie of her, did liue, shee should be the furthest and onely limit of his affection. He thanked the destinies that had wrought her honour out of his shame, and that had made his owne striuing to goe amisse, to be the best meane euer after to hold him in the right path. Thus reconciled, to *Basilius* great contentation, who began something to marke himselfe in his owne doings, his hard hap guided his eye to the Cup of gold wherein *Gynecia* had put the liquor meant for *Zelmane*, and hauing failed of that guest, was now carrying it home againe. But hee

vvhom perchance sorrow, perchance some long disaccustomed paines, had made extreamely thirsty, tooke it out of her hands, although she directly told him, both of vvhom shee had it, what the effect of it vvas, and the little proofe she had seene thereof; hiding nothing from him, but that shee meant to minister it to another patient. But the King, whose belly had no eares, and much drouth kept from the desiring a taster, finding it not vnpleasant to his palate, dranke it almost off, leauing very little to couer the cuppes bottome. But vvithin a while that from his stomacke the drinke had deliuered to his principall veines his noysome vapors, first with a painefull stretching, and forced yawning, then with a darke yellownesse dying his skinne, and a cold deadly sweat principally about his temples, his body by naturall course longing to deliuer his heauie burthen to his earthly damme, vvanting force in his knees, which vtterly abandoned him, with heauie fall gaue some proofe whither the operation of that vnknowne potion tended. For, with pang-like grones, and gastly turning of his eyes, immediately all his limmes stiffened, and his eyes fixed, hee hauing had time to declare his case onely in these words; O *Gynecia*, I dye: haue care. Of what or how much further he would haue spoken, no man can tell: for *Gynecia* hauing vvell perceiued the changing of his colour, and those other euill signes, yet had not looked for such a sodaine ouerthrow, but rather had bethought her selfe what was best for him, when she sodainely saw the matter come to that period, comming to him, and neither with anie cries getting a word of him, nor with any other possible meanes, able to bring any liuing action from him; the height of all ougly sorrowes did so horribly appeare before her amazed minde, that at the first, it did not onely distract all power of speech from her, but almost wit to consider, remaining as it were quicke buried in a graue of miseries. Her painefull memory had streight filled her with the true shapes of all the fore-past mischiefes, her reason began to crie out against the filthy rebellion of sinnefull sense, and to teare it selfe with anguish, for hauing made so weake a resistance, her conscience a terrible vvitnesse of the inward wickednesse, still nourishing this debatefull fire; her complaint now not hauing an end to bee directed vnto, from something to disburden sorrow, but a necessary downfall of inward wretchednesse. She saw the rigour of the lawes was like to lay a shamefull death vpon her, which being for that action vndeserued, made it the more insupportable, and yet in depth of her soule most deserued, made it more miserable. At length, letting her tongue goe as dolorous thoughts guided it, shee thus with lamentable demeanour spake:

O bottomlesse pit of sorrow, in which I cannot containe my selfe, hauing the firebrands of all furies within mee, still falling, and yet by the infiniteneſſe of it neuer falne. Neyther can I ridde my selfe, being fettered with the euerlasting consideration of it. For whither should I recommend the protection of my dishonoured fall? to the earth? it hath no life, and waytes to be encreased by the reliques of my shamed carcasse: To men? who are alwaies cruell in their neighbours faults, and make others ouerthrow become the badge of their ill masked vertue? To the heauens? O vnspeakeable torment of conscience, which dare not looke vnto them. No sinne can enter there, oh there is no receipt for polluted mindes. Whither then wilt thou leade this captiue of thine, O snakie despaire? Alas, alas, was this the free-holding power that accursed poyson hath granted vnto mee, that to be held the surer it should depriue life? was this the folding in mine armes promised, that I should fold nothing but a dead body? O mother of mine, what a deathfull sucke haue you giuen mee? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, well hath my mother reuenged

reuenged vpon me my vnmotherly hating of thee. O *Zelmane*, to whom yet (leſt any miſery ſhould faile mee) remaine ſome ſparkes of my deteſtable loue, if thou haſt (as now alas I now my minde aſſures mee thou haſt) deceiued mee, there is a faire ſtage prepared for thee, to ſee the tragicall end of thy hated louer. With that word there flowed out two riuers of teares out of her faire eyes, which before were dry, the remembrance of her other miſchiefes being dryed vp in a furious fire of ſelfe-deteſtation, loue onely, according to the temper of it, melting it ſelfe into thoſe brinie tokens of paſſion. Then turning her eyes againe vpon the body, ſhe remembred a dreame ſhee had had ſome nights before, wherein thinking her ſelfe called by *Zelmane*, paſſing a troubleſome paſſage, ſhe found a dead body which told her there ſhould be her onely reſt. This no ſooner caught hold of her remembrance, than that ſhe determining with her ſelfe, it was a direct viſion of her fore-appointed end, tooke a certaine reſolution to embrace death, aſſoone as it ſhould be offered vnto her, and no way to ſeeke the prolonging of her annoyed life. And therefore kiſſing the cold face of *Baſilius*; And euen ſo will I reſt, ſaid ſhee, and ioyne this faulty ſoule of mine to thee, if ſo much the angry Gods vvill grant mee.

And as ſhe was in this plight, the Sunne now climing ouer our Horizon, the firſt Shepheards came by: who ſeeing the King in that caſe, and hearing the noyſe *Dametas* made of the Lady *Philoclea*, ranne vvith the dolefull tydings of *Baſilius* death vnto him, who preſently with all his companie came to the Caues entry where the Kings body lay; *Dametas* for his part more glad for the hope hee had of his priuate eſcape, than ſorry for the publique loſſe his Country receiued for a Prince not to be miſliked. But in *Gynecia* nature preuailed aboue iudgement, and the ſhame ſhe conceiued to be taken in that order, ouercame for that inſtant the former reſolution, ſo that aſſoone as ſhe ſaw the foremoſt of the paſtorall troupe, the vvretched Princeſſe ran to haue hid her face in the next woods; but with ſuch a minde, that ſhe knew not almoſt her ſelfe what ſhe could wiſh to be the ground of her ſafety. *Dametas* that ſaw her run away in *Zelmanes* vpper raimẽt, & iudging her to be ſo, thought certainely all the ſpirits in hell were come to play a tragedy in theſe woods, ſuch ſtrange change he ſaw euery way. The King dead at the Caues mouth; the Queen (as he thought) abſent; *Pamela* fled away with *Dorus*; his wife and *Mopſa* in diuers frenzies. But of all other things *Zelmane* conquered his capacity, ſodainly from a woman growne to a man; and from a lockt chamber gotten before him into the fields, which he gaue the reſt quickly to vnderſtand; for in ſtead of doing any thing as the exigent required, he began to make circles, and all thoſe fantaſticall defences that he had euer heard were fortifications againſt Deuils. But the other Shepheards who had both better wits, and more faith, forthwith diuided themſelues, ſome of them running after *Gynecia*, & eſteeming her running away, a great condemnation of her own guiltineſſe; others going to their Prince, to ſee what ſeruice was left for them, either in recouery of his life, or honouring his death. They that went after the Queene, had ſoone taken her, in whom now the firſt fears were ſtayed, and the reſolution to dye had repoſſeſſed his place in her minde. But when they ſaw it was the Queen, to whom beſides the obedient duty they ow'd to her ſtate, they had alwaies carried a ſingular loue, for her courteous liberalities, and other wiſe and vertuous parts, which had filled all that people with affection and admiration; They were all ſodainly ſtopped, beginning to aske pardon for their following her in that ſort, and deſiring her to be their good Lady, as ſhe had euer beene. But the Queene who now thirſted to be ridde of her ſelfe, whom ſhee hated aboue all things; with ſuch an

aſſured countenance as they haue, who already haue diſpenſed with ſhame, & digeſted the ſorrowes of death, ſhe thus ſaid vnto them, Continue, continue, my friends: your doing is better than your excuſing; the one argues aſſured faith, the other want of aſſurance. If you loued your Prince, when he was able & willing to do you much good, vvhich you could not then requite to him; do you now publiſh your gratefulneſſe, when it ſhal be ſeen to the world, there are no hopes left to leade you vnto it. Remember, remember you haue loſt *Baſilius*, a Prince to defend you, a Father to care for you, a companion in your ioyes, a friend in your wants. And if you loued him, ſhew you hate the author of his loſſe. It is I, faithfull *Arcadians*, that haue ſpoiled the Country of their protector. I, none but I, was the miniſter of his vnnaturall end. Carry therefore my bloud in your hands, to teſtifie your owne innocencie, neither ſpare for my titles ſake, but conſider it was hee that ſo entituled me. And if you thinke of any benefits by my meanes, thinke with it that vvas but the inſtrument and hee the ſpring. What ſtay yee Shepheards vvhoſe great Shepheard is gone? you need not feare a woman, reuerence your Lords murtherer, nor haue pitie of her, who hath not pitie of her ſelfe. With this ſhe preſented her faire necke, to ſome by name, other by ſignes, deſiring them to doe iuſtice to the world, duty to their good king, honour to themſelues, and fauour to her. The poore men looked one vpon the other, vnuſed to bee arbiters in Princes matters, and being now falne into a great perplexitie, betwixt a Prince dead and a Princeſſe aliue. But once for them ſhee might haue gone whither ſhee would, thinking it a ſacriledge to touch her perſon, when ſhe finding ſhe was not a ſufficient oratour to perſwade her owne death by their hands; well, ſaid ſhe, it is but ſo much the more time of miſery, for my part I will not giue my life ſo much pleaſure from hence forward as to yeeld to his deſire of his own choiſe of death; ſince all the reſt is taken away, yet let me excell in miſery. Leade me therfore whither you will; only happy, becauſe I cannot be more wretched. But neither ſo much would the honeſt ſhepheards do, but rather with many teares bemoned this encreaſe of their former loſſe, till ſhe was faine to leade them, vvith a very ſtrange ſpectacle, either that a Princeſſe ſhould be in the hands of ſhepheards, or a priſoner ſhould direct her guardians: laſtly, before either witneſſe or accuſer, a Lady condemne her ſelfe to death. But in ſuch monefull march they went towards the other Shepheards, who in the meane time had left nothing vnaſſayed to reuiue the King, but all was bootleſſe; and their ſorrowes encreaſed the more they had ſuffered any hopes vainly to ariſe. Among other trials they made to know at leaſt the cauſe of his end, hauing eſpied the vnhappy cup, they gaue the little liquor that vvas left to a dogge of *Dametas*, in which within a ſhort time it wrought the like effect; although *Dametas* did ſo much to recouer him, that for verie loue of his life he daſht out his braines. But now all together, and hauing *Gynecia* among them, who to make her ſelfe the more odious, did continually record to their mindes the exceſſe of their loſſe, they yeelded themſelues ouer to all thoſe formes of lamentation, that dolefull images doe imprint in the honeſt, but ouer-tender hearts; eſpecially when they thinke the rebound of the euill falls to their owne ſmart. Therefore after the ancient Greeke manner, ſome of them remembring the nobility of his birth, continued by being like his Anceſtors: others his ſhape, which though not excellent, yet fauour and pity drew all things now to the higheſt point; others his peaceable gouernement, the thing vvhich moſt pleaſeth men, reſolued to liue of their owne; others his liberalitie, which though it cannot light vpon all men, yet all men naturally hoping it may be they, make it a moſt amiable vertue. Some calling in queſtion the greatneſſe of his power, which

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encreaſed the compaſſion to ſee the preſent change, (hauing a dolefull memorie how hee had tempered it with ſuch familiar courteſie among them, that they did more feele the fruits, than ſee the pompes of his greatneſſe) all with one conſent giuing him the ſacred titles of good, iuſt, merciſull, the father of the people, the life of his Country, they ranne about his body, tearing their beards and garments; ſome ſending their cryes to heauen, other inuenting particular howling muſicke; many vowing to kill themſelues at the day of his funerals, generally giuing a true teſtimony that men are louing creatures when iniuries put them not from their naturall courſe: and how eaſie a thing it is for a Prince by ſucceſſion, deepely to ſinke into the ſoules of his ſubiects, a more liuely monument than *Mauſolus* Tombe. But as with ſuch hearty lamentation, they diſperſed among thoſe woods their reſounding ſhrikes, the Sunne the perfecteſt marke of time, hauing now gotten vp two houres iourney in his daily changing Circle, their voice helped with the onely anſwering Echo, came to the eares of the faithfull and worthy Gentleman *Philanax*: who at that time was comming to viſite the King, accompanied with diuers of the worthy *Arcadian* Lords, who with him had viſited the places adioyning for the more aſſurance of *Baſilius* ſolitarineſſe, a thing after the late mutinie hee had vſually done: and ſince the Princeſſes returne more diligently continued: which hauing now likewiſe performed, thinking it as well his ductie to ſee the King, as of good purpoſe, being ſo neare, to receiue his further direction: accompanied as aboue ſaid hee was this morning comming vnto him, when theſe vnpleaſant voices gaue his minde an vncertaine preſage of his neare approching ſorrow. For by and by hee ſaw the body of his dearely eſteemed Prince, and heard *Gynecia's* lamenting: not ſuch as the turtle-like loue is wont to make for the euer ouer-ſoone loſſe of her onely loued make, but with curſings of her life, deteſting her owne wickedneſſe, ſeeming onely therefore not to deſire death, becauſe ſhee would not ſhew a loue of any thing. The ſhepheards, eſpecially *Dametas* knowing him to bee the ſecond perſon in authority, gaue forthwith relation vnto him, what they knew and had proued of this dolorous ſpectacle, beſides the other accidents of his children. But hee principally touched with his maſters loſſe, lighting from his horſe with a heauie cheere, came and kneeled downe by him, where finding hee could doe no more than the ſhepheards had for his recouerie, the conſtancie of his minde, ſurpriſed before he might call together his beſt rules, could not refraine ſuch like words. Ah deare maſter, ſaid hee, what change it hath pleaſeth the Almightie Iuſtice to worke in this place! How ſoone (not to your loſſe, who hauing liued long to nature, & to time longer by your well deſerued glory, but longeſt of all in the eternall manſion you now poſſeſſe.) But how ſoone I ſay to our ruine, haue you left the fraile barke of your eſtate? O that the words I in moſt faithfull duty deliuered vnto you, when you firſt entred this ſolitarie courſe, might haue wrought as much perſwaſion in you, as they ſprang from truth in me, perchance your ſeruant *Philanax* ſhould not now haue cauſe in your loſſe, to bewaile his owne ouerthrow. And therewith taking himſelfe; and indeede euill fitteth it mee (ſaid he) to let go my heart to womaniſh complaints, ſince my Prince being vndoubtedly well, it rather ſhewes loue of my ſelfe; which makes me bewaile mine owne loſſe. No, the true loue muſt bee proued in the honour of your memorie, and that muſt bee ſhewed with ſeeking iuſt reuenge vpon your vniuſt and vnnaturall enemies, and farre more honourable it will be for your Tombe, to haue the bloud of your murtherers ſprinkled vpon it, than the teares of your friends. And if your ſoule looke downe vpon this miſerable earth, I doubt not it

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had much rather your death were accompanied with well deſerued puniſhment of the cauſers of it, than with the heaping on it more ſorrowes with the end of them, to whom you vouchſafed your affection: let them lament that haue wouen the webbe of lamentation; let their owne deaths make them crie out for your death, that were the authors of it. Therewith carrying manfull ſorrow and vindicatiue reſolution in his face, hee roſe vp, ſo looking on the poore guiltleſſe Princeſſe tranſported with an vniuſt iuſtice, that his eyes were ſufficient Heraulds for him, to denounce a mortall hatred. She (whom furies of loue, firebrands of her conſcience, ſhame of the world, with the miſerable loſſe of her husband, towards whom now the diſdaine of her ſelfe bred more loue; with the remembrance of her viſion, wherewith ſhe reſolued aſſuredly the gods had appointed that ſhamefull end to be her reſting place, had ſet her mind to no other way but to death) vſed ſuch like ſpeeches to *Philanax*, as ſhe had before to the ſhepheards; vvilling him not to looke vpon her as a woman, but a monſter; not as a Princeſſe, but as a traytor to his Prince; not as *Baſilius* wife, but as *Baſilius* murtherer. She told him how the world required at his hands, the iuſt demonſtration of his friendſhip; if he now forgot his Prince, he ſhould ſhew hee had neuer loued but his fortune: like thoſe vermine that ſucke of the liuing bloud, and leaue the body aſſoone as it is dead; poore Princeſſe needleſly ſeeking to kindle him, who did moſt deadly deteſt her, which he vttered in this bitter anſwer. Madam (ſaid hee) you doe well to hate your ſelfe, for you cannot hate a worſe creature; and though we feele enough your helliſh diſpoſition, yet we need not doubt you are of counſell to your ſelfe of much worſe than we know. But now feare not, you ſhall not long be cumbred with being guided by ſo euill a ſoule; therefore prepare your ſelf, that if it be poſſible you may deliuer vp your ſpirit ſo much purer, as you more waſh your wickedneſſe vvith repentance. Then hauing preſently giuen order for the bringing from *Mantinea*, a great number of tents; for the receit of the principall *Arcadians*: the maner of that country being that where the Prince died, there ſhould be orders taken for the countries gouernement, and in the place any murther was committed, the iudgement ſhould be giuen there, before the body was buried, both concurring in this matter, and already great part of the Nobility being arriued, hee deliuered the Princeſſe to a Gentleman of great truſt; and as for *Dametas* taking from him the keyes of both the Lodges, calling him the moth of his Princes eſtate, and onely ſpot of his iudgement, he cauſed him with his wife and daughter, to bee fettered vp in as many chaines and clogs, as they could beare, and euery third houre to bee cruelly whipt, till the determinate iudgment ſhould be giuen of all theſe matters. That done, hauing ſent already at his comming, to all the quarters of the country to ſeeke *Pamela*, although vvith ſmall hope of ouertaking them, he himſelfe went well accompanied to the Lodge, where the two vnfortunate Louers were attending a cruell concluſion of their long, painefull, and late moſt painefull affection. *Dametas* clowniſh eyes, hauing been the only diſcouerers of *Pyrocles* ſtratagem, had no ſooner taken a full view of them (which in ſome ſights would rather haue bred any thing, than an accuſing minde) and locked the doore vpon theſe two young folkes, now made priſoners for loue, as before they had been priſoners to loue, but that immediately vpon his going downe (whether with noiſe *Dametas* made, or with the creeping in of the light, or rather that as extreame griefe had procured his ſleepe, ſo extreame care had meaſured his ſleepe, giuing his ſenſes a very early *falue* to come to themſelues) *Pyrocles* awaked, and being vp, the firſt euill hanſell he had of the ill caſe wherein he was, was the ſeeing himſelfe depriued of his ſword, from which he had neuer ſeparated himſelfe in any

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occasion, and euen that night first by the Kings bed, and then there had laid it, as he thought safe: putting great part of the trust of his well doing in his own courage so armed. For indeede the confidence in ones selfe is the chiefe nurse of magnanimitie, which confidence notwithstanding doth not leaue the care of necessarie furniture for it; and therefore of all the Grecians, *Homer* doth euer make *Achilles* the best armed. But that, as I say, was the first ill token: but by and by he perceiued hee was a prisoner before any arrest: for the doore which he had left open, was made so fast of the outside, that for all the force he could employ vnto it, he could not vndo *Dametas* doing; then went he to the windowes, to see if that way there were any escape of him and his deare Lady. But as vaine hee found all his employment there, not hauing might to breake out but onely one barre, wherein notwithstanding hee strayned his sinewes to the vttermost. And that he rather tooke out to vse for other seruice, than for any possibility he had to escape; for euen then it was that *Dametas* hauing gathered together the first comming Shepheards, did blabber out what he had found in the Lady *Philoclea's* chamber. *Pyrocles* markingly hearkened to all that *Dametas* said, whose voice and minde acquaintance had taught him sufficiently to know. But when he assuredly perceiued that his being with the Lady *Philoclea* was fully discouered; & by the folly or malice, or rather malicious folly of *Dametas*, her honour therin touched in the highest degree; remembring withall the cruelty of the *Arcadian* lawes, which without exception did condemne all to death, who were found (as *Dametas* reported of them) in act of marriage without solemnity of marriage, assuring himselfe besides the law, the King and the Queene would vse so much more hate against their daughter, as they had found themselues sotted by him in the pursuit of their loue. Lastly, seeing they were not only in the way of death, but fully incaged for death, looking with a hearty griefe vpon the honour of loue, the fellowlesse *Philoclea* (whose innocent soule now enioying his own goodnes did little know the danger of his euer faire then sleeping harbor) his excellent wit strengthened with vertue, but guided by loue, had soone described to himselfe a perfect vision of their present condition, wherin hauing presently cast a resolute reckoning of his own part of the misery, not only the chiefe but sole burthen of his anguish consisted in the vnworthy case, which was like to fal vpon the best deseruing *Philoclea*. He saw the misfortune, not the mismeaning of his worke, was like to bring that creature to end, in whom the world (as he thought) did begin to receiue honour; he saw the weake iudgement of man, would condemne that as death-deseruing vice in her, which had in troth neuer broken the bonds of a true liuing vertue: & how often his eye turned to his attractiue adamant, so often did an vnspeakeable horrour strike his noble heart to consider so vnripe yeares, so faultlesse a beauty, the mansion of so pure goodnesse, should haue her youth so vntimely cut off, her naturall perfections vnnaturally confumed, her vertue rewarded with shame; sometimes he would accuse himself of negligence, that had no more curiously looked to all the house entries, and yet could he not imagine the way *Dametas* was gotten in: & to call backe what might haue been, to a man of wisedome and courage, carries but a vaine shadow of discourse. Sometimes he could not chuse but with a dissolution of his inward might lamentably consider with what face he might looke vpon his (till then) ioy *Philoclea*, when she next waking should deliuer vnto her, should perchance bee the last of her hatefull life. And that the first time she should bend her excellent eyes vpon him, she should see the accursed author of her dreadfull end, & euen this consideration more than any other, did so set it selfe in his well disposed minde, that dispersing his thoughts to all the wayes that might bee of her safetie, finding a very small discourse in so narrow

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limits of time and place, at length in many difficulties he saw none beare any likelihood for her life, but his death. For then hee thought it would fall out, that when they found his body dead, hauing no accuser but *Dametas*, as by his speech he found there was not, it might iustly appeare that either *Philocles* in defending her honour, or else he himselfe in despaire of atchieuing, had left his carcasse proofe of his intent, but witnes of her clearenesse. Hauing a small while stayed vpon the greatnesse of his resolution, & looked to the furthest of it: be it so (said the valiant *Pyrocles*:) neuer life for better cause, nor to a better end was bestowed; for if death be to follow this doing, which no death of mine could make me leaue vndone, who is to die so iustly as my selfe: & if I must die, who can be so fit executioners as mine owne hands, which as they were accessaries to the doing, so in killing me they shall suffer their owne punishment? But then arose there a new impediment; for *Dametas* hauing carried away any thing, which he thought might hurt as tender a man as himself, he could find no fit instrument which might giue him a finall dispatch: at length making the more haste, lest his Lady should awake, taking the iron bar, (which being sharper somewhat at the one end than the other, he hoped, ioyn'd to his willing strength, might breake off the feeble threed of mortality: Truly (said he) fortune thou hast well perseuered mine enemy, that will grant me no fortune to be vnfortunate, nor let mee haue an easie passage now I am to trouble thee no more. But said he, ô bar blessed in that thou hast done seruice to the chamber of the Paragon of life, since thou couldst not help me to make a perfecter escape, yet serue my turne I pray thee, that I may escape from my selfe; therewithall yet once looking to fetch the last repast of his eies, and new againe transported with the pitifull case he left her in, kneeling downe he thus prayed. O great maker and great ruler of this world (said he) to thee doe I sacrifice this blood of mine, and suffer (Lord) the errours of my youth to passe away therein, and let not the soule by thee made, and euer bending vnto thee, be now reiected of thee, neither be offended that I do abandon this body, to the gouernment of which thou hadst placed me, without thy leaue; since how can I know but that thy vnsearchable mind is, I should so do, since thou hast taken from me all meanes longer to abide in it: And since the difference stands but in a short time of dying, thou that hast framed my soule inclined to do good, how can I in this small space of mine, benefite so much of the humane kinde, as in preseruing thy perfectest workmanship, their chiefest honour? O Iustice it selfe, how soeuer thou determinest of me, let this excellent innocency not bee oppressed! Let my life pay her losse, O Lord giue me some signe that I may dye with this comfort. (And pawsing a little as if he had hoped for some token) and when soeuer to the eternall darkenesse of the earth she doth follow me, let our spirits possesse one place, and let them be more happy in that vniting. With that word striking the barre vpon his heart side with all the force hee had, and falling withall vpon it to giue it the thorower passage, the barre in truth was too blunt to doe the effect, although it pierced his skinne, and bruised his ribs very sore, so that his strength was almost past him. But the noyse of his fall draue away sleepe from the quicke senses of the deare *Philocles*, whose sweet soule had an easely salutation of a sleepie spectacle vnto her, with so much more astonishment, as the falling asleepe but a little before she had retired her selfe from the vttermost point of woefulnesse, had set new againe before her eyes the most cruell enterprise that humane nature can vndertake, without discerning any cause thereof. But the liuely print of her affection had soone taught her not to stay long vpon deliberation in so vrgent a necessity, therefore getting with speede her weake, though well accorded limmes out of her sweet-smelling bed, as when iewels are hastily pulled out of some rich coffer, she

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ſpared not the nakednesse of her tender feete, but I think borne as fast with desire as feare carried *Daphne*, she came running to *Pyrocles*, and finding his spirits something troubled with the fall; she put by the barre that lay close to him, and strayning him in her most beloued embracements, My comfort, my ioy, my life (said she) what haste haue you to kil your *Philocles* with the most cruell torment that euer Lady suffered? Do you not yet perswade your selfe that any hurt of yours is a death vnto me? And that your death should bee my hell? Alas, if any sodaine mislike of mee (for other cause I see none) haue caused you to loath your selfe, if any fault or defect of mine hath bred this terriblest rage in you, rather let mee suffer the bitternesse of it, for so shall the deseruer bee punished, mankind preserued from such a ruine, and I for my part shall haue that comfort, that I die by the noblest hand that euer drew sword. *Pyrocles* grieued with his fortune, that he had not in one instant cut off all such deliberation, thinking his life onely reserued to be bound to be the vnhappy newes-teller: Alas (said he) my only starre, why do you this wrong to God, your selfe, and mee, to speake of faults in you? no, no, most faultlesse, most perfect Lady, it is your excellency that makes me hasten my desired end; it is the right I owe to the generall nature, that (though against priuate nature) makes mee seeke the preseruation of all that shee hath done in this age, let me, let me die. There is no way to saue your life (most worthy to be conserued) than that my death be your clearing: Then did hee with farre more paine and backward lothnesse, than the so neare killing himselfe was (but yet driuen with necessity to make her yeeld, to that he thought was her safety) make her a short, but pithy discourse, what he had heard by *Dametas* speeches, confirming the rest with a plaine demonstration of their imprisonment. And then sought he new means of stopping his breath; but that by *Philocles* labour, aboue her force, he was stayed to heare her. In whom a man might perceiue what small difference in the working there is, betwixt a simple voidnesse of euill, and a iudiciall habit of vertue. For she, not with an vnshaken magnanimity, wherewith *Pyrocles* weyed and despised death; but with an innocent guiltlesnesse, not knowing why she should feare to deliuer her vnstained soule to God, helped with the true louing of *Pyrocles*, which made her thinke no life without him, did almost bring her minde to as quiet attending all accidents, as the vnmastred vertue of *Pyrocles*. Yet hauing with a pretty palenesse (which did leaue milken lines vpon her rosie cheekes) payd a little duty to humane feare, taking the Prince by his hand, and kissing the wound he had giuen himselfe; O the onely life of my life, & (if it fall out so) the comfort of my death, said she, farre, farre from you, be the doing me such wrong, as to thinke I will receiue my life as a purchase of your death, but well may you make my death so much more miserable, as it shall any thing be delayed after my onely felicity. Doe you thinke I can accompt of the moment of death, like the vnspeakeable afflictions my soule should suffer, so oft as I call *Pyrocles* to minde, which should be as oft as I breathed? Should these eyes guide my steps, that had seene your murder? should these hands feede mee, that had not hindred such a mischiefe? Should this heart remaine within mee, at euery pant to count the continuall clocke of my miseries? O no, if dye wee must, let vs thanke death, hee hath not diuided so true an vnion. And truely my *Pyrocles*, I haue heard my father, & other wise men say, that the killing of ones self is but a false colour of true courage, proceeding rather of a feare of a further euill, either of torment or shame. For if it were not a respecting the harme, that would likewise make him not respect what might be done vnto him: & hope, being of all other, the most contrary thing to feare; this being an vtter banishment of hope, it seemes to receiue his ground in feare. Whatsoeuer (would they say) comes out of despaire, cannot

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beare the title of valour, vvhich ſhould be lifted vp to ſuch a height, that holding all things vnder it ſelfe, it ſhould be able to maintaine his greatneſſe euen in the midſt of miſeries. Laſtly, they would ſay, God had appointed vs Captaines of theſe our bodily forts, vvhich without treaſon to that Maieſtie, vvere neuer to be deliuered ouer till they were redemanded. *Pyrocles*, vvho had that for a law vnto him, not to leaue *Philoclea* in any thing vnſatisfied, although hee ſtill remained in his former purpoſe, & knew that time would grow ſhort for it, yet hearing no noiſe (the ſhepheards being as then run to *Baſilius*) with ſettled and humble countenance, as a man that ſhould haue ſpoken of a thing that did not concerne himſelfe, bearing euen in his eyes ſufficient ſhewes, that it was nothing but *Philoclea's* danger, which did any thing burthen his heart, farre ſtronger than fortune, hauing with vehement embracings of her, got yet ſome fruit of his delayed end, hee thus anſwered the wiſe innocencie of *Philoclea*. Lady moſt worthy not onely of life, but to be the very life of all things: the more notable demonſtrations you make of the loue, ſo farre beyond my deſert, with which it pleaſeth you to ouercome fortune, in making mee happy: the more am I euen in courſe of humanitie (to leaue that loues force, which I neither can nor will leaue) bound to ſeeke requitals witneſſe, that I am not vngratefull: to do which, the infiniteneſſe of your goodneſſe being ſuch as I cannot reach vnto it, yet doing all I can, & paying my life, which is all I haue, though it be farre (without meaſure) ſhort of your deſert, yet ſhall I not die in debt, to mine own duty. And truly the more excellent arguments you made, to keepe me from this paſſage, imagined far more terrible than it is, the more plainly it makes me to ſee what reaſon I haue, to preuent the loſſe not onely of *Arcadia*, but all the face of the earth ſhould receiue, if ſuch a tree (which euen in his firſt ſpring, doth not onely beare moſt beautifull bloſſoms, but moſt rare fruits) ſhould be ſo vntimely cut off. Therefore, O moſt truly beloued Lady, to whom I deſire for both our goods, that theſe may be my laſt words, giue me your conſent euen out of that wiſedome vvhich muſt needes ſee, that (beſides your vnmatched betterneſſe, which perchance you will not ſee) it is fitter one dye than both. And ſince you haue ſufficiently ſhewed you loue mee, let me claime by that loue, you will be content rather to let me die contentedly, than wretchedly: rather with a cleare and ioyful conſcience, than with deſperate condemnation in my ſelfe, that I accurſed villaine, ſhould bee the meane of baniſhing from the ſight of men the true example of vertue. And becauſe there is nothing left mee to bee imagined, which I ſo much deſire, as that the memory of *Pyrocles* may euer haue an allowed place in your wiſe iudgement, I am content to draw ſo much breath longer, as by anſwering the ſweete obiections you alledged, may bequeathe (as I thinke) a right conceit vnto you, that this my doing is out of iudgement, and not ſprung of paſſion. Your father (you ſay) was wont to ſay, that this like action doth more proceed of fear of further euil or ſhame, than of a true courage: Truly firſt, they put a very ghelſing caſe, ſpeaking of them who can neuer after come to tell, with what mind they did it. And as for my part, I call the immortall truth to witneſſe, that no feare of torment can appall me: who know it is but diuerſe manners of apparrelling death: and haue long learned to ſet bodily paine but in the ſecond forme of my being. And as for ſhame, how can I be aſhamed of that, for which my well meaning conſcience will anſwer for mee to God, and your vnreſiſtable beauty to the world? But to take that argument in his owne force, and grant it done for auoiding of further paine or diſhonour, (for as for the name of feare, it is but an odious title of paſſion, giuen to that which true iudgement performeth) grant, I ſay, it is to ſhunne a worſe caſe, and truely I doe not ſee, but that true fortitude, looking into all humane things with

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a perſiſting reſolution, carried away neither vvith wonder of pleaſing things, nor aſtoniſhment of the vnpleaſant, doth not yet depriue it ſelfe of the diſcerning the difference of euill, but rather is the onely vertue, which in an aſſured tranquility ſhuns the greater by the valiant entring into the leſſe. Thus for his countries ſafety he will ſpend his life, for the ſauing of a lim he will not niggardly ſpare his goods; for the ſauing of all his body he vvill not ſpare the cutting off a lim, where indeed the weak-hearted man wil rather die, than ſee the face of a ſurgeon: who might with as good reaſon ſay, that the conſtant man abides the painefull ſurgery, for feare of a further euill: but he is content to waite for death it ſelfe, but neither is true; for neither hath the one any feare, but a well choofing iudgement: nor the other hath any contentment, but onely feare, and not hauing a heart actiuely to performe a matter of paine, is forced paſſiuely to abide a greater damage. For to do, requires a whole heart; to ſuffer falleth eaſilieſt in the broken minds. And if in bodily torment thus, much more in ſhame; wherein ſince valour is a vertue, and vertue is euer limited; vvee muſt not runne ſo infinitely, as to thinke the valiant man is vvillingly to ſuffer any thing, ſince the very ſuffering of ſome things is a certaine proofe of want of courage. And if any thing vnwillingly, among the chiefeſt may ſhame goe: for if honour be to be held deare, his contrary is to bee abhorred, and that not for feare, but of a true election. For which is the leſſe inconuenient, either the loſſe of ſome yeares more or leſſe (once vvee know our liues bee not immortall) or the ſubmitting our ſelues to each vnworthy miſery, which the fooliſh world may lay vpon vs? As for their reaſon, that feare is contrarie to hope, neither doe I defend feare, nor much yeeld to the authority of hope; to either of which great inclining ſhewes but a feeble reaſon, which muſt be guided by his ſeruants: and who builds not vpon hope, ſhall feare no earth-quake of deſpaire. Their laſt alledging of the heauenly powers, as it beares the greateſt name, ſo it is the onely thing, that at all bred any combate in my minde, And yet I doe not ſee, but that if God had made vs maſters of any thing, it is of our owne liues; out of which without doing vvrong to any body, we are to iſſue at your owne pleaſure. And the ſame argument would aſmuch preuaile to ſay vvee ſhould for no neceſſity lay away from vs, any of our ioynts, ſince they being made of him, vvithout his warrant wee ſhould not depart from them; or if that may be, for a greater cauſe wee may paſſe to a greater degree. And if wee be Lieutenants of God, in this little Caſtle, doe you not thinke we muſt take warning of him to giue ouer our charge when he leaues vs vnprouided of good meanes to tarry in it? No certainely doe I not, anſwered the ſorrowfull *Philoclea*, ſince it is not for vs to appoint that mighty Maieſty, what time hee will helpe vs: the vttermoſt inſtant is ſcope enough for him, to reuoke euery thing to ones owne deſire. And therefore to preiudicate his determination, is but a doubt of goodneſſe in him, who is nothing but goodneſſe. But when indeed he doth either by ſickneſſe, or outward force lay death vpon vs, then are wee to take knowledge that ſuch is his pleaſure, and to know that all is well that hee doth. That we ſhould be maſters of our ſelues, we can ſhew at all no title, nor claime; ſince neither we made our ſelues, nor bought our ſelues, wee can ſtand vpon no other right but his gift, which hee muſt limit as it pleaſeth him. Neither is there any proportion betwixt the loſſe of any other lim, and that, ſince the one bends to the preſeruing of all, the other to the deſtruction of all; the one takes not away the minde from the actions for which it is placed in the world, the other cuts off all poſſibilitie of his working. And truely my moſt deare *Pyrocles*, I muſt needes proteſt vnto you, that I

cannot thinke your defence euen in rules of vertue ſufficient. Sufficient & excellent it were, if the queſtion were of two outward things, vvherein a man might by natures freedom determine, whether he would preferre ſhame to pain; preſent ſmaller torment, to greater following, or no. But to this (beſides the compariſon of the matters valures) there is added of the one part a direct euill doing, vvhich maketh the ballance of that ſide too much vnequall: ſince a vertuous man without any reſpect, whether the griefe be leſſe or more, is neuer to do that which he cannot aſſure himſelfe is allowable before the euerliuing rightfulneſſe; but rather is to think honours or ſhames, which ſtand in other mens true or falſe iudgments, paines or not paines, which yet neuer approch our ſoules, to be nothing in regard of an vnſpotted conſcience. And theſe reaſons do I remember, I haue heard good men bring in, that ſince it hath not his ground in an aſſured vertue, it proceeds rather of ſome other diſguiſed paſſion. *Pyrocles* was not ſo much perſwaded as delighted, by her wel conceiued & ſweetly pronounced ſpeeches; but when ſhe had cloſed her pitiful diſcourſe, & as it were ſealed vp her delightful lips, with the moiſtneſſe of her tears, which followed ſtill one another like a precious rope of pearle: now thinking it hye time; Be it as you ſay (ſaid hee, moſt vertuous beauty) in all the reſt, but neuer can God himſelf perſwade me, that *Pyrocles* life is not well loſt, for to preſerue the moſt admirable *Philoclea*. Let that be if it be poſſible written on my Tombe, and I will not enuie *Codrus* honour. With that he would againe haue vſed the barre, meaning if that fayled, to leaue his braines vpon the wall; when *Philoclea* now brought to that ſhe moſt feared, kneeled down vnto him, and embracing ſo his legs, that without hurting her (vvhich for nothing hee vvould haue done) hee could not ridde himſelfe from her, ſhe did with all the coniuring words, which the authority of loue may lay, beſeech him, hee vvould not now ſo cruelly abandon her, hee vvould not leaue her comfortleſſe in that miſery, to vvhich hee had brought her. That then indeede ſhee would euen in her ſoule accuſe him, to haue moſt foully betrayed her; that then ſhee would haue cauſe to curſe the time that euer the name of *Pyrocles* came to her eares, which otherwiſe no death could make her doe. Will you leaue me, ſaid ſhe, not onely diſhonoured as ſuppoſed vnchaſte with you, but as a murderer of you? Will you giue mine eyes ſuch a picture of hell, before my neare approching death, as to ſee the murdred body of him I loue more than all the liues that nature can giue? With that ſhee ſware by the hyeſt cauſe of all deuotions, that if he did perſeuere in that cruell reſolution, ſhe would (though vntruely) not only confeſſe to her father, that with her conſent this act had been committed, but if that would not ſerue (after ſhe had puld out her owne eies, made accurſed by ſuch a ſight) ſhee would giue her ſelfe ſo terrible a death, as ſhe might thinke the paine of it would counteruaile the neuer dying paine of her mind. Now therefore kill your ſelfe, to crowne this vertuous action with infamy: kill your ſelfe to make mee (whom you ſay you loue) as long as I after liue, change my louing admiration of you, to a deteſtable abhorring your name. And ſo indeede you ſhall haue the end you ſhoote at: for in ſtead of one death, you ſhall giue me a thouſand, and yet in the meane time, depriue me of the helpe God may ſend me. *Pyrocles* euen ouerweyed with her ſo wiſely vttered affection, finding her determination ſo fixed, that his end ſhould but depriue them both of a preſent contentment, and not auoide a comming euill (as a man that ranne not vnto it, by a ſodaine qualme of paſſion, but by a true vſe of reaſon, preferring her life to his owne) now that wiſedome did manifeſt vnto him, that way would not preuaile,

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he retired himſelfe, with as much tranquility from it, as before hee had gone vnto it. Like a man, that had ſet the keeping or leauing of the body, as a thing vvithout himſelfe, and ſo had thereof a freed and vntroubled conſideration. Therefore throwing away the barre from him, and taking her vp from the place, where hee thought the conſummating of al beauties, very vnworthily lay; ſuffering all his ſenſes to deuoure vp their chiefeſt foode, which he aſſured himſelfe they ſhould ſhortly after for euer be depriued off: Well, ſaid he, moſt deare Lady, whoſe contentment I preferre before mine owne, and iudgement eſteeme more than mine owne, I yeeld vnto your pleaſure. The gods ſend you haue not wonne your owne loſſe. For my part they are my witneſſes, that I thinke I doe more at your commandement, in delaying my death, than another would in beſtowing his life. But now, ſaid hee, as thus farre I haue yeelded vnto you, ſo grant mee in recompence thus much againe, that I may finde your loue in granting, as you haue found your authority in obtayning. My humble ſuite is, you will ſay I came in by force into your chamber, for ſo am I reſolued now to affirme, and that will be the beſt for vs both; but in no caſe name my name, that whatſoeuer come of mee, my houſe be not diſhonoured. *Philoclea* fearing leſt refuſall would turne him backe againe to his violent refuge, gaue him a certaine countenance, that might ſhew ſhe did yeeld to his requeſt, the latter part wherof indeed ſhe meant for his ſake to performe. Neither could they ſpend more words together: for *Philanax*, with twentie of the nobleſt perſonages of *Arcadia* after him, were come into the Lodge, *Philanax* making the reſt to ſtay belowe, for the reuerence he bare to womanhood, as ſtilly as he could came to the doore, & opening it, drew the eies of theſe two doleful louers vpon him. *Philoclea* cloſing againe for modeſty ſake, within her bed the riches of her beauties, but *Pyrocles* tooke hold of his barre, minding at leaſt to dye, before the excellent *Philoclea* ſhould receiue any outrage. But *Philanax* reſted awhile vpon himſelfe, ſtriken with admiration at the goodly ſhape of *Pyrocles*, whom before he had neuer ſeene, and withall remembring beſides others the notable act he had done (when with his courage and eloquence, hee had ſaued *Baſilius*, perchance the whole State from vtter ruine) he felt a kinde of relenting minde towards him. But when that ſame thought came wayted on with the remembrance of his maſters death, which he by all probabilities, thought he had bin of counſell vnto with the Queene, compaſſion turned to hatefull paſſion, and left in *Philanax* a ſtrange medley, betwixt pity and reuenge, betwixt liking and abhorring. O Lord, ſaid he to himſelfe, what wonders doth nature in our time, to ſet wickedneſſe ſo beautifully garniſhed? and that which is ſtrangeſt, out of one ſpring to make wonderfull effects both of vertue and vice to iſſue? *Pyrocles* ſeeing him in ſuch a muſe, neither knowing the man, nor the cauſe of his comming, but aſſuring himſelfe, it was for no good, yet thought beſt to begin with him in this ſort. Gentleman, ſaid he, what is the cauſe of your comming to my Lady *Philoclea's* chamber? is it to defend her from ſuch violence, as I might goe about to offer vnto her? if it be ſo, truely your comming is vaine, for her owne vertue hath bin a ſufficient reſiſtance, there needs no ſtrength to be added to ſo inuiolate chaſtity, the excellency of her mind makes her body impregnable. Which for mine owne part I had ſoone yeelded to confeſſe, with going out of this place (where I found but little comfort being ſo diſdainfully receiued) had I not been, I know not by whom preſently vpon my comming hither, ſo locked into this chamber, that I could neuer eſcape hence: where I was fetred in the moſt guilty ſhame, that euer man was, ſeeing what a paradiſe of vnſpotted goodnes, my filthy thoughts ſought to defile, If for that therfore you come,

already I aſſure you your errand is performed; but if it be to bring me to any puniſhment whatſoeuer, for hauing vndertaken ſo inexcuſable preſumption; truly I beare ſuch an accuſer about me of mine own conſcience, that I willingly ſubmit my ſelfe vnto it. Only thus much let me demand of you, that you will be a witneſſe vnto the king what you heare me ſay, and oppoſe your ſelfe, that neither his ſodain fury, nor any other occaſion may offer any hurt to this Lady; in whom you ſee nature hath accompliſhed ſo much, that I am faine to lay mine own faultineſſe, as a foyle of her pureſt excellencie. I can ſay no more, but looke vpon her beauty, remember her bloud, conſider her yeares, and iudge rightly of her vertues, and I doubt not a gentlemans minde, will then bee a ſufficient inſtructer vnto you, in this I may tearme it miſerable chaunce, happened vnto her by my vnbridled audacitie. *Philanax* was content to heare him out, not for any fauour he owed him, but to ſee whether hee would reueale any thing of the originall cauſe, and purpoſe of the kings death. But finding it ſo far from that, that he named *Baſilius* vnto him, as ſuppoſing him aliue thinking it rather cunning than ignorance: Yong man (ſaid he) whom I haue cauſe to hate, before I haue meane to know, you vſe but a point of skill, by confeſſing the manifeſt ſmaller fault, to be beleeued hereafter in the deniall of the greater. But for that matter, all paſſeth to one end, and hereafter we ſhall haue leaſure by torments to ſeeke the truth, if the loue of truth it ſelfe will not bring you vnto it. As for my Lady *Philoclea*, if it ſo fall out as you ſay, it ſhall be the more fit for her yeares, and comely for the great houſe that ſhe is come of, that an ill gouerned beautie hath not cancelled the rules of vertue. But howſoeuer it be, it is not for you to teach an *Arcadian* what reuerent duty we owe vnto any of that progenie. But, ſaid he, come with me without reſiſtance, for the one cannot auaile, & the other may procure pity. Pity? ſaid *Pyrocles*, with a bitter ſmiling, diſdained with ſo curriſh an anſwer: no, no, *Arcadian*, I can quickly haue pitie of my ſelfe, and would think my life moſt miſerable, which ſhould be a gift of thine. Only I demand this innocent Ladies ſecuritie, which vntill thou haſt confirmed vnto me by an oath, aſſure thy ſelfe, the firſt that layes hands vpon her ſhal leaue his life, for a teſtimony of his ſacriledge. *Philanax* with an inward ſcorne thinking it moſt manifeſt they were both, he at leaſt, of counſell with the kings death, Well, ſaid he, you ſpeak much to me of the king: I do here ſweare vnto you, by the loue I haue euer borne him, ſhee ſhall haue no worſe, howſoeuer it fall out, than her own parents. And vpon that word of yours I yeeld ſaid the poor *Pyrrcles*, deceiued by him that meant not to deceiue him. Then did *Philanax* deliuer him into the hands of a nobleman in the cõpany, euery one deſirous to haue him in his charge, ſo much did his goodly preſence (wherin true valor ſhined) breed a delightfull admiration in all the beholders. *Philanax* himſelfe ſtayed with *Philoclea*, to ſee whether of her he might learne ſome diſcloſing of his former concluſion. But ſhe, ſweet Lady, whom firſt a kindly ſhamefaſtneſſe had ſeparated from *Pyrocles* (hauing bin left in a more open view than her modeſty would wel bear) then the attending her fathers cõming, & ſtudying how to behaue her ſelfe towards him for both their ſafeties, had called her ſpirits all within her; now that vpon a ſodain *Pyrocles* was deliuered out of the chamber from her, at the firſt ſhe was ſo ſurprized with the extreme ſtroke of the wofull ſight, that like thoſe that in their dreames are taken with ſome vgly viſion, they would fain cry for help, but haue no force, ſo remained ſhe awhile quite depriued not only of ſpeech, but almoſt of any other liuely action. But when indeed *Pyrocles* was quite drawn from her eyes, and that her vitall ſtrength began to returne vnto her, now not knowing what they did to *Pyrocles*, but (according to the nature of loue) fearing the worſt, wringing her hands, and letting

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abundance of teares be the firſt part of her eloquence, bending her amber-crowned head ouer her bed ſide to the hard-hearted *Philanax*, O *Philanax*, *Philanax*, ſaid ſhe, I know how much authority you haue with my father: there is no man whoſe wiſdome he ſo much eſteemes, nor whoſe faith ſo much he repoſeth vpon. Remember how oft you haue promiſed your ſeruice vnto me, how oft you haue giuen me occaſion to beleeue that there was no Lady in whoſe fauor you more deſired to remain: and if the remembrance be not vnpleaſant to your mind, or the rehearſall vnfitting for my fortune, remember there was a time when I could deſerue it. Now my chance is turned, let not your truth turne. I preſent my ſelfe vnto you, the moſt humble and miſerable ſuppliant liuing, neither ſhall my deſire be great: I ſeeke for no more life than I ſhall be found worthy of. If my bloud may waſh away the diſhonour of *Arcadia*, ſpare it not, although through me it hath indeed neuer been diſhonored. My only ſute is, you wil be a meane for me, that while I am ſuffered to enioy this life, I may not be ſeparated from him, to whom the gods haue ioyned mee, and that you determine nothing of him more cruelly than you doe of mee. If you rightly iudge of what hath paſt, wherein the gods (that ſhould haue beene of our marriage) are witneſſes of our innocencies; then procure, wee may liue together. But if my father wil not ſo conceiue of vs, as the fault (if any were) was vnited, ſo let the puniſhment be vnited alſo. There was no man that euer loued either his Prince, or any thing pertaining to him, with a truer zeale than *Philanax* did. This made him euen to the depth of his heart receiue a moſt vehement grief, to ſee his maſter made as it were more miſerable after death. And for himſelf, calling to mind in what ſort his life had bin preſerued by *Philoclea*, what time taken by *Amphialus* he was like to ſuffer a cruell death, there was nothing could haue kept him from falling to tender pitie, but the perfect perſwaſion hee had, that all this was ioyned to the packe of his maſters death, which the miſconceiued ſpeech of marriage made him the more beleeue. Therefore firſt muttering to himſelfe ſuch like words: The violence the Gentleman ſpake of, is now turned to marriage: he alledged *Mars*, but ſhe ſpeaks of *Venus*. O vnfortunate maſter! This hath been that faire diuell *Gynecia*: ſent away one of her daughters, proſtituted the other, empoyſoned thee, to ouerthrow the diadem of *Arcadia*. But at length thus vnder her ſelfe he ſaid: If your Father, Madame, were now to ſpeak vnto, truely there ſhould no body be found a more ready aduocate for you than my ſelfe. For I would ſuffer this fault, though very great, to be blotted out of my minde, by your former led life, your benefit towards my ſelfe, and being daughter to ſuch a father. But ſince among your ſelues you haue taken him away, in whom was the onely power to haue mercy, you muſt now be clothed in your owne working: and looke for none other, than that which dead pitileſſe lawes may allot vnto you. For my part, I loued you for your vertue, but now where is that? I loued you in reſpect of a priuate benefit, what is that in compariſon of the publike loſs? I loued you for your father, vnhappy folks you haue robbed the world of him. Theſe words of her father were ſo little vnderſtood by the only wel vnderſtanding *Philoclea*, that ſhee deſired him to tell her, what he meant to ſpeake in ſuch darke ſort vnto her of her Lord and Father, whoſe diſpleaſure was more dreadfull vnto her, than her puniſhment: that ſhe was free in her owne conſcience, ſhe had neuer deſerued euill of him, no not in this laſt fact: wherein if it pleaſed him to proceede with patience, hee ſhould finde her choiſe had not been vnfortunate. He that ſaw her words written in the plain table of her faire face, thought it impoſſible there ſhould therein be contained deceit: and therfore ſo much the more abaſhed: Why, ſaid he, Madame, would you haue me thinke, you are not of conſpiracie with

the Princeſſe *Pamelas* flight, & your fathers death? With that vvord the ſweet Ladie gaue a pitifull crie, hauing ſtreight in her face & breaſt abundance of witneſſes, that her heart was far from any ſuch abominable conſent. Ah of all ſides vtterly ruined *Philoclea*, ſaid ſhee, now indeede I may well ſuffer all conceit of hope to dye in mee. Deare father, where vvas I, that might not do you my laſt ſeruice before, ſoon after miſerably following you? *Philanax* perceiued the demonſtration ſo liuely & true in her, that he eaſily acquited her in his heart of that fact, and the more vvas moued to ioyne with her in moſt hearty lamentation. But remembring him, that the burthen of the ſtate, and puniſhment of his maſters murderers, lay all vpon him: Well, ſaid he, Madame, I can do nothing, without all the ſtates of *Arcadia*: what they vvill determine of you, I know not: for my part your ſpeeches would much preuaile with me, but that I finde not how to excuſe your giuing ouer your body to him, that for the laſt proof of his treaſon, lent his garments to diſguiſe your miſerable mother, in the moſt vile fact ſhe hath committed. Hard ſure it vvill be to ſeparate your cauſes, vvith whom you haue ſo nearely ioyned your ſelfe. Neither do I deſire it, ſaid the ſweetely weeping *Philoclea*: whatſoeuer you determine of him, doe that likewiſe to me; for I know, from the fountaine of vertue nothing but vertue could euer proceed; onely as you find him faultleſſe, let him find you fauourable, & build not my diſhonour vpon ſurmiſes. *Philanax* feeling his heart more & more mollifying vnto her, renewed the image of his dead maſter in his fancy, & vſing that for the ſpurs of his reuengefull choler, went ſuddenly vvithout any more ſpeech from the deſolate Ladie, to vvhom now fortune ſeemed to threaten vnripe death, and vndeſerued ſhame among her leaſt euils. But *Philanax* leauing good guard vpon the Lodge, went himſelfe to ſee the order of his other priſoners, vvhom euen then as he iſſued, he found increaſed by this vnhoped meanes.

The noble *Pamela* hauing deliuered ouer the burthen of her fearefull cares to the naturall eaſe of a well refreſhing ſleep, repoſed both mind & body vpon the truſted ſupport of her Princely ſhepheard, when vvith the braying cries of a raſcall companie ſhe was robbed of her quiet, ſo that at one inſtant ſhee opened her eies, and the enraged *Muſidorus* roſe from her, enraged betwixt the doubt he had what theſe men vvould go about, and the ſpite hee conceiued againſt their ill-pleaſing preſence. But the clownes hauing with their hideous noiſe brought them both to their feete, had ſoone knowledge what gueſts they had found, for indeede theſe were the skummy remnant of thoſe rebels, whoſe naughty minds could not truſt ſo much to the goodneſſe of their Prince, as to lay their hang-worthy neckes vpon the conſtancy of his promiſed pardon. Therefore when the reſt (who as ſheepe had but followed their fellowes) ſo ſheepiſhly had ſubmitted themſelues, theſe only committed their ſafetie to the thickeſt part of thoſe deſert woods: who as they were in the conſtitution of their mindes little better than beaſts, ſo were they apt to degenerate to a beaſtly kind of life, hauing now framed their gluttoniſh ſtomackes to haue for food the wild benefits of nature, the vttermoſt end they had, being but to draw out (as much as they could) the line of a tedious life. In this ſort vagabonding in thoſe vntroden places, they were guided by the euerlaſting Iuſtice, vſing themſelues to be puniſhers of their faults, and making their owne actions the beginning of their chaſtizements, (vnhappily both for him and themſelues) to light on *Muſidorus*. Whom as ſoone as they ſaw turned towards them, they full well remembred it was he, that accompanied with *Baſilius*, had come to the ſuccour of *Zelmane*: and had left among ſome of them bloudie tokens of his valour. As for *Pamela*, they had many times ſeene her. Thus firſt ſtirred vp with a ruſticall reuenge againſt him,

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and then desire of spoyle to helpe their miserable wants, but chiefly thinking it was the way to confirme their owne pardon, to bring the Princesse backe vnto her father (whom they vvere sure hee would neuer haue sent so farre so slightly accompanied) without any other denouncing of warre, set altogether vpon the worthy *Musidorus*. Who being before hand asmuch enflamed against them, gaue them so braue a welcome, that the smart of some made the rest stand further off, crying and prating against him, but like bad curres, rather barking than closing: hee in the meane time placing his trembling Ladie to one of the Pyne trees, and so setting himselfe before her, as might shew the cause of his courage grew in himselfe, but the effect was onely employed in her defence; the villaines that now had a second proofe, how ill wards they had for such a sword, turned all the course of their violence into throwing darts & stones, indeed the onely way to ouermaster the valour of *Musidorus*. Who finding them some already touch, some fall so neare his chiefest life *Pamela*, that in the end some one or other might hap to doe an vnsuccourable mischiefe, setting all his hope in despaire, ranne out from his Lady among them. Who streight like so many swine, when a hardy mastife sets vpon them, dispersed themselues. But the first he ouertooke, as he ran away, carrying his head as farre before him, as those manner of runnings are wont to doe, with one blow strake it so cleane off, that it falling betwixt the hands, and the body falling vpon it, it made a shew as though the fellow had had great haste to gather vp his head againe. Another the speed he made to runne for the best game, bare him full butt against a tree; so that tumbling backe with a brused face, and a dreadfull expectation, *Musidorus* was straight vpon him: & parting with his sword one of his legs from him, left him to make a roring lamentation that his mortar-treading was marred for euer. A third finding his feete too slowe, as well as his hands too weak, sodainly turned back, beginning to open his lippes for mercie. But before he had well entred a rudely compiled oration, *Musidorus* blade was come betweene his iawes into his throate, and so the poore man rested there for euer with a very euill mouth full of an answer. *Musidorus* in this furious chafe would haue followed some other of these hatefull wretches, but that hee heard his Lady cry for helpe, whom three of this villanous crue, had (whiles *Musidorus* followed their fellowes) compassing about some trees, sodainely come vpon and surprised, threatning to kill her if she cried, and meaning to conuey her out of sight, while the Prince was making his bloud-thirsty chase. But shee that was resolued, no worse thing could fall vnto her, than the being depriued of him, on whom she had established all her comfort, with a pitifull cry fetched his eyes vnto her: who then thinking so many weapons thrust into his eyes, as with his eyes hee saw bent against her, made all hearty speede to her succour. But one of them wiser than his companions, set his dagger to her Alablaster throate, swearing if he threw not away his sword, hee would presently kill her. There was neuer poore scholler, that hauing in stead of his booke some playing toy about him, did more sodainely cast it from him, at the child-feared presence of a cruell Schoolmaster, than the valiant *Musidorus* discharged himselfe of his onely defence, when he saw it stood vpon the instant point of his Ladies life. And holding vp his noble hands to so vnworthy audience, O *Arcadians*, it is I that haue done you the wrong, she is your Princesse (said he) shee neuer had will to hurt you, and you see shee hath no power. Vse your choller vpon me that haue better deserued it, do not your selues the wrong to do her any hurt, which in no time or place will euer be forgiuen you. They that yet trusted not to his courtesie, bad him stand further off from his sword, which he obediently did. So farre was loue aboue all other things in him. Then

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did they call together the reſt of their fellowes, vvho though they were few, yet according to their number poſſeſſed many places. And then began theſe ſauage Senators to make a conſultation what they ſhould do: ſome vviſhing to ſpoile them of their iewels and let them go on their iournie (for that if they carried them back, they vvere ſure they ſhould haue leaſt part of their prey) others preferring their old homes to any thing, deſired to bring them to *Baſilius* as pledges of their ſurety: and there vvanted not which cried, the ſafeſt way vvas to kill them both; to ſuch an vnworthy thraldome vvere theſe great & excellent perſonages brought. But the moſt part reſiſted to the killing of the Princeſs, fore-ſeeing their liues would neuer be ſafe after ſuch a fact committed, and began to vviſh rather the ſpoile than death of *Muſidorus:* when the villaine that had his leg cut off, came ſcrawling towards them, and being helped to them by one of the companie, began vvith a groning voice, and a disfigured face, to demand the reuenge of his bloud, vvhich ſince he had ſpent vvith them in their defence, it vvere no reaſon he ſhould be ſuffered by them to die diſcontented. The onely contentment he required was, that by their help vvith his owne hands he might put his murtherer to ſome cruell death: he would faine haue cried more againſt *Muſidorus*, but that the much loſſe of bloud helped on with this vehemencie, choked vp the ſpirits of his life, leauing him to make betwixt his body and ſoule an ill-fauoured partition. But they ſeeing their fellow in that ſort dye before their faces, did ſwell in new mortall rages: All reſolued to kill him, but now onely conſidering vvhat maner of terrible death they ſhould inuent for him. Thus vvas a while the agreement of his ſlaying, broken by diſagreement of the maner of it; and extremity of cruelty grew for a time to be the ſtop of cruelty. At length they were reſolued euery one to haue a peece of him, & to become all as well hangmen, as iudges: vvhen *Pamela* tearing her haire, and falling downe among them, ſometimes vvith all the ſort of humble prayers, mixt with promiſes of great good turns (which they knew her ſtate was able to performe) ſometimes threatning them, that if they kild him and not her, ſhe would not only reuenge it vpon them, but vpon all their wiues and children: bidding them conſider that though they might think ſhe was come away in her fathers diſpleaſure, yet they might be ſure he would euer ſhew himſelfe a father; that the gods would neuer if ſhee liued, put her in ſo baſe eſtate, but that ſhe ſhould haue ability to plague ſuch as they were: returning afreſh to praiers and promiſes, & mixing the ſame againe with threatnings, brought them who were now growne colder in their fellowes cauſe (who was paſt aggrauating the matter with his cries) to determine with themſelues there was no way, but eyther to kill them both, or ſaue them both. As for the killing, already they hauing anſwered themſelues, that that was a way to make them Citizens of the woods for euer; they did in fine conclude they would returne them backe againe to the King, which they did not doubt, would be the cauſe of a great reward, beſides their ſafety from their fore-deſerued puniſhment. Thus hauing either by fortune, or the force of thoſe two louers inward working vertue, ſettled their cruel hearts to this gentler courſe, they took the two horſes, & hauing ſet vpon them their Princely priſoners, they returned towards the Lodge. The villaines hauing decked all their heads with lawrell branches, as thinking they had done a notable act, ſinging and ſhowting, ran by them, in hope to haue brought them the ſame day againe to the king. But the time was ſo farre ſpent, that they vvere forced to take vp that nights lodging in the midſt of the woods. Where while the clownes continued their watch about them, now that the night, according to his darke nature, did adde a kinde of deſolation to the penſiue hearts of theſe two afflicted louers, *Muſidorus* taking the tender hand of

Pamela,

Pamela, & bedewing it with his tears, in this sort gaue an issue to the swelling of his hearts griefe. Most excellent Lady, said he, in what case thinke you am I with my self, how vnmerciful iudgments do I lay vpon my soule, now that I know not what god hath so reuersed my well meaning enterprise, as in stead of doing you that honour which I hoped (& not without reason hoped) *Thessalia* should haue yeelded vnto you, am now like to becom a wretched instrumẽt of your discomfort? Alas, how contrarie an end haue all the inclinations of my minde taken! my faith falls out a treason vnto you, and the true honour I beare you, is the field wherein your dishonour is like to be sowne! But I inuoke that vniuersall & only wisedom (which examining the depth of hearts, hath not his iudgment fixed vpon the euent) to bear testimony with me, that my desire though in extremest vehemencie, yet did not so ouercharge my remembrance, but that as far as mans wit might be extended, I sought to preuent all things that might fall to your hurt. But now that all the euill fortunes of euil fortune haue crossed my best framed intent, I am most miserable in that, that I cannot only not giue you helpe; but which is worst of all, am barred from giuing you counsell. For how should I open my mouth to counsell you in that, wherein by my counsel you are most vndeseruedly fallen? The faire & wise *Pamela*, although full of cares of the vnhappy turning of this matter, yet seeing the griefe of *Musidorus* onely stirred for her, did so tread downe all other motions with the true force of vertue, that she thus answered him, hauing first kissed him, which before shee had neuer, loue commanding her, which doubted how long they should enioy one another; or of a liuely sparke of noblenesse, to descend in most fauor to one, when he is lowest in affliction. My deare, & euer deare *Musidorus* (said she) a greater wrong do you to your self, that wil torment you thus with grief for the fault of fortune. Since a man is bound no further to himselfe, than to do wisely; chance is only to trouble them that stand vpon chance. But greater is the wrong (at least if anie thing that comes from you may beare the name of wrong) you doe vnto me, to thinke me either so childish, as not to perceiue your faithfull faultlesnesse; or perceiuing it, so basely disposed, as to let my heart be ouerthrown, standing vpon it self in so vnspotted a pureneſſe. Hold for certain, most worthy *Musidorus*, it is your self I loue, which can no more be diminished by these showres of euill hap, than flowres are marred with the timely raines of April. For how can I want comfort that haue the true and liuing comfort of my vnblemished vertue? And how can I want honour, as long as *Musidorus* in whom indeed honour is, doth honour me? Nothing bred from my self can discomfort me: & fooles opinions I will not recken as dishonor. *Musidorus* looking vp to the starres, O mind of minds (said he) the liuing power of all things, which dost with all these eies behold our euer varying actions, accept into thy fauorable eares this praier of mine: If I may anie longer hold out this dwelling on the earth, which is called a life, grant me ability to deserue at this Ladies hands the grace she hath shewed vnto me; grant me wisdome to know her wisdome, & goodnesse so to encrease my loue of her goodnesse, that all mine owne chosen desires, be to my selfe but second to her determinations. Whatsoeuer I be, let it be to her seruice: let mee herein be satisfied, that for such infinite fauours of vertue, I haue some way wrought her satisfaction. But if my last time approcheth, and that I am no longer to bee amongst mortall creatures, make yet my death serue her to some purpose, that hereafter she may not haue cause to repent her selfe that she bestowed so excellent a mind vpon *Musidorus*. *Pamela* could not chuse but accord the conceit of their fortune to these passionate praiers, in so much that her constant eies yeelded some teares, which wiping from her faire face with *Musidorus* hand, speaking softly vnto him,

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as if ſhe had feared more any body ſhould be witneſſe of her weakneſſe, than of any thing elſe ſhe had ſaid, You ſee, ſaid ſhee, my Prince and onely Lord, what you worke in me by your too much grieuing for me. I pray you think I haue no ioy but in you, & if you fill that with ſorrow, what do you leaue for me? What is prepared for vs we know not, but that with ſorrow we cānot preuent it, we know. Now let vs turn from theſe things, & think you how you will haue me behaue my ſelf towards you in this matter. *Muſidorus* finding the authority of her ſpeech confirmed with direct neceſſity, the firſt care came to his minde was of his deare friend and couſin *Pyrocles*; with whom long before he had concluded what names they ſhould beare, if vpon any occaſion they were forced to giue themſelues out for great men, and yet not make themſelues fully known. Now fearing leſt if the Princeſs ſhould name him for *Muſidorus*, the ſame of their two being together, would diſcouer *Pyrocles*; holding her hand betwixt his hands a good while together: I did not thinke, moſt excellent Princeſſe, ſaid he, to haue made any further requeſt vnto you; for hauing beene already to you ſo vnfortunate a ſuiter, I know not what modeſty can beare any further demand. But the eſtate of one yong man, whom (next to you, far aboue my ſelfe) I loue more than all the world, one worthy of all well being for the notable conſtitution of his mind, and moſt vnworthy to receiue hurt by me, whom hee doth in all faith & conſtancy loue, the pity of him only goes beyond all reſolution to the contrary. Then did he, to the Princeſſe great admiration, tell her the whole ſtorie as farre as he knew of it, and that when they made the grieuous diſiunction of their long combination, they had concluded *Muſidorus* ſhould entitle himſelfe *Paladius* Prince of *Iberia*, and *Pyrocles* ſhould be *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*.

Now (ſaid *Muſidorus*) he keeping a womans habit, is to vſe no other name than *Zelmane*: but I that find it beſt, of the one ſide for your honor, you went away with a Prince, and not with a ſhepheard; of the other ſide accounting my death leſſe euill than the betraying of that ſweete friend of mine, will take this meane betwixt both, and vſing the name of *Paladius*, if the reſpect of a Prince will ſtop your fathers furie, that will ſerue as well as *Muſidorus*, vntill *Pyrocles* fortune being ſome way eſtabliſhed, I may freely giue good proof that the noble country of *Theſſalia* is mine: and if that will not mitigate your fathers opinion to mewards (nature I hope working in your excellencies will make him deale well by you) for my part the image of death is nothing fearfull vnto mee: and this good I ſhall haue reaped by it, that I ſhal leaue my moſt eſteemed friend in no danger to be diſcloſed by me. And beſides (ſince I muſt confeſſe, I am not without a remorſe of her caſe) my vertuous mother ſhall not know her ſonnes violent death hid vnder the fame will go of *Paladius*. But as long as her yeares, now of good number, be counted among the liuing, ſhee may ioy her ſelfe with ſome poſſibility of my returne. *Pamela* promiſing him vpon no occaſion euer to name him, fell into extremitie of weeping, as if her eies had beene content to ſpend all their ſeeing moiſtneſſe, now that there was a ſpeech of the loſſe of that, which they held as their chiefeſt light. So that *Muſidorus* was forced to repaire her good counſels with ſweet conſolations, which continued betwixt them vntill it was about midnight, that ſleepe hauing ſtolne into their heauie ſenſes, and now abſolutely cōmanding in their vitall powers, left them delicately wound one in anothers armes quietly to wait for the comming of the morning: which as ſoon as ſhe appeared to play her part, laden (as you haue heard) with ſo many well occaſioned lamentations; their lobbiſh guard (who all night had kept themſelues awake, with prating how valiant deeds they had done when they ran away: and how faire a death their fellow had dyed, who at his laſt gaſpe ſued to be a hangman) awaked them,

them, and ſet them vpon their horſes, to whom the very ſhining force of excellent vertue, though in a very harriſh ſubiect, had wrought a kind of reuerence in them; *Muſidorus* as he rid among them (of whom they had no other hold but of *Pamela*) thinking it want of well ſquared iudgement, to leaue any mean vnaſſayed of ſauing their liues, to this purpoſe ſpake to his vnſeemly guardians, vſing a plaine kind of phraſe to make his ſpeech the more credible. My maſters (ſaid he) there is no man that is wiſe, but hath in whatſoeuer he doth ſome purpoſe wherto he directs his doings, which ſo long he follows, till he ſee that either that purpoſe is not worth the paines, or that another doing carries with it a better purpoſe. That you are wiſe in what you take in hand, I haue to my coſt learned: that makes me deſire you to tell me what is your end in carrying the Princeſſe & me back to her father. Pardon ſaid one, reward cryed another. Well (ſaid he) take both; although I know you are ſo wiſe to remember, that hardly they both will goe together, being of ſo contrarie a making, for the ground of pardon is an euill, neither any man pardons but remembers an euill done: the cauſe of reward is the opinion of ſome good act, and who ſo rewardeth, that holds the chiefe place of his fancy. Now one man of one companie, to haue the ſame conſideration both of good and euill, but that the conceit of pardoning, if it be pardoned, will take away the minde of rewarding, is very hard, if not impoſſible. For either euen in iuſtice will hee puniſh the fault as well as reward the deſert, or elſe in mercy ballance the one by the other: ſo that the not chaſtiſing ſhall be a ſufficient ſatisfying. Thus then you may ſee that in your owne purpoſe reſts great vncertainty. But I vvill grant that by this your deede you ſhall obtaine your double purpoſe. Yet conſider I pray you whether by another meane, that may not better be obtained, and then I doubt not your wiſedoms will teach you to take hold of the better. I am ſure you know, any body vvere better haue no neede of a pardon than enioy a pardon; for as it carries with it the ſurety of a preſerued life, ſo beares it a continuall note of a deſerued death. This therefore (beſides the danger you may run into, my Lady *Pamela* being the vndoubted inheritrix of this ſtate, if ſhe ſhall hereafter ſeeke to reuenge your wrong done her) ſhall be continually caſt in your teeth, as men dead by the law: the honeſter ſort will diſdaine your companie, and your children ſhall be the more baſely reputed of, and you your ſelues in euery ſleight fault hereafter, as men once condemned, apteſt to bee ouerthrowne. Now if you will (I doubt not you will, for you are wiſe) turn your courſe & guard my Lady *Pamela* thitherward, whither ſhe was going: firſt, you need not doubt to aduenture your fortunes where ſhe goes, & there ſhall you be aſſured in a countrey as good and rich as this, of the ſame manners and language, to be ſo farre from the conceit of a pardon, as wee both ſhall be forced to acknowledge wee haue receiued by your meanes whatſoeuer wee hold deare in this life. And ſo for reward iudge you whether it be not more likely, you ſhall there receiue it where you haue done no euill, but ſingular and vndeſerued goodnes; or here where this ſeruice of yours ſhall be diminiſhed by your duty, and blemiſhed by your former fault. Yes I proteſt and ſweare vnto you, by the faire eies of that Lady, there ſhall no Gentlemen in all that countrey bee preferred: you ſhall haue riches, eaſe, pleaſure, and that which is beſt to ſuch worthy mindes, you ſhall not be forced to cry mercie for a good fact. You only of all the *Arcadians*, ſhall haue the praiſe in continuing in your late valiant attempt, and not baſely be brought vnder a halter for ſeeking the libertie of *Arcadia*. Theſe words in their mindes, who did nothing for any loue of goodneſſe, but onely as their ſenſes preſented greater ſhewes of profit, beganne to make them wauer, and ſome to clap their hands and ſcratch their heads, and ſweare it was the beſt

beſt way. Others that would ſeem wiſer than the reſt, to capitulate what tenements they ſhould haue, what ſubſidies they ſhould pay: others to talke of their wiues, in doubt whether it were beſt to ſend for them, or to take new where they went: moſt (like fooles) not readily thinking what was next to be done, but imagining vvhat cheare they would make when they came there, one or two of the laſt diſcourſers beginning to turne their faces towards the woods which they had left. But being now come within the plaine near to the Lodges, vnhappily they eſpied a troupe of horſemen. But then their falſe hearts had quickly, for the preſent feare, forſaken their laſt hopes: and therfore keeping on the way toward the Lodge, with ſongs & cryes of ioy, the horſemen, who vvere ſome of them *Philanax* had ſent out to the ſearch of *Pamela*, came galloping vnto them; maruelling who they were that in ſuch a generall mourning, durſt ſing ioyfull tunes, and in ſo publique a ruine weare the lawrell token of victory. And that which ſeemed ſtrangeſt, they might ſee two among them vnarmed like priſoners, but riding like Captaines. But when they came nearer, they perceiued the one was a Lady, and the Lady *Pamela*. Then glad they had by hap found that which they ſo little hoped to meete withall, taking theſe clownes, who firſt reſiſted them, for the deſire they had to be the deliuerers of the two excellent priſoners, learning that they were of thoſe rebels, which had made the dangerous vproare, as well vnder colour to puniſh that, as this their laſt withſtanding them, but indeed their principall cauſe being, becauſe they themſelues would haue the only praiſe of their own queſt, they ſuffered not one of them to liue. Mary three of the ſtubborneſt of them they left their bodies hanging vpon the trees, becauſe their doing might carry the likelier forme of iudgement. Such an vnlooked for end did the life of iuſtice work, for the naughty minded wretches, by ſubiects to be executed, that would haue executed Princes: and to ſuffer that without law, which by law they had deſerued. And thus theſe young folkes twiſe priſoners, before any due arreſt, deliuered of their iaylours, but not of their iayle, had rather change than reſpite of miſery; theſe ſouldiers that tooke them vvith verie few words of entertainment, haſting to carry them to their Lord *Philanax*: to whom they came, euen as he going out of the Lady *Philoclea's* chamber, had ouertaken *Pyrocles*, whom before he had deliuered to the cuſtody of a Nobleman of that country. When *Pyrocles* led towards his priſon, ſaw his friend *Muſidorus*, with the noble Lady *Pamela* in that inexpected ſort returned, his griefe (if any griefe were in a mind, which had placed euery thing according to his naturall worth) was verie much augmented, for beſides ſome ſmall hope he had, if *Muſidorus* had once beene cleare of *Arcadia*, by his dealing and authority to haue brought his onely gladſome deſires to a good iſſue: the hard eſtate of his friend did no leſſe, nay rather more vexe him than his owne. For ſo indeede it is euer found, where valour and friendſhip are perfectly coupled in one heart: the reaſon being, that the reſolute man, hauing once digeſted in his iudgement the worſt extremity of his owne caſe, and hauing eyther quite expelled or at leaſt repelled all paſſion, which ordinarily followes an ouerthrowne fortune, not knowing his friends minde ſo well as his owne, nor with what patience he brookes his caſe (which is as it were the materiall cauſe of making a man happy or vnhappy) doubts whether his friend accompts not himſelfe more miſerable, and ſo indeed be more lamentable. But aſſoone as *Muſidorus* was brought by the ſouldiers neare vnto *Philanax*, *Pyrocles* not knowing whether euer after he ſhould be ſuffered to ſee his friend, and determining there could be no aduantage by diſſembling a not knowing of him, leapt ſodainely from their hands that held him, and paſſing with a ſtrength ſtrengthened with a true affection,

affection, through them that encompaſſed *Muſidorus*, he embraced him as faſt as he could in his armes. And kiſſing his cheekes, O my *Paladius* (ſaid he) let not our vertue now abandon vs; let vs proue our mindes are no ſlaues to fortune, but in aduerſity can triumph ouer aduerſitie. Deare *Daiphantus*, anſwered *Muſidorus* (ſeeing by his apparrell his being a man was reuealed) I thank you for this beſt care of my beſt part: but feare not, I haue kept too long company with you to want now a thorow determination of theſe things; I well know there is nothing euill but within vs, the reſt is either naturall or accidentall. *Philanax* finding them of ſo neare acquaintance, began preſently to examine them apart: but ſuch reſolution he met within them, that by no ſuch meanes hee could learne further than it pleaſed them to deliuer. So that hee thought beſt to put them both in one place, with eſpiall of their words and behauiour, that way to ſift out the more of theſe forepaſſed miſchiefes. And for that purpoſe gaue them both vnto the Nobleman, who before had the cuſtodie of *Pyrocles*, by name *Simpathus*, leauing a truſtie ſeruant of his owne to giue diligent watch to what might paſſe betwixt them. No man that hath euer paſſed thorow the ſchoole of affection, needs doubt what a tormenting griefe it was to the noble *Pamela*, to haue the company of him taken from her, to whoſe vertuous company ſhe had bound her life. But weighing with her ſelfe, it was fit for her honour till her doing were clearely manifeſted, that they ſhould remaine ſeparate, kept downe the riſing tokens of griefe; ſhewing paſſion in nothing but her eyes, which accompanied *Muſidorus* euen vnto the tent, whither hee and *Pyrocles* were led. Then with a countenance more princely than ſhe was wont, according to the wont of higheſt hearts (like the palme tree ſtriuing moſt vpward, when hee is moſt burthened) ſhee commanded *Philanax*, to bring her to her father and mother, that ſhe might render them account of her doings. *Philanax* ſhewing a ſullen kinde of reuerence vnto her, as a man that honoured her as his Maiſters heire, but much miſliked her for her (in his conceit) diſhonourable proceedings, told her what was paſt, rather to anſwer her, than that he thought ſhee was ignorant of it. But her good ſpirit did preſently ſuffer a true compaſſionate affliction of thoſe hard aduentures: which with croſſing her armes, looking a great while on the ground, with thoſe eyes which let fall many teares, ſhe well declared. But in the end remembring how neceſſary it was for her, not to loſe her ſelfe in ſuch an extremitie, ſhe ſtrengthened her well created heart, and ſtoutly demanded *Philanax*, what authoritie then they had to lay hands on her perſon, who being the vndoubted heire, was then the lawfull Princeſſe of that Kingdome? *Philanax* anſwered, her Grace knew the ancient lawes of *Arcadia* bare, ſhe was to haue no ſway of gouernment till ſhe came to one and twentie yeares of age, or were married. And married I am, replyed the wiſe Princeſſe, therefore I demaund your due allegeance. The gods forbid, ſaid *Philanax*, *Arcadia* ſhould be a dowrie of ſuch marriages. Beſides, hee told her all the States of her country were euill ſatisfied touching her fathers death, which likewiſe according to the ſtatutes of *Arcadia*, was euen that day to be iudged of, before the bodie were remoued to receiue his Princely funeralls. After that paſt, ſhe ſhould haue ſuch obedience, as by the lawes was due vnto her, deſiring God ſhee would ſhew her ſelfe better in publike gouernement, than ſhee had done in priuate. She would haue ſpoken to the Gentlemen and people gathered about her: but *Philanax* fearing leſt thereby ſome commotion might ariſe, or at leaſt a hinderance of executing his maſters murderers, which he longed after more than any thing, haſted her vp to the Lodge, where her ſiſter was, & there with a choſen company of Souldiers to guard the place, left her with *Philoclea*, *Pamela* proteſting they

laid violent hands on her, and that they entred into rebellious attempts againſt her. But high time it was for *Philanax* ſo to doe: for already was all the whole multitude fallen into confuſed and dangerous diuiſions.

There was a notable example, how great diſſipations, Monarchall gouernment is ſubiect vnto. For now their Prince and guide had left them, they had not experience to rule, and had not whom to obey. Publike matters had euer beene priuately gouerned, ſo that they had no liuely taſte what was good for themſelues. But euery thing was either vehemently deſirefull, or extreamely terrible. Neighbours inuaſions, ciuill diſſention, cruelty of the comming Prince, and whatſoeuer in common ſenſe carries a dreadfull ſhew, was in all mens heads, but in few how to preuent: harkening on euery rumour, ſuſpecting euery thing, condemning them whom before they had honoured, making ſtrange and impoſſible tales of the Kings death, while they thought themſelues in danger, wiſhing nothing but ſafety, as ſoone as perſwaſion of ſafety tooke them, deſiring further benefits, as amendment of forepaſſed faults (which faults notwithſtanding none could tell either the grounds or effects of) all agreeing in the vniuerſall names of liking or miſliking, but of what in eſpeciall points, infinitely diſagreeing. Altogether like a falling ſteeple, the parts whereof, as windowes, ſtones, and pinnacles were well, but the whole maſſe ruinous. And this was the generall cauſe of all, wherin notwithſtanding was an extreame medley of diuerſified thoughts, the great men looking to make themſelues ſtrong by factions, the gentlemen ſome bending to thē, ſome ſtanding vpon themſelues, ſome deſirous to ouerthrow thoſe few which they thought were ouer them; the ſouldiers deſirous of trouble, as the nurſe of ſpoile, and not much vnlike to them though in another way, were all the needie ſort, the rich fearfull, the wiſe carefull. This compoſition of conceits, brought forth a dangerous tumult, which yet would haue beene more dangerous, but that it had ſo many parts, that no body well knew againſt whom chiefly to oppoſe themſelues. For ſome there were that cried to haue the ſtate altered, and gouerned no more by a Prince; marie in the alteration, many would haue the *Lacedæmonian* gouernment of a few choſen Senatours; others the *Athenian*, where the peoples voice held the chiefe authority. But theſe were rather the diſcourſing ſort of men, than the actiue, being a matter more in imagination than practice. But they that went neareſt to the preſent caſe, (as in a countrie that knew no gouernement without a Prince) were they that ſtroue whom they ſhould make. Whereof a great number there were that would haue the Princeſſe *Pamela* preſently to enioy it: ſome diſdaining that ſhee had as it were abandoned her owne country, enclining more to *Philoclea*: and there wanted not of them, which wiſhed *Gynecia* were deliuered, and made Regent till *Pamela* were worthily married. But great multitudes there were, which hauing beene acquainted with the iuſt gouernment of *Philanax*, meant to eſtabliſh him as Lieutenant of the ſtate: and theſe were the moſt popular ſort, who iudged by the commodities they felt. But the principall men in honour and might, who had long before enuied his greatneſſe with *Baſilius*, did much more ſpurne againſt any ſuch preferment of him. For yet before their enuie had ſome kind of breathing out his rancour, by laying his greatneſſe as a fault to the Princes iudgement, who ſhewed in *Dametas* he might eaſily be deceiued in mens valour: But now if the Princes choice, by ſo many mouths ſhould be confirmed, what could they obiect to ſo rightly eſteemed an excellency? They therefore were diſpoſed, ſooner to yeeld to any thing, than to his raiſing: and were content (for to croſſe *Philanax*) to ſtop thoſe actions, which otherwiſe they could not but thinke good. *Philanax* himſelfe

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as much hindred by those, that did immoderately honour him, (which brought both more enuie, and suspicion vpon him) as by them that did manifestly resist him but (standing onely vpon a constant desire of iustice, and a cleare conscience) went forward stoutly in the action of his masters reuenge, which he thought himselfe particularly bound to. For the rest, as the ordering of the gouernment, hee accounted himselfe but as one, wherein notwithstanding hee would employ all his loyall endeauour.

But among the Noblemen, hee that most openly set himselfe against him, was named *Timautus*, a man of middle age, but of extreame ambition, as one that had placed his vttermost good in greatnesse, thinking small difference by what meanes he came by it. Of commendable wit, if hee had not made it a seruant to vnbrideled desires. Cunning to creepe into mens fauours, which he prized onely as they were seruiceable vnto him. He had beene brought vp in some souldierie, which he knew how to set out with more than deserued ostentation. Seruile (though enuious) to his betters: and no lesse tyrannically minded to them he had aduantage of. Counted reuengefull, but indeed measuring both reuenge and reward, as the partie might either helpe or hurt him. Rather shameleſſe than bold, and yet more bold in practice, than in personall aduentures. In summe, a man that could bee as euill as he listed, and listed as much as any aduancement might thereby be gotten. As for vertue, hee counted it but a schoole name. He euen at the first assembling together, finding the great stroke *Philanax* carried among the people, thought it his readiest way of ambition, to ioyne with him: which though his pride did hardly brooke, yet the other vice carrying with it a more apparant obiect, preuailed ouer the weaker, so that with those liberal protestations of friendship, which men that care not for their word are wont to bestow, he offered vnto him the choise in marriage of either the sisters, so he would likewise help him to the other, and make such a partition of the *Arcadian* estate. Wishing him, that since he loued his master, because hee was his master, which shewed the loue began in himselfe, he should rather, now occasion vvas presented, seeke his owne good substantially, than affect the smoke of a glory, by shewing an vntimely fidelity to him that could not reward it: and haue all the fruit he should get, in mens opinions, which would be as diuers, as many, few agreeing to yeeld him due praise of his true heart. But *Philanax*, who had limited his thoughts in that he esteemed good (to which he was neither carried by the vaine tickling of vncertaine fame, nor from which he would be transported by enioying any thing, whereto the ignorant world giues the excellent name of goods) with great mislike of his offer, he made him so peremptory an answer, not without threatning, if he found him foster any such fancie, that *Timautus* went with an inward spite from him, whom before he had neuer loued, and measuring all mens matches by his owne pace, rather thought it some further fetch of *Philanax* (as that he would haue all to himselfe alone) than was any way taken with the louely beauty of his vertue, whose image he had so quite defaced in his owne soule, that he had left himselfe no eyes to behold it, but staied waiting fit opportunity to execute his desires both for himselfe and against *Philanax*, which by the bringing backe of *Pamela*, the people being diuided into many motions (which both with murmuring noyses, and putting themselues in seuerall troupes, they well shewed) hee thought apt time was layed before him, the waters being (as the Prouerbe saith) troubled, and so the better for his fishing. Therefore going amongst the chiefest Lords, whom he knew principally to repine at *Philanax*, and making a kind of conuocation of them, hee inueighed against his proceeding, drawing euery thing to

the most malicious interpretation, that malice it selfe could instruct him to doe. Hee said, it was season for them to looke to such a weed, that else would ouergrow them all. It was not now time to consult of the dead, but of the liuing: since such a slie Wolfe was entred among them, that could make iustice the cloake of tyrannie, and loue of his late master the destruction of his now being children. Doe you not see (said hee) how farre his corruption hath stretched, that hee hath such a number of Rascals voyces to declare him Lieutenant, ready to make him Prince, but that he instructs them, matters are not yet ripe for it? As for vs, because wee are too rich to be bought, he thinkes vs the fitter to bee killed. Hath *Arcadia* bred no man but *Philanax*? Is shee become a stepmother to all the rest, and hath giuen all her blessings to *Philanax*? Or if there bee men amongst vs, let vs shew vvee disdaine to be seruants to a seruant. Let vs make him know, we are farre worthier not to be slaues, than he to be a master. Thinke you he hath made such haste in these matters, to giue them ouer to another mans hand? Thinke you, he durst become the iaylor of his Princesse, but eyther meaning to be her master, or her murtherer? And all this for the deare good will (forsooth) he bears to the kings memory, whose authority as he abused in his life, so he would now persеuere to abuse his name after his death. O notable affection, for the loue of the father to kill the wife, and disinherite the children! O single-minded modestie, to aspire to no lesse than to the Princely Diademe! No, no, he hath vired all this while, but to come the sooner to his affected end. But let vs remember what we be, in quality his equals, in number farre before him: let vs deliuer the Queene and our naturall Princesses, and leaue them no longer vnder his authority; whose proceedings would rather shew that hee himselfe had beene the murtherer of the King, than a fit Gardian of his posterity. These words pierced much into the mindes, already inclined that way; insomuch that most part of the Nobilitie confirmed *Timautus* speech, and were ready to execute it: when *Philanax* came among them, and with a constant, but reuerent behauiour, desired them they would not exercise priuate grudges in so common a necessitie. Hee acknowledged himselfe a man, and a faulty man: to the clearing or satisfying of which, he would at all times submit himselfe; since his end was to bring all things to an vpright iudgement, it should euill fit him to flie the iudgement. But said hee, my Lords, let not *Timautus* rayling speech (who whatsoeuer hee findes euill in his owne soule, can with ease lay it vpon another) make me lose your good fauour. Consider that all well doing stands so in the middle betwixt his two contrary euils, that it is a ready matter to cast a slanderous shade vpon the most approued vertues. Who hath an euill tongue, can call seuerity, cruelty, and faithfull diligence, diligent ambition. But my end is not to excuse my selfe, nor to accuse him: for both those, hereafter will be time enough. There is neither of vs, whose purging or punishing may so much import to *Arcadia*. Now I request you, for your owne honours sake, and require you by the duty you owe to this estate, that you doe presently (according to the lawes) take in hand the chastisement of our masters murtherers, & laying order for the gouernment: by whom so euer it be done, so it be done, and iustly done, I am satisfied. My labour hath beene to frame things so, as you might determine: now it is in you to determine. For my part, I call the heauens to witnesse, the care of my heart stands to repay that, wherein both I, and most of you were tyed to that Prince; with whom all my loue of worldly action is dead.

As *Philanax* was speaking his last words, there came one running to him with open mouth, and fearefull eyes, telling him, that there was a great number of

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the people, which were bent to take the young men out of *Simpathus* hands, and as it ſhould ſeeme by their acclamations, were like enough to proclaime them Princes. Nay, ſaid *Philanax*, (ſpeaking aloud, and looking with a iuſt anger vpon the Noblemen) it is no ſeaſon to heare *Timautus* idle ſlanders, while ſtrangers become our Lords, and *Baſilius* murtherers ſit in his throne. But whoſoeuer is a true *Arcadian*, let him follow me. With that he went toward the place he heard of, followed by thoſe that had euer loued him, and ſome of the Noblemen. Some other remaining with *Timautus*, vvho in the meane time was conſpiring by ſtrong hand to deliuer *Gynecia*, of vvhom the weakeſt guard vvas had. But *Philanax* where hee went, found them all in an vproare, vvhich thus vvas falne out. The greateſt multitude of people, that vvere come to the death of *Baſilius*, were the *Mantineans*, as being the neareſt city to the lodges. Among theſe, the chiefe man both in authority & loue, was *Kalander*, he that not long before had bin hoſt to the two Princes, whom though he knew not ſo much as by name, yet beſides the obligation he ſtood bound to them in, for preſeruing the liues of his ſonne and nephew, their noble behauiour had bred ſuch loue in his heart towards them, as both with teares hee parted from them, vvhen they left him (vnder promiſe to returne) and did keep their iewels and apparrel as the reliques of two demi-gods. Among others, he had entred the priſon, and ſeen them, vvhich forthwith ſo inueſted his ſoule, both with ſorrow & deſire to help them (vvhom he tendred as his children) that calling his neighbours the *Mantineans* vnto him, he told them all the praiſes of thoſe two young men, ſwearing, he thought the gods had promiſed for them better, than they themſelues could haue imagined. He willed them to cõſider, that when all was done, *Baſilius* children muſt enioy the ſtate, who ſince they had choſen, & choſen ſo, as all the world would not mend their choiſe, why ſhould they reſiſt Gods doing, & their Princeſſes pleaſure? This was the only vvay to purchaſe quietneſs without bloud, where otherwiſe they ſhould at one inſtant crowne *Pamela* with a crowne of gold, and a diſhonored title: vvhich vvhether euer ſhe would forget, hee thought it fit for them to vveigh: ſuch (ſaid he) heroicall greatneſſe ſhines in their eyes, ſuch an extraordinary maieſty in all their actions, as ſurely either fortune by parentage, or nature in creation, hath made them Princes. And yet a ſtate already we haue, we need but a man, vvho ſince he is preſented vnto you by the heauenly prouidence, embraced by your vndoubted Princeſſe, worthy for their youth, of compaſſion, for their beauty, of admiration, for their excellent vertue, to be Monarches of the vvorld; ſhall we not be content vvith our owne bliſſe, ſhall vve put out our eyes becauſe another man can not ſee? or rather like ſome men, vvhen too much good happens vnto them, they thinke themſelues in a dreame, and haue no ſpirits to taſte their owne goods? No, no, my friends, beleeue me, I am ſo vnpartiall, that I know not their names, but ſo ouercome vvith their vertue, that I ſhall then thinke, the deſtinies haue ordained a perpetuall flouriſhing to *Arcadia*, vvhen they ſhall allot ſuch a gouernour vnto it. This ſpoken by a graue man in yeares, great in authority, neare allyed to the Prince, and known honeſt, preuailed ſo with all the *Mantineans*, that with one voice they ran to deliuer the two Princes. But *Philanax* came in time to withſtand them, both ſides yet ſtanding in armes, and rather wanting a beginning, than mindes to enter into a bloudy conflict. Which *Philanax* fore-ſeeing, thought beſt to remoue the priſoners ſecretly, and if need were, rather vvithout forme of iuſtice to kill them, than againſt iuſtice (as hee thought) to haue them vſurpe the ſtate. But there againe aroſe a new trouble. For *Simpathus* (the noble man that kept them) was ſo ſtriken in compaſſion with their excellent preſence, that as hee would not falſifie his promiſe to *Philanax*,

to giue them liberty, ſo yet would he not yeeld them to himſelfe, fearing he would doe them violence. Thus tumult vpon tumult ariſing, the Sunne (I thinke) aweary to ſee their diſcords, had alreadie gone downe to his Weſterne lodging. But yet to know what the poore ſhepheards did, who were the firſt deſcryers of theſe matters, will not to ſome eares perchance be a tedious digreſſion.

Here endeth the fourth Booke or Act.

The fourth Eclogve.

THe ſhepheards finding no place for them in theſe garboils, to which their quiet hearts (whoſe higheſt ambition was in keeping themſelues vp in goodneſſe) had at all any aptneſſe, retired themſelues from among the clamorous multitude: and as ſorrow deſires company, went vp together to the Weſtern ſide of a hill, whoſe proſpect extended it ſo far, as they might wel diſcerne many of *Arcadia's* beauties. And there looking vpon the Sunnes as then declining race, the poore men ſate penſiue of their preſent miſeries, as if they found a wearineſſe of their wofull words: till at laſt good old *Geron* (who as he had longeſt taſted the benefits of *Baſilius* gouernmẽt, ſo ſeemed to haue a ſpeciall feeling of the preſent loſſe) wiping his eies and long white beard bedewed with great drops of teares, began in this ſort to complaine. Alas poore ſheepe (ſaid hee) which hitherto haue enioyed your fruitfull paſture, in ſuch quietnes as your wooll amongſt other things hath made this country famous, your beſt dayes are now paſt: now you muſt become the victuall of an armie, and perchance an armie of forraine enemies: you are now not onely to feare home-Wolues, but alien Lyons; now (I ſay) now that our right *Baſilius* is deceaſed. Alas, ſweet paſtures, ſhall ſouldiers that know not how to vſe you, poſſeſſe you? Shal they that cannot ſpeake the *Arcadian* language be Lords ouer your ſhepheards? For alas with good cauſe may wee looke for any euill, ſince *Baſilius* our onely ſtrength is taken from vs. To that all the other ſhepheards preſent vttered pitifull voices, eſpecially the verie borne *Arcadians*. For as for the other, though humanitie moued them to pitie humane caſes, eſpecially in a Prince, vnder whom they had found a refuge of their miſeries, and iuſtice equally adminiſtred: yet could they not ſo naturally feele the liuely touch of ſorrow. Neuertheleſſe, of that number one *Agelaſtus* notably noted among them, as well for his skill in poetrie, as for an auſterely maintained ſorrowfulneſſe, wherewith he ſeemed to deſpiſe the workes of nature, framing an vniuerſall complaint in that vniuerſall miſchiefe, vttered it in this Seſtine.

Since wayling is a bud of cauſefull ſorrow,
Since ſorrow is the follower of euill fortune,
Since no euill fortune equals publike damage;
Now Princes loſſe hath made our damage publike,
Sorrow, pay we to thee the rights of Nature,
And inward griefe ſeale vp with outward wayling.

Why ſhould we ſpare our voice from endleſſe wayling,
Who iuſtly make our hearts the ſeate of ſorrow?

In

In such a case where it appeares that nature
Doth adde her force vnto the sting of fortune:
Choosing alas! this our theatre publike,
Where they would leaue trophees of cruell damage.

Then since such pow'rs conspir'd vnto our damage
(Which may be knowne, but neuer helpt with wayling)
Yet let vs leaue a monument in publike
Of willing teares, torne haires, and cries of sorrow.
For lost, lost is by blow of cruell fortune
Arcadia's *gemme, the noblest childe of nature.*

O nature doting old, O blinded nature,
How hast thou torne thy selfe, sought thine owne danger?
In granting such a scope to filthy fortune,
By thy impes losse to fill the world with wayling,
Cast thy stepmother eyes vpon our sorrow,
Publike our losse: so, see, thy shame is publique.

O that we had, to make our woes more publique,
Seas in our eyes, and brasen tongues by nature,
A yelling voice, and hearts compos'd of sorrow,
Breath made of flames, wits knowing nought but damage,
Our sports murdring our selues, our musiques wayling,
Our studies fixt vpon the falls of fortune.

No, no, our mischiefe growes in this vile fortune,
That priuate paines can not breathe out in publique
The furious inward griefes with hellish wayling:
But forced are to burthen feeble nature
With secret sense of our eternall damage,
And sorrow feed, feeding our soules with sorrow.

Since sorrow then concludeth all our fortune,
With all our deaths shew we this damage publique.
His nature feares to dye who liues still wayling.

It seemed that this complaint of *Agelastus* had awaked the spirits of the *Arcadians*, astonished before with exceedingnesse of sorrow. For he had scarcely ended, when diuers of them offred to follow his example, in bewayling the generall losse of that countrey which had been as well a nurse to strangers, as a mother to *Arcadians*. Among the rest one accounted good in that kind, & made the better by the true feeling of sorrow, roared out a song of lamentation, which (as well as might be) was gathered vp in this forme:

Since that to death is gone the shepheard hie,
Who most the silly shepheards pipe did prise,
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses *now applie.*

And

And you O trees (if any life there lies
In trees) now through your porous barkes receine
The strange resound of these my causefull cries:
And let my breath vpon your branches cleane,
My breath distinguish'd into words of woe,
That so I may signes of my sorrow leane.
But if among your selues some one tree grow,
That aptest is to figure miserie,
Let it embassage beare your griefes to show.
The weeping Myrrhe I thinke will not denie
Her help to this, this instest cause of plaint.
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses *now applie.*

And thou poore Earth, whom fortune doth attaint,
In Natures name to suffer such a harme,
As for to lose thy gemme, and such a Saint,
Vpon thy face let coaly Rauens swarme:
Let all the Sea thy teares accounted be:
Thy bowels with all killing metalls arme.
Let gold now rust, let Diamonds waste in thee:
Let pearles be wan with woe their damme doth beare:
Thy selfe henceforth the light doe neuer see.
And you, O flowers, which sometimes Princes were,
Till these strange altrings you did hap to trie,
Of Princes losse your selues for tokens reare.
Lilly *in mourning blacke thy whitenesse die:*
O Hyacinthe *let* Ai *be on thee still.*
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses *now apply.*

O Echo, *all these woods with roaring fill,*
And doe not onely marke the accents last,
But all, for all reach out my wailefull will:
One Echo *to another* Echo *cast*
Sound of my griefes, and let it neuer end,
Till that it hath all woods and waters past.
Nay to the heau'ns your iust complaining send,
And stay the stars inconstant constant race,
Till that they doe vnto our dolors bend:
And aske the reason of that speciall grace,
That they, which haue no liues, should liue so long,
And vertuous soules so soone should lose their place?
Aske, if in great men good men do so throng,
That he for want of elbow roome must die?
Or if that they be skant, if this be wrong?
Did Wisedome this our wretched time espie
In one true chest to rob all Vertues treasure?
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses *now applie.*

And if that any counsell you to measure
Your dolefull tunes, to them still playning say,

To well felt griefe, plaint is the onely pleasure.
O light of Sunne, which to entir'led day:
O well thou doest that thou no longer bidest;
For mourning night her blacke weedes may display.
O Phœbus with good cause thy face thou hidest,
Rather than haue thy all-beholding eye
Fowl'd with this sight, while thou thy chariot guidest,
And well (me thinkes) becomes this vaulty skie
A stately tombe to couer him deceased.
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses *now applie.*

O Philomela *with thy breast oppressed*
By shame and griefe, helpe, helpe me to lament
Such cursed harmes as cannot be redressed.
Or if thy mourning notes be fully spent,
Then giue a quiet eare vnto my plaining:
For I to teach the world complaint am bent.
You dimmie clouds, which well employ your staining
This chearfull ayre with your obscured cloare,
Witnesse your wofull teares with daily raining.
And if, O Sunne, thou euer didst appeare,
In shape, which by mans eye might be perceiued:
Vertue is dead, now set thy triumph here.
Now set thy triumph in this world bereaued
Of what vvas good, where now no good doth lie:
And by thy pompe our losse will be conceiued.
O notes of mine, your selues together tie:
With too much griefe me thinkes you are dissolued.
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses *now applie.*

Time euer old, and young is still reuolued
Within it selfe, and neuer tasteth end:
But mankind is for aye to nought resolued.
The filthy snake her aged coate can mend,
And getting youth againe, in youth doth flourish:
But vnto man age euer death doth send.
The very trees with grafting we can cherish,
So that we can long time produce their time:
But man which helpeth them, helplesse must perish.
Thus, thus the mindes which euer all doe clime,
When they by yeares experience get best graces,
Must finish then by deaths detested crime.
We last short while, and build long lasting places:
Ah let vs all against foule Nature cry:
We Natures workes do helpe, she vs defaces.
For how can Nature vnto this reply?
That she her childe, I say, her best childe killeth?
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses *now apply.*

Alas, me thinkes, my weakned voice but spilleth

The vehement course of his iust lamentation:
Me thinkes, my sound no place with sorrow filleth.
I know not I, but once in detestation
I haue my selfe, and all that life containeth,
Since death on Vertues fort hath made inuasion.
One word of woe another after traineth:
Ne doe I care how rude be my inuention,
So it be seene what sorrow in me raigneth.
O Elements, by whose (men say) contention,
Our bodies be in liuing power maintained,
Was this mans death the fruit of your dissension?
O Physickes power, which (some say) hath restrained
Approach of death, alas thou helpest meagerly,
When once one is for Atropos *distrained.*
Great be Physitians brags, but aide is beggerly,
When rooted moisture failes or groweth drie,
They leaue off all, and say, death comes too eagerly.
They are but words therefore that men doe buy
Of any, since god Aesculapius *ceased,*
Your dolefull vaines sweet Muses *now apply.*

Iustice, iustice is now (alas) oppressed:
Bountifulnesse hath made his last conclusion:
Goodnesse for best attire in dust is dressed.
Shepheards bewaile your vttermost confusion:
And see by this picture to you presented,
Death is our home, life is but a delusion.
For see alas who is from you absented,
Absented? nay I say for euer banished
From such as were to dye for him contented?
Out of our sight in turne of hand is vanished
Shepheard of shepheards, whose well setled order
Priuate with wealth, publike with quiet garnished.
While he did liue, farre, farre was all disorder;
Example more preuailing than direction,
Far was home-strife, and far was foe from border,
His life a law, his looke a full correction:
As in his health we healthfull were preserued,
So in his sickenesse grew our sure infection.
His death our death. But ah, my Muse hath swarued,
For such deepe plaint as should such woes deserue,
Which he of vs for euer hath deserued.
The stile of heauie heart can neuer flie
So high, as should make such a paine notorious:
Cease Muse therefore: thy dart O Death applie,
And farewell Prince, whom goodnesse hath made glorious.

Many were ready to haue followed this course, but the day was so wasted, that onely his riming *Sestine* deliuered by one of great account among them, could obtaine fauour to be heard.

Farewell

FArewell O Sunne, Arcadia's cleareſt light:
Farewell O pearle, the poore mans plenteous treaſure.
Farewell O golden ſtaffe, the weake mans might:
Farewell O ioy, the ioyfulls onely pleaſure.
Wiſedome farewell, the skilleſſe mans direction:
Farewell with thee, farewell all our affection.

For what place now is left for our affection,
Now that of pureſt lamp is quench'd the light,
Which to our darkned mindes was beſt direction?
Now that the mine is loſt of all our treaſure?
Now death hath ſwallow'd vp our worldly pleaſure,
We Orphans made, voide of all publique might?

Orphans indeed, depriu'd of fathers might:
For he our father was in all affection,
In our well-doing placing all his pleaſure,
Still ſtudying how to vs to be a light.
As well he was in peace a ſafeſt treaſure:
In warre his wit and word was our direction.

Whence, whence alas, ſhall we ſeeke our direction?
When that we feare our hatefull neighbours might,
Who long haue gap't toget Arcadians treaſure.
Shall we now finde a guide of ſuch affection,
Who for our ſakes will thinke all trauaile light,
And make his paine to keep vs ſafe, his pleaſure?

No, no, for euer gone is all our pleaſure;
For euer wandring from all good direction;
For euer blinded of our cleareſt light;
For euer lamed of our ſured might;
For euer baniſh'd from well plac'd affection;
For euer robd of all our royall treaſure.

Let teares for him therefore be all our treaſure,
And in our wailfull naming him our pleaſure:
Let hating of our ſelues be our affection,
And vnto death bend ſtill our thoughts direction:
Let vs againſt our ſelues employ our might,
And putting out our eyes ſeeke we our light.

Farewell our light, farewell our ſpoyled treaſure:
Farewell our might, farewell our damned pleaſure:
Farewell direction: farewell all affection.

The night began to caſt her dark canopy ouer them, & they euen weary with their woes, bended homewards: hoping by ſleep, forgetting themſelues, to eaſe their preſent dolours: when they were met with a troupe of twenty horſe, the chief of which asking them for the King, & vnderſtanding the hard newes, therupon ſtayed among them, expecting the return of a meſſenger, whō with ſpeed he diſpatcht to Philanax.

The end of the fourth Booke.

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

THE dangerous diuision of mens mindes, the ruinous renting of all estates, had now brought *Arcadia* to feele the pangs of the vttermost perill (such convulsions neuer comming, but that the life of that gouernement drawes neare his necessary period) when to the honest and wise *Philanax*, equally distracted betwixt desire of his masters reuenge and care of the estates establishment, there came (vnlooked for) a *Macedonian* Gentlemen, who in short, but pithie manner, deliuered vnto him, that the renowmed *Euarchus*, King of *Macedon*, purposing to haue visited his old friend and confederate the King *Basilius*, was now come within halfe a mile of the Lodges, where hauing vnderstood by certain Shepheards the sudden death of their Prince, had sent vnto him (of whose authority and faith he had good knowledge) desiring him to aduertise him, in what security he might rest there for that night, where willingly he would (if safely he might) help to celebrate the funerals of his ancient companion and ally; adding he need not doubt, since he had brought but twenty in his company, hee would be so vnwise as to enter into anie forcible attempt with so small force. *Philanax* hauing entertained the Gentleman, as wel as in the middest of so many tumults he could, pausing a while with himselfe, considering how it should not only be vniust, and against the law of Nations, not well to receiue a Prince whom good will had brought among them, but (in respect of the greatnesse of his might) very dangerous to giue him any cause of due offence; remembring withall the excellent trials of his equity, which made him more famous than his victories, he thought hee might be the fittest instrument to redresse the ruines they were in, since his goodnesse put him without suspicion, and his greatnesse beyond enuie. Yet weighing with himselfe how hard many heads were to be bridled, and that in this monstrous confusion such mischiefe might be attempted, of which late repentance should after be but a simple remedie: he iudged best first to know how the peoples mindes would sway to this determination. Therfore desiring the Gentleman to returne to the King his master, and to beseech him (though with his paines) to stay for an houre or two, where he was, till hee had set things in better order to receiue him: he himselfe went first to the Noblemen, then to *Kalander* and the principall *Mantineans*, who were most opposite vnto him; desiring them that as the night had most blessedly stayed them from entring into ciuill bloud, so they would be content in the night to assemble the people together, to heare some newes, which he was to deliuer vnto them. There is nothing more desi-

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rous of noueltie̅s than a man that feares his preſent fortune. Therefore they, whom mutuall diffidence made doubtfull of their vtter deſtruction, were quickly perſwaded to heare of any new matter, which might alter at leaſt, if not helpe the nature of their feare. Namely the chiefeſt men, who as they had moſt to loſe, ſo were moſt iealous of their owne caſe, and were already grown as wearie to be followers of *Timautus* ambition, as before they were enuiers of *Philanax* worthineſſe. As for *Kalander* and *Simpathus*, as in the one a vertuous friendſhip had made him ſeeke to aduance, in the other a naturall commiſeration had made him willing to protect the excellent (though vnfortunate) priſoners, ſo were they not againſt this conuocation. For hauing nothing but iuſt deſires in them, they did not miſtruſt the iuſtifying of them. Only *Timautus* laboured to haue withdrawne them from this aſſembly, ſaying, it was time to ſtop their eares from the ambitious charmes of *Philanax*. Let them firſt deliuer *Gynecia*, and her daughters, which were fit perſons to heare, and then they might begin to ſpeake. That this was but *Philanax* cunning, to linke broyle vpon broyle, becauſe he might auoyde the anſwering of his treſpaſſes, which as hee had long intended, ſo had he prepared coloured ſpeeches to diſguiſe them. But as his wordes expreſſed rather a violence of rancour, than any iuſt ground of accuſation, ſo pierced they no further, than to ſome partiall eare, the multitude yeelding good attention to what *Philanax* would propoſe vnto them: Who, like a man, whoſe beſt building was a well framed conſcience, neither with plauſible wordes, nor fawning countenance, but euen with the graue behauiour of a wiſe father, whom nothing but loue makes to chide, thus ſaid vnto them. I haue (ſaid he) a great matter to deliuer vnto you, and thereour am I to make a greater demaund of you: But truely ſuch hath this late proceeding beene of yours, that I know not what is to bee demanded of you. Me thinkes I may haue reaſon to require of you, as men are wont among Pirates, that the life of him that neuer hurt you, may be ſafe. Me thinkes I am not without apparence of cauſe, as if you were *Cyclopes* or *Cannibals*, to deſire that our Princes body, which hath thirty yeats maintained vs in a flouriſhing peace, bee not torne in peeces, or deuoured among you, but may bee ſuffered to yeeld it ſelfe, which neuer was defiled with any of your blouds, to the naturall reſt of the earth. Mee thinkes, not as to *Arcadians* renowmed for your faith to Prince, & loue of countrey, but as to ſworne enemies of this ſweet ſoile, I am to deſire you, that at leaſt, if you will haue ſtrangers to your Princes, yet you will not deliuer the ſeigniory of this goodly kingdom to your noble Kings murtherers. Laſtly, I haue reaſon, as if I had to ſpeake to mad men, to deſire you to be good to your ſelues: For before God, what either barbarous violence or vnnaturall folly, hath not this day his ſeate in your minds, & left his footſteps in your actions? But in troth I loue you too well, to ſtand long diſplaying your faults: I would you your ſelues did forget them, ſo you did not fall againe into them. For my part, I had much rather be an Orator of your praiſes. But now (if you will ſuffer attentiue iudgement, and not foreiudging paſſion, to bee the weigher of my words) I will deliuer vnto you what a bleſſed meane the gods haue ſent vnto you if you liſt to embrace it. I thinke there is none among you ſo yong, either in yeares, or vnderſtanding, but hath heard the true fame of that iuſt Prince *Euarchus* king of *Macedon*. A Prince with whom our late maſter did euer hold moſt perfect alliance. He, euen he, is this day come, hauing but twentie horſe with him, within two myles of this place, hoping to haue found the vertuous *Baſilius* aliue, but now willing to do honour to his death. Surely, ſurely the heauenly powers haue in ſo full a time beſtowed him on vs, to vnite our diuiſions. For my part therefore I wiſh, that ſince

among our ſelues we cannot agree in ſo manifold partialities, we doe put the ordering of all theſe things into his hands, as well touching the obſequies of the King, the puniſhment of his death, as the mariage and crowning of our Princeſſe. He is both by experience and wiſedome taught how to direct; his greatneſſe ſuch, as no man can diſdaine to obey him: his equitie ſuch, as no man neede to feare him. Laſtly, as he hath all theſe qualities to helpe, ſo hath he (though he would) no force to hurt. If therefore you ſo thinke good, ſince our lawes bear that our Princes murther be chaſtiſed before his murthered bodie bee buried, wee may inuite him to ſit to morrow in the iudgement ſeate; which done, you may after proceede to the buriall. When *Philanax* firſt named *Euarchus* landing, there was a muttering murmur among the people, as though in that euill ordered weakneſſe of theirs hee had come to conquer their country. But when they vnderſtood he had ſo ſmal a retinue, whiſpering one with another, and looking who ſhould begin to confirme *Philanax* propoſition, at length *Simpathus* was the firſt that allowed it, then the reſt of the Noblemen, neither did *Kalander* ſtriue, hoping ſo excellent a Prince could not but deale graciouſly with two ſuch yong men, whoſe authoritie ioyned to *Philanax*, all the popular ſort followed. *Tymautus* ſtill blinded with his own ambitious haſt (not remembring factions are no longer to be truſted, than the factious may be perſwaded it is for their owne good) would needes ſtriue againſt the ſtreame, exclaiming againſt *Philanax*, that now he ſhewed who it was, that would betray his countrie to ſtrangers. But well hee found, that who is too buſie in the foundation of an houſe, may pull the building about his eares. For the people already tyred with their owne diuiſions (of which his clampring had beene a principall nurſe) and beginning now to eſpie a hauen of reſt, hated any thing that ſhould hinder them from it: asking one another whether this were not hee, whoſe euill tongue no man could eſcape? whether it were not *Timautus* that made the firſt mutinous Oration, to ſtrengthen the troubles? whether *Timautus*, without their conſent, had not gone about to deliuer *Gynecia*? And thus inflaming one another againſt him, they threw him out of the aſſembly, and after purſued him with ſtones and ſtaues, ſo that with loſſe of one of his eyes, ſore wounded and beaten, he was faine to flie to *Philanax* feete, for ſuccour of his life: giuing a true leſſon, that vice it ſelfe is forced to ſeeke the ſanctuarie of vertue. For *Philanax* who hated his euill, but not his perſon, and knew that a iuſt puniſhment might by the manner be vniuſtly done; remembring withall, that although herein the peoples rage might haue hit rightly, yet if it were nouriſhed in this, no man knew to what extreamities it might extend it ſelfe: with earneſt dealing, and employing the vttermoſt of his authoritie, hee did protect the trembling *Timautus*. And then hauing taken a generall oath, that they ſhould in the nonage of the Princeſſe, or till theſe things were ſettled, yeelde full obedience to *Euarchus*, ſo farre as were not preiudiciall to the lawes, cuſtomes, and liberties of *Arcadia*: and hauing taken a particular bond of *Simpathus* (vnder whom he had a ſeruant of his owne) that the priſoners ſhould be kept cloſe, without conference with any man: he himſelfe honourably accompanied with a great number of torches, went to the King *Euarchus*, whoſe comming in this ſort into *Arcadia* had thus fallen out.

The wofull Prince *Plangus* receiued of *Baſilius* no other ſuccours, but only certaine to conduct him to *Euarchus*, made all poſſible ſpeede towards *Byzantium*, where he vnderſtood the King, hauing concluded all his warres with the winning of that towne, had now for ſome good ſpace made his aboade. But being far gone on his way, hee receiued certaine intelligence, that *Euarchus* was not onely ſome

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dayes before returned into *Macedon*, but ſince was gone with ſome haſte to viſit that coaſt of his country that lay towards *Italy*; The occaſion giuen by the *Latines*, who hauing already gotten into their hands, partly by conqueſt, and partly by confederacie, the greateſt part of *Italy*, and long gaped to deuour *Greece* alſo (obſeruing the preſent opportunitie of *Euarchus* abſence, and *Baſilius* ſolitarineſſe, which two Princes they knew to bee in effect the whole ſtrength of *Greece*) were euen ready to lay an vniuſt gripe vpon it, which after they might beautifie with the noble name of conqueſt. Which purpoſe though they made not knowne by any ſolemne denouncing of warre, but contrariwiſe gaue many tokens of continuing ſtill their former amitie: yet the ſtaying of his Subiects ſhips, trafficking as Merchants into thoſe parts, together with the daily preparation of ſhipping, and other warlike prouiſions in Ports, moſt conuenient for the tranſporting of Souldiers, occaſioned *Euarchus* (not vnacquainted with ſuch practiſes) firſt to ſuſpect, then to diſcerne, laſtly to ſeeke to preuent the intended miſchiefe. Yet thinking warre neuer to be accepted, vntill it be offered by the hand of neceſſity, he determined ſo long openly to hold them his friends, as open hoſtility bewraied them not his enemies; nor ceaſing in the meane time by letters and meſſages to moue the States of *Greece* by vniting their ſtrength, to make timely prouiſion againſt this peril: by many reaſons making them ſee, that, though in reſpect of place ſome of them might ſeeme further remoued from the firſt violence of the ſtorme, yet being imbarked in the ſame ſhip, the finall wracke muſt needes be common to them all. And knowing the mighty force of example, with the weake effect of faire diſcourſes not wayted on with agreeable actions, what he perſwaded them, himſelfe performed, leauing in his own Realme nothing either vndone or vnprouided, which might be thought neceſſary for withſtanding an inuaſion. His firſt care was to put his people in a readineſſe for warre, and by his experienced Souldiers to traine the vnskilfull to martiall exerciſes. For the better effecting wherof, as alſo for meeting with other inconueniences in ſuch doubtfull times incident to the moſt ſetled ſtates, making of the diuers regions of his whole Kingdome ſo many diuiſions as he thought conuenient, he appointed the charge of them to the greateſt, and of greateſt truſt he had about him: arming them with ſufficient authoritie to leauie forces within their ſeuerall gouernements, both for reſiſting the inuading enemie, and puniſhing the disordered ſubiect. Hauing thus prepared the body, and aſſured the heart of his countrey againſt any miſchiefe that might attaint it, he then tooke into his carefull conſideration the externall parts, giuing order both for the repairing and increaſing his Nauy, and for the fortifying of ſuch places, eſpecially on the Sea coaſt, as either commoditie of landing, weakeneſſe of the countrey, or any other reſpect of aduantage was likelieſt to draw the enemie vnto. But being none of them who think all things done, for which they haue once giuen direction, he followed euery where his commandment with his preſence, which witneſſed of euery mans ſlackneſſe or diligence, chaſtiſing the one, & encouraging the other, ſuffred not the fruit of any profitable counſell for want of timely taking to bee loſt. And thus making one place ſucceed another in the progreſſe of wiſedome & vertue, he was now come to *Aulon* a principall Port of his Realm, when the poor *Plangus* extremely wearied with his long iourney (deſire of ſuccouring *Erona*, no more relieuing, than feare of not ſuccouring her in time, aggrauating his trauell) by a lamentable narration of his childrens death, called home his cares from encountring forreine enemies, to ſuppreſſe the inſurrection of inward paſſions. The matter ſo haynous, the maner ſo villanous, the loſſe of ſuch perſons, in ſo vnripe yeares, in a time ſo dangerous to the whole

ſtate of *Greece*, how vehemently it moued to griefe and compaſſion others, onely not blind to the light of vertue, nor deafe to the voice of their countrey, might perchance by a more cunning workeman in liuely colours bee deliuered. But the face of *Euarchus* ſorrow, to the one in nature, to both in affection a father, and iudging the world ſo much the more vnworthily depriued of thoſe excellencies, as himſelfe was better iudge of ſo excellent worthines, can no otherwiſe be ſhadowed out by the skilfulleſt pencell, than by couering it ouer with the veile of ſilence. And indeede that way himſelfe took, with ſo patient a quietneſſe receiuing this pitifull relation, that all the words of weakneſſe ſuppreſſed, magnanimity ſeemed to triumph ouer miſery. Only receiuing of *Plangus* perfect inſtruction of all things concerning *Plexirtus* and *Artaxia*, with promiſe not onely to aide him in deliuering *Erona*, but alſo with vehement proteſtation, neuer to returne into *Macedon*, till he had purſued the murtherers to death: he diſpatched with ſpeede a ſhip for *Byzantium*, commanding the gouernour to prouide all neceſſaries for the warre againſt his owne comming, which hee purpoſed ſhould bee very ſhortly. In this ſhippe *Plangus* would needes goe, impatient of ſtay, for that in many dayes before hee had vnderſtood nothing of his Ladies eſtate. Soone after whoſe departure, newes was brought to *Euarchus*, that all the ſhippes detayned in *Italy* were returned. For the *Latines* finding by *Euarchus* proceedings their intent to bee fruſtrate (as before by his ſodaine returne they doubted it was diſcouered) deeming it no wiſedome to ſhew the will, not hauing the ability to hurt, had not only in free & friendly maner diſmiſſed them, but for the time wholy omitted their enterpriſe, attending the opportunity of fitter occaſion. By meanes whereof *Euarchus*, rid from the cumber of that warre (likely otherwiſe to haue ſtayed him longer) with ſo great a fleet as haſte would ſuffer him to aſſemble, forthwith imbarqued for *Byzantium*. And now followed with freſh winds he had in a ſhort time run a long courſe, when on a night encountred with an extreme tempeſt, his ſhips were ſo ſcattered, that ſcarcely any two were left together. As for the Kings owne ſhip, depriued of all companie, ſore bruiſed, and weather-beaten, able no longer to brooke the ſeas churliſh entertainment, a little before day it recouered the ſhore. The firſt light made them ſee it was the vnhappy coaſt of *Lacinia*: for no other country could haue ſhown the like euidence of vnnaturall war. Which hauing long endured betweene the nobilitie and the *Helotes*, and once compounded by *Pyrocles*, vnder the name of *Diaphantus*, immediatly vpon his departure had broken out more violently than euer before. For the King taking opportunitie of their Captaines abſence, refuſed to performe the conditions of peace, as extorted from him by rebellious violence. Whereupon they were againe deeply entred into warre, with ſo notable an hatred towards the very name of a King, that *Euarchus* (though a ſtranger vnto them) thought it not ſafe there to leaue his perſon, where neither his owne force could be a defence, nor the ſacred name of Maieſtie, a protection. Therefore calling to him an *Arcadian* (one that comming with *Plangus* had remained with *Euarchus*, deſirous to ſee the warres) hee demaunded of him for the next place of ſuretie, where hee might make his ſtay, vntill hee might heare ſomewhat of his fleete, or cauſe his ſhip to be repayred. The Gentleman glad to haue this occaſion of doing ſeruice to *Euarchus*, and honour to *Baſilius* (to whom he knew he ſhould bring a moſt welcome gueſt) told him, that if it pleaſed him to commit himſelf to *Arcadia*, (a part wherof lay open to their view) he would vndertake ere the next night were far ſpent to guide him ſafely to his Maſter *Baſilius*. The preſent neceſſity much preuailed with *Euarchus*, yet more a certaine vertuous deſire to try, whether by his authoritie he might withdraw *Baſilius* from burying himſelf

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aliue, and to employ the reſt of his old yeares in doing good, the only happy action of mans life. For beſides the vniuerſall caſe of *Greece*, depriued by this meanes of a principall pillar, he weighed and pitied the pitiful ſtate of the *Arcadian* people, who were in worſe caſe than if death had taken away their Prince. For ſo yet their neceſſitie would haue placed ſome one to the helme: now, a Prince being, and not doing like a Prince, keeping and not exerciſing the place, they were in ſo much more euill caſe, as they could not prouide for their euill. Theſe rightly wiſe & vertuous conſiderations eſpecially moued *Euarchus* to take his iourney towards the deſart, where arriuing within night, & vnderſtanding to his great griefe, the newes of the Princes death, he waited for his ſafe conduct from *Philanax*: in the meane time taking his reſt vnder a tree, with no more affected pompes, than as a man that knew, howſoeuer he was exalted, the beginning and end of his bodie was earth. But *Philanax* as ſoon as he was in ſight of him, lighting from his horſe, preſented himſelf vnto him in all thoſe humble behauiors, which not only the great reuerence of the party, but the conceit of ones own miſerie, is wont to frame, *Euarchus* roſe vp vnto him with ſo gracious a countenance, as the goodneſſe of his minde had long exerciſed him vnto: carefull ſo much more to deſcend in all courteſies, as he ſaw him beare a low repreſentation of his afflicted ſtate. But to *Philanax*, as ſoone as by neere looking on him, he might perfectly behold him, the grauitie of his countenance, & yeares, not much vnlike to his late deceaſed, but euer beloued maſter, brought his forme ſo liuely vnto his memory, and reuiued ſo all the thoughts of his wonted ioyes within him, that in ſtead of ſpeaking to *Euarchus*, he ſtood a while like a man gone a farre iourny from himſelf, calling as it were with his mind an account of his loſſes: imagining that this pain needed not, if nature had not bin violently ſtopped of her own courſe: & caſting more louing than wiſe conceits, what a world this would haue bin if this ſudden accident had not interrupted it. And ſo far ſtrayed he into his rauing melancholy, that his eies nimbler than his tongue, let fall a floud of tears, his voyce being ſtopped with extremitie of ſobbing, ſo much had his friendſhip caried him to *Baſilius*, that he thought no age was timely for his death. But at length taking the occaſion of his own weeping, he thus did ſpeak to *Euarchus*. Let not my teares moſt worthily renowmed Prince make my preſence vnpleaſant, or my ſpeech vnmarked of you. For the iuſtneſſe of the cauſe, takes away the blame of any weakneſſe in me; and the affinitie that the ſame beareth to your greatneſſe, ſeemes euen lawfully to claime pitie in you: A Prince of a Princes fal, a louer of iuſtice, of a moſt vniuſt violence. And giue me leaue excellent *Euarchus* to ſay, I am but the repreſenter of al the late floriſhing *Arcadia*, which now with mine eies doth weep, with my tongue doth complain, with my knees doth lay it ſelfe at your feet, which neuer haue bin vnready to cary you to the vertuous protecting of innocents. Imagine, vouchſafe to imagine, moſt wiſe & good King, that here is before your eyes, the pitifull ſpectacle of a moſt dolorouſly ending Tragedie: wherein I doe but play the part of all the new miſerable prouince, which being ſpoyled of their guide, doth lye like a ſhip without a Pilot, tumbling vp and downe in the vncertaine waues, till it either runne it ſelfe vpon the rockes of ſelfe-diuiſion, or be ouerthrowne by the ſtormie winde of forreine force. *Arcadia* finding her ſelfe in theſe deſolate termes, doth ſpeake, and I ſpeake for her, to thee not vainely puiſſant Prince, that ſince now ſhe is not onely robbed of the naturall ſupport of her Lord, but ſo ſuddenly robbed that ſhee hath not breathing time to ſtand for her ſafetie: ſo vnfortunately, that it doth appall their mindes, though they had leiſure: and ſo miſchieuouſly, that it doth exceede both the ſuddenneſſe and infortuneneſſe of it: thou wilt lend thine armie vnto her,

and as a man, take compaſſion of mankinde, as a vertuous man chaſtice moſt abhominable vice, and as a Prince protect a people, which all haue with one voyce called for thy goodneſſe: thinking, that as thou art onely able, ſo thou art fully able, to redreſſe their imminent ruins. They do therfore with as much confidence as neceſſitie, flye vnto you for ſuccour, they lay themſelues open vnto you: to you, I meane your ſelfe, ſuch as you haue euer beene: that is to ſay, that hath alwaies had his determinations bounded with equitie. They only reſerue the right to *Baſilius* bloud; the maner to the ancient preſcribing of their lawes. For the reſt without exception, they yeelde ouer vnto you, as to the elected protectour of this kingdome; which name & office they beſeech you, till you haue layd a ſufficient foundation of tranquilitie, to take vpon you; the particularitie both of their ſtatutes and demandes you ſhal preſently after vnderſtand. Now only I am to ſay vnto you, that this countrey fals to bee a faire field, to proue whether the goodly tree of your vertue, will liue in all ſoyles. Here I ſay will be ſeene, whether either feare can make you ſhort, or the likerouſneſſe of dominion make you beyond iuſtice. And I can for concluſion ſay no more but this, you muſt thinke vpon my words; and on your anſwer depend not only the quiet, but the liues of ſo many thouſands, which for their ancient confederacie, in this their extreme neceſſitie, deſire neither the expence of your treaſure, nor hazard of your ſubiects, but only the benefit of your wiſedome, whoſe both glorie and encreaſe ſtandes in the exerciſing of it. The ſumme of this requeſt was vtterly vnlooked for of *Euarchus*, which made him the more diligent in marking his ſpeech, and after his ſpeech take the greater pauſe for a perfect reſolution. For as of the one ſide, he thought nature required nothing more of him than that he ſhould be a helpe to them of like creation, and had his heart no whit commanded with feare, thinking his life well paſſed; hauing ſatisfied the tyrannie of time with the courſe of many yeares, the expectation of the world with more than expected honour, laſtly the tribute due to his owne minde with the dayly offering of moſt vertuous actions: ſo of the other he weyed the iuſt reproach that followed thoſe who eaſily enter into other folkes buſineſſe, with the opinion might bee conceiued, loue of ſeigniorie rather than of iuſtice, had made him embarke himſelfe thus, into a matter nothing pertayning to him, eſpecially in a time when earneſt occaſion of his own buſineſſe ſo greatly required his preſence. But in the end, wiſedome being an eſſentiall and not an opinionate thing, made him rather to bend to what was in it ſelfe good, than what by euill minds might be iudged not good. And therin did ſee that though the people did not belong vnto him, yet doing good (which is not incloſed within any termes of people) did belong vnto him, and if neceſſitie forced him for ſome time to abide in *Arcadia*, the neceſſitie of *Arcadia* might iuſtly demand ſome fruit of abiding. To this, ſecret aſſurance of his owne worthineſſe (which although it bee neuer ſo well cloathed in modeſtie, yet alwaies liues in the worthieſt mindes) did much puſh him forward, ſaying vnto himſelfe, the treaſure of thoſe inward gifts he had were beſtowed by the heauens vpon him, to be beneficiall and not idle. On which determination reſting, and yet willing before hee waded any further, to examine well the depth of the others proffer; he thus with that wel-poyſed geſture, vnpaſſionate nature beſtoweth vpon mankind, made anſwer to *Philanax* moſt vrgent petition. Although long experience hath made me know all men (and ſo Princes which be but men) to be ſubiect to infinite caſualties, the very conſtitution of our liues remaining in continuall change: yet the affaires of this countrey, or at leaſt my meeting ſo iumply with them, makes me abaſhed with the ſtrangeneſſe of it. With much paine I am come hither to ſee my long approued friend,

friend, and now I find if I will see him, I must see him dead: after, for mine owne security, I seeke to be warranted mine owne life: and there suddenly am I appointed to be a iudge of other mens liues: though a friend to him, yet am I a stranger to the countrey, and now of a stranger you would suddenly make a director. I might obiect to your desire my weakenesse, which age perhaps hath wrought in minde & body: & iustly I may pretend the necessity of mine owne affaires, to which as I am by all true rules most nearely tyed, so can they not long beare the delay of my absence. But though I would and could dispence with these difficulties, what assurance can I haue of the peoples will? which hauing so many circles of imaginations can hardly bee inclosed in one point. Who knowes a people, that knowes not sudden opinion makes them hope, which hope if it be not answered, they fall in hate? chusing and refusing, erecting, & ouerthrowing, according as the presentnesse of any fancie carries them Euen this their hastie drawing to mee, makes mee thinke they will bee as hastily withdrawne from mee, for it is but one ground of inconstancie, soone to take or soone to leaue. It may bee they haue heard of *Euarchus* more than cause: their own eies will be perhaps more curious iudges, out of hear-say they may haue builded many conceits, which I cannot, perchance will not performe, then will vndeserued repentance be a greater shame and iniury vnto mee, than their vndeserued proffer is honour. And to conclude, I must be fully enformed, how the patient is minded, before I can promise to vndertake the cure. *Philanax* was not of the moderne mindes, who make suters magistrates: but did euer think the vnwilling worthy man, was fitter than the vndeseruing desirer. Therfore the more *Euarchus* drew backe, the more hee found in him, that the cunningest Pilot doth most dread the rockes, the more earnestly hee pursued his publike request vnto him. Hee desired him not to make any weake excuses of his weakenesse, since so many examples had well proued his minde was strong to ouerpasse the greatest troubles, and his body strong inough to obey his minde, and that so long as they were ioyned together, he knew *Euarchus* would thinke it no wearisome exercise, to make them vessels of vertuous actions. The duty to his country he acknowledged: which as he had so setled, as it was not to feare any sudden alteration, so since it did want him, as well it might endure a fruitfull as an idle absence. As for the doubt hee conceiued of the peoples constancie in this their election, hee said it was such a doubt as all humane actions are subiect vnto: yet as much as in politique matters, which receiue not Geometricall certainties, a man may assure himself there was euident likelihood to be conceiued of the continuance, both in their vnanimity, & his worthinesse: whereof the one was apt to be held, and the other to hold, ioyned to the present necessity the firmest band of mortall mindes. In summe, hee alledged so many reasons to *Euarchus* his minde, (already inclined to enter into any vertuous action) that hee yeelded to take vpon himselfe the iudgement of the present cause, so as he might finde indede that such was the peoples desire out of iudgement and not faction. Therfore mounting on their horses, they hasted to the Lodges, where they found though late in the night, the people wakefully watching for the issue of *Philanax* Embassage. No man thinking the matter would be well done, without he had his voice in it, & each deeming his owne eyes the best guardians of his throate in that vnaccustomed tumult. But when they saw *Philanax* returne, hauing on his right hand the King *Euarchus*, on whom they had now placed the greatest burthen of their feares, with ioyfull shoutes and applauding acclamations, they made him and the world quickly know, that one mans sufficiency is more auaileable than tenne thousands multitude. So euill ballanced be the extremities of popular mindes: and so much naturall imperiousnesse

imperiouſneſſe there reſts in a well formed ſpirit. For as if *Euarchus* had been born of the Princely bloud of *Arcadia*, or that long and well acquainted proofe had ingrafted him in their country, ſo flocked they about this ſtranger, moſt of them alreadie from deiected feares, riſing to ambitious conſiderations, who ſhould catch the firſt hold of his fauour. And then from thoſe crying welcomes to babling one with the other, ſome prayſing *Philanax* for his exceeding paine, others liking *Euarchus* aſpect, and as they iudged his age by his face, ſo iudging his wiſedome by his age, *Euarchus* paſſed through them like a man that did neither diſdaine a people, nor yet was any thing tickled with their flatteries. But alwaies holding his owne, a man might reade a conſtant determination in his eyes. And in that ſort diſmounting among them, he forthwith demanded the conuocation to be made, which accordingly was done, with as much order and ſilence, as it might appeare, *Neptune* had not more force to appeaſe the rebellious wind, than the admiration of an extraordinary vertue hath, to temper a diſordred multitude. He being raiſed vp vpon a place more high than the reſt, where he might be beſt vnderſtood, in this ſort ſpake vnto them. I vnderſtand (ſaid he) faithfull *Arcadians*, by my Lord *Philanax*, that you haue with one conſent, choſen me to be the Iudge of the late euils hapned: orderer of the preſent diſorders: & finally protector of this country, till therein it bee ſeene what the cuſtomes of *Arcadia* require. He could ſay no further, being ſtopped with a generall cry, that ſo it was; giuing him all the honorable titles, and happy wiſhes they could imagine. He beckned vnto them for ſilence, and then thus againe proceeded, Well, ſaid he, how good choiſe you haue made, the attending muſt be in you, the proof in me. But becauſe it many times fals out, vve are much deceiued in others, we being the firſt to deceiue our ſelues, I am to require you, not to haue an ouerſhooting expectation of mee, the moſt cruell aduerſary of all honourable doings. Nor promiſe your ſelues wonders out of a ſudden liking: but remember I am a man, that is to ſay, a creature, whoſe reaſon is often darkned with errour. Secondly, that you will lay your hearts void of foretaken opinions: elſe whatſoeuer I do or ſay, wil be meaſured by a wrong rule, like them that haue the yellow Iaundiſe, euery thing ſeeming yellow vnto them. Thirdly, whatſoeuer debates haue riſen among you, may be vtterly extinguiſhed, knowing that euen among the beſt men are diuerſities of opinions, which are no more in true reaſon to breed hatred, than one that loues blacke, ſhould be angry with him that is clothed in white; for thoughts & conceits are the very apparrell of the minde. Laſtly, that you do not eaſily iudge of your Iudge, but ſince you will haue me to command, think it is your part to obey. And in reward of this, I will promiſe & proteſt vnto you, that the vttermoſt of my skill, both in the generall lawes of nature, eſpecially of *Greece*, and particular of *Arcadia* (wherein I muſt confeſſe I am not vnacquainted) I will not only ſee the paſſed euils duly puniſhed, and your weale hereafter eſtabliſhed; but for your defence in it, if need ſhal require, I will imploy the force and treaſures of mine owne countrey. In the meane time, this ſhall be the firſt order I will take, that no man vnder paine of grieuous puniſhment, name me by any other name but Protectour of *Arcadia*. For I vvill not leaue any poſſible colour, to any of my naturall ſucceſſours, to make claime to this, which by free election you haue beſtowed vpon me. And ſo I vow vnto you, to depoſe my ſelfe of it aſſoone as the iudgement is paſſed, the king buried, and his lawfull ſucceſſour appointed. For the firſt whereof, I meane the trying which be guilty of the kings death, and theſe other hainous treſpaſſes, becauſe your cuſtomes require ſuch haſte I will no longer delay it, than till to morrow as ſoone as the Sunne ſhall giue vs fit opportunity. You may therefore retire your ſelfe to your reſt, that

you

you may be readier to be preſent, at theſe ſo great important matters. With many allowing tokens was *Euarchus* ſpeech heard, who now by *Philanax* (that tooke the principall care of doing all due ſeruices vnto him) was offered a lodging made ready for him, (the reſt of the people as well as a ſmall commoditie of that place would ſuffer, yeelding their weary heads to ſleepe) when loe the night throughly ſpent in theſe mixed matters, was for that time baniſhed the face of the earth, and *Euarchus* ſeeing the day begin to diſcloſe his comfortable beauties, deſiring nothing more, than to ioyne ſpeed with iuſtice, willed *Philanax* preſently to make the iudgment place be put in order: & as ſoone as the people (who yet were not fully diſperſed) might be brought together, to bring forth the priſoners and the Kings bodie. Which the manner was, ſhould in ſuch caſes be held in ſight, though couered with blacke veluet, vntill they that were accuſed to be the murtherers were quitted or condemned; whether the reaſon of the law were to ſhew the more gratefull loue to their Prince, or by that ſpectacle, the more to remember the iudge of his dury. *Philanax* who now thought in himſelfe, hee approached to the iuſt reuenge hee ſo much deſired, went with all care & diligence to perform his charge. But firſt it ſhal be wel to know, how the poore & Princely priſoners paſſed this tedious night. There was neuer tyrant exerciſed his rage with more grieuous torments, vpon any he moſt hated, then afflicted *Gynecia* did crucifie her own ſoule, after the guiltines of her heart was ſurcharged with the ſuddenneſſe of her husbands death: for although that effect came not from her minde, yet her minde being euill, and the effect euill, ſhe thought the iuſtice of God had for the beginning of her paines coupled them together. This inceſſantly boiled in her breſt, but moſt of all, when *Philanax* hauing cloſely impriſoned her, ſhe was left more freely to ſuffer the firebrands of her owne thoughts, eſpecially when it grew darke, and had nothing left by her but a little lampe, whoſe ſmall light to a perplexed mind, might rather yeelde fearefull ſhadowes, than any aſſured ſight. Then began the heapes of her miſeries, to weigh down the platforme of her iudgement, then began deſpaire to lay his ougly clawes vpon her, ſhe began then, to feare the heauenly powers (ſhe was wont to reuerence) not like a childe, but like an enemie, neither kept ſhee her ſelfe from blaſphemous repyning againſt her creation. O Gods would ſhe cry out, why did you make me to deſtruction? If you loue goodnes, why did you not giue me a good minde? Or if I cannot haue it without your gift, why do you plague me? Is it in me to reſiſt the mightineſſe of your power? Then would ſhe imagine ſhe ſaw ſtrange ſights, and that ſhe heard the cries of helliſh ghoſts, then would ſhe skrirch out for ſuccour, but no man comming vnto her ſhe would faine haue killed her ſelfe, but knew not how. At ſometimes againe, the very heauineſſe of her imaginations would cloſe vp her ſenſes to a little ſleepe; but then did her dreames become her tormentors. One time it would ſeeme vnto her, *Philanax* was haling her by the haire of the head, and hauing put out her eyes, was ready to throw her into a burning furnace. Another time ſhe would thinke ſhe ſaw her husband making the complaint of his death to *Pluto*, and the magiſtrates of that infernall region, contending in great debate, to what eternall puniſhment they ſhould allot her. But long her dreaming would not hold, but that it would fal vpon *Zelmane*: to whom ſhe would thinke ſhe was crying for mercy, and that ſhe did paſſe away by her in ſilence, without any ſhew of pitying her miſchief. Then waking out of a broken ſleep, and yet wiſhing ſhe might euer haue ſlept, new formes, but of the ſame miſeries, would ſeaze her minde, ſhe feared death, and yet deſired death, ſhee had paſſed the vttermoſt of ſhame, and yet ſhame was one of her crueleſt aſſaults; ſhe hated *Pyrocles* as the originall of her mortal ouerthrow: and yet the loue ſhe had

conceiued

conceiued to him, had ſtill a high authority of her paſſions. O *Zelmane*, would ſhee ſay (not knowing how neare hee himſelfe was to as great a danger) now ſhalt thou glut thy eyes, with the diſhonoured death of thy enemy! Enemy, alas enemy, ſince ſo thou haſt well ſhewed, thou wilt haue me account thee; couldeſt thou not as well haue giuen me a determinate denial, as to diſguiſe thy firſt diſguiſing, with a double diſſembling? Perchance if I had beene vtterly hopeleſſe, the vertue was once in me, might haue called together his forces, and not haue beene led captiue to this monſtrous thraldome of puniſhed wickedneſſe. Then would her own knowing of good inflame anew the rage of deſpaire: vvhich becomming an vnreſiſted Lord in her breaſt, ſhe had no other comfort but in death, which yet ſhe had in horrour, when ſhe thought of. But the weariſome deteſting of her ſelf, made her long for the daies approach, at which time ſhe determined to continue her former courſe, in acknowledging any thing which might haſten her end: wherein although ſhe did not hope for the end of her torments, feeling already the beginning of hell agonies; yet according to the nature of paine, the preſent being moſt intolerable, ſhee deſired to change that, and put to aduenture the enſuing. And thus reſted the reſtleſſe *Gynecia*.

No leſſe forrowfull, though leſſe ragefull, were the mindes of the Princeſſe *Pamela*, and the Lady *Philoclea*, whoſe only aduantages were, that they had not conſented to ſo much euill, and ſo were at greater peace with themſelues: and that they were not left alone, but might mutually beare part of each others woes. For when *Philanax* not regarding *Pamela's* princely proteſtatiõs, had by force left her vnder guard with her ſiſter, & that the two ſiſters were matched, as well in the diſgraces of fortune, as they had beene in the beſt beauties of nature: thoſe things that till then, baſhfulneſſe and miſtruſt had made them hold reſerued one from the other, now feare, the vnderminer of all determinations, and neceſsity the victorious rebell of all lawes, forced them interchangeably to lay open. Their paſsions then ſo ſwelling in them, as they would haue made Auditors of ſtones, rather than haue ſwallowed vp in ſilence the choking aduentures were fallen vnto them; Truely the hardeſt hearts, which haue at any time thought womans teares to be a matter of ſlight compaſſion (imagining that faire weather will quickly after follow) would now haue beene mollified: and beene compelled to confeſſe, that the fairer a Diamond is, the more pitie it is it ſhould receiue a blemiſh. Although, no doubt, their faces did rather beautifie ſorrow, than ſorrow could darken that, which euen in darkneſſe did ſhine. But after they had ſo long, as their other afflictions would ſuffer them, with doleful ceremonies bemoned their fathers death: they ſate downe together apparrelled as their miſaduentures had found them; *Pamela* in her iournying weedes now conuerted to another vſe: *Philoclea* only in her night gowne, which ſhe thought ſhould bee the rayment of her funerals. But when the excellent creatures had after much panting (with their inward trauell) gotten ſo much breathing power, as to make a pitiful diſcourſe one to the other, what had befallen them, & that by the plain comparing the caſe they were in, they throughly found that their griefes were not more like in regard of themſelues, than like in reſpect of the ſubiect (the two Princes, as *Pamela* had learned of *Muſidorus*, being ſo minded, as they would euer make both their fortunes one) it did more vnite, & ſo ſtrengthen their lamentation: ſeeing the one could not bee miſerable, but that it muſt neceſſarily make the other miſerable alſo. That therefore was the firſt matter their ſweete mouths deliuered,, the declaring the paſſionate beginning, troubleſome proceeding, and dangerous ending, their neuer ending loues had paſſed. And when at any time they entred into the praiſes of the yong Princes, too long it would haue exerciſed their tongues, but that

their

their memory forthwith warned them, the more praiſe worthy they were, the more at that time they were worthy of lamentation. Then againe to crying & wringing of hands; & then anew, as vnquiet griefe ſought each corner, to new diſcourſes, from diſcourſes to wiſhes, from wiſhes to prayers. Eſpecially the tender *Philoclea*, who as ſhe was in yeares yonger, and had neuer lifted vp her minde to any opinion of ſoueraignty, ſo was ſhe the apter to yeeld to her misfortune; hauing no ſtronger debates in her mind, than a man may ſay a moſt witty childhood is wont to nouriſh: as to imagine with her ſelfe, why *Philanax* & the other Noblemen, ſhould deale ſo cruelly by her, that had neuer deſerued euill of any of them. And how they could finde in their hearts, to impriſon ſuch a perſonage, as ſhe did figure *Pyrocles*, whom ſhe thought all the world was bound to loue, as wel as ſhe did. But *Pamela*, although endued with a vertuous mildneſſe, yet the knowledge of her ſelf, and what was due vnto her, made her heart full of a ſtronger diſdaine againſt her aduerſitie.

So that ſhe ioyned the vexation for her friend, with the ſpite to ſee her ſelfe, as ſhe thought, rebellioufly detayned, and mixed deſirous thoughts to helpe, with reuengefull thoughts if ſhe could not helpe. And as in pangs of death, the ſtronger heart feeles the greater torment, becauſe it doth the more reſiſt to his oppreſſour; ſo her minde, the nobler it was ſet, and had already embraced the higher thoughts, ſo much more it did repine; and the more it repined, the more helpleſſe wounds it gaue vnto it ſelfe. But when great part of the night was paſſed ouer the dolefull Muſicke of theſe ſweete Ladies complaints, and that leaſure though with ſome ſtrife, had brought *Pamela* to know, that an Eagle when ſhe is in a Cage, muſt not thinke to doe like an Eagle, remembring with themſelues, that it was likely the next day, the Lords would proceed againſt thoſe they had impriſoned; They emploied the reſt of the night in writing vnto them, with ſuch earneſtneſſe as the matter required, but in ſuch ſtiles as the ſtate of their thoughts was apt to faſhion. In the meane time, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* were recommended to ſo ſtrong a guard, as they might well ſee it was meant, they ſhould pay no leſſe price than their liues, for the getting out of that place, which they like men indeed, (fortifying courage with the true Rampier of patience) did ſo endure, as they did rather appeare gouernours of neceſſitie, than ſeruants to fortune. The whole ſumme of their thoughts reſting vpon the ſafetie of their Ladies, and their care one for the other: wherein (if at all) their hearts did ſeeme to receiue ſome ſoftneſſe. For ſometimes *Muſidorus* would feele ſuch a motion to his friend, and his vnworthy caſe, that hee would fall into ſuch kinde ſpeeches. My *Pyrocles*, would he ſay, how vnhappy may I thinke *Theſſalia*, that hath beene as it were the middle way to this euill eſtate of yours? For if you had not beene there brought vp, the Sea ſhould not haue had this power, thus to ſeuer you from your deare Father. I haue therefore (if complaints doe at any time become a mans heart) moſt cauſe to complaine, ſince my countrey, which receiued the honour of *Pyrocles* education, ſhould bee a ſtep to his ouerthrow, if humane chances can bee counted an ouerthrow to him, that ſtandes vpon vertue. Oh excellent *Muſidorus*, anſwered *Pyrocles*, how doe you teach mee rather, to fall out with my ſelfe, and my fortune, ſince by you I haue receiued all good, you only by me this affliction? to you and your vertuous Mother, I in my tendreſt yeares, and Fathers greateſt troubles, was ſent for ſuccour. There did I learne the ſweete myſteries of Philoſophie; there had I your liuely example to confirme that which I learned; there laſtly had I your friendſhip, which no vnhappineſſe can euer make mee ſay, but that hath made mee happie. Now ſee how my deſtinie (the gods know) not my will, hath rewarded you: my father ſends

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for you away out of your land, whence but for mee you had not come: what after followed, you know. It was my loue not yours, which firſt ſtayed you here; and therfore if the heauens euer held a iuſt proportion, it were I & not you, that ſhould feele the ſmart. O blame not the heauens, ſweet *Pyrocles*, ſaid *Muſidorus*, as their courſe neuer alters, ſo is there nothing done by the vnreachable ruler of them, but hath an euerlaſting reaſon for it. And to ſay the truth of theſe things, wee ſhould deale vngratefully with nature, if we ſhould be forgetfull receiuers of her gift, and diligent Auditors of the chaunces we like not. We haue liued, and haue liued to be good to our ſelues and others: our ſoules which are put into the ſtirring earth of our bodies, haue atchieued the cauſes of their thither comming: they haue known and honoured with knowledge, the cauſe of their creation, and to many men (for in this time, place, and fortune, it is lawfull for vs to ſpeake glorioufly) it hath been behouefull, that we ſhould liue. Since then eternitie is not to be had in this coniunction, what is to be loſt by the ſeparation, but time? which ſince it hath his end, when that is once come, all that is paſt is nothing: and by the protracting nothing gotten, but labour and care. Doe not me therefore that wrong, (who ſomething in yeares, but much in all other deſerts, am fitter to die than you) as to ſay, you haue brought me to any euill: ſince the loue of you, doth ouerballance all bodily miſchiefes, and thoſe miſchiefes bee but miſchiefes to the baſer mindes, too much delighted with the kennell of this life. Neither wil I any more yeeld to my paſsion of lamenting you, which howſoeuer it might agree to my exceeding friendſhip, ſurely it would nothing to your exceeding vertue. Adde this to your noble ſpeech my deare couſin, ſaid *Pyrocles*, that if wee complaine of this our fortune, or ſeeme to our ſelues faultie, in hauing one hurt the other, wee ſhew a repentance of the loue we beare to theſe matchleſſe creatures, or at leaſt a doubt, it ſhould be ouer dearely bought, which for my part (and ſo dare I anſwer for you) I call all the Gods to witneſſe, I am ſo far from, that no ſhame, no torment, no death, would make mee forgoe the leaſt part of the inward honour, eſſentiall pleaſure, and liuing life, I haue enioyed in the preſence of the faultleſſe *Philoclea*. Take the preheminence in all things, but in true louing, anſwered *Muſidorus*, for the confeſſion of that no death ſhall get of me. Of that, anſwered *Pyrocles* ſoberly ſmiling, I perceiue we ſhall haue a debate in the other world, if at leaſt there remaine any thing of remembrance in that place. I doe not thinke the contrarie, ſaid *Muſidorus*, although you know, it is greatly held, that with the death of bodie and ſenſes (which are not onely the beginning, but dwelling and nouriſhing of paſſions, thoughts and imaginations) they falling, memorie likewiſe failes, which riſeth only out of them: & then is there left nothing, but the intellectuall part or intelligence, which void of all morall vertues, which ſtand in the meane of perturbations, doth only liue in the contemplatiue vertue, and power of the omnipotent good, the ſoule of ſoules, and vniuerſall life of this great work, & therfore is vtterly void from the poſſibility of drawing to it ſelf theſe ſenſible conſiderations. Certainly, anſwered *Pyrocles*, I eaſily yeeld, that we ſhall not know one another, and much leſſe theſe paſſed things, with a ſenſible or paſſionate knowledge. For the cauſe being taken away, the effects follow. Neither do I think, we ſhall haue ſuch a memorie, as now we haue, which is but a relick of the ſenſes, or rather a print the ſenſes haue left of things paſt in our thoughts, but it ſhall be a vitall power of that very intelligence; which as while it was here, it held the chiefe ſeate of our life, & was as it were the laſt reſort, to which of all our knowledges, the higheſt appeale came, and ſo by that meanes was neuer ignorant of our actions, though many times rebelliouſly reſiſted, alwaies with this priſon darkned:

ſo,

ſo much more being free of that priſon, and returning to the life of all things, where all infinite knowledge is, it cannot but bee a right intelligence, which is both his name and being, of things both preſent and paſſed, though voide of imagining to it ſelfe any thing; but euen growne like to his Creator hath all things, with a ſpirituall knowledge before it. The difference of which is as hard for vs to conceiue, as it was for vs, when wee were in our mothers wombes, to comprehend (if any bodie would haue told vs) what kinde of light wee now in this life ſee, what kinde of knowledge wee now haue: yet now we doe not onely feele our preſent being, but wee conceiue what wee were before wee were borne, though remembrance make vs not doe it, but knowledge, and though wee are vtterly without any remorſe of any miſery wee might then ſuffer. Euen ſuch and much more oddes, ſhall there be at that ſecond deliuery of ours; when voide of ſenſible memory, or memoratiue paſſion, wee ſhall not ſee the colours, but liues of all things that haue been or can bee: and ſhall (as I hope) know our friendſhip, though exempt from the earthly cares of friendſhip, hauing both vnited it, and our ſelues, in that high and heauenly loue of the vnquenchable light. As he had ended his ſpeech, *Muſidorus* looking with a heauenly ioy vpon him, ſang this ſong vnto him, hee had made before loue turned his muſe to another ſubiect.

SInce natures workes be good, and death doth ſerue
As natures worke: why ſhould we feare to die?
Since feare is vaine, but when it may preſerue:
Why ſhould we feare that, which we cannot flie?

Feare is more paine than is the paine it feares,
Diſarming humane mindes of natiue might:
While each conceit an ougly figure beares,
Which were not euill well view'd in reaſons light.

Our only eyes, which dimm'd with paſsions be,
And ſcarce diſcerne the dawne of comming day,
Let them be clear'd, and now begin to ſee,
Our life is but a ſtep in duſtie way.
Then let vs hold the bliſſe of peacefull minde,
Since this we feele, great loſſe we cannot finde.

Thus did they like quiet Swannes, ſing their owne obſequies, and vertuouſly enable their mindes againſt all extremities, which they did thinke would fall vpon them, eſpecially reſoluing, that the firſt care they would haue, ſhould be by taking the fault vpon themſelues, to cleare the two Ladies, of whoſe caſe (as of nothing elſe that happened) they had not any knowledge. Although their friendly hoſte, the honeſt Gentleman *Kalander*, ſeeking all meanes how to helpe them, had endeauoured to ſpeake with them, & to make them know who ſhould be their iudge. But the curious ſeruant of *Philanax* forbad him the entry, vpon paine of death. For ſo it was agreed vpon, that no man ſhould haue any conference with them, for feare of new tumults. In ſo much that *Kalander* was conſtrained to retire himſelfe, hauing yet obtained thus much, that he would deliuer vnto the two Princes their apparrell and iewels, which being left with him at *Mantinea* (wiſely conſidering that their diſguiſed vveedes which were all as then they had, vvould make them more odious in

the ſight of the iudges) he had that night ſent for, & now brought vnto them. They accepted their owne, with great thankfulneſſe, knowing from whence it came, and attired themſelues in it againſt the next day, which being indeed rich and Princely, they accordingly determined to maintaine the names of *Palladius* and *Diaphantus*, as before it is mentioned. Then gaue they themſelues to conſider, in what ſort they might defend their cauſes, for they thought it no leſſe vaine to wiſh death, than cowardly to feare it, till ſomething before morning, a ſmall ſlumber taking them, they were by and by after called vp to come to the anſwer, of no leſſe than their liues imported. But in this ſort was the iudgement ordered. As ſoone as the morning had taken a full poſſeſſion of the Element, *Euarchus* called vnto him *Philanax*, and willed him to draw out into the middeſt of the greene, (before the chiefe lodge) the throne of iudgement ſeate, in which *Baſilius* was wont to ſit, and according to their cuſtomes, was euer carried with the Prince. For *Euarchus* did wiſely conſider, the people to bee naturally taken with exterior ſhewes, far more than with inward conſideration of the materiall points. And therefore in this new entry into ſo entangled a matter, hee would leaue nothing which might bee eyther an armour or ornament vnto him, and in theſe pompous ceremonies hee well knew a ſecret of gouernement much to conſiſt. That was performed by the diligent *Philanax*, and therein *Euarchus* did ſet himſelfe all clothed in blacke, with the principall men, who could in that ſuddenneſſe prouide themſelues of ſuch mourning rayments; The whole people commanded to keepe an orderly ſilence of each ſide, which was duly obſerued of them, partly for the deſire they had to ſee a good concluſion of theſe matters, and partly ſtriken with admiration, as well at the graue and Princely preſence of *Euarchus*, as at the greatneſſe of the cauſe, which was then to come in queſtion. As for *Philanax*, *Euarchus* would haue done him the honour to ſit by him, but he excuſed himſelfe, deſiring to be the accuſer of the priſoners in his maſters behalfe; and therefore ſince hee made himſelfe a party, it was not conuenient for him to ſit in the iudiciall place. Then was it a while deliberated, whether the two young Ladies ſhould be brought forth in open preſence: but that was ſtopped by *Philanax*, whoſe loue and faith, did deſcend from his maſter to his children, and only deſired, the ſmart ſhould light vpon the others, whom hee thought guilty of his death and diſhonour, alledging for this, that neither wiſedome would they ſhould be brought in preſence of the people, which might hereupon grow to new vprores, nor iuſtice required they ſhould be drawne to any ſhame, till ſome body accuſed them. And as for *Pamela*, he proteſted the lawes of *Arcadia*, would not allow any iudgement of her, although ſhe her ſelfe were to determine nothing till age or marriage enabled her. Then the kings body being laid vpon a Table, iuſt before *Euarchus*, & all couered ouer with blacke, the priſoners, namely the Queen & two young Princes, were ſent for to appeare in the Protectors name: which name was the cauſe they came not to knowledge, how neare a kinſman was to iudge of them, but thought him to be ſome Nobleman, choſen by the Country, in this extremity. So extraordinary a courſe had the order of the heauens produced at this time, that both nephew & ſon, were not only priſoners, but vnknown to their vncle and father, who of many years had not ſeen them. And *Pyrocles* was to plead for his life before that throne, in which throne lately before he had ſaued the Kings life. But firſt was *Gynecia* led forth, in the ſame weedes that the day & night before ſhe had worne, ſauing that in ſtead of *Zelmane's* garment in which ſhe was found, ſhe had caſt on a long cloak, which reached to the ground, of ruſſet courſe cloath, with a poore felt hat, which almoſt couered all her face,

face, moſt part of her goodly haire (on which her hands had laid many a ſpitefull hold) ſo lying vpon her ſhoulders, as a man might well ſee, had no artificiall careleſneſſe. Her eies downe on the ground, of purpoſe not to looke on *Pyrocles* face; which ſhee did not ſo much ſhun, for the vnkindneſſe ſhe conceiued of her owne ouerthrow, as for the feare, thoſe motions in this ſhort time of her life, ſhould be reuiued, which ſhe had with the paſſage of infinite ſorrowes mortified. Great was the compaſſion the people felt, to ſee their Princeſſe ſtate and beautie ſo deformed by fortune and her own deſert, whom they had euer found a Ladie moſt worthy of all honour. But by and by the ſight of the other two priſoners drew moſt of the eies to that ſpectacle. *Pyrocles* came out led by *Sympathus*, clothed after the Greeke manner, in a long coate of white veluet, reaching to the ſmall of his legge, with great buttons of Diamonds all along vpon it: His necke without any coller, not ſo much as hidden with a ruffe, did paſſe the whiteneſs of his garments, which was not much in faſhion vnlike to the crimſon rayment our Knights of the order firſt put on. On his feete hee had nothing but ſlippers, which, after the ancient maner, were tyed vp with certaine laces, which were faſtned vnder his knee, hauing wrapped about (with many prettie knots) his naked legges. His faire auberne haire (which hee ware in great length, and gaue at that time a delightfull ſhew, with being ſturd vp and downe with the breath of a gentle wind) had nothing vpon it, but white Ribbin, in thoſe daies vſed for a Diademe. Which rouled once or twiſe about the vppermoſt part of his forehead, fell downe vpon his backe, cloſed vp at each end with the richeſt pearle were to be ſeen in the world. After him followed another nobleman, guiding the noble *Muſidorus*, who had vpon him a long cloake, after the faſhion of that which wee call the Apoſtles mantle, made of purple Satten; not that purple which we now haue, and is but a counterfeit of the *Getulian* purple (which yet was farre the meaner in price and eſtimation) but of the right *Tyrian* purple, which was neareſt to a colour betwixe our murry & ſcarlet. On his head, which was blacke and curled, he ware a *Perſian Tiara*, all ſet downe with rowes of ſo rich Rubies, as they were inough to ſpeake for him, that they had to iudge of no meane perſonage.

In this ſort with erected countenances, did theſe vnfortunate Princes ſuffer themſelues to bee ledde, ſhewing aright, by the compariſon of them and *Gynecia*, how to diuers perſons compaſſion is diuerſly to bee ſtirred. For as to *Gynecia*, a Ladie knowne of great eſtate, and greatly eſteemed, the more miſerable repreſentation was made of her ſudden ruine, the more mens hearts were forced to bewaile ſuch an euident witneſſe of weake humanitie: ſo to theſe men, not regarded becauſe vnknowne, but rather (beſides the deteſtation of their fact) hated as ſtrangers, the more they ſhould haue fallen downe in an abiect ſemblance, the more in ſtead of compaſſion they ſhould haue gotten contempt: but therefore, were to vſe (as I may terme it) the more violence of magnanimitie, and ſo to conquer the expectation of the lookers with an extraordinarie vertue. And ſuch effect indeede it wrought in the whole aſſembly, their eyes yet ſtanding as it were in ballance to whether of them they ſhould moſt direct their ſight. *Muſidorus* was in ſtature ſo much higher than *Pyrocles*, as commonly is gotten by one yeares growth. His face now beginning to haue ſome tokens of a beard, was compoſed to a kinde of manlike beautie, His colour was of a well pleaſing browneneſſe, and the features of it ſuch, as they carried both delight and maieſtie: his countenance ſeuere, and promiſing a minde much giuen to thinking. *Pyrocles* of a pure complexion, and of ſuch a chearefull fauour, as might ſeeme either a womans face in a boy, or an excellent boyes face in

a woman. His looke gentle and baſhfull, which bred the more admiration, hauing ſhewed ſuch notable proofes of courage. Laſtly, though both had both, if there were any oddes, *Muſidorus* was the more goodly, and *Pyrocles* the more louely. But aſſoone as *Muſidorus* ſaw himſelf ſo farre forth led among the people, that he knew to a great number of them his voice ſhould bee heard, miſdoubting their intention to the Princeſſe *Pamela*, (of whom hee was more carefull than of his owne life,) euen as he went (though his leader ſought to interrupt him) hee thus with a lowd voice ſpake vnto them. And is it poſſible, O *Arcadians*, ſaid hee, that you can forget the naturall duty you owe to your Princeſſe *Pamela*? hath this ſoyle beene ſo little beholding to her noble Anceſters? hath ſo long a time rooted no ſurer loue in your hearts to that line? Where is that faith to your Princes bloud, which hath not onely preſerued you from all dangers heretofore, but hath ſpread your fame to all the Nations in the world? Where is that iuſtice the *Arcadians* were wont to flouriſh in, whoſe nature is to render to euery one his owne? Will you now keepe the right from your Prince, who is the onely giuer of iudgement, the key of iuſtice, and life of your lawes? Doe you hope in a few yeares, to ſet vp ſuch another race, which nothing but length of time can eſtabliſh? Will you reward *Baſilius* children with vngratefulneſſe, the very poyſon of manhood? Will you betray your long ſetled reputation, with the fowle name of traytours? Is this your mourning for your Kings death, to encreaſe his loſſe with his daughters miſerie? Imagine your Prince doth looke out of the heauens vnto you, what do you thinke he could wiſh more at your hands than that you doe well by his children? And what more honour I pray you can you doe to his obſequies, than to ſatisfie his ſoule with a louing memorie, as you doe his bodie with an vnfelt ſolemnity? What haue you done with the Princeſſe *Pamela*? *Pamela* the iuſt inheritrix of this Countrey, *Pamela* whom this earth may bee happy, that it ſhall be hereafter ſaid, ſhee was borne in *Arcadia*; *Pamela* in her ſelfe your ornament, in her education your foſter childe, and euerie way your onely Princeſſe, vvhat account can you render to your ſelues of her? Truely I do not thinke that you all know what is become of her: ſo ſoone may a Diamond bee loſt: ſo ſoone may the faireſt light in the world bee put out. But looke, looke vnto it, O *Arcadians*, be not ſo wilfully robbed of your greateſt treaſure, make not your ſelues miniſters to priuate ambitions, who doe but vſe your ſelues to put on your owne yokes. Whatſoeuer you determine of vs (who I muſt confeſſe are but ſtrangers) yet let not *Baſilius* daughters bee ſtrangers vnto you. Laſtly, howſoeuer you barre her from her publike ſoueraignte, (which if you do, little may we hope of equitie where rebellion reignes) yet deny not that childs right vnto her, that ſhe may come and do the laſt duties to her fathers bodie. Denie not that happineſs (if in ſuch a caſe there bee any happineſſe) to your late King, that his bodie may haue his laſt touch of his deareſt childe. With ſuch like broken maner of queſtions and ſpeechees, was *Muſidorus* deſirous as much as in paſſing by them hee could, to moue the people to tender *Pamela's* fortune. But at length, by that they came to the iudgement place, both *Simpathus* and his guider had greatly ſatisfied him, with the aſſurance they gaue him, this aſſembly of people had neither meaning nor power to doe any hurt to the Princeſſe, whom they all acknowledged as their ſoueraigne Ladie. But that the cuſtome of *Arcadia* was ſuch, till ſhee had more yeares, the ſtate of the Countrie to be guided by a Protector, vnder vvhom, he and his fellow were to receiue their iudgement. That eaſed *Muſidorus* heart of his moſt vehement care. when he found his beloued Lady to bee out of danger. But *Pyrocles* aſſoone as the

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Queene of the one side, hee and *Musidorus* of the other, were stayed before the face of their Iudge; (hauing onely for their barre the Table on which the Kings bodie lay) being nothing lesse vexed with the doubt of *Philoclea*, than *Musidorus* was for *Pamela*, in this sort with a lowly behauiour, and onely then like a suppliant, he spake to the Protector. Pardon mee most honoured Iudge, saith hee, that vncommanded I begin my speech vnto you, since both to you and mee, these words of mine shall bee most necessary. To you hauing the sacred exercise of iustice in your hand, nothing appertaines more properly, than truth nakedly and freely set down. To mee, being enuironed round about with many dangerous calamities, what can bee more conuenient, than at least, to bee at peace with my selfe, in hauing discharged my conscience, in a most behouefull veritie. Vnderstand therefore, and truly vnderstand, that the Ladie *Philoclea* (to whose vnstained vertue it hath been my vnspeakeable miserie, that my name should become a blot) if shee be accused, is most vniustly accused of any dishonourable fact, which by my meanes shee may be thought to haue yeelded vnto. What soeuer hath been done, hath beene my onely attempt, which notwithstanding was neuer intended against her chastitie. But what soeuer hath beene informed, was my fault. And I attest the heauens, to blaspheme which I am not now in fit tune, that so much as my comming into her chamber, was wholly vnwitting vnto her. This your wisedome may withall consider, if I would lye, I would lye for mine owne behoofe, I am not so old, as to bee wearie of my selfe; but the verie sting of my inward knowledge ioyned with the consideration I must needes haue, what an infinite losse it should bee to all those who loue goodnesse in good folkes, if so pure a child of vertue should wrongfully be destroyed, compels me to vse my tongue against my selfe, and receiue the burden of what euill was, vpon mine owne doing. Looke therefore with pitifull eyes vpon so faire beames, and that misfortune which by mee hath fallen vpon her, helpe to repaire it with your publike iudgement, since whosoeuer deales cruelly with such a creature, shewes himselfe a hater of mankinde, and an enuier of the worlds blisse. And this petition I make, euen in the name of iustice, that before you proceed further against vs, I may know how you conceiue of her noble, though vnfortunate action, and what iudgement you will make of it. Hee had not spoken his last word, when all the whole people both of great and low estate, confirmed with an vnited murmur *Pyrocles* demand, longing (for the loue generally was borne *Philoclea*) to know what they might hope of her. *Euarchus* though neither regarding a prisoners passionate prayer, nor bearing ouerplausible eares to a many headed motion, yet well enough content, to winne their liking with things in themselues indifferent, hee was content: first, to seeke as much as might bee of *Philoclea's* behauiour in this matter: which being cleared by *Pyrocles*, & but weakly gainsaid by *Philanax* (who had framed both his owne and *Dametas* euidence most for her fauour, and in truth could haue gone no further than coniecture,) yet finding by his wisedome, that shee was not altogether faultlesse, he pronounced, she should all her life long, bee kept prisoner among certaine women of religion like the *Vestall* Nunnes; so to repay the touched honour of her house, with well obseruing a strict profession of chastitie. Although this were a great preiudicating of *Pyrocles* case, yet was he exceedingly ioyous of it, being assured of his Ladies life, and in the depth of his minde not sorry, that what end soeuer he had, none should obtaine the after enioying that iewell, whereon he had set his liues happines. After it was by publike sentence deliuered, what should bee done with the sweete *Philoclea*, the lawes of *Arcadia* bearing, that what was appointed by the Magistrates

in the nonage of the Prince, could not afterwards bee repealed) *Euarchus* still vsing to himselfe no other name but Protector of *Arcadia*, commanded those that had to say against the Queene *Gynecia* to proceed, because both her estate required shee should bee first heard, and also for that shee was taken to bee the principall in the greater matter they were to iudge of. *Philanax* incontinently stepped forth, and shewing in his greedie eies, that he did thirst for her bloud, began a well thought on discourse of her (in his iudgement) execrable, wickednesse. But *Gynecia* standing vp before the Iudge, casting abroad her armes, with her eies hidden vnder the bredth of her vnseemly hat, laying open in all her gestures the despairefull affliction, to which all the might of her reason was conuerted, with such like words stopped *Philanax*, as hee was entring into his inuectiue oration. Stay, stay *Philanax*, said shee, doe not defile thy honest mouth, with those dishonourable speeches thou art about to vtter against a woman, now most wretched, lately thy Mistresse. Let either the remembrance how great she was, moue thy heart to some reuerence; or the seeing how low she is, stirre in thee some pitie. It may bee truth doth make thee deale vntruly, and loue of iustice frames vniustice in thee, doe not therefore (neither shalt thou needе) tread vpon my desolate ruines. Thou shalt haue that thou seekest; and yet shalt not be oppressour of her, who cannot choose but loue thee for thy singular faith to thy master. I doe not speake this to procure mercie, or to prolong my life, no, no, I say vnto you I will not liue, but I am onely loth, my death should bee engrieued with any wrong thou shouldest doe vnto mee. I haue been too painfull a iudge ouer my selfe, to desire pardon in others iudgement. I haue been too cruell an executioner of mine owne soule, to desire that execution of iustice should bee stayed for me. Alas, they that know how sorrow can rent the spirits, they that know what fiery hels are contained in a self-condemning mind, need not feare that feare can keepe such a one from desiring to be separated from that which nothing but death can separate. I therfore say to thee (O iust Iudge) that I and onely I, was the worker of *Basilius* death. They were these hands that gaue vnto him the poysonous potion that hath brought death to him, and losse to *Arcadia*; it was I and none but I, that hastned his aged yeares to an vnnaturall end, and that haue made all his people orphans of their royall father. I am the subiect that haue killed my Prince, I am the wife that haue murdred my husband, I am a degenerate woman, an vndoer of this Countrey, a shame of my children. What wouldest thou haue said more, Oh *Philanax*? and all this I grant, there resteth then nothing else to say, but that I desire you, you will appoint quickly some to rid mee of my life, rather than these hands, which else are destinied vnto it, and that indeede it may be done with such speed as I may not long die in this life, which I haue in so great horrour: with that shee crossed her armes, and sate downe vpon the ground, attending the Iudges answer. But a great while it was, before anie bodie could bee heard speake, the whole people concurring in a lamentable crie, so much had *Gynecia's* words and behauiour stirred their hearts to a dolefull compassion, neither in troath could most of them in their iudgements tell, whether they should bee more sorrie for her fault or her miserie: for the losse of her estate, or losse of her vertue. But most were most moued with that which was vnder their eies, the sense most subiect to pitie. But at length the reuerent awe they stood in of *Euarchus*, brought them to a silent waiting his determination, who hauing well considered the abomination of the fact, attending more the manifest proofe of so horrible a trespasse, confessed by her selfe, & proued by others, than anie thing relenting to those tragicall phrases of hers (apter to stirre a vulgar pitie, than his minde, which hated euill,

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in what colours ſoeuer hee found it) hauing conſidered a while with the principall men of the countrey, and demanded their allowance, hee definitiuely gaue this ſentence: That whereas both in priuate and publike reſpects, this woman had moſt hainouſly offended (in priuate, becauſe marriage being the moſt holy coniunction that fals to mankinde, out of which all families, and ſo conſequently all ſocieties do proceede, which not only by communitie of goods, but communitie of children, is to knit the mindes in a moſt perfect vnion, which who ſo breakes diſſolues all humanitie, no man liuing free from the danger of ſo neare a neighbour, ſhee had not onely broken it, but broken it with death, and the moſt pretended death that might bee: In publike reſpect, the Princes perſons, beeing in all monarchall gouernments the very knot of the peoples welfare, and light of all their doings, to which they are not only in conſcience, but in neceſſitie bound to be loyall, ſhe had trayterouſly empoyſoned him, neither regarding her countries profite, her own dutie, nor the rigour of the lawes.) That therefore, as well for the due ſatisfaction to eternall iuſtice and accompliſhment of the *Arcadian* ſtatutes, as for the euerlaſting example to all wiues and ſubiects, ſhee ſhould preſently be conueyed to cloſe priſon, and there kept with ſuch foode as might ſerue to ſuſtaine her aliue, vntill the day of her husbands burial, at which time, ſhe ſhould be buried quicke, in the ſame tombe with him: that ſo his murder might bee a murder to her ſelfe, and ſhee forced to keepe company with the body from which ſhee had made ſo deteſtable a ſeuerance; and laſtly death might redreſſe their diſ-ioyned coniunction of matriage. His iudgement was receiued of the whole aſſembly, as not with diſliking, ſo with great aſtoniſhment, the greatneſſe of the matter and perſon as it were ouerpreſſing the might of their conceits. But when they did ſet it to the beame, with the monſtrouſneſſe of her ougly miſdeed, they could not but yeeld in their hearts, there was no ouerballancing. As for *Gynecia*, who had already ſettled her thoughts, not only to looke but long for this euent, hauing in this time of her vexation, found a ſweetneſſe in the reſt ſhe hoped by death (with a countenance witneſſing ſhe had beforehand ſo paſſed through all the degrees of ſorrow, that ſhee had no new looke to figure forth any more) roſe vp, and offered forth her faire hands to bee bound or led as they would, being indeed troubled with no part of this iudgement, but that her death was as ſhe thought long delayed. They that were appointed for it, conueyed her to the place ſhe was in before, where the guard was releeued, and the number encreaſed to keepe her more ſure for the time of her execution: None of them all this led her, though moſt of them were ſuch, whoſe hearts had been long hardened with the often exerciſing ſuch offices, being able to bar teares from their eyes, and other manifeſt tokens of compaſſionate ſorrow. So goodly a vertue is a reſolute conſtancie, that euen in euill deſeruers, it ſeemes that partie might haue beene notably well deſeruing. Thus the excellent Lady *Gynecia*, hauing paſſed fiue and thirty yeares of her age, euen to the admiration of a beautifull minde & body, and hauing not in her owne knowledge, euer ſpotted her ſoule with any wilfull vice, but her immoderate loue of *Zelmane*, was brought firſt by the violence of that ill-anſwered paſſion, & then by the deſpairing conceit ſhe took of the iudgment of God in her husbands death and her owne fortune, purpoſely to ouerthrow her ſelfe, and confirme by a wrong confeſsion, that abhominable ſtaine, which with her wiſedome, ioyned to the truth, perhaps ſhe might haue refelled. Then did *Euarchus* aske *Philanax*, whether it were he that would charge the two young priſoners, or that ſome other ſhould doe it, and he ſit, according to his eſtate, as an aſsiſtant in the iudgement. *Philanax* told him as before hee had done, that hee thought no

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man could lay manifeſt the naughtineſſe of thoſe two yong men, with ſo much either truth or zeale as himſelfe, and therfore he defired he might doe this laſt ſeruice to his faithfully beloued maſter, as to proſecute the trayterous cauſers of his death and diſhonour; which being done, for his part hee meant to giue vp all dealing in publicke affaires, ſince that man was gone who had made him loue them. *Philanax* thus being ready to ſpeake, the two Princes were commaunded to tell their names, who anſwered according to their agreements, that they were *Diaphantus* of *Lycia*, & *Palladius* Prince of *Iberia*. Which when they had ſaid, they demanded to know by what authoritie they could iudge of them, ſince they were not onely forreners and ſo not borne vnder their lawes, but abſolute Princes, and therefore not to be touched by lawes. But anſwer was preſently made them, that *Arcadia* Lawes were to haue their force vpon any were found in *Arcadia*: ſince ſtrangers haue ſcope to know the cuſtomes of a country, before they put themſelues in it: & when they once are entred, they muſt know, that what by many was made, muſt not for one bee broken. And ſo much leſſe for a ſtranger, as hee is to looke for no priuiledge in that place, to which in time of neede, his ſeruice is not to be expected. As for their being Princes, whether they were ſo or no, the beleefe ſtood in their own words, which they had ſo diuerſly falſified, as they did not deſerue beleefe. But whatſoeuer they were, *Arcadia* was to acknowledge them but as priuate men, ſince they were neither by Magiſtracie nor alliance to the princely bloud, to claime any thing in that region. Therefore if they had offended (which now by the plaintife and their defence was to be iudged) againſt the lawes of nations, by the lawes of nations they were to be chaſtiſed: if againſt the peculiar ordinances of the prouince, thoſe peculiar ordinances were to lay hold of them. The Princes ſtoode awhile vpon that, demanding leaſure to giue perfect knowledge of their greatneſſe; but when they were anſwered, that in a caſe of a Princes death, the Law of that Countrey had euer been, that immediate triall ſhould be had: they were forced to yeelde, reſolued that in thoſe names, they would as much as they could, couer the ſhame of their royall parentage, and keepe as long as might bee (if euill were determined againſt them) the euill newes from their carefull kinsfolke, wherein the chiefe man they conſidered was *Euarchus*: whom the ſtrange and ſecret working of iuſtice had brought to be the iudge ouer them, in ſuch a ſhadow, or rather pit of darkeneſſe, the wormiſh mankind liues, that neither they know how to foreſee, nor what to feare: and are like tenisbals, toſſed by the racket of the higher powers. Thus both ſides ready, it was determined, becauſe their caſes were ſeparated, firſt *Philanax* ſhould be heard againſt *Pyrocles*, whom they termed *Diaphantus*, and that heard, the others cauſe ſhould follow, and ſo receiue together ſuch iudgement, as they ſhould be found to haue deſerued. But *Philanax* that was euen ſhort breathed at the firſt, with the extreme vehemencie hee had to ſpeake againſt them, ſtroking once or twice his forehead, and wiping his eyes, (which either wept, or he would at that time haue them ſeeme to weepe) looking firſt vpon *Pyrocles*, as if he had proclaimed all hatefulneſſe againſt him, humbly turning to *Euarchus*, (who with quiet grauitie, ſhewed great attention) he thus began his Oration. That which all men, who take vpon them to accuſe another, are wont to deſire (moſt worthy Protector) to haue many proofes of faults in them they ſeeke to haue condemned: that is to me in this preſent action, my greateſt comber, & annoyance. For the numberis ſo great, and the qualitie ſo monſtrous, of the enormities this wretched yong man hath committed, that neither I in my ſelfe, can tell where to begin (my thoughts being confuſed with the horrible multitude of them) neither doe I think

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your vertuous eares will be able to endure the report: but will rather imagine, you hear some Tragedie inuented of the extremitie of wickednes, than a iust recitall of a wickednesse indeed committed: for such is the disposition of the most sincere iudgments, that as they can beleeue meane faults, and such as mans nature may slide into, so when they passe to a certaine degree, nay when they passe all degrees of vnspeakeable naughtinesse, then finde they in themselues a hardnesse to giue credit that humane creatures can so from all humanity be transformed. But in my self, the strength of my faith to my dead master will helpe the weakenesse of my memorie; in you, your excellent loue of iustice will force you to vouchsafe attention: and as for the matter, it is so manifest, so pitifull euidences lye before your eyes of it, that I shal need to be but a brief recounter, & no rhetoricall enlarger of this most harmfull mischiefe. I will therefore, in as few words, as so huge a trespasse can be contained, deliuer vnto you the sum of this miserable fact: leauing out a great number of particular tokens of his naughtinesse, & onely touching the essentiall points of this dolefull case. This man, whom to begin withall I know not how to name, since being come into this countrie, vnaccompanied like a lost pilgrime, from a man grew a woman, from a woman a rauisher of women, thence a prisoner, and now a Prince: But this *Zelmane*, this *Diaphantus*, this what you will (for any shape or title hee can take vpon him, that hath no restraint of shame) hauing vnderstood the solitary life my late master liued, and considering how open he had layd himselfe to any trayterous attempt, for the first maske of his falshood, disguised himselfe like a woman: which being the more simple and hurtlesse sexe, might easier hide his subtle harmefulnesse. And presenting himself to my master, the most curteous Prince that liued, was receiued of him with so great graciousnesse, as might haue bound not only any gratefull minde, but might haue mollified any enemies rancour. But this venemous serpent, admitted thus into his bosome, as contagion wil easily find a fit body for it, so had he quickly falne into so neat acquaintance with this naughty woman, whom euē now you haue most iustly cōdemned, that this was her right hand, she saw with no eyes but his, nor seemed to haue any life but in him, so glad she was to finde one more cunning than her selfe, in couering wickednesse with a modest veile. What is to be thought passed betwixt two such vertuous creatures, whereof the one hath confessed murder, & the other rape, I leaue to your wise consideration. For my hart hastens to the miserable point of *Basilius* murder, for the executing of wch with more facility, this yong nymph of *Diana's* bringing vp, fained certain rites she had to performe: so furious an impietie had caried him frō all remembrance of goodnes, that he did not onely not feare the gods, as the beholders and punishers of so vngodly a villany, but did blasphemously vse their sacred holy name, as a minister vnto it. And for sooth a caue here by was chosen, for the temple of his deuotions, a caue of such darkenesse, as did prognosticate, hee meant to please the infernall powers; for there this accursed caytife, vpon the altar of falshood, sacrificed the life of the vertuous *Basilius*. By what means he trained him thither, alas I know not, for if I might haue knowne it, either my life had accompanied my master, or this fellowes death had preserued him. But this may suffice, that in the mouth of this Caue, where this traytor had his lodging and chappell, when already master shepheard his companion had conueyed away the vndoubted inheritrix of this countrey, was *Gynecia* found by the dead corps of her husband, newly empoysoned, apparrelled in the garments of the yong Ladie, and readie no question to haue fled to some place, according to their consort, but that shee was by certaine honest shepheards arrested: while in the meane time, because there should bee left no reuenger of this bloudie mischief,

chief, this noble *Amazon* was violently gotten into the chamber of the Lady *Philoclea*, where by the mingling (as much as in him lay) of her ſhame with his miſdeed, he might enforce her to be acceſſary to her fathers death, & vnder the countenance of her and her ſiſter (againſt whom they knew wee would not rebell) ſeaz as it were with one gripe into their trecherous hands, the regiment of this mighty Prouince. But the almighty eie preuẽted him of the end of his miſchief, by vſing a villain *Dametas* his hand to incloſe him in there, where with as much fortificatiõ as in a houſe could be made, he thought himſelfe in moſt ſecuritie. Thus ſee you moſt iuſt iudge, a ſhort and ſimple ſtorie of the infamous miſerie falne vpon this Countrey. Indeed infamous, ſince by an effeminate man, wee ſhould ſuffer a greater ouerthrow, than our mightieſt enemies haue been euer able to lay vpon vs. And that all this, which I haue ſaid is moſt manifeſt, as well of the murdering of *Baſilius*, as the rauiſhing of *Philoclea* (for thoſe two parts I eſtabliſh of my accuſation) who is of ſo incredulous a minde, or rather who will ſo ſtop his eyes from ſeeing a thing clearer than the light, as not to hold for aſſured ſo palpable a matter. For to begin with his moſt cruell miſdeed, is it to be imagined, that *Gynecia* (a woman though wicked, yet witty) would haue attempted & atchieued an enterpriſe, no leſſe hazardous than horrible, without hauing ſome counſellor in the beginning, and ſome comforter in the performing? Had ſhee, who ſhewed her thoughts were ſo ouer-ruled with ſome ſtrange deſire, as in deſpite of God, nature and womanhoode, to execute that in deeds, which in words we cannot heare without trembling? had ſhee I ſay no practice to leade her vnto it? Or had ſhe a practice without conſpiracie? Or could ſhe conſpire without ſome body to conſpire with? And if one were, who ſo likely as this, to whom ſhe communicated I am ſure her minde, the world thinkes her bodie? Neither let her words taking the whole fault vpon her ſelfe, bee herein any thing auaileable. For to thoſe perſons who haue vomitted out of their ſoules all remnants of goodneſſe, there reſts a certaine pride in euill, and hauing elſe no ſhadow of glorie left them, they glory to bee conſtant in iniquity, and that God knowes muſt bee held out to the laſt gaſpe, without reuealing their accomplices; As thinking great courage is declared in being neither affeard of the heauens, nor aſhamed of the world. But let *Gynecia's* action dye with her ſelfe, what can all the earth anſwer for his comming hither? Why alone, if he be a Prince? How ſo richly iewelled if he be not a Prince? Why then a woman if now a man? Why now *Diaphantus*, if then *Zelmane*? Was all this play for nothing, or if it had an end, what end but the end of my deare maſter? Shall wee doubt ſo many ſecret conferences with *Gynecia*, ſuch fained fauour to the ouer-ſoone beguiled *Baſilius*, a Caue made a lodging, and the ſame lodging made a Temple of his Religion, laſtly ſuch changes and trecheries, as a quiet Poet could ſcarce fill a Poeme withall, were directed to any leſſe ſcope than to this monſtrous murther? Oh ſnakie ambition, which can winde thy ſelfe to ſo many figures, to ſlide thither thou deſireſt to come! O corrupted reaſon of mankinde, that can yeeld to deforme thy ſelfe with ſo filthy deſires! And O hopeleſſe bee thoſe mindes, whom ſo vnnaturall deſires doe not with their owne ouglineſſe ſufficiently terrifie! But yet euen of fauour let vs grant him thus much more, as to fancie that in theſe foretold things, fortune might be a great Actor, perchance to an euill end, yet to a leſſe euill end all theſe entangled deuiſes were entended. But I beſeech your Ladiſhippe, my Ladie *Diaphantus*, tell mee what excuſe you can finde for the changing your lodging with the Queene, that very inſtant ſhe was to finiſh her execrable practice? How can you cloke the lending of you cloake vnto her, was all that by chance too? Had

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the ſtarres ſent ſuch an influence vnto you, as you ſhould be iuſt wearie of your lodging and garments, when our Prince was deſtenied to the ſlaughter? What ſay you to this, O ſhamefull and ſhameleſſe creature? fit indeede to bee the diſhonour of both ſexes. But alas, I ſpend too many words in ſo manifeſt and ſo miſerable a matter. They muſt be foure wilde horſes (which according to our lawes are the executioners of men which murder our Prince) which muſt decide this queſtion with you. Yet ſee ſo farre had my zeale to my beloued Prince tranſported me, that I had almoſt forgotten my ſecond part, and his ſecond abhomination, I meane his violence offered to the Lady *Philoclea*: wherwith as if it had wel become his womanhood, he came brauing to the iudgement ſeate: indeed our lawes appoint not ſo cruell a death (although death too) for this fact as for the other. But whoſoeuer well weighes it, ſhall finde it ſprong out of the ſame fountaine of miſchieuous naughtineſſe, the killing of the father, diſhonouring the mother, and rauiſhing the childe. Alas could not ſo many benefits receiued of my Prince, the iuſtice of nature, the right of hoſpitalitie, be a bridle to thy luſt, if not to thy crueltie? Or if thou hadſt (as ſurely thou haſt) a heart recompenſing goodneſſe with hatred, could not his death, which is the laſt of reuenges, ſatisfie thy malice, but thou muſt heape vpon it the ſhame of his daughter? Were thy eyes ſo ſtonie, thy breaſt ſo tygriſh, as the ſweete and beautifull ſhewes of *Philoclea's* vertue did not aſtoniſh thee? O wofull *Arcadia*, to whom the name of this mankind curtiſan, ſhall euer be remembred as a procurer of thy greateſt loſſe! But too farre I finde my paſſion, yet honeſt paſſion hath guided me; the cauſe is euery way too too much vnanſwerable. It reſteth in you O excellent protector to pronounce iudgement, which if there bee hope that ſuch a yong man may proue profitable to the world, who in the firſt exerciſe of his owne detetmination, farre paſſed the arranteſt ſtrumpet in luxurioufneſſe, the cunningeſt forger in falſhood, a player in diſguiſing, a Tyger in crueltie, a Dragon in ingratefulneſſe, let him be preſerued like a iewell, to do greater miſchief. If his youth be not more defiled with trechery, than the eldeſt mans age, let I ſay his youth be ſome cauſe of compaſſion. If he haue not euery way ſough the ouerthrow of humane ſocietie, if he haue done any thing like a Prince, let his naming himſelfe a Prince, breede a reuerence of his baſe wickedneſſe. If he haue not broken all the lawes of hoſpitalitie, and broken them in the moſt deteſtable degree that can be, let his being a gueſt, be a ſacred protection of his more than ſaluage doings: or if his whoriſh beauty, haue not been as the high way of his wickedneſſe, let the picture drawn vpon ſo poiſonous a wood, be reſerued to ſhew how greatly colours can pleaſe vs. But if it is as it is, what ſhould I ſay more, a very ſpirit of helliſh naughtineſſe; if his act be to be puniſhed, and his defiled perſon not to be pitied, then reſtore vnto vs our Prince, by duly puniſhing his murderers, for then we ſhall thinke him and his name to liue, when we ſhall ſee his killers to dye. Reſtore to the excellent *Philoclea* her honour, by taking out of the world her diſhonour, and think that at this day, in this matter are the eyes of the world vpon you, whether any thing can ſway your minde from a true adminiſtration of iuſtice. Alas though I haue much more to ſay, I can ſay no more, for my teares & ſighes interrupt my ſpeech, & force me to giue my ſelfe ouer to my priuate ſorrow. Thus when *Philanax* had vttered the vttermoſt of his malice, he made ſorrow the cauſe of his concluſion. But while *Philanax* was in the courſe of his ſpeech, and did with ſuch bitter reproaches defame the Princely *Pyrocles*, it was well to be ſeene, his heart was vnuſed to beare ſuch iniuries, and his thoughts ſuch, as could arme themſelues better againſt any thing than ſhame. For ſometimes bluſhing, his blood with diuerſe motions

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comming and going, ſometimes cloſing his eyes, and laying his hand ouer them, ſometimes giuing ſuch a looke to *Philanax*, as might ſhew hee aſſured himſelfe hee durſt not ſo haue ſpoken if they had beene in indifferent place: with ſome impatiencie he bare the length of his oration: which being ended, vvith as much modeſt humbleneſſe to the Iudge, as deſpitefull ſcorne to the accuſer, vvith words to this purpoſe he defended his honour.

My accuſers tale, may vvell beare witneſſe vvith mee, moſt rightfull Iudge, in how hard a caſe, and inuironed with how many troubles, I may eſteeme my ſelfe. For if he, who ſhewes his tongue is not vnacquainted with rayling, was in an agony in the beginning of his ſpeech, with the multitude of matters he had to lay vnto me, wherein notwithſtanding the moſt euill could fall vnto him, vvas, that hee ſhould not do ſo much euill as he would, how combred do you think may I acknowledge my ſelfe, vvho in things no leſſe importing than my life, muſt be mine owne aduocate, vvithout leaſure to anſwer, or foreknowledge vvhat ſhould be obiected? In things I ſay promoted with ſo cunning confuſion, as hauing mingled truths vvith falſehoods, ſurmiſes vvith certainties, cauſes of no moment with matters capitall, ſcolding vvith complaining, I can abſolutely neither grant nor deny, neither can I tell, whether I come hither to be iudged, or before iudgement to be puniſhed, being compelled to beare ſuch vnworthy vvords, farre more grieuous than any death vnto me. But ſince the forme of this gouernment, allowes ſuch tongue-liberty vnto him, I will picke as well as I can out of his inuectiue thoſe few points, vvhich may ſeeme of ſome purpoſe in the touching of me, hoping that by your eaſie hearing of me, you will ſhew, that though you hate euill, yet you wiſh men may proue themſelues not euill; ſo in that he hath ſaid, you will not wey ſo much what he hath ſaid, as vvhat he hath proued, remembring that truth is ſimple and naked, and that if hee had guided himſelfe vnder that banner, hee needed not out of the way haue ſought ſo vile and falſe diſgracing of mee, enough to make the vntrueſt accuſation beleeued. I will therefore, vſing truth as my beſt eloquence, repeate vnto you as much as I know in this matter, and then by the onely cleareneſſe of the diſcourſe, your wiſedome I know will finde the difference betwixt cauilling ſuppoſition, and direct declaration. This Prince *Palladius* and I being enflamed vvith loue, (a paſſion farre more eaſily reprehended than refrained) to the two peerleſſe daughters of *Baſilius*, and vnderſtanding how he had ſecluded himſelf from the world, that like Princes, there was no acceſſe vnto him, vve diſguiſed our ſelues, in ſuch forms, as might ſooneſt bring vs to the reuealing of our affections. The Prince *Palladius* had ſuch euent of his doings, that vvith *Pamela's* conſent hee was to conuey her out of the thraldome ſhee liued in, to receiue the ſubiection of a greater people than her own, vntill her fathers conſent might be obtained. My fortune was more hard, for I bare no more loue to the chaſte *Philoclea*, than *Baſilius* deceiued in my ſexe, ſhewed to me, in ſo much that by his importunacy, I could haue no time to obtaine the like fauour of the pure *Philoclea*, till this policie I found, taking vnder colour of ſome deuotions, my lodging, to draw *Baſilius* thither, with hope to enioy mee: vvhich likewiſe I reuealed to the Queene, that ſhee might keepe my place, and ſo make her husband ſee his errour. While I in the meane time, being deliuered of them both, & hauing lockt ſo the doores as I hoped if the immaculate *Philoclea* would condeſcend to goe with me, there ſhould be none to hinder our going, I was made priſoner there, I know not by what meanes, when being repelled by her diuine vertue, I would faineſt haue eſcaped. Here haue you the thread to guide you in the Labyrinth, this man of his tongue, had made ſo monſtrous. Here you ſee the true diſcourſe,

discourse, which he mountebanke-fashion doth make so wide a mouth ouer. Here may you conceiue the reason, why the Queene had my garment, because in her going to the Caue, in the Moone shine night, she might be taken for me, which he vseth as the knot of all his wise assertions: so that as this double minded fellow's accusations was double, double likewise my answer must perforce bee, to the murther of *Basilius*, and violence offered to the inuiolate *Philoclea*. For the first, O heauenly gods, who would haue thought any mouth could haue beene found so mercenarie, as to haue opened so slight proofes of so horrible matters! His first argument is a question, who would imagine that *Gynecia* would accomplish such an Act, without some accessaries? and if any, who but I? Truely I am so farre from imagining any thing, that till I saw these mourning tokens, and heard *Gynecia's* confession, I neuer imagined the King was dead. And for my part so vehemently, and more like the manner of passionate, than guilde folkes, I see the Queene persecute her selfe, that I thinke condemnation may goe too hastily ouer her, considering the vnlikelihood, if not impossibilitie, her wisedome, and vertue so long nourished, should in one moment throw downe it selfe to the vttermost end of wickednesse. But whatsoeuer she hath done (which as I say, I neuer beleeued) yet how vniustly should that aggrauate my fault? Shee found abroad, I within doores (for as for the wearing my garment I haue told you the cause) shee seeking as you say to escape, I locking my selfe in a house: without perchance the conspiracie of one poore stranger, might greatly enable her attempt, or the fortification of the Lodge (as the trimme man alleaged) might make mee hope to resist all *Arcadia*. And see how treacherously he seekes to draw from me my chiefest clearing, by preuenting the credit of her words; wherewith shee had wholly taken the fault vpon her selfe. An honest and vnpartiall examiner! her words may condemne her, but may not absolue me. Thus voyde of all probable allegation, the crauen crowes vpon my affliction, not leauing out any euill, that euer he hath felt in his owne soule, to charge my youth withall. But who can looke for a sweete breath out of such a stomacke: or for honney from so filthy a Spider? What should I say more? if, in so inhumane a matter (which hee himselfe confesseth, sincerest iudgements are loathest to beleeue, and in the seuerest lawes proofes clearer than the Sunne are required, his reasons are onely the scumme of a base malice, my answers most manifest, shining in their owne truth) there remaine any doubt of it, because it standes betwixt his affirming and my deniall, I offer, nay I desire, and humbly desire I may be granted the triall by combate, wherin let him be armed and me in my shirt, I doubt not iustice will be my shield, and his heart will shew it selfe as faint as it is false.

Now come I to the second part of my offence towards the yong Ladie, which howsoeuer you tearme it, so farre forth as I haue told you, I confesse, and for her sake heartily lament. But if herein I offered force to her, loue offered more force to mee. Let her beautie bee compared to my yeares, and such effects will be found no miracles. But since it is thus as it is, and that iustice teacheth vs not to loue punishment, but to flye to it for necessitie: the salue of her honour (I meane as the world will take it, for else in truth it is most vntouched) must be my mariage, and not my death, since the one stops all mouthes, the other becomes a doubtfull fable. This matter requires no more words, and your experience I hope in these cases shall needs no more, for my selfe me thinkes I haue shewed already too much loue of my life to bestow so many. But certainely, it hath beene loue of truth which could not beare so vnworthy falshoode, and loue of iustice, that would

brooke no wrong to my selfe nor other, and makes me now, euen in that respect to desire you, to be moued rather with pitie at a iust cause of teares, than with bloudy teares this Crocodile spendes, who weepes to procure death, and not to lament death. It will bee no honour to *Basilius* tombe, to haue guiltlesse bloud sprinkled vpon it, and much more may a Iudge ouer-weigh himselfe in cruelty, than in clemencie. It is hard, but it is excellent where it is found, a right knowledge when correction is necessary, when grace doth more auaile. For mine own respect, if I thought it in wisedome I had deserued death, I would not desire life: for I know nature will condemne me to dye, though you do not; and longer I would not wish to draw this breath, than I may keepe my selfe vnspotted of any horrible crime; onely I cannot, nor neuer will deny the loue of *Philoclea*, whose violence wrought violent effects in mee. With that hee finished his speech, casting vp his eyes to the iudge, and crossing his hands, which he held in their length before him, declaring a resolute patience in whatsoeuer should be done with him. *Philanax* like a watchful aduersary curiously marked all that hee said, sauing that in the beginning hee was interrupted by two Letters were brought him from the Princesse *Pamela*, and the Lady *Philoclea*, who hauing all that night considered and bewayled their estate, carefull for their mother likewise, of whom they could neuer thinke so much euill, but considering with themselues that she assuredly should haue so due tryall by the lawes, as eyther she should not need their helpe, or should be past their helpe; they looked to that which neerliest touched them, and each wrote in this sort for him, in whom their liues ioy consisted.

The humble hearted Philoclea *wrote much after this manner.*

„ MY Lords, what you will determine of me, it is to me vncertaine, but what I „ haue determined of my selfe I am most certaine, which is, no longer to enioy „ my life, than I may enioy him for my husband, whom the heauens for my highest „ glory, haue bestowed vpon me. Those that iudge him, let them execute mee. Let „ my throate satisfie their hunger of murder. For alas what hath he done, that had „ not his originall in me? Looke vpon him I beseech you with indifferencie, and see „ whether in those eyes all vertue shines not. See whether that face could hide a „ murder. Take leasure to know him, and then your selues will say, it hath been too „ great an inhumanitie, to suspect such excellencie. Are the gods thinke you decei- „ued in their workemanship? Artificers will not vse Marble but to noble vses. „ Should those powers bee so ouershot, as to frame so precious an image of their „ owne, but to honourable purposes? O speake with him, O heare him, O know him, „ and become not the putters out of the worlds light. Hope you to ioy my fathers „ soule, with hurting him hee loued aboue all the world? Shall a wrong suspition „ make you forget the certaine knowledge of those benefits, this house hath recei- „ued by him? Alas, alas, let not *Arcadia* for his losse, bee accursed of the whole „ earth and of all posteritie. Hee is a great Prince, I speake vnto you that which I „ know, for I haue seene most euident testimonies. Why should you hinder my ad- „ uancement? who if I haue past my childhood hurtlesse to any of you, if I haue re- „ fused no body to doe what good I could, if I haue often mitigated my fathers an- „ ger, euer sought to maintaine his fauour towards you, nay if I haue held you all as „ fathers and brothers vnto me, rob me not of more than my life comes vnto. Teare „ not that which is inseparably ioyned to my soule; but if hee rest misliked of you, „ (which O God, how can it be) yet giue him to me, let mee haue him, you know I

pretend

pretend no right to your ſtate. Therefore it is but a priuate petition I make vnto you. Or if you be hard heartedly bent, to appoint otherwiſe (which oh ſooner let me dye than know:) then to end as I began, let mee by you bee ordered to the ſame end: without for more crueltie, you meane to force *Philoclea* to vſe her own hands to kill one of your Kings children.

Pamela's *Letter (which ſhe meant to ſend to the generall aſſembly of the Arcadian Nobilitie) (for ſo cloſely they were kept, as they were vtterly ignorant of the new taken orders) was thus framed.*

IN ſuch a ſtate my Lords you haue placed me, as I can neither write nor be ſilent; for how can I be ſilent, ſince you haue left me nothing but my ſolitarie words to teſtifie my miſerie? and how ſhould I write (for as for ſpeech I haue none but my Iaylor, that can heare me) who neither can reſolue what to write, nor to whom to write? What to write is as hard for me to ſay, as what I may not write, ſo little hope haue I of any ſucceſſe, and ſo much hath no iniurie beene left vndone to mee-wards. To whom to write, where may I learne, ſince yet I wot not how to entitle you? Shall I call you my Soueraignes? ſet downe your lawes that I may doe you homage. Shall I fall lower, and name you my fellowes? ſhew me I beſeech you the Lord and maſter ouer vs. But ſhall *Baſilius* heire name her ſelfe your Princeſſe? Alas I am your priſoner. But whatſoeuer I bee, or whatſoeuer you be, O all you beholders of theſe dolefull lines, this doe I ſignifie vnto you, and ſignifie it with a heart that euer ſhall remaine in that opinion. The good or euill you doe to the excellent Prince was taken with me, and after by force from me, I will euer impute it as eyther way done to mine owne perſon. He is a Prince, and worthy to bee my husband, and ſo is he my husband by me worthily choſen. Beleeue it, beleeue it, eyther you ſhall be traytors for murdering of me, or if you let me liue, the murderers of him ſhall ſmart as traytors. For what doe you thinke I can thinke? Am I ſo childiſh, as not to ſee, wherein you touch him you condemne mee? Can his ſhame be without my reproach? no nor ſhall be, ſince nothing he hath done, that I will not auow. Is this the comfort you bring mee in my fathers death, to make me fuller of ſhame than ſorrow? Would you doe this, if it were not with full intention to preuent my power with ſlaughter? And ſo doe I pray you, it is high time for me, to bee wearie of my life too long led, ſince you are weary of me, before you haue me: I ſay againe, I ſay it indefinitely vnto you, I will not liue without him, if it bee not to reuenge him: either doe iuſtly in ſauing both, or wiſely in killing both. If I be your Princeſſe, I command his preſeruation; if but a priuate perſon, then are wee both to ſuffer. I take all truth to witneſſe, hee hath done no fault but in going with me. Therefore to conclude, in iudging him you iudge mee, neither conceiue with your ſelues, the matter you treate, is the life of a ſtranger, though euen in that name hee deſerued pitie, nor of a ſhepheard, to which eſtate loue of me made ſuch a Prince deſcend, but determine moſt aſſuredly, the life that is in queſtion is of *Pamela, Baſilius* daughter.

Many blots had the teares of theſe ſweet Ladies made in their letters, which many times they had altered, many times torne and written anew, euer thinking ſome thing either wanted, or was too much, or would offend, or which was worſt, would breede deniall: but at laſt, the day warned them to diſpatch, which they accordingly did, and calling one of their guard (for no body elſe was ſuffered to come neere them) with great entreatie, they requeſted him, that hee would preſent them

to the principall Noblemen and Gentlemen together. For they had more confidence in the numbers fauour, than in any one, vpon whom they would not lay the liues they held so precious. But the fellow trustie to *Philanax*, who had placed him there, deliuered them both to him (what time *Pyrocles* began to speake) which he suddenly opened, and seeing to what they tended, by the first words, was so farre from publishing them (whereby he feared in *Euarchus* iust minde, either the Princesses might be endangered, or the prisoners preserued, of which choyce he knew not which to thinke the worst) that he would not himselfe reade them ouer, doubting his owne heart might be mollified, so bent vpon reuenge. Therefore vterly suppressing them, hee sent a spitefull care to *Pyrocles*, and as soone as hee had ended, with a very willing heart desired *Euarchus* he might accept the combate: although it would haue framed but euill with him; *Pyrocles* hauing neuer found any match neere him, besides *Musidorus*. But *Euarchus* made answer, since bodily strength is but a seruant to the minde, it were very barbarous and preposterous, that force should be made iudge ouer reason. Then would he also haue replyed in words vnto him, but *Euarchus* who knew what they could say, was already said, taking their arguments into his minde, commanded him to proceede against the other prisoner, and that then he would sentence them both together. *Philanax* nothing the milder for *Pyrocles* purging himselfe, but rather (according to the nature of arguing, especially when it is bitter) so much more vehement, entred thus into his speech against *Musidorus*, being so ouergone with rage that hee forgate in this oration his precise methode of ororatorie. Behold most noble Protector, to what a state *Arcadia* is come, since such manner of men, may challenge in combate the faithfullest of the nobilitie, and hauing merited the shamefullest of all deaths, dare name in mariage the Princesses of this countrey. Certainly my masters, I must say, you were much out of taste, if you had not rather enioy such Ladies, than be hanged. But the one you haue as much deserued, as you haue dishonoured the other. But now my speech must be directed to you good master *Dorus*, who with *Pallas* helpe pardie, are lately growne *Palladius*. Too much this sacred seate of iustice graunts vnto such a fugitiue bondslaue, who in steed of these examinations should be made confesse with a whippe, that which a halter should punish. Are not you hee Sir, whose sheepehooke was prepared to bee our Scepter; in whom lay the knot of all this tragedie? or else perchance, they that should gaine little by it were dealers in the murder, you onely that had prouided the fruits for your selfe, knew nothing of it; knew nothing: hath thy companion here infected thee with such impudency, as euen in the face of the world to deny that which all the world perceiueth? The other pleads ignorance, and you I doubt not will alledge absence. But he was ignorant, when he was hard by, and you had framed your absence, iust against the time the act should be committed, so fit a Lieutenant he knew he had left of his wickednesse, that for himselfe his safest meane, was to conuey away the Ladie of vs all, who once out of the countrey, he knew we would come with oliue branches of intercession vnto her, and fall at his feet to beseech him to leaue keeping of sheepe, & vouchsafe the tyrānizing ouer vs: for to think they are princes, as they say (although in our lawes it behoueth them nothing) I see it no reason. These iewels certainelie with their disguising sleights, they haue pilfred in their vagabounding race. And think you such Princes should be so long without some followers after them? Truly if they be Princes, it manifestly shewes their vertues such, as all their subiects are glad to be rid of them. But bee they as they are, for we are to consider the matter, & not the men. *Basilius* murder hath bin the cause of their comming, *Basilius* mur-

der

der they haue moſt trecherouſly brought to paſſe; yet that I doubt not, you will denie as well as your fellow. But how wil you deny the ſtealing away the Princeſſe of this Prouince, which is no leſſe than treaſon? So notably hath the iuſtice of the gods prouided for the puniſhing of theſe malefactors, as if it were poſſible, men would not beleeue the certaine euidences of their principall miſchiefe, yet haue they diſcouered themſelues ſufficiently for their moſt iuſt ouerthrow. I ſay therefore (to omit my chiefe matter of the Kings death) this wooluiſh ſheepheard, this counterfet Prince hath trayterouſly contrary to his allegeance (hauing made himſelfe a ſeruant and ſubiect) attempted the depriuing this country of our naturall Princeſſe: and therefore by all right muſt receiue the puniſhment of traytors. This matter is ſo aſſured as he himſelfe will not deny it, being taken and brought back in the fact. This mater is ſo odious in nature, ſo ſhameful to the world, ſo contrary to all lawes, ſo hurtfull to vs, ſo falſe in him, as if I ſhould ſtand further in declaring or defacing it, I ſhould either ſhew great doubts in your wiſedome, or in your iuſtice. Therfore I will transferre my care vpon you, and attend (to my learning and comfort) the eternall example you will leaue to all mankinde, of diſguiſers, falſifiers, adulterers, rauiſhers, murderers, and traytors. *Muſidorus* while *Philanax* was ſpeaking againſt his couſin and him, had looked round about him, to ſee whether by any meanes he might come to haue caught him in his armes, & haue killed him; ſo much had his diſgracing words filled his breaſt with rage. But perceiuing himſelfe ſo guarded as he ſhould rather ſhew a paſſionate act, than performe his reuenge, his hand trembling with deſire to ſtrike, and all the veines in his face ſwelling, caſting his eyes ouer the iudgement ſeate: O gods, ſaid hee, and haue you ſpared my life to beare theſe iniuries of ſuch a driuell? Is this the iuſtice of this place, to haue ſuch men as we are, ſubmitted not onely to apparant falſehood, but moſt ſhamefull reuiling? But marke I pray you the vngratefulneſſe of the wretch, how vtterly he hath forgotten the benefits both he and all this countrey hath receiued of vs. For if euer men may remember their own noble deedes, it is then when their iuſt defence, and others vniuſt vnkindneſſe doth require it. I omit our ſeruices done to *Baſilius* in the late warre with *Amphialus*, importing no leſſe than his daughters liues, and his ſtates preſeruation: were not we the men that killed the wilde beaſts which otherwiſe had killed the Princeſſes, if we had not ſuccoured them? Conſider if it pleaſe you, where had beene *Diaphantus* rape, or my treaſon, if the ſweete beauties of the earth had then bin deuoured? Either think them now dead, or remember they liue by vs. And yet full often this tel-tale can acknowledge the loſſe they ſhould haue by their taking away, while maliciouſly he ouerpaſſeth who were their preſeruers: neither let this be ſpoken of me, as if I meant to ballance this euill with that good, for I muſt confeſſe that ſauing of ſuch creatures was rewarded in the act it ſelfe: but only to manifeſt the partiall iangling of this vile pick-thanke. But if we be traytors, where was your fidelitie, O onely tongue-valiant Gentleman, when not onely the yong Princeſſe, but the King himſelfe was defended from vttermoſt perill, partly by me, but principally by this excellent yong mans both wiſedome and valour? Were we that made our ſelues againſt hundreds of armed men, openly the ſhields of his life, like ſecretly to be his impoyſoners? Did wee then ſhew his life to be dearer to vs than our owne, becauſe wee might after robbe him of his life, to die ſhamefully? Truely, truly maſter Orator, whoſoeuer hath hyred you to be ſo buſie in their matters, who keepe honeſter ſeruants than your ſelfe, hee ſhould haue bid you in ſo many raylings, bring ſome excuſe for your ſelfe, why in the greateſt neede of your Prince, to whom you pretend a miraculous good will, you were not then

as forward to doe like a man your ſelfe, or at leaſt to accuſe them that were ſlacke in that ſeruice: but commonly they vſe their feete for their defence, whoſe tongue is their weapon. Certainely a very ſimple ſubtiltie it had been in vs, to repoſe our liues in the daughters, when we had killed the father. But as this Gentleman thinkes to winne the reputation of a copious talker by leauing nothing vnſaid which a filthy minde can imagine, ſo thinke I (or elſe all words are vaine) that to wiſe mens iudgement, our clearneſſe in the King death is ſufficiently notorious. But at length when the merchant hath ſet out his guilded baggage, laſtly hee comes to ſome ſtuffe of importance, and ſaith, I conueied away the Princeſſe of this country. And is ſhe indeede your Princeſſe? I pray you then whom ſhould I wait on elſe but her that was my miſtreſſe by my profeſſed vow, & Princeſſe ouer me while I liued in this ſoile? Aske her why ſhe went; aske not me why I ſerued her. Since accounting me as a Prince, you haue not to do with me: taking me as her ſeruant, then take withall that I muſt obey her. But you will ſay, I perſwaded her to flye away; Certainely I will for no death deny it, knowing to what honor I ſhould bring her from the thraldome by ſuch fellowes counſell as you, ſhe was kept in. Shal perſwaſion to a Prince grow treaſon to a Prince? It might be errour in me, but falſhood it could not be, ſince I made my ſelfe partaker of whatſoeuer I wiſhed her vnto. Who will euer counſel his king, if his counſel be iudged by the euent, & if it be not found wiſe, ſhall therefore be thought wicked? But if I be a traytor, I hope you wil grant me a correlatiue, to whom I ſhall be the traytor. For the Princeſſe againſt whom the treaſons are conſidered, I am ſure will auow my faithfulneſſe, without you wil ſay that I am a traytor to her, becauſe I left the countrey; and a traytor to the country becauſe I went with her. Here do I leaue out my iuſt excuſes of loues force, which as thy narrow heart hath neuer had noble roome enough in it to receiue, ſo yet thoſe manlike courages, that experience know how ſubiect the vertuous mindes are to loue a moſt vertuous creature (witneſſed to bee ſuch by the moſt excellent gifts of nature) will deeme it a veniall treſpaſſe, to ſeeke the ſatisfaction of honourable deſires. Honourable euen in the curiouſeſt points of honour, whereout there can no diſgrace nor diſparagement come vnto her. Therefore O iudge, who I hope doſt know what it is to be a iudge, that your end is to preſerue and not to deſtroy mankinde, that lawes are not made like lime-twigges or nets, to catch euery thing that toucheth them, but rather like ſea-markes, to auoyd the ſhipwrack of ignorant paſſengers, ſince that our doing in the extreameſt interpretation is but a humane error, and that of it you may make a profitable euent (we being of ſuch eſtate, as their parents would not haue miſliked the affinitie) you will not I truſt at the perſwaſion of this brabler, burne your houſe to make it cleane, but like a wiſe father turn euen the fault of your children to any good that may come of it: ſince that is the fruit of wiſedome and end of all iudgements. While this matter was thus handling, a ſilent and as it were aſtoniſhed attention, poſſeſt all the people. A kindly compaſſion moued the noble Gentleman *Simpathus*, but as for *Kalander*, euery thing was ſpoken either by or for his owne deare gueſts, moued an effect in him: ſometimes teares, ſometimes hopefull lookes, ſometimes whiſpering perſwaſions in their eares, that ſtood by him, to ſeeke the ſauing the two yong Princes. But the generall multitude waited the iudgement of *Euarchus*, who ſhewed in his face no motions, either at the ones or others ſpeech, letting paſſe the flowers of rhethorike, & only marking whither their reaſons tended; hauing made the queſtion to be asked of *Gynecia*, who continued to take the whole fault vpon her ſelfe, and hauing called *Dametas* with *Miſo* and *Mopſa* (who by *Philanax* order had beene held in moſt cruell priſon) to

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make a full declaration, how much they knew of theſe paſſed matters, and then gathering as aſſured ſatisfaction to his owne minde as in that caſe he could, not needing to take leaſure for that, whereof a long practice had bred a well grounded habite in him, with a voice and geſture directed to the vniuerſall aſſembly, in this form pronounced ſentence. This waighty matter, wherof we are preſently to determine, doth at the firſt conſideration yeeld two important doubts. The firſt whether theſe men be to be iudged: the ſecond, how they are to be iudged. The firſt doubt ariſeth, becauſe they giue themſelues out for Princes abſolute: a ſacred name, and to which any violence ſeemes to be an impietie. For how can any lawes, which are the bonds of all humane ſocietie, be obſerued, if the law-giuers, and law-rulers be not held in an vntouched admiration? But hereto although already they haue been ſufficiently anſwered, yet thus much againe I will repeat vnto you. That whatſoeuer they be or be not, here they be no Princes, ſince betwixt Prince & ſubiect there is as neceſſary a relation as betweene father and ſonne; and as there is no man a father, but to his childe, ſo is not a Prince a Prince, but to his owne ſubiects. Therefore is not this place to acknowledge in them anie principalitie, without it ſhould at the ſame time by a ſecret conſent confeſſe ſubiection. Yet hereto may be obiected, that the vniuerſall ciuilitie, the law of nations (all mankind being as it were coinhabitors or world-citizens together) hath euer required publike perſons ſhould be of all parties eſpecially regarded, ſince not onely in peace but in warre, not only Princes, but heralds and trumpets, are with great reaſon exempted from iniuries. This point is true, but yet ſo true, as they that will receiue the benefit of a cuſtome, muſt not be the firſt to breake it, for then can they not complaine, if they bee not helpt by that which they themſelues hurt. If a Prince doe acts of hoſtilitie, without denouncing warre, if he breake his oath of amitie, or innumerable ſuch other things contrarie to the law of armes, he muſt take heed how he fall into their hands whom hee ſo wrongeth, for then is courteſie the beſt cuſtome he can claime; much more theſe men, who haue not only left to doe like Princes, but to be like Princes, not onely entred into *Arcadia*, and ſo into the *Arcadian* orders, but into domeſticall ſeruices, and ſo by making themſelues priuate, depriued themſelues of reſpect due to their publike calling. For no proportion it were of iuſtice that a man might make himſelfe no Prince when he would doe euill, and might anew create himſelfe a Prince when he would not ſuffer euill. Thus therefore by all lawes of nature and nations, and eſpecially by their owne putting themſelues out of the ſanctuarie of them, theſe young men cannot in iuſtice auoide the iudgement: but like priuate men muſt haue their doings either cleared, excuſed, or condemned. There reſteth then the ſecond point, how to iudge well. And that muſt vndoubtedly be done, not by a free diſcourſe of reaſon and skill of philoſophie: but muſt be tyed to the laws of Greece, and municipall ſtatutes of this kingdome. For although out of them theſe came, & to them muſt indeed referre their off-ſpring, yet becauſe philoſophicall diſcourſes ſtand in the general conſideration of things, they leaue to euery man a ſcope of his owne interpretation: where the lawes applying themſelues to the neceſſarie vſe, folde vs within aſſured bounds: which once broken, mans nature infinitely rangeth. Iudged therefore they muſt be, and by your lawes iudged. Now the action offereth it ſelfe to due ballance, betwixt the accuſers twofold accuſation; and their anſwer accordingly applied. The queſtions being, the one of a fact ſimply the other of the quality of a fact. To the firſt they vſe direct deniall, to the ſecond, qualification and excuſe. They deny the murther of the King; and againſt mighty preſumptions bring forth ſome probable anſwers, wch they do principally fortifie

fortifie with the Queenes acknowledging her ſelfe onely culpable. Certainly as in equalitie of coniectures, we are not to take hold of the worſe, but rather to be glad we may find any hope that mankind is not growne monſtrous (being vndoubtedly leſſe euill a guilty man ſhould eſcape, than a guiltleſſe periſh) ſo if in the reſt they be ſpotleſſe, then is this no farther to be remembred. But if they haue aggrauated theſe ſuſpicions with new euils, then are thoſe ſuſpicions ſo farre to ſhew themſelues, as to cauſe the other points to be throughly examined, and with leſſe fauour weyed, ſince this no man can denie, they haue beene accidentall, if not principall cauſes of the kings death. Now then we are to determine of the other matters, which are laid to them, wherein they doe not denie the fact, but denie, or at leaſt diminiſh the fault: but firſt I may remember (though it were not firſt alleaged by them) the ſeruices they had before done, truly honorable, and worthy of great reward, but not worthy to counteruaile a following wickedneſſe. Reward is proper to well doing, puniſhment to euill doing, which muſt not be confounded, no more than good and euill are to be mingled. Therefore hath it beene determined in all wiſedomes, that no man becauſe he hath done well before, ſhould haue his preſent euils ſpared: but rather ſo much the more puniſhed, as hauing ſhewed he knew how to be good, yet would againſt his knowledge bee naught. The fact then is nakedly without paſſion or partialitie to be viewed: wherin without all queſtion they are equally culpable. For though he that termes himſelfe *Diaphantus*, were ſooner diſappointed of his purpoſe of conueying away the Lady *Philoclea*, than he that perſwaded the Princeſſe *Pamela* to flie her countrey, and accompanied her in it: yet ſeeing in cauſes of this nature, the will by the rules of iuſtice ſtandeth for the deede, they are both alike to be found guiltie, and guiltie of haynous rauiſhment. For though they rauiſhed them not from themſelues, yet they rauiſhed them from him that owed them, which was their father. An act puniſhed by all the Grecian lawes, by the loſſe of the head, as a moſt execrable theft. For if they muſt dye, who ſteale from vs our goods, how much more they, who ſteale from vs that, for which wee gather our goods? and if our lawes haue it ſo in the priuate perſons, much more forcible are they to be in Princes children, where one ſteals as it were the whole ſtate and well being of that people, being tyed by the ſecret of a long vſe, to be gouerned by none but the next of that bloud. Neither let any man maruell, our anceſtors haue beene ſo ſeuere in theſe caſes, ſince the example of the *Phœnician Europa*, but eſpecially of Grecian *Helene*, hath taught them, what deſtroying fires haue growne of ſuch ſparkles. And although *Helene* was a wife, & this but a child, that booteth not, ſince the principall cauſe of marrying wiues, is, that we may haue children of our owne. But now let vs ſee how theſe yong men (truly for their perſons worthy of pity, if they had rightly pitied themſelues) doe goe about to mitigate the vehemencie of their errours. Some of their excuſes are common to both, ſome peculiar onely to him that was the ſhepheard. Both remember the force of loue, and as it were the mending vp of the matter by their marriage: if that vnbridled deſire which is intituled loue, might purge ſuch a ſickneſſe as this, ſurely wee ſhould haue many louing excuſes of hatefull miſchiefe. Nay rather, no miſchiefe ſhould be committed, that ſhould not be veiled vnder the name of loue. For as wel he that ſteals might alleage the loue of mony; he that murders, the loue of reuenge; he that rebels, the loue of greatneſſe, as the adulterer the loue of a woman. Since they doe in all ſpeeches affirme they loue that, which an ill gouerned paſſion maketh them to follow: but loue may haue no ſuch priuiledge. That ſweete and heauenly vniting of the minds, which properly is called loue, hath no other knot but vertue, and therefore if it bee a right loue, it can

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neuer slide into anie action that is not vertuous. The other, & indeed more effectual reason is, that they may be married vnto them, & so honorably redress the dishonor of them, whom this matter seemeth most to touch. Surely if the question vvere, what were conuenient for the parties, and not what is iust in the neuer changing iustice, there might be much said in it. But herein wee must consider, that the lawes looke how to preuent by due examples, that such things be not done: & not how to saue such things when they are done. For if the gouernors of iustice shall take such a scope, as to measure the foote of the law by a shew of conueniencie, and measure that conueniencie not by the publike societie, but by that which is fittest for them which offend: young men, strong men, and rich men, shall euer finde priuate conueniences how to palliate such committed disorders, as to the publike shall not only be inconuenient, but pestilent. The marriage perchance might bee fit for them, but verie vnfit were it to the state, to allow a patterne of such procurations of marriage. And thus much doe they both alleage. Further goes hee that went with the Princesse *Pamela*, and requireth the benefit of a Counsellor, who hath place of free perswasion: & the reasonable excuse of a seruant, that did but wait of his Mistress. Without all question, as Counsellors haue great cause to take heede how they aduise any thing, directly opposite to the forme of that present gouernment, especially when they doit singly without publike allowance: yet so is the case much more apparant; since neither shee was an effectuall Princesse, her father being then aliue, and though hee had beene dead, she not come to the yeares of authoritie, nor he her seruant in such maner to obey her, but by his own preferment first belonging to *Dametas*, and then to the king, and therefore if not by *Arcadia* lawes, yet by household orders, bound to haue done nothing without his agreement. Thus therefore since the deedes accomplished by these two, are both abominable and inexcusable, I do in the behalfe of iustice, and by the force of *Arcadia* lawes pronounce, that *Diaphantus* shall be throwne out of a high tower to receiue his death by his fall. *Palladius* shall be beheaded, the time before the sunne set: the place, in *Mantinea*: the executioner, *Dametas*: which office hee shall execute all the daies of his life, for his beastly forgetting the carefull duetie hee owed to his charge. This said, hee turned himselfe to *Philanax*, and two of the other Noblemen, commanding them to see the iudgement presently performed. *Philanax* more greedie than any hunter of his prey, went straight to lay hold of the excellent prisoners, who casting a farewell looke one vpon the other, represented in their faces as much vnappalled constancy, as the most excellent courage can deliuer in outward graces. Yet if at all there were any shew of change in them, it was that *Pyrocles* was somewhat nearer to bash fulnesse, and *Musidorus* to anger, both ouer-ruled by reason & resolution. But as with great number of armed men, *Philanax* was descending vnto them, and that *Musidorus* was beginning to say something in *Pyrocles* behalfe, behold *Kalander*, that with armes cast abroad, and open mouth came crying to *Euarchus*, holding a stranger in his hand that cryed much more than he, desiring they might be heard speak before the prisoners were remoued, euen the noble Gentleman *Simpathus* aided them in it, and taking such as hee could command, stopped *Philanax* betwixt entreatie and force, from carrying away the Princes, vntill it were heard what new matters these men did bring. So againe mounting to the Tribunall, they hearkened to the strangers vehement speech, or rather passionate exclayming. It was indeed *Kalodulus*, the faithfull friend of *Musidorus*, to whom his master, when in despite of his best grounded determinations hee first became a slaue to affection, had sent the shepheard *Menalcas* to be arrested: by the helpe of whose rayment in the meane time he

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aduanced himſelfe to that eſtate, which hee accounted moſt high, becauſe it might be ſeruiceable to that fancie, which he had placed moſt high in his minde. For *Menalcas* hauing faithfully performed his errand, was as faithfully impriſoned by *Kalodulus*. But as *Kalodulus* performed the firſt part of his duety in doing the commandement of his Prince: ſo vvas hee with abundance of ſincere loyaltie extremely perplexed vvhen hee vnderſtood of *Menalcas* the ſtrange diſguiſing of his beloued maſter. For as the acts hee and his couſin *Pyrocles* had done in *Aſia*, had filled all the eares of the *Theſſalians* and *Macedonians* with no leſſe ioy than admiration: ſo vvas the feare of their loſſe no leſſe grieuous vnto them, when by the noiſe of report they vnderſtood of their lonely committing themſelues to the Sea, the iſſue of which they had no way learned. But now that by *Menalcas* he perceiued vvhere hee was, gheſſing the like of *Pyrocles*, comparing the vnuſednеſſe of this act vvith the vnripeneſſe of their age, ſeeing in generall coniecture they could do it for nothing that might not fall out dangerous: he was ſomewhile troubled with himſelfe, what to doe, betwixt doubt of their hurt, and doubt of their diſpleaſure. Often he vvas minded (as his ſafeſt and honeſteſt way) to reueale it to the King *Euarchus*: that both his authority might preuent anie domage to them, and vnder his vvings he himſelfe might remaine ſafe. But conſidering a iourney to *Byzantium* (vvhereas yet he ſuppoſed *Euarchus* lay) would require more time, than he vvas willing to remaine doubtfull of his Princes eſtate, he reſolued at length to vvrite the matter to *Euarchus*, and himſelfe the while to goe into *Arcadia*: vncertaine vvhat to do when hee came thither, but determined to doe his beſt ſeruice to his deare maſter, if by any good fortune hee might finde him. And ſo it happened, that being euen this day come to *Mantinea*, and as vvarily and attentiuely as hee could, giuing eare to all reports, in hope to heare ſomething of them hee ſought, hee ſtraight receiued a ſtrange rumour of theſe things: but ſo vncertainly, as popular reports carry ſo rare accidents. But this by all men he was willed, to ſeeke out *Kalander* a great Gentleman of that Countrey, who would ſooneſt ſatisfie him of all occurrents. Thus inſtructed hee came euen about the midſt of *Euarchus* iudgement to the deſert: where ſeeing great multitudes, and hearing vnknowne names of *Palladius* and *Diaphantus*, and not able to preſſe to the place where *Euarchus* ſate, he enquired for *Kalander*, and was ſoone brought vnto him, partly becauſe he was generally known vnto all men, and partly becauſe hee had withdrawne himſelfe from the preaſe, when he perceiued by *Euarchus* words vvhither they tended, being not able to endure his gueſts condemnation. Hee enquired forthwith of *Kalander* the cauſe of the aſſembly; and whether the fame were true of *Euarchus* preſence: who with manie teares made a dolefull recitall vnto him, both of the *Amazon* and ſhepheard, ſetting forth their naturall graces, and lamenting their pitifull vndoing. But this deſcription made *Kalodulus* immediately know the ſhepheard was his Duke, and ſo iudging the other to bee *Pyrocles*, and ſpeedily communicating it to *Kalander*, who he ſaw did fauour their caſe, they brake the preaſe with aſtoniſhing euery man with their cries. And being come to *Euarchus*, *Kalodulus* fell at his feete, telling him thoſe he had iudged, were his owne Sonne and Nephew, the one the comfort of *Macedon*, the other the onely ſtay of *Theſſalia*. With many ſuch like words; but as from a man that aſſured himſelfe in that matter hee ſhould neede ſmall ſpeech, while *Kalander* made it knowne to all men, what the priſoners were: to whom hee cried they ſhould ſalute their father, and ioy in the good hap the gods had ſent them; who were no leſſe glad, than all the people amazed at the ſtrange euent of theſe matters. Euen *Philanax* owne reuengefull heart was mollified, when hee ſaw

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from diuers parts of the world ſo neare kinſmen ſhould meete in ſuch a neceſſitie. And withall the fame of *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, greatly drew him to a compaſſionate conceit, and had alreadie vnclothed his face of all ſhew of malice. But *Euarchus* ſtaid a good vvhile vpon himſelfe, like a valiant man that ſhould receiue a notable encounter, being vehemently ſtricken with the fatherly loue of ſo excellent children; and ſtudying vvith his beſt reaſon, what his office required: at length with ſuch a kind of grauitie, as was neare to ſorrow, he thus vttered his mind: I take witneſſe of the immortall gods (ſaid hee) O *Arcadians*, that what this day I haue ſaid, hath beene out of my aſſured perſwaſion, what iuſtice it ſelfe and your iuſt lawes require. Though ſtrangers then to mee, I had no deſire to hurt them, but leauing aſide all conſiderations of the perſons, I weighed the matter which you committed into my hands, with my moſt vnpartiall and fartheſt reach of reaſon. And thereout haue condemned them to loſe their liues, contaminated with ſo manie foule breaches of hoſpitality, ciuility & vertue. Now contrary to all expectations, I find them to be my onely ſonne and nephew, ſuch vpon whom you ſee what gifts nature hath beſtowed: ſuch who haue ſo to the wonder of the world heretofore behaued themſelues, as might giue iuſt cauſe to the greateſt hopes, that in an excellent youth may be conceiued. Laſtly, in few words, ſuch, in whom I placed all my mortall ioyes, and thought my ſelfe now neare my graue, to recouer a new life. But alas, ſhall Iuſtice halt? Or ſhall ſhee winke in ones cauſe, vvhich had *Lynces* eies in anothers? Or rather ſhall all priuate reſpects giue place to that holy name? Bee it ſo, be it ſo, let my gray haires be laid in the duſt with ſorrow, let the ſmall remnant of my life be to me an inward and outward deſolation, and to the world a gazing ſtocke of wretched miſerie: but neuer, neuer let ſacred rightfulneſſe fall: it is immortall, and immortally ought to bee preſerued. If rightly I haue iudged, then rightly I haue iudged mine owne children: vnleſſe the name of a child ſhould haue force to change the neuer changing Iuſtice. No, no, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, I preferre you much before my life, but I preferre Iuſtice as farre before you: while you did like your ſelues, my body ſhould willingly haue beene your ſhield, but I cannot keep you from the effects of your own doing: nay I cānot in this caſe acknowledge you for mine: for neuer had I ſhepheard to my nephew, nor euer had woman to my ſon, your vices haue degraded you from being Princes, & haue diſanuld your birthright. Therefore, if there be any thing left in you of Princely vertue, ſhew it in conſtant ſuffering, that your vnprincely dealing hath purchaſed vnto you. For my part I muſt tell you, you haue forced a father to rob himſelfe of his children. Doe you therefore, O *Philanax*, and you my other Lords of this countrie, ſee the iudgement bee rightly performed in time, place and manner, as before appointed. With that, though he would haue refrained them, a man might perceiue the teares drop downe his long white beard. Which moued not onely *Kalodulus* and *Kalander* to roring lamentations, but all the aſſembly dolefully to record that pitifull ſpectacle. *Philanax* himſelfe could not abſtaine from great ſhewes of pitying ſorrow, and manifeſt withdrawing from performing the kings commandement. But *Muſidorus* hauing the hope of his ſafetie, and recouering of the Princeſſe *Pamela*, which made him moſt deſirous to liue, ſo ſodainely daſhed; but eſpecially moued for his deare *Pyrocles*, for whom hee was euer reſolued his laſt ſpeech ſhould be, and ſtirred vp with rage of vnkindneſſe, he thus ſpake: Enioy thy bloudy conqueſt, tyrannicall *Euarchus*, ſaid he; for neither is conuenient the title of a king to a murtherer, nor the remembrance of kindred to a deſtroyer of his kindred. Goe home and glorie, that it hath beene in thy power, ſhamefully to kill *Muſidorus*. Let thy flattering Orators

dedicate

dedicate Crownes of Laurell vnto thee, that the firſt of thy race thou haſt ouerthrown a prince of *Theſſalia*. But for me I hope the *Theſſalians* are not ſo degenerate from their anceſtors, but that they will reuenge my iniury, & their loſſe vpon thee. I hope my death is no more vniuſt to me, than it ſhalbe bitter to thee, howſoeuer it be, my death ſhall triumph ouer thy cruelty; neither as now would I liue, to make my life beholding vnto thee: But if thy cruelty hath not ſo blinded thine eies, that thou canſt not ſee thine own hurt, if thy hart be not ſo diueliſh, as thou haſt no power but to torment thy ſelf, then look vpon this yong *Pyrocles* with a manly eie, if not with a pitifull: Giue not occaſion to the whole earth to ſay, ſee how the gods haue made the tyrant tear his own bowels! Examine the eies & voices of al this people, & what al men ſee, be not blind in thine own cauſe. Look, I ſay look vpon him, in whom the moſt curious ſearcher is able to finde no fault, but that he is thy ſonne. Beleeue it, thy owne ſubiects wil deteſt thee, for robbing them of ſuch a Prince, in whom they haue right as well as thy ſelf. Some more words to that purpoſe he would haue ſpoken: but *Pyrocles* who often had cald to him, did now fully interrupt him, deſiring him not to doe him the wrong to giue his father ill words before him, willing him to conſider it was their owne fault, & not his vniuſtice, & withall, to remember their reſolution of well ſuffering all accidents, which this impatiencie did ſeeme to varie from: & then kneeling down with all humbleneſſe, he tooke the ſpeech in this order to *Euarchus*: If my daily praiers to the almighty gods, had ſo farre preuailed, as to haue granted me the end whereto I haue directed my actions; I ſhould rather haue beene now a comfort to your minde, than an example of your iuſtice; rather a preſeruer of your memory by my life, than a monumẽt of your iudgment by my death. But ſince it hath pleaſed their vnſearchable wiſedomes to ouerthow all the deſires I had to ſerue you, and make me become a ſhame vnto you; ſince the laſt obedience I can ſhew you is to die: vouchſafe yet O father (if my fault haue not made me altogether vnworthy ſo to terme you) vouchſafe I ſay to let the few and laſt words your ſonne ſhall euer ſpeak, not to be tedious vnto you. And if the remembrance of my vertuous mother, who once was dear vnto you, may beare any ſway with you, if the name of *Pyrocles* haue at any time beene pleaſant, let one requeſt of mine, which ſhall not bee for mine owne life, be graciouſly accepted of you. What you owe to iuſtice is performed in my death: a father to haue executed his only ſonne, will leaue a ſufficient example for a greater crime than this. My bloud will ſatisfie the higheſt point of equitie, my bloud will ſatisfie the hardeſt hearted in this countrey. O ſaue the life of this Prince; that is the onely all I will with my laſt breath demand of you. With what face will you looke vpon your ſiſter, when in reward of nouriſhing mee in your greateſt need, you take away, and in ſuch ſort take away that which is more deare to her than all the world, and is the onely comfort, wherewith ſhe nouriſheth her old age? O giue not ſuch an occaſion to the noble *Theſſalians*, for euer to curſe the match that their Prince did make with the *Macedon* bloud. By my loſſe there followes no publike loſſe, for you are to hold the ſeat, and to prouide your ſelfe perchance of a worthier ſucceſſour. But how can you or all the earth recompence that domage that poore *Theſſalia* ſhall ſuſtaine? who ſending out (whom otherwiſe they would no more haue ſpared than their owne eyes) their Prince to you, and you requeſting to haue him, by you hee ſhould thus diſhonourably be extinguiſhed. Set before you I beſeech you, the face of that miſerable people, vvhen no ſooner ſhall the newes come that you haue met your Nephew, but withall they ſhall heare that you haue beheaded him. How many teares they ſhall ſpend, how manie complaints they ſhall make, ſo many iuſt execrations will light

light vpon you. And take heed O father (for ſince my death anſwers my fault, while I liue I will call vpon that deare name) leſt ſeeking too preciſe a courſe of iuſtice, you bee not thought moſt vniuſt in weakning your neighbours mightie eſtate, by taking away their only pillar. In me, in me this matter began, in me let it receiue his ending. Aſſure your ſelf no man will doubt your ſeuere obſeruing the lawes, when it ſhall be knowne *Euarchus* hath killed *Pyrocles*. But the time of my euer farewell approcheth: if you do thinke my death ſufficient for my fault, and do not deſire to make my death more miſerable than death: let theſe dying words of him, that was once your ſonne, pierce your eares. Let *Muſidorus* liue, and *Pyrocles* ſhall liue in him, and you ſhall not want a childe. A child, cried out *Muſidorus*, to him that kills *Pyrocles?* with that he fell again to entreate for *Pyrocles*, and *Pyrocles* as faſt for *Muſidorus*, each employing his wit how to ſhew himſelf moſt worthy to die, to ſuch an admiration of all the beholders, that moſt of them examining the matter by their owne paſſions, thought *Euarchus*, (as often extraordinary excellencies, not beeing rightly conceiued, doe rather offend than pleaſe) an obſtinate hearted man, and ſuch an one, who being pitileſſe, his dominion muſt needs be inſupportable. But *Euarchus* that felt his owne miſerie more than they, and yet loued goodneſſe more than himſelfe, with ſuch a ſad aſſured behauiour as *Cato* killed himſelfe withall; when he had heard the vttermoſt of that their ſpeech tended vnto, he commanded againe they ſhould be carried away, riſing vp from the ſeate (which he would much rather haue wiſhed ſhould haue bin his graue) and looking who would take the charge whereto euery one was exceeding backward. But as this pitiful mater was entring into, thoſe that were next the Dukes bodie, might heare from vnder the veluet wherewith hee was couered, a great voyce of groning. Whereat euery man aſtoniſhed (and their ſpirits appalled with theſe former miſeries, apt to take any ſtrange conceit) when they might perfectly perceiue the bodie ſtir, then ſome began to feare ſpirits, ſome to looke for a miracle, moſt to imagine they knew not what. But *Philanax* and *Kalander*, whoſe eyes honeſt loue (though to diuers parties) held moſt attentiue, leapt to the table, and putting off the veluet couer, might plainely diſcerne, with as much wonder as gladneſſe, that the Duke liued. For ſo it was, that the drinke he receiued, was neither as *Gynecia* firſt imagined, a loue potion, nor as it was after thought a deadly poyſon, but a drinke made by notable art, and as it was thought not without naturall magick, to procure for thirtie houres ſuch a deadly ſleep, as ſhould oppreſſe all ſhew of life. The cauſe of the making of this drinke had firſt bin, that a Princeſſe of *Cyprus*, grandmother to *Gynecia*, being notably learned (and yet not able with all her learning to anſwer the obiections of *Cupid*) did furiouſly loue a young nobleman of her fathers Court. Who fearing the kings rage, and not once daring either to attempt or accept ſo high a place, ſhe made that ſleeping drink, and found means by a truſtie ſeruant of hers (who of purpoſe inuited him to his chamber) to procure him, that ſuſpected no ſuch thing, to receiue it. Which done, he no way able to reſiſt was ſecretly caried by him into a pleaſant chamber, in the midſt of a garden ſhe had of purpoſe prouided for this enterpriſe, where that ſpace of time, pleaſing her ſelfe with ſeeing and cheriſhing of him, when the time came of the drinkes end of working, and he more aſtoniſhed than if he had falne from the cloudes, ſhee bad him chooſe either then to marry her, and to promiſe to flye away with her in a barke ſhe had made ready, or elſe ſhe would preſently cry out, and ſhew in what place he was, with oath he was come thither to rauiſh her. The Nobleman in theſe ſtraights, her beautie preuailed, he married her, and eſcaped the realme with her. And after many ſtrange aduentures, were reconciled to the King her father, after whoſe death they

reigned. But she gratefully remembring the seruice that drinke had done her, preserued in a bottle (made by singular art long to keepe it without perishing) great quantity of it, with the foretold inscription, w^ch^ wrongly interpreted by her daughter in law the Queen of *Cyprus*, was giuen by her to *Gynecia* at the time of her mariage; and the drink finding an old body of *Basilius*, had kept him some houres longer in the trance, than it would haue done a yonger. But a while it was before good *Basilius* could come againe to himselfe: in which time *Euarchus* more glad than of the whole worlds Monarchy, to bee rid of his miserable magistracie, which euen in iustice he was now to surrender to the lawfull Prince of that Countrey, came from the throne vnto him, and there with much adoe made him vnderstand how these intricate matters had falne out. Many garboyles passed through his fancy before he could be perswaded *Zelmane* was other than a woman. At length remembring the Oracle which now indeed was accomplished (not as before he had imagined) considering all had falne out by the highest prouidence, & withall weighing in all these matters his owne fault had beene the greatest; The first thing he did, was with all honourable pompe to send for *Gynecia*: who (poore Lady) thought shee was leading forth to her liuing buriall: and (when she came) to recount before all the people, the excellent vertue was in her, which she had not only maintained all her life most vnspotted, but now was content so miserably to dye, to follow her husband. He told them how she had warned him to take heed of that drink: & so with all the exaltings of her that might be, publickly desired her pardon for those errors he had committed. And so kissing her, left her to receiue the most honourable fame of any Princesse throughout the world, all men thinking (sauing onely *Pyrocles*, and *Philoclea*, who neuer betrayed her) that she was the perfect mirrour of all wifely loue. Which though in that point vndeserued, she did in the remnant of her life duly purchase, with obseruing all dutie and faith to the example and glory of *Greece*: so vncertaine are mortall iudgements, the same person most infamous, and most famous, and neyther iustly. Then with Princely entertainment to *Euarchus*, and many kind words to *Pyrocles*, whom still he dearely loued though in a more vertuous kind, the mariage was concluded, to the inestimable ioy of *Euarchus*, (towards whom now *Musidorus* acknowledged his fault) betwixt the peereless Princes and Princesses. *Philanax* for his singular faith euer held deare of *Basilius* while he liued, and no lesse of *Musidorus*, who was to inherit that kingdome, and therein confirmed to him and his the second place of that Prouince, with great increase of his liuing to maintaine it. Which like proportion he vsed to *Kalodulus* in *Thessalia*: highly honouring *Kalander* while hee liued: and after his death continuing in the same measure to loue and aduance his sonne *Clitophon*. But as for *Sympathus*, *Pyrocles*, (to whom his father in his own time gaue the whole kingdome of *Thrace*) held him alwaies about him, giuing him in pure gift, the great City of *Abdera*. But the solemnities of these mariages with the *Arcadian* pastorals, full of many comical aduentures hapning to those rurall louers; the strange stories of *Artaxia* and *Plexirtus*, *Erona* and *Plangus*, *Helene* & *Amphialus*, with the wonderfull chances that befell them: the shepheardish loues of *Menalcas* with *Kalodulus* daughter: the poor hopes of the poore *Philisides* in the pursuit of his affections; the strange continuance of *Klaius* and *Strephons* desire: Lastly the sonne of *Pyrocles*, named *Pyrophilus*, and *Melidora*, the faire daughter of *Pamela* by *Musidorus*, who euen at their birth entred into admirable fortunes; may awake some other spirit to exercise his pen in that, wherwith mine is already dulled.

The end of the fift Booke of ARCADIA.

A

A SIXTH BOOKE, TO THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA:

VVritten by *R. B.* of Lincolnes Inne Eſquire.

Sat, ſi bene; ſi male, nimium.



LONDON,
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1628.

LIBRARY BOOK

TO THE READER.

TO striue to leſſen the greatneſſe of the attempt, were to take away the glory of the Action. To adde to Sir Philip Sidney, *I know is raſhneſſe; a fault pardonable in me, if cuſtome might as well excuſe the offence, as youth may preſcribe in offending in this kinde. That hee ſhould vndergoe that burden, whoſe mother-tongue differs as much from this language, as* Iriſh *from* Engliſh; *augments the danger of the enterpriſe, and giues your expectation, perhaps an aſſurance, what the euent muſt be. Yet let no man iudge wrongfully of my endeauours: I haue added a limme to* Apelles *Picture; but my minde neuer entertain'd ſuch vaine hopes, to thinke it of perfection ſufficient to delude the eyes of the moſt vulgar, with the likeneſſe in the workemanſhip. No, no, I doe not follow* Pythagoras *his opinion of tranſmigrations: I am well aſſur'd diuine* Sidney's *ſoule is not infus'd into me, whoſe iudgement was onely able to finiſh, what his Fnuention was onely worthy to vndertake. For this, courteous Reader, let it ſuffice I place Sir* Philip Sidney's *deſert (euen in mine own eſteeme) as farre beyond my endeauours, as the moſt fault-finding Cenſor can imagin this aſſay of mine, to come ſhort of his* Arcadia. Vale.

R. B.

A SIXTH BOOK TO THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

WHat changes in Fortune the Princes of *Macedon* and *Thessaly* haue past, together with what euent the vncertaine action of so blinde a goddesse haue beene crowned; they may remember, whose eares haue beene fed with their eloquent Story, written by the neuer-enough renowned Sir *Philip Sidney*.

Basilius therefore hauing beheld with the eye of succesſe, the accompliſhment of his misinterpreted Oracle, hastened (together with *Euarchus*) to his Court of *Mantinea*; where the infinite assembly, and the publique Sacrifices of his Subiects, did well witnesse what ioy did possesse their hearts, whose eyes were restored to the sight of long-eclipsed Soueraigntie. Fame also, proud to bee the messenger of such royall newes, had soone (with speedy flight) past the limits of *Arcadia*: so as in few dayes the Court was filled with forraigne Princes, whom either the tye of a long obserued league of amitie, or a neareneſse in bloud to *Basilius*, at such a time brought thither, to congratulate with him; or were such whose honour-thirstie mindes hunted after occasions to make knowne their skill in acts of Chiualrie.

And now was the Marriage day come, when *Pamela* (attyred in the stately ornament of beauteous Maiestie, led by the constant forwardneſse of a vertuous minde, waited on by the manie thoughts of the forepassed crosses in her loue, which now made vp a perfect harmony in the pleasing discord of indeer'd affection) was brought to Church: whom soone after, her sister *Philoclea* (being in the same degree of happineſse, clad in the bashfull innocencie of an vnspotted soule, guided by the shamefac't desire of her *Pyrocles* satisfaction, attended on by many Graces of a milde chearefulneſse) followed; both equally admired, both equally lookt vpon.

The Temple (whereto in triumph Beauty and Maiesty were led prisoners by the famous sisters) was a fit dwelling place for the *Arcadian* Deities; fenc'd from the Sunne and Windes too free acceſse, by many ranks of euen-growne euen-set trees: neare which, in diuided branches, ran two cleare streames, whose sweete murmure (as they tumbled ouer their bed of pibble stones) did much adorne the religious solitarineſse of that place. And, that nothing should be wanting that might set forth the carefull iudgement of the builder, it was seated in such a neare distance from the Palace, as might not presently burie the gloriousneſse of the show, nor cloy the beholders

beholders with the tediousnesse of the sight. In the way, on both hands, were many altars, on which the crowned intrals of the much-promising sacrifices were laid. At the doore the two sisters were receiued by as many Virgins, attired in a white Lawne liuery, with Garlands on their heads of Lillies and Roses intermixt, holding in their left hands a paire of Pigeons, the gratefull offering to the Queene of Loue. Soone after, the accustomed Rites in the *Arcadian* nuptials being ended, the King and *Euarchus* (with the rest of the Princes) returned vnto a stately Palace, sumptuously furnished; where both Art and Nature seem'd to be at variance, whether should bestow most ornaments to enrich so rare a worke: seated where the earth did rise a little (as proud to be the supporter of so curious a building) by mean whereof, the sight had freedome to ouerlooke a large territory; where the greene leuell of the *Arcadian* Plaines, beautified by the intercourse of many Forrests, represented the delightfull mixture of a ciuill Wilderneſſe. The building of Marble, where, whether the Art in caruing into many formes, the in-vaine-resisting hardnesse of the stone, the cunning in knitting these dis-ioynted members, or the inuention in contriuing their seuerall roomes, did excell; was hard to be iudged of.

The inside also might well bee the inner part of so glorious an outside: for, besides the well-matcht largenesse of the roomes, and lightsome pleasantnesse of the windowes; it was all hung with the choice rareneſſe of far-fetcht Arras, in which the ingenious workeman, with the curious pensill of his little Needle, had limn'd the dumme records of reuiu'd Antiquity. Here did he present the memorable siege of *Thebes*, where the ruines of her walls seem'd yet to hang, and make the beholders feare the downefall of the liuely stones. There you might see how cunningly hee had expres't the constrain'd flight of the *Troian* Prince, and the cruell sacrifice of enraged *Dido's* loue: Nor was the story of *Silla* forgotten, who there stood before *Minos* with the present of her fathers fatall haire; while you might perceiue, by his bent browes and disdainefull countenance, the iust reward of her vnnaturall attempt. With these and others, wherein cost and inuention strouue for the mastery, were the Hangings adorned: yet these many Stories did so stealingly succeed each other, that the most curious obseruers eye (though his admiration might dwell on each peece) could finde no cause of stay, vntill he had ouerlookt them all. But neither these, nor what Art or Nature could haue added, did set forth so much the Palace, as the gracefull presence of the *Arcadian* sisters; whose beauties, till now, of long time had borne a part with their troubled mindes, in a sweete pilgrimage to a happy euent: And therefore at this present so far disburdened of those thoughts, as 'twas to be settled in the most desir'd enioying of vnspeakable blisse, the imagination would needs perswade, if it were possible, were bettered.

Dinner being set and ended, while the Knights, (who, to honour that day with Tilting, and to shew what they dar'd & could affect in the seruice, as they thought, of vnresistable beauties) were putting on their armour, there entred the Hall a Page, who with submissiue humblenesse, told the King, hee was sent from his Master the naked Knight, who desired there to be receiued as a Challenger, to eternize, as the iustnesse of his cause required, the famous memorie of his deceased Mistris *Hellen* the Queene of *Corinth*. *Basilius* much pitying the before vnheard death of so excellent a Queene, will'd the Page to relate the circumstance; which being strange in it selfe, and of so great a subiect, wrought a passionate willingnesse in the hearers to be attentiue.

After that fortune (said he) had bestowed by the conquest of *Amphialus*, at *Cecropia's* Castle, the victory on his aduersary the black Knight: this Queene (hauing long

long time, by the command of Loue, her inward tyrant, made all *Greece* a Stage for her wandring paſſions) at length went thither; where the end of her ſearch was the beginning of her ſorrowes. Finding the curtaines of eternall night ready to cloſe vp his eyes, who (in the voyage her affection made) had alway beene the Port ſhee ſteered to: yet hoping ſhee knew not what, that if perhaps *Proſerpine* ſhould meete in *Elizium* his departed ſoule, ſhe would in meere compaſſion of her ſorrow, ſend it backe to re-inhabite her ancient ſeate; ſhe carried the life little-deſiring bodie to *Corinth*, where at that time liu'd an aged man, by name *Artelio*, one whoſe fortunate experience in deſperate cures, had made famous. Him, by the powerfull command of his Queen, and the humble teares of a ſtill-miſtruſting louer, ſhe coniures to employ the vttermoſt of his skill, in preſeruing him in whom ſhee liu'd. Some time there was, ere his vitall ſpirits, almoſt now prou'd ſtrangers to their wonted manſion, would accept the tye of hoſpitality: but when the hand of Art had taught them courteſie, and that each ſenſe, though faintly, did exerciſe his charge, *Amphialus* returning to himſelfe, from that ſweet ignorance of cares, wherein hee liu'd, began to queſtion in what eſtate the Caſtle was againſt the beſiegers, thinking he had alway been there, when *Hellen* entred the roome, with a countenance where beauty appear'd thorow the cloudes of care and feare of his danger: Her the double and deepely wounded patient, (bearing ſtill about him the inward picture of *Philoclea*, whom long I haue heard, in vaine, he lou'd) thought to be the ſame Saint, the remembrance of whom return'd, together with his wandring ſoule, from which it was inſeparable. Now therefore with a languiſhing looke (the true Herald of what he ſuffer'd) Ladie, ſaid he, though the welcome harbinger of a neare-following death hath prouided this body (while it was mine, alway deuoted to your ſeruice) as a lodging for his Maſter an euer-certaine gueſt; yet when I paſſe to the *Elizian* Plaines (if any memory there remaine of this world of comfort, you now vouchſafe, heauens knowes, your faithfull though vnfortunate ſeruant) I ſhall neuer ceaſe to pay the eternall tribute of thankes to well-deſeruing death, who (with his preſence) brings the happineſſe in life denied me.

The Queene, with a penſiue ſilence, ſorrowing ſhe ſtood to act the counterfeit of her riuall, and ſtill deſirous to enioy the ſweet ſpeech of her reuiu'd *Amphialus*; was like a paſſenger, whom the loud command of the rough Windes had forc'd to wander through the vneuenneſſe of the deepe furrowed Seas, now in ſight of land, equally diſtracted, betweene the deſire to leaue this his vnnaturall habitation, where each waue ſeemes to be the proud meſſenger of deſtruction, and feare to approach it, being iealous of his hard entertainment on the rockie ſhore. Thus did ſhee continue (fixt in a doubtfull imagination) loth to interrupt his pleaſing ſpeech, and more than grieu'd hee meant not her whom hee ſpake to; vntill *Amphialus* (ſtrengthening his newly recouer'd ſenſes with the conceited preſence of *Philoclea*) found his errour, and then with a looke on his miſtaken obiect (which he could not make diſdainfull, becauſe his happie thoughts had once ador'd it for *Philoclea*) hee ſuddenly fell into a deadly trance: whereat *Hellen* (feelingly ſuffering in his danger) ran to him, and bedewing his euen then louely face with the louing oblation of her many teares, ſhe together poured forth the moſt paſſionate plaints that loue could inuent, or griefe vtter: ſo as a while, this accident, ouerthrowing the fabrick of her halfe-built comfort with the ſuddenneſſe of ſo vnlookt for an aſſault; conſtrained her (with bemoning his caſe) to forget the care of his ſafety: but, being withdrawn by her ſeruants, the indiſpoſition of her body, caus'd her a while to entertaine in bed the feauer of her affectionate ſorrow.

In

In meane time *Amphialus*, by the skilfull care of *Artelio*, was againe brought to enioy that, whose losse hee would accompt his chiefest happinesse; and faintly withdrawing the couer that obscur'd his weake sight, and setling his looke vpon *Artelio*; Father, said he, if you felt the inward agonies of my tormented soule, as you see the desperate state of my low-brought bodie, I assure my selfe you would not bee so inhumane, there to employ your endeauours, where when they haue wrought their effect, they serue only to confirme the memory of forepassed calamity, with the growing apprehension of future misfortune: but since my destinies haue so set downe, that the whole course of my life should be ineuitably disastrous, I must thinke my Tragedie is not yet acted, though what worse than hath befalne me cannot be imagined, or what may be kept in store (more than I haue pass'd) far exceeds my apprehension, though not my expectation.

Here he began to runne ouer his vnfortunate loue to *Philoclea*, the killing of *Parthenia*, his ouerthrow in the encounter with the blacke Knight; inserting manie more disgraces, which, the most enuious of his glory, would not haue cast as aspersions on his well-knowne fame. Thus with the thought that Fate (whose working he could not limit) had reserv'd him for more mischiefe, he suffered his wounds to be cured: And soone after, walking one euening, as his manner was, in the Garden, he chose a time, as he thought, vnespied by any, to conuey himselfe thorow a back doore; and there finding his horse (which his Page had brought by his appointment) he rid away, whither he knew not, and much car'd not, so he might leaue her whose affection deserv'd a more courteous farewell. But alas! when shee heard of his going, what tongue is able to expresse her sorrow, in whom the equally tormenting passions of griefe and despaire were lifted to their vttermost height.

Two dayes since the departure of *Amphialus* posted away, striuing in vaine to ouertake their irrecouerable fellowes; and now the third was come, to bee a prologue to the following Tragedie, when *Hellen* (slaking the violent course of her incessant plaints) gaue occasion to her seruants to be the lesse mistrustfull of her actions, thinking that time began to weare away her sorrowes. But she (as by the euent was gathered) vsing this as a policie to rid her selfe of the cumber of carefull attendance, when (now her truce, in show, with sorrow, & the restraint of her plaints had wrought the effect she desired) taking her trusty seruant *Mylama* with her, & leauing a letter with *Lada* (whom, besides *Mylama*, she only trusted with this secret) which vpon the first knowledge of her flight should bee giuen to *Drenus* the chiefe of her councell; wherein she excused her secret stealing away by a vow pass'd to *Apollo*, in such manner to goe a pilgrimage to *Delphos*. Shee put her selfe on her iourney, hahauing an army of passions for her conuoy, led by Loue and waited on by Desire, in hope of what shee knew was hopelesse, yet often checking her despairing foresight, with such vnlikely possibilities, as affection (vpon these occasions) is wont to supply.

Many daies shee had not wandred (changing places, to renue her companions in sorrow) when comming into a pleasant valley, where, of each side, many trees (in the greene leau'd mantle of their summer liuerie) did apparrell two neighbour mountaines, where some Sun-burnt sapplesse pines by the aduantage of the ground (like little in themselues deseruing birth onely enobled men) ouer-topp'd the strait vp raised Cedar, the stock of selfe-begun honour. Through this flowrie plaine ran a manie-headed chrystall current, that did indent the earth as it smoothly glided by, to make the obligation of friendship between them more firme: and where it fame-like encreas'd by trauell, there (as it was the naturall, so) it seem'd to haue

beene

beene the politicke body of the ſtate of Springs; ſuch was the conſtant care of the fountain Magiſtrates, & ſuch the wel-agreeing vnion of the watry Commons. Here ſhe ſtai'd (inuited by ſolitarines, the beſt repoſe for wearied ſorrow) yet giuing no reſpit to her mind, ſhe ſpake nothing but *Amphialus*, or of *Amphialus*. O *Amphialus*, did ſhe ſay: and to this inuocation the flattering Nimph (that alwaies ſeconds what is ſpoken) did ioyne the like of her own; & *Hellen*, delighted to heare the ſound of ſo ſweet a name beaten back vpon her, for a time ſeal'd vp her lips, liſtening (with attentiue ſilence) what Eccho would haue further ſaid: but ſhe (who of all the powers of a reaſonable ſoule, only had a memory & a tongue only ſeruiceable to that vſe) together gaue ouer to reflect her borrowed language, expecting (with like ſtilneſſe) her further ſpeech. But *Hellen*, not able longer to reſtraine the ouerflow of her panting heart, began to cry out, Vnkind *Amphialus*. Thus alſo did the Eccho repeat. But ſhe hearing, by the rebound of the words, *Amphialus* accus'd; Diſcourteous Nimph, ſaid ſhe, and how is *Amphialus* vnkinde? can the harmony of ſuch excellence admit ſo foule a fault to beare a part with his vertues? Yet, wo is me, he is vnkinde: could his hard heart elſe ſuffer this loue of his, (which I only name, becauſe it is the only part worth naming in me) thus long vnregarded? Could not my Crown (crown'd in being a footſtoole to *Amphialus*) haue purchas'd ſome reſpect? Alas no: how could vnhappy *Hellen* expect the Fates reſeru'd ſo great a bleſſing in ſtore for her?

She had not long debated the reaſons of her misfortune, when *Rinatus* (the only brother to *Timotheus*, but yonger by many years) chanc'd to paſſe that way: a man on whom Fame had beſtow'd, and deſeruingly, the name of Valiant; yet of diſpoſition ſo miſchieuouſly cruell, and ambitiouſly proud, that where his deedes might well haue claim'd ſo great an honour, there his conditions (as wel weighed) brought a reproachful burthen to the ballance of his reputation. He, (his father dying yong, and vnwilling to diſmember his eſtate, and vnable otherwiſe to ſatisfie the hopes of his ſonnes ambition) hearing of the warres of *Laconia*, went thither; where ſoone he purchaſed the opinion of a man reſolute to vndertake, and fortunate to execute what hee had vndergone: and ſeruing vnder *Eborbas* (chiefe commander for the King) becauſe of the ſympathie of humours betweene them (whereby Nature did inſinuate for *Rinatus*, and taught him flatterie without diſſimulation) he grew great in his fauour. Soone after, this *Eborbas*, in a conflict betweene him and the *Helots*, being morrally wounded; yet in death, carefull of the welfare of his countrey, recommended this *Rinatus* (partly for his good liking of him, but principally for his experience in warres, and well-ſeconded iudgement) to the King: who, though with ſome oppoſition, the country men repining at his (a ſtrangers) aduancement, after his truſtie *Eborba's* death, preferred him to the ſame place: his diſcharge of which, outwent ſo farre the enuie of the iealous Noblemen, that well might their King and they, in the death of the valiant *Eborbas*, deplore the loſſe of a priuate man, but muſt confeſſe, that his watchfull care and vndanted well-ordered courage did ſuruiue in this their Generall.

In this eſteem he had ſcarce liued a year, when hearing of his brother & nephewes death, together with his vndoubted right to the large territory which his brother in his life time had enioyed, hee notwithſtanding continued in the charge to which he was lately aduanc'd; framing, in his conceit, his new-acquired greatneſs but as a ſtep to clime the ſoueraignty of *Laconia*: which being electiue, he thought the eaſier to be compas'd, hauing, by his bounteous affability, gain'd the hearts of the ſouldiers, & being already poſſeſt of the chief Forts (the beſt ſtrength of the country wherin he had plac't ſuch, who had their deuotions link't to his will, becauſe they ought

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him the benefit of their creation. But finding the accompliſhment of theſe practices to depend vpon the death of the King, which his youth promiſed was vnlikely ſoone to happen, and fearfull to draw on the diſcouery of his practices, by ſeeking any ſecret meanes to make him away, whom the watchfull eye of dutifull obſeruance did warrant ſecure from any trayterous plots; hee ſolicites the King to diſpence with his preſence, who (ſeeing the ground of his iourney to bee the iuſt cauſe of his long deferr'd reuenge, for *Timotheus* his brother, and *Philoxenus* his nephews death. Now a peace was lately concluded with the *Helots*, and therefore his abſence the more excuſable) vpon condition of a ſpeedy returne, though vnwilling, yet for his ſatisfaction, grants his requeſt: who now on his iourney, and hauing in his way to croſſe this valley, met the vnfortunate Queen, whom, though her habit might diſguiſe, her words (ouer-heard) did aſſure *Rinatus* his willingneſſe to beleeue, that ſhe was the ſame ſhe ſo often ſpake her ſelfe to be, the vnfortunate *Hellen*.

A while he ſtood doubtful of the perſon, a while amaz'd at ſo fortunate an encounter, and a long time perplex'd what puniſhment his reuenge would iudge fit for (the conceited heinouſneſſe of) his brother and nephewes death. At length the Queene (now firſt withdrawing her thoughts from that obiect, wherto affection in ſweeteſt contemplation had bound them, & ſuffering her mind, before retyr'd within it ſelf, now to be inform'd by her ſeruants ſenſes) ſeeing this ſtranger near her, began, as her manner was, to find by enquiry what he knew of *Amphialus*. Wicked woman, replied *Rinatus*, the all-ſeeing luſtice hath now deliuer'd thee to receiue fit puniſhment for *Philoxenus* and *Timotheus* death: and vſing no more words, preſently caus'd her to be mounted on horſebacke, prolonging her life to make her death more miſerable. Thus farre hath *Mylama* diſcouer'd, who, poore, Lady, was there left, moſt cruelly beaten, to bee the reporter of *Rinatus* reuenge, and her Miſtris hard hap.

The laſt act of this Tragedie, my Maſter had the fortune to know, by one of truſt and great eſteeme in the Court of *Laconia*, to which *Rinatus* had conueied *Hellen*, where, for a time, ſhee was honourably entertain'd, finding no want but of command and liberty: the King, belike, fearing the power of the wronged *Corinthians*, preſeruing her as a ſure Card for a dead lift. But when he vnderſtood that one *Tenarus* (a man apt to practiſe innouations, and at this time able, when the many-headed multitude wanted the awfull preſence of their Soueraigne) tooke vpon him the gouernment, pretending a title to the Crowne as deſcended from thoſe, from whom *Hellens* anceſtors (as he alledged) had trayterouſly forc'd it. Then did the Tyrant of *Laconia*, finding the way ſecure for his miſchieuous practice, vehemently importuned by *Rinatus*, and vrg'd forward by the politique wickedneſſe of his owne deſire to pleaſure the new King, ſecretly cauſe *Hellen* to be poyſoned. Such was the end of this great Queene, iuſtly belou'd of all who heard the fame of her vertues, and therefore iuſtly to be deplor'd of all, who heare the vnredeemeable loſſe of ſo many perfections.

Baſilius and the reſt of the Princes were much mou'd with ſo tragicall a ſtory, eſpecially *Muſidorus*, who (in ſearch of *Pyrocles*) hauing the fortune to ſee her, could witneſſe, that though fame had borrowed all mens mouthes to proclaime her many excellencies, yet it was far from doing right to her deſert. But this was no fit lodging for pitie to dwell in, where ioy had ſo great command. The meſſenger therefore being permitted to part, with free leaue for his Maſter to enter the liſts, Iudges were appointed, and the Challenge proclaim'd.

The Challenger vnderſtanding of the Kings liking of his demand, came forth of his Pauillion with Armour ſo liuely repreſenting nakednеſſe, wounded

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in many places, (where the ſtaunchleſſe bloud, in the courſe the workeman had allotted it, ſeem'd to drop deſtruction) that many thought a madneſſe had poſſeſt him (ſo vnarmed, ſo wounded) to preſent himſelfe in ſuch a tryall, where a ſurer defence, and a ſounder body were more needfull. Before him went ſixe, as Sauages, bearing the Launces for his firſt courſes; who, comming within diſtance to bee heard, did ſing theſe following Verſes.

Too ſoone you fled from hence to that faire place,
The happy period of a well-run Race:
Too late I ſtay in griefe's eternall night,
To doe this penance for my ouer-ſight.
Once let me dye, let not my dying life
Prolong my woes, and keepe my thoughts at ſtrife:
Let him that did offend your heauenly eyes,
Now pleaſe your anger with ſelfe-ſacrifice.

Then one of them reaching him a lance, he began his courſe againſt *Tyro* Prince of *Andria*, famous for his conſtant loue to the faire *Lydia*, now married and Queene of *Epire*, and euer fortunate in the courſe of his aduentures: but here his fortune gaue place to vertue, or rather ioyn'd with her to aſſiſt the naked Knight; for at the third encounter he was put beſide his Saddle, much bruiſed in body, and no leſſe afflicted in minde.

The next that ſupplyed his place, was *Pauſanias*, a *Macedonian*, one who in his late wars had done *Euarchus* faithfull ſeruice; and now, thinking to be as ſucceſſefull in this enterpriſe, had put on Armour to doe honour to his Miſtris: but his firſt courſe compell'd him to acknowledge hee was deceiu'd, ſeeing himſelfe fall ſo far ſhort of his expectation.

To him ſucceeded *Nicanor*, a *Corinthian* Knight, aduanc'd by the new king: one extremely confident of himſelf, becauſe neuer tryed, and now very forward, fearing to be preuented of the honour, for which already, in conceit, he had triumphed at *Corinth*, with the great applauſe of the people, and the good liking of the King. But the naked Knight, at ſecond courſe, cut off both his life and imagined trophee: for, couching his Launce, and allotting it in his courſe a iuſt deſcent, rightly leuell'd by his wel-iudging experience, it met with *Nicanors* ſight, & paſſing thorow that weak reſiſtance, it pearc't his right eye, and with it his braine; ſo as *Nicanor* fell down forgetfull both of his fore-thought fame & following reproach. With this aduenture the Tilting that day ended; the Sun, with looſe rayes, poſting to his Weſtern home, and the naked Knight retyr'd himſelfe to his Pauillion, whence hee ſent his Page, who humbly, for his Maſter, intreated that his vnwillingneſſe to be knowne, ſhould excuſe the omiſſion of his dutie to the King.

Thus that night drew on, which, to them who enioy'd delight, ſeem'd to haue put on all her ſailes to be the ſpeedier in paſſing ouer. But farre other was the naked Knights apprehenſion: he (who made her vgly darkneſſe a patterne of the ſorrow his afflicted ſoule endur'd) thought ſhee was becalm'd in the Sea of his misfortune. At length *Phœbus* weary of his importunity, made haſte to diſtribute his gratefull light, to his care-tyr'd ſenſes; & he, as ſoon imbracing the ſmalleſt ſhew of comfort, put on his Armour. About two houres after the Iudges being ſet, and *Baſilius* and *Euarchus* (with the reſt of the Court) preſent, *Leonatus* the yong King of *Pontus* (who had bin there to acknowledge his beholdingneſſe to them, whom hee was deſeruingly

uingly bound to) tooke the field. His Armour was of a darke colour, thorow which many flames ſeem'd to break out, as when the clouds, great in labour with exhalations, at length giue way to their more violent power: His three firſt Courſes promiſed a more happy euent, than Fortune meant he ſhould enioy; for (hauing perform'd them with a well-order'd firmneſſe in his ſeat, and a mouing conſtancy in the carriage of his launce, to the great delight of the beholders) the fourth time he was diſmounted: whoſe diſgrace *Pyrocles* was ready to reuenge, but he was, by a ſecret look from *Philoclea*, commanded the contrary. Then *Telamon*, *Phelauceus* and *Diremus* felt, with little aduantage in Fortune, the like ſucceſſe.

Thus moſt part of that morning the naked knight, with little reſiſtance, had the beſt againſt all commers, which moſt of the lookers on, with publick acclamation, did teſtifie: but he, hauing giuen ouer the vſe of himſelf to ſorrow, ſomtimes by the careleſſe ſhaking of his head, did let them know, they burdened his deſert with the vnpleaſing weight of his praiſe; and ſtaying a while on horſeback, expecting the next aduenturer, with ſuch a demeanour of himſelfe as (though it did accuſe him of much griefe) could not conceale the grace of his ſtately preſence. But when he ſaw none ready to take the field, with an humble bend taking his leaue of the King, he ſoftly trotted towards his Tent, not ſo much to repoſe his body as to giue a quiet way to the aſſaults of his mind. At length, when all the beholders expectation were almoſt wearied; there entred the Liſts a Lady, attended only by one Page, who hauing lighted, preſently went towards the place where *Baſilius* ſate; where firſt kneeling, then taking away a black Scarffe (which griefe had hyr'd to ioyne with her ſelf, in eclipſing the excellent feature of a moſt faire face) ſhe began to ſpeak: but *Baſilius* & *Gynecia* haſtily ran to imbrace *Hellen* Queen of *Corinth*, for this was ſhe. Great was the ioy for her reuiu'd preſence, and great the deſire to know the meanes of her ſafety: But ſhe (accounting the congratulations cumberſome, and the relation of her aduentures tedious) fixing her watry eies on *Baſilius*: Great King, I am (ſaid ſhee) that vnfortunate *Hellen*, ſometime Queen of *Corinth*, now both deprin'd of crowne and kingdome, by *Tenarus*. Yet why ſhould I mention this, as fit to bee inſerted among my greateſt misfortunes? The cauſe why now I come, is my care of *Amphialus* his ſafetie, in whom I liue, to whoſe diſdaine I haue vowed the tribute of my conſtant loue: Hee (alas, why ſhould I liue to ſpeake it?) not long ſince following the courſe of his aduentures, came to *Amaſia*, where he was made priſoner, and carried to *Dunalbus* Prince of that countrey; whoſe brother it was *Amphialus* his fortune to kill in reſcue of a Lady, to whom he would haue offered diſhonourable violence. Theſe newes came to mine eares (to adde more to many miſeries) at that time when I chanc'd to be at *Delphos*, pouring forth my heartieſt deuotions for my moſt beloued, my moſt vnkinde *Amphialus*: but the pitying god, either to ſtay my hands from the execution they intended (but to what end might that be; that god knowes; no time can vnbend my affection) or (as heauen grant it may bee) in commiſeration of my caſe, thus comforted me;

Hellen returne, a naked Knight ſhall finde
Reſt for thy hopes, and quiet to thy minde.

Thus farre haue I wandred, ledde by that diuine promiſe, in purſuit of ſuch a one, but no where can I finde a happy euent to confirme that Oracle: yet dare I not deſpaire, hauing ſo high a warrant; nor hope, hauing ſo bad ſucceſſe.

You are fortunately come, ſaid the King. This Knight whoſe skill in Armes hath made your well-deſeruing vertues famous, may be that man, pointed out by

the finger of heauen, to releaſe *Amphialus*, who both in name & armour repreſents a naked Knight. O no, ſaid the Queen, it cannot be expected that *Apollo* would leaue ſo plaine a way for vs to tracke out the footſteps of his obſcure myſteries. Madam, replied *Baſilius*, (hauing firſt plac't her in a chaire by him) the all-ſeeing prouidence, with whom the ends of all things are preſent, is ſometimes plea'sd to caſt forth the Emblem of our deſtinies, ſo ſtrangely hidden in the couert of ambiguous words, that doubtleſſe it ſerues to beget nothing but matters of diſtruſt, and labyrinths of errors, where the imagination a thouſand waies may be led aſtray. Of this you haue a preſent proofe, confirm'd by my experience: and ſometimes the ſame Iuſtice vnfolds the ſecret of our fate, and plainly let vs know the myſtery of our fortune: yet euen that plainneſſe, to the curious ſearch of our ſtil-miſtruſting braine, becomes a reaſon ſufficient to enforce vs to a contrarie beliefe. This laſt I think (if in the interpretation of an Oracle my opinion may be receiu'd) is that meane, whereby *Apollo* both reueales & hides the author of *Amphialus* freedom. This ſaid, he ſends preſently for the naked Knight, who, as ſoon obeying the Kings command (as he was completely armed) came before him; to whom *Baſilius* chearfully told (as glad to be the reporter of ſo good news to him, whoſe proweſs in arms deſeruingly gain'd much of his good opinion) of *Hellens* being there, together with her deſire to employ him in an action the heauens had alſo intereſted him. What is it, replied the naked Kn. that without ſuch a command I would not endeauour to accompliſh for my moſt deare *Hellen*? & then with exceſſe of comfort and aſtoniſhment his weak limbs were ready to giue ouer the ſupport of his ioy-burdened body; but, being vpheld by *Muſidorus* who ſtood next him, his ouercharg'd ſpirits had time to recollect themſelues.

The Queene gathering comfort from his promiſe, and ſeeing faire likelihood of the Oracles accompliſhment; with the oratory of loue, who thinkes no words but his owne able to expreſſe his minde, began in this manner. Sir, ill fortune my awfull gouerneſſe, as in the moſt of my actions ſhe is pleas'd to keepe a hard hand ouer me, ſoin this (diſtruſtfull belike of my willingneſſe) ſhe forces me to repeat my wonted leſſon of receiuing courteſies without power of requitall, making one vndeſerued fauor from you become a cauſe of further beholdingneſs to you: But the glory that followes your good ſucceſs in this aduenture (the beſt ſpurre to ſet forward braue ſpirits to noble actions) hath almoſt aſſur'd me, that the loue you profeſs, and a diſtreſſed Ladies cauſe, needs not ioyne petitioners in a requeſt your vertue muſt be willing to grant. The reward of your victory, is the releaſing of *Amphialus*; of whom I may ſpeake, and the world with me, all praiſe-worthy things. Madam, replied the naked Knight, I thought the gods could not haue fauour'd me more, than in giuing you reſpite of life, and mee power to be ſeruiceable to you: but when I conſider the end I muſt employ my endeuours to, it buries my conceited happineſſe in the graue of a certaine misfortune. Shall I labour to preſerue that monſter of men, whoſe ſtory (if the world will needs reade) containes nothing but a volume of diſaſters, & a vaine diſcourſe of a few aduentures, caſt vpon him by the blindneſs of chance? Shall I hazzard my life for him, againſt whom, had I liues innumerable, I would venture them all? Shall I liue to make another happy in your fauour, and croſſe mine owne deſires? No Madam, I will ſooner leaue my bloud here before you, as a teſtimony that feare hath no intereſt in my diſobedience to your command, than I will make my after-life truly miſerable in the burden of a hopeleſſe affection. To this the Queen a while in teares, as if her eies ſtroue to ſpeak for her, made a ſilent anſwer: but when her ſighs had breath'd forth the ouercharge of her breſt, firſt ſhe kneeled, then faintly ſaid; O eternall preſident of this Court of cares, when will

thy

thy iuſt pitie commiſerate my diſtreſſe! Alas Sir, what new way haue the gods found to vent their malice on me! haue I made diſdaine my only miſhap, and muſt now affection to me-wards be another vndeſerued misfortune? Behold Sir, and if you can, vvith pitie, a Queene, borne to command, a ſuppliant at your feete, begging what goodneſſe ſollicites you to grant; Releaſe *Amphialus*: and if your iealouſie thinkes hee hath too much intereſt in my loue, reſtore him to the vvorld that wants him; I will vow a Virgins life. Stay, vertuous Queene, replyed the naked Knight, and lifting vp his Beauer, Receiue, ſaid he, thou beſt of women thy ouer-ioy'd *Amphialus*.

The Queene, as when the Ocean ſwels with the rage of a tempeſt, if on a ſudden theſe blaſts be appeas'd, yet the proud waues, mindefull of their forepaſt iniurie, and indiſpos'd to ſo ſpeedie a reconcilement, ſome while retain the rough remembrance of the windes malice: ſo were her thoughts, before mou'd by the ſtorme of deſpaire, though now ſhe had cauſe of contented quiet, on a ſudden, incapable of ſo vnlook't for a happineſſe; firſt doubt, then amazement, laſtly exceſſe of ioy, by ſucceſſion were admitted to the Helm of her diſtreſſed hart. But when ioy had once got to be the ſteerſ-man, his want of practice (by his long abſence from that imployment) ſoon brought a confuſion: here the warme teares of ſorrow, there the cold drops of a preſent comfort, did ſtriue whether ſhould ſhew himſelfe moſt officious in drowning her pale bluſhing cheekes. At length they both, no longer able to reſiſt this powerfull inuaſion of their mindes (as by mutuall conſent) fell, the one intwin'd in the others armes, and made the earth happy in bearing ſuch matchleſſe loaners: But their ſenſes being ſoon reſtor'd to their wonted function, after ſome paſſionate words (to which their eies and touch of their hands gaue the life of expreſſion) *Amphialus*, diuided into many minds by the turbulent working of his thoughts (turning towards his Vncle) with his eies fixt on the ground, ſtood with the grace of a man condemned, who, hauing led a lothſome life in an vgly dungeon, is now brought to a freedome of looking vpon the open aire, yet ſees the day is but a Taper to light him to his execution. Of the one ſide he was brought from the hell of deſpaire, wherein he liu'd, in the aſſurance of *Hellens* death, to the certainty of her life & preſence: of the other, what was his treaſon to his Vncle, to expect but an infamous death, & a diuorce from his new-born happineſs. The ſhame alſo of a crime ſo foule as his rebellion, was not the leaſt torment to his minde, vnwillingly beaten from a ſetled courſe of vertue by *Cecropia's* practices. At length (when theſe thoughts, that almoſt ouercame all the powers of life in him, were themſelues ouercome by his reſolution) caſting himſelfe at *Baſilius* his feet, he thus ſaid: Great Sir, if treaſon in a ſubiect, and vnnaturalneſſe in a nephew be puniſhable, here you haue before you a fit exerciſe for your iuſtice: I am that ſubiect, whoſe rebellion interrupted the contented quiet of my Kings ſolitarie life, & brought him to behold the bloudie tragedy of a ciuill diſſenſion in his diuided State: I am that nephew, whom a wilful diſobedience made a traytor to the nearneſs of his bloud. Hither did I come (*Oreſtes*-like tormented by the inward fright of my guilty conſcience) with my bloud to waſh away (if good fortune, in the defence of the cauſe I vndertooke, would draw death vpon me) the ſtaines of ſuch vnpardonable faults: but now that I haue found what I leaſt look't for (and then he caſt a ſide-look on *Hellen*) for her, I confeſſe, I ſhould deſire to liue, if your iuſt indignation might finde mercie for ſo hainous offences: which I will not ſtriue to mitigate (how euer iuſtly I may:) for I would thinke ſuch faults ill excus'd, with which (to eaſe my ſelfe) I muſt haue burdened my neareſt friends.

Basilius first graciously lifting him from the ground, Nephew, replyed hee, did I retaine the memory of your youthfull ouersights, this your vertuous acknowledgement vvere sufficient to beare them away: but long since I haue buried in obliuion, the thought of your rashnesse, because I knew (by what after happened) that the gods had made you an instrument to worke their ends: it were iniurie therefore to question his actions, whose will was not his owne, being ouer-rul'd by their all-commanding decree. No, Nephew, I doe not onely pardon these transgressions, but freely also doe resigne all such possessions as your father held in *Arcadia*, taken from you in the last warre, and now in the hands of *Philanax*. Liue happy in your choise: I shall be proud of our alliance with the Crowne of *Corinth*, and shall reioyce to see the succession continue in our bloud. This said, he led him to *Gynecia*, then to *Euarchus*: but when he came to *Musidorus*, This, Nephew, is that blacke knight (said he) who, at your last meeting gaue such euident proofe of his vnconquerable valour: This is *Musidorus*, the Prince of *Thessaly*, whom the gods haue bestow'd as a blessing on my daughter *Pamela*. *Amphialus* now assured by the kings speech, vnto vvhose hand the honour of his conquest had fallen (for doubt had long tormented him, that some baser hand had reapt the glory of his victorie;) Prince *Musidorus*, said hee, my hard successe in our last encounter much perplext mee: not that my confidence of my selfe, vvas lifted to such an arrogant presumption, to thinke my strength and skill in Armes matchlesse; but that it grieu'd me, an vnknowne knight (one vvhom the world might thinke had conceal'd his name, lest together vvith him, his bad fortune in tryalls of that kinde, might be discouered) should haue the better of me. But now that I know to whose lot my victorie hath falne, I doe not onely bring an excuse, but an honour, from the vvorthinesse of the Conquerour.

Courteous *Amphialus*, repli'd the Prince, whose side the aduantage of Fortune did then incline to, if it may bee determined; with greater reason, and more desert should the honour bee giuen you, than bestowed on mee: but howeuer, such tryall I then made of your manhood, that hereafter I shall desire to bee of your part. Worthie Prince, said *Amphialus*, your vertue will alway chuse to bee of the weaker side: and so turning to *Philoclea*, Diuine Lady, said hee, in your excellent choyse of the famous *Pyrocles*, you haue (besides the happinesse gain'd to your selfe, for which the vvorld may enuie you) shew'd mee the way to my best hopes, by grafting my affection in the stocke of my *Hellens* constancie. Deare Cousin, replyed *Philoclea*, I am glad it was in my power, and your good fortune so much to better your choise in so excellent a remoue. And so casting a bashfull looke towards *Pyrocles*; Sir, said she, we may ioyne in thanksgiuing: This is my Cousin, whose vertuous disposition during our imprisonment, was our safest defence against my Aunt *Cecropia's* crueltie. I doe acknowledge it, said *Pyrocles*, and besides this fauour (in which we haue a common interest) Sir, I must craue pardon for a wound giuen you at such a time, when belike you made Patience your only defence. *Amphialus* stood with his eye fixed on *Pyrocles*: for his memory supply'd him with a confused remembrance of such a face. *Zelmane* hee could not take him to be; her sexe and this change, at their first birth destroy'd these apprehensions. *Pyrocles*, his heart swore he was not; whose youth and beauty God wot were no fit liuerie for such atchieuements as the world fam'd him for. Thus a while hee continued, troubled with the vncertaintie of coniectures, vntill *Pyrocles* (happily conceiuing the cause of his amazement) stopt his further admiration, by letting him know, that the then *Zelmane* was the now

Pyrocles.

Pyrocles. Whereat *Amphialus*, as one newly wak't out of a dreame, cryed out, *Anaxius: Anaxius*, said hee, 'twas the Prince of *Macedon* (not a woman) ouercame thee. Whereſoeuer thy ſoule be, let it keep this time feſtiuall, as the birth-day of thy glory. And ſo after mutuall embraces, together with the reſt of the Princes, they entred the Palace: where, when they were ſeated, the eyes of all the company were ſet on the Queene of *Corinth*, longing to know the ſtory of her ſtrange fortune, now a Queene, then a priſoner, now aliue, then dead: which ſhee at *Baſilius* intreaty, with a maieſtie (which her fortune could not change, becauſe 'twas innate) thus declared.

Great Sir; that I was made priſoner by *Rinatus*, and by him carried to *Laconia*, Fame (together with the newes of my ſuppoſed death) belike hath brought you: the reſt, ſince you eſteeme worthy your hearing, I ſhall eſteeme worthy my relation.

There yet gouerns (and then did) among the Nobility of *Laconia*, one *Creton*, a man elected to the Crowne rather to recompence the deſert of his Anceſtors than for his own vertues, beloued & borne with for the ſame reaſon: ſuch an euerlaſting monument, of it ſelf, can goodneſſe leaue to poſterity. To him when I was brought, my guilt & my guilty ſelfe, with the beſt oratory *Rinatus* had, was made knowne; who with vehement importunity deſired, that my ſpeedy puniſhment (as my fault) ſhould be terrible. The king anſwered, Though he found his demands reaſonable, & ſuch to which he was ſure there could be no oppoſition made, yet he thought it fit the Nobility ſhould be acquainted with ſo weighty a cauſe, before hee proceeded further in it; and ſo for this time (being committed to the charge of *Partinax*, Chamberlain to the king) I was diſmiſt. The next day, the Councell being ſent for, my cauſe ran the hazzard of many opinions: ſome thought it fit I ſhould dye; and though Iuſtice, ſaid they, might not diſpence with ſuch ſeuerity, yet it was fit to pleaſe *Rinatus*, one who had deſeru'd well, and had the power (if otherwiſe he were dealt with) to reuenge his iniury. Others (the more in number, and eſteem'd the wiſer, becauſe the king held with them) oppos'd this ſentence, alledging ſo inconſiderate an act might call the ſafety of *Laconia* in queſtion: for, ſaid they, ſhall wee thinke the *Corinthians* ſo degenerate, that being iuſtly incenc't againſt vs, they will not endeauour to reuenge the death of their Prince, in ſhade of whoſe reigne they enioy that peace and plenty their neighbours enuie them for? and if they ſtirre in it, what people is ſo barbarous, whom the iuſtneſſe of their cauſe will not procure into the ſociety of this warre? See then if a priuate mans ſatisfaction, be to be compar'd to theſe enſuing dangers: no, let her liue, and when the gods do otherwiſe diſpoſe of her, let her death come without the ruine of *Laconia*. This determined, a new doubt aroſe, how I ſhould be diſpos'd of: They that before thought it expedient I ſhould dye (now that opinion was put by) concluded that it was beſt to ſend me to *Corinth* with an honourable conuoy, ſo to tye them, by a perpetuall bond of gratitude, to be their friends, whom they ſo much fear'd to bee their enemies: the reſt, to gratifie the king, whoſe affection they perceiu'd to leane that way (and well aſſur'd it was an aduice too profitable to be reiected that gain'd a kingdome) though his promiſe after the Queens death (who not long before left him a widower) had been pas't to *Lemnia*, a faire and vertuous Lady, daughter to my keeper *Partinax*; yet they wiſh't, if ſo he pleas'd, my Crowne might winne mee to his bedde, little doubting but I had thought it an egregious felicity to be ſo grac't. The King after many protractions, at length, as if he were wrought to it (by a deſire to ſatisfie the Nobility rather than ſelfe-will) declares his mind, to be directed by them: which once knowne, behold the flatterie of Court beganne to fawne vpon mee; who

more obſeru'd, who more admir'd: only *Rinaldo*, much impatient of this my greatneſſe (in Court) vttered ſome words in choller, which made known (by further enquiry) a conſpiracy of his againſt the King; ſo as ſoon after (the rather to giue mee, whom they ſtudied to pleaſe ſatisfaction) he was beheaded.

But long it was not before Fortune, neither conſtant to my happy aduerſity, nor aduerſe felicity, had brought thither (ſent by the vſurper *Tenarus*) a wiſe, but wicked inſtrument, whom he call'd his Ambaſſador, who laboured by the policie of his high reaching braine, and the ſecret practices of his vndermining gold, ſo farre for his Maſters ends, that now in an inſtant the ſtil-changing face of Court-reſpect began to frowne vpon mee; my death was decreed, and (vntill the time were appointed for it) my ſelf made a cloſe priſoner in my accuſtomed gaole. But the King, chiefly mou'd with the hope of my Crowne, and drawne by a ſelf-conceit of liking to my ſorrow, (which perhaps had a ſympathy with his melancholy) would needs continue the ſuit of his affection to me, though he durſt not interpoſe his ouer-rul'd authority for my liberty. Thus for a time did I liue, accompanied by ſome few whom the King might truſt with his intents; he in ſhew courting his firſt loue *Lemnia*, & making that a pretence to come priuate to her fathers houſe neare adioyning to Court. But indeed (as at that time he could haue no reaſon to diſſemble with me) this kindneſſe came another way: which *Lemnia* ſuſpecting, and being as far gone in affection to this double-dealing King, as hee was in the profeſsion of a little-regarded loue to me, her watchfull eye ſoon found the aduantage of a happy opportunity to heare himſelfe ſpeake his owne deceit; with ſuch a heart-burning vehemencie, that *Lemnia* (who had plac't her ſelfe vnknown to either of vs, behinde the hangings) ſcarce could ſuppreſſe her entry, to play a part in our Comedie of affection. But to his demands truth anſwered for me plainly, that death, in whoſe expectation I liu'd, would be far more pleaſing, than the marriage he thought ſo reaſonable: adding withall to my ſpeech, much of *Lemnia's* praiſe, which ſhe deſeru'd, to inſtruct his eyes that indeed were blinde, in his choiſe.

But when he parted, vowing to bee ſeuere in my puniſhment vnleſſe I reſolued better at his next comming, behold *Lemnia* (with teares in her eyes) fell at my feet: and when ſhee ſaw amazement in my lookes, with a kinde baſhfulneſſe taking my hand, and riſing with that helpe; Vertuous Lady, ſaid ſhe, if euer you haue been acquainted with the tyrannie of all-commanding affection, to that Iudge I appeale, who (though courteſie and good maners oppoſe him) will find my fault excuſable: This man, who in your preſence hath beene the trumpet of his owne inconſtancie, firſt with the vehement proteſtation of his ſincere affection, wonne mee in gratefulneſſe to meet him, in the recompence of his vnknowne diſsimulation, if ſuch then it were; and now with the good liking of the State, were the ſolemnities appointed for our marriage, when your arriuall croſt thoſe hopes, and drew his thoughts to their naturall temper of vnſtayedneſſe. But ſince I haue found by this fortunate vnmannerlineſſe, your anſwers ſo reſolutely oppos'd to his demands, henceforth I vow to worke your freedome, or bring my ſelfe to periſh with you. Her fault found an eaſie pardon at the tribunall ſhee appeal'd too: I thank't her (as there was good cauſe) for her deſire of my good, only I wiſht, if my freedome could not bee procur'd without danger to her, ſhe would not heape miſeries vpon me, by ioyning her ſelfe a companion in my diſaſters. She comforts mee with the hope of a better euent: and to bring her intention to a wiſhed ſucceſſe, ſhee winnes my vnwillingneſſe to ſhew ſome fauour to the King; which next day I did, hauing plac't *Lemnia* where ſhee had plac't her ſelfe the day before, to bee a witneſſe to our conference:

for

for otherwiſe perhaps her loue this ſecond time might haue egg'd her ſuſpition, alreadie prone that way, to the diſtruſt of a practice betwixt vs. And happy was this forc't diſsimulation: for the King not long before his comming to me, had receiu'd aduertiſement that the vſurper of *Corinth* had leuied an Army, and ſet forth manie ſhips to inuade *Laconia*, making the delay of my promiſed execution the pretence of this warre: which being alſo knowne, they (who together with this forreine enemie feared the rebellion of the *Helots*, who alway lay in vvait for an opportunity of ſuch aduantage) now, more than euer began to ſolicite the King to ſatisfie ſo potent an enemy in ſo iuſt a demand. The King well weighing the imminent dangers that were to be preuented by my death, and ſeeing the little comfort he did enioy by the prolonging of my life, (likely euery day to encreaſe my obſtinacy, being none of thoſe louers that would dye for his diſdaining Maſters) was ready to deliuer me ouer as a ſacrifice for the State and Country; when behold, his ſailes were fill'd with a ſelfe-opinion in my fauour. Borne vp therefore with the wings of hope, he returnes to Court, where Loue (or ſome indulgent Fate) inſpired this proiect into his head: He calls the Nobility, and after a long narration of the miſchiefes that hung ouer *Laconia*, he deſires their aduice for preuention. They glad that the only oppoſer, as they thought, of their deſignes, would haue recourſe to their directions, in that cauſe wherein they were iealous of his partaking, after a flattering inſinuation (the common *exordium* to men of his place) they concluded that it was fit *Hellen* ſhould dye. I doubt it not, ſaid he; nor was it to that end I ſought your counſaile, that the neceſsity of the times, the welfare of our perſon, and the preſeruation of our ſtate required her death: but it much perplext mee, that our fame ſhould bleed with her, or that the world ſhould ſay, the threats of the King of *Corinth* had inforc't vs to behead her whom lately wee were to take to wife. 'Twas this, my Lords, that caus'd my miſinterpreted reſolution hang in ſuſpence: for this I haue turn'd my inuention into all formes, and now behold I haue found an euen way to leade me betweene the perils of a threatned war, and the ill-bought quiet of an ignominious peace. My will is, ſhee be brought to Court (for *Partinax* his houſe I thinke not conuenient for this proiect) & plac't here, with ſuch about her as I know moſt truſtie in ſuch a ſecret: then, that her keepers at fartheſt within two daies poyſon her; which done, weele giue it out ſhe dyed of a diſeaſe: and to confirme this opinion in the vulgar, wee will honour her death with ſuch funerall pompe as the ſtate of her life required. Thus ſhall our cauſe of diſſention with *Corinth* be taken away, and wee freed from that imputation the world might iuſtly lay vpon vs. The Nobility with ſilent admiration, began to applaud what hee had determined, chiefly *Partinax*, who (making the common cauſe his pretence) labour'd by all meanes to confirme a reſolution ſo neceſſarie for his daughter *Lemnia's* happineſſe.

The King hauing diſmiſt the Councell, acquaints me with theſe his proceedings, ſetting forth with no meane pride the pregnancy of his owne wit, who had found a way to ouer-reach ſuch gray-bearded dotards: for, ſaid hee, you ſhall that night when you are thought to be poyſoned, be conueyed hence (by two of chiefeſt truſt about me) vnto my Caſtle of *Nicos*: then will I cauſe a ſtatue, form'd to your proportion, to be coffin'd vp, on which (forſooth) my graue Councell ſhall ſolemnly waite, and performe the obſequies in that ceremonie requiſite; meane time you ſhall liue, and liue beloued of him who hath vndergone this dangerous enterpriſe, and will doe many more to indeare his affection to you. And when the limmes of this diſ-ioynted State bee ſet againe, you ſhall bee reſtor'd to bee your ſelfe, and to enioy this Crowne of *Laconia* ſo much enuied you:

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till when; I locke theſe proiects in the cloſet of your ſecrecie.

The good King was ſcarce gone from mee, when I made *Lemnia* of counſaile with me, who ſeeing the fitneſſe of the time, being my iourney to *Nicos* was to bee perform'd in the night, and the eaſie execution of ſo dangerleſſe an enterpriſe, my guard being only two of the Kings ſeruants; ſhe giues in charge to a ſufficient number of ſuch whom ſhe knew faithfull to her, to meet them midway, and after they had well beaten my conuoy (to diſcharge them of the ſuſpition of their conſenting to the fact) to carry mee to the next ſea port, where there ſtay'd a ſhip bound for *Delphos*; to which I needs would bend my courſe. This being reſolu'd vpon, the Lady (equally troubled with the care of my ſafety, and the loſſe of my preſence) wept many teares, which I confeſſe had been ingratitude in mee not to ſecond; ſo as a while ſorrow ſeem'd to haue flowne thither to bathe her ſelfe in our eyes: but loue at length, in both of one anothers good, had well neare claim'd this paſſion, when the guard, appointed by the king, was come, and ready to carrie mee to Court. But why ſhould I, great Sir, any longer ſtay you in a ſtory, whoſe tediouſneſſe I am well aſſur'd hath tyr'd you? Know therfore that this means of my ſafety was as fortunately executed, as happily contriu'd; the king not once daring to ſend to ſeeke me, leſt he ſhould by that diſcouer his owne craft vs'd in this dangerous deluding of the *Laconian* Noblemen.

But I was ſcarce a moneth abſent, when he whoſe eies held the raines of his conſtancie, the obiect being remou'd, married (as it was before determined) the beauteous *Lemnia*; who now in poſſeſſion of his loue, ſtick't not to make knowne to him this whole matter, which otherwiſe in her behalfe I was bound to keep ſecret. Thus ſir, if my deſire to obey your commands hath made the ſtory of my misfortunes tedious, you may excuſe me, ſince all is done for your ſatisfaction.

Faire Queene, replyed *Baſilius*, the ſweetly deliuered ſtrangeneſſe of the ſtorie, would ſtill rauiſh the hearers with a deſire of a further cauſe of attentiueneſſe, did not a greater deſire in vs who know your vertues, haſten to heare the end of your much pitied diſtreſſe: and ſo calling *Amphialus* to him, hauing agreed on the day of marriage betweene the Queene and him, they all aroſe; for now their appetites (growing iealous of the ſatisfaction their mindes receiued by the former diſcourſe) began to ſolicite them in the behalfe of their ſtomackes.

After dinner, when moſt of the company began to impe the wings of time with the feathers of ſeuerall recreations, *Amphialus* and *Hellen* priuately went together into an arbor in the garden, where firſt with teares (the common apologie of ouer-ioy'd affection) they ſpake their mindes in ſilence, their panting hearts (as they imbrac't) with mutuall deſire beating their enuious garments, that gaue them not leaue to meet. At length *Hellen* gracefully ſhaking her head, as if ſhee would ſhake away the drops that (like the morning dew on full-ripe Cherries) hung on her roſie cheekes: O *Amphialus*, ſaid ſhe, and then kiſt him, as loth to leaue ſo perfect a ſentence without a comma; I will not ſay you were vnkinde, but, and there with his lips (loth belike to accuſe him) ſhe clos'd vp her ſpeech. My ſole happineſſe, replyed *Amphialus*, (ſoftly wringing her hand) though the fouleneſſe of my fault bee no fit ſubiect for her to ſpeake of, who breathes nothing but goodneſſe, yet I want not an accuſer, my ſoule ſets forth my ingratitude; nor can I yet conceiue, how mercie can be ſo far remou'd from iuſtice, as to finde a pardon for my offence: but you haue giuen it, and (if it be any requitall) it ſhall be my after liues ſtudie to loue and honour your vertues, as it was hitherto to offend you. It is fit therefore (ſaid *Hellen*, with the counterfeit ſetledneſſe of Maieſtie) we impoſe a penance vpon you for

for your ouerſight; and this it ſhall bee, that henceforth you neither ſpeake nor thinke of that you account your fault: and to help you in obeying my commands, I muſt intreate you to keepe your minde and tongue for a time buſied in telling me what befell you in your trauell ſince our being at *Corinth*, and do it not ſo niggardly, as if you meant to conceale what Fame hath ſo largely blowne abroad: yet if you were expos'd at anie time to much danger, dwell not there too long, leſt I forget I haue you here.

Moſt deare Ladie, ſaid *Amphialus*, to conforme my ſelfe to your laſt requeſt, would make me diſobedient to your firſt command. Shall I begin with my departure from you? alas, at what time ſhould I more imploy my memorie and ſpeech in diſcouerie of my faultie ſelfe than now? But I ſee your eies begin to take anger into them, I will no longer inſiſt on mine owne accuſation.

Know therefore, moſt conſtant Ladie, that accompanied onely with *Fidutio* my Page, when I had paſt the limits of your dominion, at that time of day when the high mounted Sunne makes leaſt ſhadowes, wearied with trauell, and deſirous of ſome ſhelter from the Sunnes violent rayes; I laid my ſelfe vnder the protection of an Olive tree, thinking to ſet my mutinous thoughts at peace, but it would not be: theſe outward ſignes could not appeaſe the furie of an inward enemy. Thus I lay, dearly purchaſing the little eaſe of my bodie with the affliction of my minde, vntill mine eares like faithfull ſeruants, deſirous to end this diſſention between their Maſter and himſelfe, caus'd all the powers of my minde to ioyne in attentiueneſſe: & mine eies, loth to be out-gone in ſuch good offices, did look that way from whence the noiſe came; where I might diſcerne ſixe men arm'd, on horſebacke, carry a faire Ladie with them, vvhoſe teares and out-cries well ſhew'd her indiſpoſition to that iourney. This ſight mou'd compaſſion in me, and pitie brought a deſire to helpe her diſtreſſe: but my horſe (deuining belike my intent, and vnwilling to leaue his food) could by no meanes be taken; ſo that madde with anger, I began to repeate ouer all the misfortunes that euer had befalne mee, to let this know it vvanted no fellowes, vvhen there came poſting that way, one whom (by his haſte) I gheſt to haue beene of the companie gone before. Of him I intreated to know vvhat fault could be ſo heinous, that might take away the name of iniurie from ſo vnmanly a violence as they offred to ſo beauteous a Ladie: but hee with a ſcornfull ſilence ſmil'd, and would be gone: and ſo perhaps hee might, had not the narrowneſſe of the vvay, and his courteous horſe, that would not tread vpon me, compel'd him to ſtay. Whereat his anger burſt forth into theſe threats: Villaine, thy vvant of armour ſhall not excuſe thee from a death wilfully drawne vpon thee; and though there be no glorie, there will be ſatisfaction in thy ouerthrow. Then drawing his horſe a little backe, he lighted, and without further complement runnes towards me: but his fury brought him too haſtily to his death; for thinking belike his threatning mouth was able to defend it ſelfe, he forgot to put by my ſword, that by good fortune was laid in his way, and ſo iuſtly his death entred at his mouth, whoſe life I thinke was in his tongue. At his fall *Fidutio* came in, who helping to fit on the armour, of which we had diſfurniſht this vnſeruiceable knight, I mounted on his horſe, that ſeem'd to haue regarded my haſte more than mine owne: & riding on the ſpurre, I ouertooke my company; for ſo they would needs make themſelues, ſaluting me by the name of my friend *Satibarſis*. But their better obſeruance ſoon put them out of that opinion: ſo as gheſſing (indeed rightly) that I had kil'd *Satibarſis*, and by that meanes got his armour; without deſire to bee further than by their owne coniecture ſatisfied, they ioyn'd all hands in his reuenge. But the Ladies cauſe

cauſe was iuſt whoſe reſcue I came too, & the all-ſeeing Prouidence (that would not ſee iuſtice ouerlai'd) fought for me. And now fiue of them had either receiu'd their wel-deſerued payment of death, or were kept by their wounds from further oppoſition, when the ſixt (who all this time had held the Ladie and look't on) ſeeing my hand whoſe weakneſſe had left ſuch preſidents of the effects of a good cauſe, now ſet againſt him alone; tooke his priſoner by the haire, and with his ſword gaue her a deep wound in the necke. That inhumane act would haue giuen deſire to the moſt barbarous, and power of reuenge to the moſt cowardly: but hee (as if he meant to ſaue me a labour) making haſte that their warme bloud ſhould meete, with the ſame ſword runs himſelfe thorow, dying as iuſt a Iudge as hee was a traiterous offendor. Amazement would haue fixt mine eies vpon him, but the Ladies wound brought them to her ſuccour. Experience on my ſelfe made mee skilfull, and my faire patient officious: ſo that tying vp the wound, for ſome time I ſtanch't the bloud. She in meane time, with her watry eies bent to heauen-ward, heartily praying for my good fortune, and many times thanking her deſtiny that (with her death) had ended the miſeries of her euer-dying life. When I had done comforting her (as I thought) with my opinion of her ſafetie, I intreated to know her name, and the cauſe of this iniury done to her. No, no, replied ſhe; Courteous ſtranger, the comfort of my near-comming death (in ſpite of the torment the memorie of my moſt wretched life puts me too) brings this chearfulneſſe I now preſent in my lookes: and though the leaſt delay of my end is accompanied with a world of ſorrowes, yet I am glad, for ſatisfaction of your demand, my breath is a while preſeru'd.

My name is *Leancade*, the onely daughter to Count *Brunio*, a man of large poſſeſſions in this Countrie; whom (you may well think, becauſe in expectation of his lands) many ſued for, and thoſe not of the meaneſt eſteeme: but my careleſneſſe of loue had taught me ſuch a carriage, that further than of the fauour of my courteſſe (of which they did all indifferently partake) none could boaſt. And this, till about a yeare ſince; was my daily practice, diſdaining (as moſt that haue not knowne it, doe) ſo ridiculous a paſſion as I then eſteem'd loue. At which time this *Fluento*, whoſe happy hand hath done vs both right, came to my fathers Court: a neighbour Prince, with whom (for incroaching vpon the bounds of his territory) my father hath had much diſſention. But a reconcilement being made betweene them, and both alike thinking the beſt meanes to perſeuere in amitie, were to haue vs two ioyn'd in marriage; without my knowledge (as if it were fit I ſhould bee a ſtranger to their proceedings) determine of the match. But alas ſir, at this time I was ſo far from being at their diſpoſe, that I was not at my owne: for loue (I thinke keeping miſchiefe vntill it were ripe for mee) had preſented a Gentleman to mine eies, by birth noble; whoſe Anceſtors, all to his father (being men of knowne vertue in the countrie) were admitted to the prime offices of the Kingdome: but hee, taking a pride to be vnthriftie, and little eſteeming theſe publike employments, lauiſh't exceedingly both his fame and patrimony; yet it ſeem'd he only made away his eſtate to purchaſe goodneſſe for his childe: ſuch a ſonne he was father too, ſo rare, ſo excellent. His name was *Perſidas*; and at that word the teares guſht forth in ſuch aboundance, that it ſeem'd her bloud had chang'd his courſe and colour, to run forth at the ſluces of her eies: Alas ſir, what ſhall I ſay of him, or who from *Leancade* will beleeue the deſert of *Perſidas*? But alas, if they deſerue no credite that loue him, in this countrie you muſt heare nothing of him; the knowledge of his perſon, and the loue of his vertues, being things vnſeparable. In him begun this tragedie, in mee it ends: for when my father and *Fluento* had drawn their agreements to a head, then,

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and not before, hee thought it time (hee ſaid) to let me know my happineſſe. And thus, finding me alone, he breaks the matter to me: Deare childe, I haue euer ſince the death of your vertuous mother (though much importuned by many) reſeru'd you to theſe yeares vnmarried, becauſe your content ſhould bee of counſaile with me in your choiſe: and happy was this delay for the honour of our houſe; for behold *Fluento* makes his fortunes ſeruiceable to your will: Prince *Fluento*, daughter, whoſe powerfull greatneſſe the neighbour Potentates ſtand in awe of, Him I haue wonne for you; and ſo forward we be, that this day fortnight he is to take you to wife. Father, ſaid I, that your wiſedome hath deferr'd my marriage hitherto to giue me the comfort of election, my obedience (my onely requitall) ſhall bee the ſame it euer was to you: and yet I wonder, that hauing attain'd to theſe yeares, when my iudgement in my choiſe may be receiued, you will exclude me from the end for which I was ſo long reſerued. Iuſt like a Phyſitian that tells his patient hee hath brought a potion to cure him, yet ſaies he muſt by no meanes take it. I muſt be married to Prince *Fluento*, & yet your meaning is, I ſhould haue libertie to chooſe; as if this enforcement deſtroyed not my freedome of election. That hee is a man beyond all reſpects (as you praiſe him) fit for your eſtate, I may well grant you: but that he is vnfit for your daughter, I am priuiledg'd to ſay. At this his ſeuere look, before he ſpoke, began to lay before me my obedience: and when hee had walk't two or three turnes in the roome, Daughter, daughter, ſaid he, I neuer thought you were ſo wilfull, Where I pray you is there a match fit for your birth, if not *Fluento*? Beware, beware you doe not giue your poſterity iuſt cauſe to curſe you, that denied them ſo great, ſo good a father. I anſwered, that I thought it were too tender a reſpect of children, whom perhaps I might not haue, or ſhould not enioy, to chuſe for them, and not a husband for my ſelfe; and too ſenſeleſſe a feeling of the honour of my houſe, to wrong my ſelfe to doe my birth right. Then kneeling on my knees, Sir, ſaid I, ſolicite me no more, I haue not power to grant. He haſtily, when it was ſcarce deliuered, ſnatcht this word: And why not power to grant, ſaid hee? Becauſe *Perſidas* is the anchor-hold of my life and loue. *Perſidas*, cried out my father! now all misfortune fall thicke vpon me: ſhall my meanes helpe to make vp a Bankrout in his eſtate? Accurſed be my Fate, that gaue me life to heare it. *Perſidas!* why ſure it cannot be. Sir, ſaid I, if my loue were not far pas't, my deſperate preſumption would not bring a truth, much leſſe an vntruth to moue your anger. And if thoſe after-hopes haue not clean compel'd you to forget you are my father, haue pitie on me; if ſo, I craue the tryall of the law. This laſt requeſt (after conference with *Fluento*) finding my obſtinacie, hee condeſcended to. But becauſe I perceiue ſir, you are a ſtranger here, and that the knowledge of this law doth much concern the ſtorie of my preſent miſhap, I will make it knowne to you.

This Kingdome of *Argos*, wherein you are, was gouern'd not long ſince by *Phemiſſa*, a woman worthy to haue come to that place by election, if nature had not beſtow'd it vpon her by deſcent from her famous anceſtors. This Queene (that you may ſee wee want not the preſident of greatneſſe to excuſe affection) in her fathers life time, though by him ſhe was promiſed to *Dionippus*, the tyrant of *Syracuſa*: was enamoured of one *Eumenes* Gouernour (for the *Lacedemonians*) of the Iſland and citie of *Delphos*. And when it well might bee thought the kings death and her ſucceſſion had taken away the reſtraint of her will, yet ſhe growing leſſe willing when ſhe was moſt powerfull; like a horſe that finding the raines hang looſe vpon him, begins to ſtay his fury: ſo ſhee, though by this change ſhee had not receiu'd anie ſlackneſſe into her affection, began to tender the caſe of her country that lay open

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to the inuasion of her proud enemy *Deoxippus*, if so she would haue made him. Preferring therefore now this common respect, before her priuate satisfaction, as shee had done her obedience in her fathers life time before her loue; she buries her selfe in the graue of *Deoxippus* loathsome bed.

When the vnexpected newes of *Pheniss'a's* marriage came to the eares of her faithfull louer *Eumenes*, his passion (as *Agamemnons* at the death of *Iphigenia*) can best be expresst in silence: all the wilde furies that distracted griefe could gather, being summoned to the siege of his soone ouerthrowne heart: hastily thereupon to the Temple his mad passion beares him; where casting himselfe at the feet of *Apollo*, Vniust god (said he) haue I for this giuen vp thy vngratefulnesse, the offerings of my daily praiers? but if I wrong thy name, shew thy iustice in reuenging my death: whereat, transported with violence of sorrow, running his head against the Altar, his bloudy braines flew forth of their battered lodging. Soone after, the contagion of a most pestilent ayre brought such a plague among the *Argians*, that many daily felt the furie of the gods reuenging indignation: amongst whom, the King and Queene (reserued belike, the more to bee punished in their subiects calamity) after the desolation of their wel-peopled country, both in one day, by the same infection, ended their liues and gouernement; wherewith this mortality ceased, as hitting now at length the marke it aim'd at.

The few remnant of the Nobility sent to *Delphos* to know what fault of theirs had brought these miseries vpon their country; where being inform'd of what was past, *Apollo* aduis'd them to prouide that no such mischiefe should after happen. They well weighing whence it arose, being fully satisfied by the Oracle, enact this law: That neither priuate nor publicke respect shall detaine a virgin from reuealing her loue: and if her friends or parents thinkes another than she hath chosen, more fit for her, the combate between them two shall determine the gods pleasure. How vnwilling I was to hazzard my *Perfidas* in this triall, loue that bleeds in the thought of a danger, can best assure you: but his earnestnesse that it might be so, and the hard constraint that it could not be otherwise, wonne me to it.

The day therefore being appointed, *Fluento* (vpon whom Fame, the flatterer of greatnesse, had pin'd the opinion of valour) entred the Lists, mounted on a bay Courser, whose armour all ouer represented a greene Plaine, through which ranne little riuelets of bloud that sprung from the wounds of many Centaures, dispearc't ouer all the field. In his shield hee bore the counterfeit of *Hercules* and *Deianira*, with this word, *Indeer'd by Conquest*. From him my *Perfidas* drew the eies and hearts of all the company: his horse was a fiery sorrell: his armour like the azure skie, curiously spotted with many starres, (whose glimpse the well set Diamonds, by reflection of the Sun, represented) shewed as if night had flowne thither to end in that assembly, some controuersie betweene her and her brother. In his shield hee caus'd *Andromada* and *Perseus* to be ingrauen, with this word, *Neuer too dearly bought*. But I must hasten to the euent, said she; for long I finde you may not enioy your Historian: Know therefore that my *Perfidas*, contenting himselfe only with the victory, when he might haue taken (woe is me that he was so mercifull) *Fluento's* life, was accepted by my father for his sonne in law; good fortune, as I then thought, changing my husband, and not my day of marriage. In meane time *Fluento*, repining at this disgrace, and desirous euen vpon the baasest tearmes to bee reuenged, plotted a treacherie vnheard of against him. This morning, hauing before heard wee were to hunt in this forrest, *Fluento* (with that company your valour hath brought to their deserued ends) lay in wait for vs: and when my selfe and my *Perfidas*

fidus (Count *Brunis* my father and the reſt hauing followed the chaſe) were left alone, behold theſe bloudy villaines, comming vnawares vpon him, with manie wounds ſent his ſoule to that place, whither mine (hoping to finde a more laſting vnion in that life, than our loues hath found in this) doth alſo haſten: and with this word, her dull languiſhing eyes began to roll as if they ſtroue to reſerue motion in ſpite of death; yet raiſing her ſelfe a little, her loue ſound breath to ſay this, Let me be buried by my *Perſidus*: and ſo graſping my hand, as it were to put mee in minde of her laſt words, alas ſhe dies.

But many teares I could not haue beſtowed as obſequies vpon her, when ſome of her fathers traine, who by chance croſſing that way where *Perſidus* lay dead, guided by *Fidulio* (who, with their helpes had now taken my horſe) came to this place; to whom when I had related all what I learn'd from *Leonbade* of *Perſidus* his death, together with her laſt will, wee all ioyn'd hands in carrying her to the next village: whither alſo certaine of their fellowes (whom they had left behinde to that end) conueyed the body of *Perſidus*; from whence ſoone after, Count *Brunis* (hauing begg'd of griefe a little reſpite of life to fulfill his daughters teſtament) brought them both, with all funeral pomp, to his chiefe city *Coniga*, where he caus'd a ſtately Tombe to be built for them, on which this Epitaph was ingrauen:

Loue, Beauty, Valour, when their death drew nye
Conſulted long, where they ſhould buried lye:
At length with one conſent they haſtned hither,
And choſe this place to be intomb'd together.

Leauing the wofull kingdom of *Argos*, no better accompanied than with *Fidulio*, yet better guarded by *Satibarſis* armor, my ſorrow I think that bore infection with it, made all places where I came fit ſtages for tragedies: for deſcending vnto a green vallie, where of each ſide the rocky mountains threatned the humble earth with the frowns of their down-caſt browes, I might ſee a yong man leaning with both hands on his ſword, breathing as ouer-toil'd with labour, & round about him foure or fiue caſt proſtrate at his feete, who were dead, or thought their counterfeiting ſo to be would proue their beſt defence againſt this yong mans fury. But the clashing of my armour had no ſooner made knowne my approach, than he came running towards me, vttering words wherby I might gather his quarrell to me brought the excuſe of miſtake with it. Not to draw on therfore his miſconceiued opinion, that his breathleſſe companions did witneſſe would be dangerous for mee. Sir, replyed I, I am ſo far from maintaining their cauſe, whoſe reuenge vpon a lone man, being ſo manie, mine owne eies do perſwade me was iniurious, that had I come at the beginning of your fight (though this euent ſhewes I ſhould but haue rob'd you of part of the honour of this action) I would haue ioyn'd my ſelfe to you.

Alas ſir, ſaid he, to oppoſe your ſelfe againſt me, (though it were the more vniuſt) would be the moſt ſecure way: for what you ſee, is but a fore-runner of a certain deſtruction ſoon at hand. Leaue me therefore, courteous ſir, & ſeeke for ſafety; death to me is ſo gratefull, that I enuie you ſhould be a partner in ſo great a gaine. But it were a fault vnpardonable to haue abandoned the moſt accompliſht man, that euer mine eies, before that time, beheld: my reſolution therefore, though hard againſt his will, muſt haue preuail'd with him; ſo that intreating to know the cauſe of his former fight, and further doubt, I found his courteſie as forward in the relation of his owne danger, as it was obſtinate in the care of my ſafety.

Sir, said hee, seeing my story will bee but a heape of misfortunes, I shall doe well to lay the foundation my selfe, than whom the Sunne lookes not vpon a more miserable creature: My name is *Caricleo*, Nephew (by his brother *Cassor*) to the king of *Natolia*, brought vp in my youth in the good opinion of my Vncle, and the great expectation of many; Fortune then belike proroguing my miseries vntill a more serious age should make mee more sensible of them: which time had no sooner brought on, but that my ill fate, to traine mee vp for the burden of the mischiefe that was prepar'd for mee, began by little and little to make mee acquainted with the course I was to runne; first taking away my father, whose vertuous age deserued (if that may bee thought a recompence for desert) a longer time in this life: when hee was dead, and that the slipperie steppes of my rash youth wanted the stay of his fatherly aduice, presently (not knowing what one mans hands I should put the raynes of my then vnbridled youth into, and yet well seeing I might not trust my selfe with mine owne gouernment) I chose many friends; and being by nature giuen to hate pride, to eschue a vice so loathsome (thinking it might not bee done otherwise) I beganne to affect popularitie. But I had scarce liu'd thus a twelue-month, when my Cousin the kings sonne, a young man, who (besides the hope of succession, for which the Courtiers did adore him) had nothing more than ordinary in him, grew suspicious of my practices, as he tearm'd them: to which humour (besides the mistrust of his owne little desert) his Sycophants, the bellowes of this fire, did daily adde further causes to encrease his iealousie. But seeing the discouerie of his suspicion would little please the king, who euer since the death of my father had doubled his care vpon mee; hee was compel'd to dissemble a good liking towards mee. In meane time a Truce, made for some few yeares with the Duke of *Amasia*, being expir'd, the warre grew hote on both sides: at length, after the tryall of manie changes in fortune, necessitie mediating a peace betweene them, my selfe being giuen as hostage for performance of certaine conditions of my Vncles part, a perpetuall league was concluded on: 'twas now, and not before, mischiefe began to vnmaske her selfe, and take a pride to grow terrible. There was at Court during my abode there, attending vpon the Dutchesse, a Ladie by name *Alcida*, whose many excellencies wonne as manie hearts as she had beholders, nature making her beautie and shape but the most faire Cabinet of a farre fairer minde. To her mine eyes at first sight gaue vp my heart, with so vnfortunate an encounter in affection, that this surrender was but a mutuall exchange; shee hauing in a mercifull gratefulnesse, fixt her loue on mine: But her parentage, though not base, was so meane in respect of my birth, that thence whole armies of afflictions did inuade my minde; equally distracted betweene my desire to enioy this my best of happinesse, and feare of my Vncles displeasure, on whom this match (for his care and loue of mee) I was sure would draw on an vntimely death. But before I could determine a doubt of so great consequence, the conditions of the league being faithfully performed; I was safely at a day prefixt, sent backe to *Natolia*, desirous (euen in my soule desirous; I am sure) rather by their breach of couenant to haue hazzarded my life, than thus cruelly to bee taken away from her presence, who (farre beyond my life) was most deare to me. Soone after my returne, the king (as if the gods had stay'd him to see the quiet of his State, now that was brought to passe, worne with age, and much broken with trauaile & care in his last wars) left his kingdome to his degenerate son & successor; who had no sooner seized vpon the gouernment, but meaning to begin his reigne with an admirable act of policie, now his power was vnrestrain'd, limits

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me to the abſence from my Countrey, declaring my bloud for euer vncapable of ſucceſſion: and not content with this, to ſuch a height his vndeſerued malice to me was raiſed, that he dealt with ſome bad miniſters of his wickednesſe, ſecretly to make me away. To preuent therefore what was plotted againſt mee (diſguiſing my ſelfe) I haſtily fled away, and making vſe of neceſſity to further my affection, I put my ſelf into the ſeruice of a Nobleman here in the Court of *Amaſia*, eaſily remaining vndiſcouered, among them who would ſooner fall out with their eies, than beleeue that the greatneſſe wherein they lately had ſeene mee, could admit ſo great a change: By meane whereof, I enioyed the preſence of my *Alcida*, whoſe conſtancie neither time nor abſence (the mothes of affection) nor what is more, this my change in fortune, could alter.

Thus while I liu'd in this happineſs of ſeruitude, *Mermidon* (brother to the Duke) hauing commanded with fortunate ſucceſſe againſt the *Dacians*, returned to Court, where ſeeing this Lady, he became enamoured of her, to no other end than to ſatiſfie his luſt: and thinking at firſt (becauſe he was in good eſteeme with himſelfe) ſhe would haue ſtrain'd her modeſty to ſue for the acceptance of a preſent ſo gratefull to him, a while he was ſilent; but when he perceiued the vanity of his fruitleſſe expectation, and found that this delay encreas'd the fury of his paſſion, diſpenſing with the Maieſty he had taken on, hee beganne to make knowne his loue to her (for ſuch a title did he giue to ſo baſe a deſire) forgetting not withall to tell her, that to excuſe her modeſtie, hee had firſt ſpoken her wiſhes. But the vertuous *Alcida* loathing as much the thought of ſuch a ſinne, as ſhe loued the memory of me, (together with a reſolute deniall) let him know how baſe his minde was that made ſo iniurious a requeſt. Whereat *Mermidon*, becauſe this anſwer came vnexpected, was ſo much the more amazed. But bringing arguments from his late practice in the war, he began to thinke his honour would be the greater, if after long reſiſtance, he did ſurpriſe a well defended Fort: and therefore daily both by rich gifts, the baſe enamell of affection, and many promiſes (which to winne the more vpon her, were ſent by one of her owne ſexe, who, if example might moue her, could tell of ſuch a preſident in her ſelfe) did hee ſeeke to vnderminne her reſolution. Meane time my conſtant *Alcida* ſeeing the intemperance of *Mermidons* luſt to bring the threates of force with it, not daring to ſpeake with mee, becauſe our conference began to bee ſuſpected, ſent me a letter to haſten her carrying away; appointing this the fatall place of our meeting.

I much reioyc'd to be ſo neare my happineſſe, the rather, that ſince our laſt conference I receiued intelligence, that my young Couſin of *Natolia* being made away by one whom hee had rais'd to an vndeſerued height in his fauour, the Countrey was in great diſtreſſe by the factious ambition of the Nobility, and that the beſt affected to the State, much deſired my preſence. But theſe meanes, how well ſoeuer as I thought, conducing to my happineſſe, by the vnmercifulneſſe of my hard deſtinie were preuented, as one of thoſe, whom 'twas my fortune to kill, at his death reuealed: for *Mermidon* hauing intercepted the meſſenger, madde with rage to finde his hopes croſt by ſo meane a man, as he tooke mee to bee; hauing againe ſeal'd vp the letter, hee caus'd it to bee deliuered, and determining to bee reueng'd, ſent theſe men to apprehend mee, himſelfe intending to follow preſently, leading with him my deareſt *Alcida*, whom in my preſence (to adde a glorie to the execrableneſſe of the offence) hee meanes to rauiſh. And now Sir, you haue heard (ſaid hee) all what my ſelfe knowes of my birth and fortune, euer till this time

(when I am vvell aſſur'd my end is neare at hand) kept ſecret.

He ſcarce had clos'd vp this lamentable ſtory with a hearty ſigh, the compendious abridgement of his ſufferings, when we might diſcerne *Mermidon* with twenty more (ſo diſtruſtful is treachery, though there be no cauſe to fear) make towards vs: but that ſight, together with the thought of *Alcida's* diſtreſſe, was a ſignall ſufficient for *Cariclio* to begin his vnequal encounter; ſo as like a ſhee Tygre, who at her return to her caue finds her little ones to be ſtolne, with a wilde furie, breathing nothing but deſtruction, he runs amongſt them, making way for my willingneſſe to ſecond his attempt. A while the iuſtneſſe of the cauſe and *Cariclio's* valour (to which the glorie is only due) with the death of many, did hold the victory in an equall ballance: at length the multitude of our aſſailants made iniury the ſtronger, bringing to a death much to be pitied ſo incomparable a man at Arms as was *Cariclio*, yet not before he had (in the fight of *Alcida*) ſent *Mermidon* to be his harbinger at *Carons* Ferrie. And when by his death, the only ſtay & ſupport of the fight was remoued, if ſometimes my deſire of reuenge made good the ground *Cariclio* had bequeath'd me, alas how could I long reſiſt without him? Know therefore, excellent Lady, that here I was made priſoner, & together with *Alcida*, carried back to Court, though (I call *Cariclio's* ghoſt to witnes) I ſought all means to ioyne my ſelfe, euen in death, a companion to his vertues. The ſolemnity intended for our execution, & the preparation of new formes of torment, for vs that had bin parties in the murther of the Dukes brother, won ſome lingring daies of life to the inward torture of our expectation: in meane time the euerlaſting prouidence (that by changing the intentions and doomes of men, will let them know, there is a power beyond theirs) ſent an vnexpected meane to helpe our diſtreſſe.

Plangus the famous Prince of *Iberia*, at this time making haſte with a few ſuch as vertue had ioyn'd partners in his cauſe, and taking into his Army ſuch of *Enarchus* ſouldiers as in a tempeſt at Sea were driuen to *Byzantium*, to the ſuccour of *Erona*, (whoſe ſtory you cannot be ignorant of) & being to paſs thorow *Amaſia*, ſent to the Duke to demand a through-fare for his ſouldiers. But he who of long time had obſerued an vnuiolable league with the *Armenians*, knowing the pretence of this war, & deſpiſing the weakneſſe of thoſe few *Plangus* led with him, not onely denied his requeſt, but gathering a great power of ſouldiers (whom ſince his laſt warres he had kept in garriſon in his frontier towns) meant, with the ouerthrow of her vngrateful nephew, to gratifie *Artaxia* and her ill choſen husband *Plexertus*. But the excellent *Plangus* (than whom this age ſhewes not, for conduct in warre a better Generall) with the well ordering thoſe few reſolute Troupes, & skilfull induſtry in choiſe of aduantages; in two ſet battels put him to the worſt: After which the Duke, not able to re-inforce his weakened power, put himſelfe (with the relicks of his late ouerthrow) into his chiefe Citie, wherein we were priſoners; to which *Plangus*, finding no open reſiſtance, with wondrous celeritie followed him. And though the Towne by Nature and Art for ſite and fortification vvere thought impregnable, yet being defended but by ſuch vvho by their owne loſſe held a too ſuperſtitious opinion of the enemies, it vvas ſoone forc't by *Plangus* his victorious Troupes, vvho beleeued the ſucceſſe of nothing impoſſible, to which their euer-fortunate Captaine would leade them. With the ſacke of this Citie (wherein hee tooke the Duke, with his ſonne, priſoners) *Plangus* hauing enrich't his ſouldiers with the bootie, and his owne fame by the ſpeedineſſe of the Conqueſt, not able to aſſure the Countrey to his deuotion, otherwiſe than by diſmembring his Armie, and delaying his chiefe ends; mou'd with a neceſſary clemency,

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hauing first receiued sixe moneths pay for his souldiers, & the Dukes son as hostage, to barre his desire of reuenge, (making *Aleida* and my selfe to secure our freedoms) companions in his trauaile) he leaues the *Amasians* to their former gouernment.

Many daies iournie we had not bin in our way to *Armenia*, when the good *Alcida*, by the inward working of her thoughts, began to find the burden of her griefe too heauie for her; which when the dulnes of her euer-watry eies, & the paleness of her cheeks had bewray'd to vs, we carried her to a Monastery near adioyning dedicated to *Diana*, and much fam'd for the strictnesse of the Virgins orders that be attendants on the goddesse her ceremonies: where hauing recommended her to the gouernes of the house, alas I left her, bound euen by the greatest tye of gratefulnesse to follow him whom I ought my life to.

These former accidents, most dear Lady, together with the excellent *Plangus* his company, in whom sorrow was drawne to the life, made mee reflect vpon my vngrateful self, & consider how cruel I had bin to you, whose desert pas'd my best endeauors of requital: so that (far ingag'd to the memory of your vertues) thenceforth the thought of my most dear *Hellen*, won my heart to a most passionate affectiō. The Queen at this interrupted his speech, with this answer: My *Amphialus*, they who follow examples in their actions, are to match rightly what they are to do, & what they see done. *Leucade*, *Alcida*, & *Erona* might iustly claim the reward of loue, but *Hellen* (whose desert was far short) could expect but disdain. Disdain, said *Amphialus*! you renue a punishment: your mercy did once forgiue. And here, with teares in his eies, he would haue kneel'd to begge a further pardon: but *Hellen*, kissing away the but then his eies went with, made as much haste to preuent his suit with the like of her owne; so that a friendly composition being made (as it well might bee where both were parties, & both Iudges in one cause) the Queen got the continuance of the story (which *Amphialus* would put off to another time) to boot. And then, willing to discharge himselfe of the debt he ought for so good a bargaine, he thus began.

Madam, though my memory be a continued record of much sorrow, yet among the many stories griefe hath engrauen in mee, there is none compar'd with the disaster of *Plangus* and *Erona*, that deserues compassion: Know therfore, my only happines, that *Plangus* hauing receiued aduertisement how the Noble mad, vnto whose faithfull custody *Erona* (vpon the accord between him and *Artaxia*) was deliuered, being hardly besieg'd by *Plexertus*, and brought to an extremity by famine, had yeelded to a composition; that if within fiue daies he were not succour'd hee must deliuer the Castle. *Plangus* therefore ouer-running the fame of his comming with his presence, the fift night was neare *Plexertus* Campe, where (by one of the enemies, whom his Scours had taken) he was inform'd that late that euening, the keyes of the City and Fort were giuen vp to *Plexertus*; but that he deferr'd his entry till morning, leauing the next gate to the Campe open, that all night his officers might prepare a magnificent triumph for him: as for *Erona*, he would determine nothing of her, vntill he had receiued the honour due to his victory. At these newes *Plangus*, causing the reporter to bee safely kept, and giuing to his wearied souldiers some time to refresh themselues, after the toile endur'd in their last dayes trauell, an houre before day (rightly imagining the ayre vvas then apt to disperse a dull sleepinesse among *Plexertus* careless souldiers) he calls his Troupes together: and setting before them the easinesse of the victory, the riches of the Campe, and the necessitie of the time; hee did incourage them with the repetition of their former Conquest in *Amasia*, the iustnesse of their cause, and the fame of their enterprise: and then presently disposing of

them for his moſt aduantage, he ſets vpon his enemy, who dream'd of nothing but ſecurity. But what ſhould I fright you, moſt deare Lady, with the particulars of this fight? It will ſuffice you know, that *Plangus* (doing things in his owne perſon, paſt the power of expreſſion) made a bloudy ſlaughter among them. Some few there were that eſcaped, among whom *Plexertus* (fortune being alway indulgent to miſchiefe) found, in the ſpeed of his horſe, a diſhonourable ſafeguard for his wretched life. This tumult being ſoone perceiu'd by the citizens (whom ſorrow made watchfull, and the well-knowne treacheries of *Plexertus*, ſuſpicious) they as ſoone imagined this was a practice of his, contrary to his faith giuen, to ſacke the towne. This once conceited, it ſeemed by the hideous cries and confuſed lamentations, that, as ſorrow had put on the vizzard of night to make griefe vgly; ſo black night had borrowed the mouth of ſorrow to implore compaſſion. The people leauing their walls and houſes, ran to their Temples & Altars, offering vp (as they thought) their laſt deuotions to their gods. Nor did this miſtake bring forth the effect of miſtruſt only in the Citie: the Campe had likewiſe this feare added to their preſent misfortune: for *Plexertus* ſouldiers (like Satyrs, frighted with the ſound of the horne themſelues blow) thinking the Vantguard of the enemy had entred the towne, and caus'd this confuſion; durſt not venture to make themſelues maſters of it. But betweene both, vnable to determine of a meane of ſafety, ſtood fixt in a ſtupid irreſolution.

Meane time *Aurora*, weary of aged *Titans* bed, began to warne *Phebe* of her brothers approach; when *Erona* who had ſet downe in her ſetled iudgement, a death worthy the greatneſſe of her birth, now firſt giuing eare to the cries of the citizens, and miſdoubting the ſame falſe meaſure they expected: and not long after, hearing a man arm'd comming vp the ſtaires to her lodging, ſhe tooke a poyſoned cup (long before for that end prepar'd) and making haſte leſt ſhee ſhould be made a preſent to the proud Conqueror the wicked *Plexertus*, ſhee dranke more than halfe when her eyes met with the eyes of *Plangus*, who (infortunate Gentleman) deſirous to be the meſſenger to *Erona* of *Erona's* freedome, had made this haſte. The ſight of *Plangus* ſtay'd her full draught a while; but vnable to ſatisfie her ſelfe how he might come thither, ſhe began to imagine that it was the force of the poyſon which dimm'd her eyes, and plac't the character of *Plangus* (euer preſent to her minde) vpon each obiect. With this thought ſhe was ready to begin againe, when *Plangus*, falling at her feet, let her know the euent of ſo many dangers vndergone for her: Whereat *Erona* being much aſtoniſhed, lifting him vp from the ground, thus ſaid; Prince *Plangus*, you come in a fit time to receiue a hearty welcome, and as hearty a farewell. What I meane by this leaue-taking, alas you will too ſoone know: now ſuffer mee, only at ſuch a time, when the end will aſſure you I did not flatter, ſpeake a few words. I would haue you beleeue, yet I am ſorry, for your ſake, I haue practis'd ſuch a meane to worke a beleefe in you: True it is, moſt excellent *Plangus* (nor let that truth accuſe me of inconſtancie) that ſince the death of *Antiphilus*, whoſe memorie euen at this time is deare to mee, though at firſt the exceſſe of ſorrow had clos'd vp my minde from the thought of a ſecond choiſe; yet enforc't by your deſert, and to reward mine owne loue in rewarding your deſires, I was reſolu'd to ſatisfie you, and make my ſelfe happy: but my enuious Fate, finding the times fit to cauſe me to deſpaire, hath made your ſelfe the inſtrument to barre our hopes for euer. Deare *Erona*, replied the Prince, what may there now bee that the moſt partiall iudgement can equall to the exceſſe of content *Plangus* enioyes in the welfare of his free and louing *Erona*? For this I haue pay'd the mercifull heauens the tribute of my

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vowes and teares: to this harbour, through the Sea of griefe, (hauing imbarqu't my carefull loue in the ſhip of my deſire) I haue alway bent my courſe; and ſhall I now, when my wiſhes be at anchor in ſo ſecure a hauen, fear fortune? No, no, moſt deare Lady; you are the life and being of what I only eſteeme happy. Alas *Plangus*, ſaid the ſweet *Erona*, the teſtimonies of your loue haue been ſo many, that I feare (and only feare) they who haue heard your vndeſerued affection, & are not preſent at this my dying proteſtation, will for euer record (together with my want of iudgment) my iniury to your vertues. Your dying proteſtation, ſaid *Plangus* affright not my ſoule with ſuch heauie news. Long may you liue: the Fates muſt be indulgent to your youth & beauty. And perhaps, ſaid ſhe, ſo they might, had not my ſelf haſtened *Clotho* to cut in two the halfe-ſpun threed of my life. And then ſhee let him know how (to preuent the tortures and diſgraces *Artaxia's* indignation had prepar'd for her, ſeeing the City brought to that deſperate ſtate in which he found it, and thinking himſelf to haue bin an officer ſent by *Plexertus* to bring her before him) ſhe had poyſoned her ſelfe. *Plangus* at theſe laſt words (with a fixt look vpon *Erona*, as if his eies would for euer dwell there) indenting his hands & ſuffering them to fall down, or rather not able to ſtay them, ſinks to the ground; & was a while happy in this exceſſe of ſorrow, that made him ſenſleſſe of all ſorrow. *Erona* would haue forc't her ſelf to help him, but this fight (ioyn'd with the inward working of the poyſon) conſtrain'd her to beare him company in his happy forgetfulneſſe of his misfortunes. But when, by the help of her women, her ſenſes were reſtor'd, & that my endeuours wrought the ſame effect on *Plangus*: as if this had bin but griefes dumbe ſhow; Alas excellent Prince, ſaid ſhee, what vnexpected effects hath the ſpeech of my death brought forth! & yet though I were ſilent, I beleeue the deadly ſignes in mine eies, this trembling in my full-ſwolne veines, & the often ſet and riſe of the bloud in my cheeks, would expreſſe it. But my *Plangus*; ſhould you, whom the world is proud of, take it ſo to heart? *Erona* loues you: why ſo may a more deſeruing Lady; yet *Plangus* remember me, and it will be the beſt part of my ſoules life to liue in your memory. Then taking his hand, & placing it on her heart, that now proudly began to beat the loud alarum of death; Feele here, ſaid ſhe, the battery is begun, and this Fort is abandoned of all the powers of life: only my deſire to be with you, deſperately a while keeps the breach. But O my *Plangus*: & at that word death clos'd vp (in eternall ſilence) her tongue that yet ſtill mou'd, as loth to leaue her ſpeech imperfect.

It was a deſperate griefe, & wilde paſſion, that ſeiz'd vpon the heart of the poore *Plangus*. Accurſed earth, did hee ſay, how dareſt thou ſupport the burthen of theſe many miſchiefes, caſt by the ſpitefull heauens into this ſink of miſery? 'Twas I, *Erona*, brought an vntimely ſet to thy ſun ſhine of goodneſſe: & do the heauens mean I ſhould breathe, that haue ſo much wronged them? What doe they doe? will they heare me ſpeak that kil'd *Erona*? But they would haue me liue, to torture me with the memory of my guilt. No, no; I will preuent their proiect: that were a puniſhment fit for an ill-meant offence, not an infortunate. And with theſe words, drawing his ſword, & lifting vp his Baſes, he would haue run himſelfe through the belly: but I ſtay'd his hand from ſo vnmanly (as I then alleag'd it) a violence, forcing (with the remembrance of our friendſhip, & my much-preuailing teares) the ſword, but not his reſolution, from him. Then did I beginne to alleage all that I thought in reaſon might remoue him from his purpoſe: for well I might ſee in the vnappal'd ſtayednеſſe of his countenance, the greatneſſe of ſome determination. To all my obiections, for a time his eies gaue a more heedfull attention, than did his eares: But when I came to call his valour in queſtion, whoſe vnſpotted memory hitherto, I ſaid, this

laſt

laſt inconſiderate act would accuſe of a little firme conſtancie, in bearing the changes of Fortune; Alas, ſaid he, & will you my friend be cruell to me? Is it certain *Amphialus*, that it well becomes that courage you would haue in your friend, to beare an equall temper both in the frownes and ſmiles of Fortune? and is it not as certain, that when the malice of heauen hath ioyn'd with Fortune in producing a monſtrous effect, there cannot be left in man ſo infinite a power of ſuffering, which he dare oppoſe to ſuch vnlimited workes? No, I will not gyant-like bandy againſt the gods: ſuch is their will; I muſt die. Then leading me ſoftly ouer to *Erona*, as if he would perſwade mee the violence of paſſion had not bin his guide to this reſolution; See *Amphialus*, ſaid he, this is ſhe whom you would haue me to liue after: what can mine eies, now ſhe is gone, deſire to look on? *Erona*, a woman, could die for *Plangus*; and would you haue me wrong mankind with a greater fear of death, or my loue with a leſſe deſire to die? This ſaid (but with a countenance that promis'd no ſuddenneſſe in the execution, eſpecially to me who was Maſter of his ſword, his onely offenſiue weapon) behold with a down-caſt look (which ſorrow excus'd, though deceit had then, I am ſure, put it on for further miſchiefe) and ſuch a pace as vſed ſlowneſſe to the ſame end, he approach't the window; where the remaine of *Erona's* intercepted draught, appointed by the deſtinies to be fatall to them both, ſtood in a gilt cup: this he haſtily takes, and as haſtily drinks off. I, all confus'd, pale, and trembling (as if the poyſon had wrought its effect in me) made, alas, too ſlow ſpeede to him. But *Plangus*, (now firſt preſenting an vnfained chearfulneſſe in his lookes, as if this draught had giuen him life) kneeling near *Erona*; Diuine ſoule, ſaid he, if confidence in thy *Plangus* conſtancie makes thee houer near this ſacred manſion of thine, to ſee the end of his ſuffrings, O ſtay a while & beare me with thee: thy preſence, when I appear before *Radamanth*, will be a countenance to my cauſe. Then turning himſelf to me, *Amphialus*, Reuenge (*Amphialus*) *Erona's* death vpon the wicked *Plexertus*: his bloud will be the beſt ſacrifice to my ghoſt. Leade the Army to *Byzantium*, and reſtore the *Amaſian* hoſtage. Then putting his trembling lips to the pale lips of *Erona*, he coldly kiſs'd away his life.

What my ſorrow was to be a looker on theſe tragedies, theſe tears, euen at the remembrance of that time, may teſtifie: yet leauing the bodies to be imbalmed (with the Nobleman, who in her life time had beene faithfull to *Erona*) diſſembling the death of *Plangus*, leſt it ſhould work an innouation among the ſouldiers; with ſome choiſe Troupes of light horſemen I followed *Plexertus*, who poſting to Court, had receiued aduertiſement from thence, how *Argato* (the admirable engine by whom he wrought much miſchiefe) being lately falne from the faith vowed to his practices, had reueal'd to *Artaxia* the purpoſe his Maſter had to diſpatch her out of his way, ſince now he had a ſonne by her to whom he might be guardian: eſteeming it more content to be great alone, than to ſhare the royalties of her owne kingdome with *Artaxia*. Theſe newes made his flight as dangerous as would be his ſtay: but when he vnderſtood (for the heauens had made this the rendeuow where his misfortunes ſhould meete) that the Princes of *Theſſaly* and *Macedon* (of whom his treacheries were to expect their iuſt reward) did liue, and ſhould be happy in the addition of *Arcadia* to their greatneſſe: that *Leonatus* had ſeiz'd vpon his ſeigniories in *Trebiſond* for his treaſon to *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, of which not long before he had gloriouſly boaſted: that there was no new forme of diſſimulation left, to which in this extremity hee might haue recourſe; O then the vglineſſe of his guilty conſcience, that vntill this time had made peace with his wickedneſſe, preſented before him the progreſſe of his ill-ſpent daies, drawne to life in the colours of deſpaire:

now

now his father, now his friends, *Tideus* and *Telenor* were ſummon'd by his ſoule to make partie againſt him. In this affright he continued all that day, which ſcarce was time ſufficient for him to reade ouer his miſdeedes: & when the ſilent night, drawn in her Ebon Chariot, had ſpred her curtaines to hide her brothers face, *Plexertus* (glad to ſee her flatter his minde in this likeneſſe of darkneſſe) reſolu'd, by deſpaire, that the gods wonted mercy for his faults, and well aſſured men had leſſe; he ſecretly went into a Garden, to which a backe doore from his chamber led him: where, loathing as much to die, as wiſhing he were dead; he ſpent ſome time in execrations on himſelfe. At length, tying a cord (newly taken out of his bed) to the ſtump of an Elder tree (that ſtood with ſuch conueniencie as if it would inuite him to that exerciſe) he ſlipt into his death, eaſing the earth vntill morning of the burthen of ſo deteſtable a wretch.

But when the day appear'd, and made knowne his death, the Magiſtrates of the towne (ſtriuing who could be beſt ſighted in the diſcouerie of the murther, hoping to haue the reward of their diligence from their Queen *Artaxia*) ſoon found out, as a man to be moſt ſuſpected, the meſſenger come from Court, whom *Plexertus* had (till late in the night) kept in his chamber, to know of him the particulars of *Argato's* reuolt. This fellow, becauſe none more likely, in the wilde forme of their popular iuſtice, was to die a thouſand maner of deaths: But he, making iuſt proteſtations of his innocencie, being queſtioned what occaſion he had ſo long to ſtay the laſt night with the King, if not for that end. Hee plainly let them know, vvhat *Argato* diſcouer'd; which he then reported to *Plexertus*. The many-headed multitude called not the truth much in queſtion of vvhat they heard, but with the ſame violence as before (euery one in this alſo thinking to gratifie the Queene) ranne to as vncertaine a forme of execution on the dead, as they did before to a iudgement of the liuing: firſt they ſtript the body naked, then dragg'd it through the ſtreets; now they open his belly, and ſuffer his guts to marke forth his progreſſe, doing many mo indignities to him who had deſerued many more. I much reioyc'd to heare *Plexertus* had been ſo iuſt to himſelfe: yet I determined to ioyne *Erona's* reuenge on *Artaxia* (to *Plexertus* his iudgement on himſelfe) but her an vntimely death had freed from my reuenge: for taking to the heart *Plexertus* his treacheries, and her brother *Teridates* vnreuenged death, ſhe calmly gaue her ſelfe ouer to a life oppreſſing griefe, leauing her kingdome and young ſon to the care of *Salindor*, whom ſhe appointed Protector during the minority.

Returning therefore ſomewhat grieued that both *Plangus* & *Erona's* death, without my help had bin reuenged, I conueyed the bodies to *Lycia*, where the ſumptuouſneſſe of their Tombes ſhewes their eſtates, and their euerlaſting fame their euerliuing vertues. From hence I would haue parted priuate; but remembring *Plangus* his laſt will, I paſs'd thorow *Amaſia*, reſtoring his ſon to the Duke: and comming to *Byzantium*, I gaue vp my charge into the hands of *Liſantus* a *Macedonian*, leauing the ſouldiers full of hearty ſorrow for the death of *Plangus* their Generall.

Soon after, hearing of your death, and reſolu'd to ſacrifice my bloud to your memory, to diſingage my ſelfe of ſome part of my faultineſſe, leauing *Fidatio* in *Thrace* (left by him I ſhould bee diſcouered) diſguiſing my ſelfe in an armour, fitly (as I thought) preſenting the maſſacre of my naked heart: paſſing the Courts of *Elis* and *Argos*, and laſtly comming hither, I met (what ſhould I more ſay?) with thee my *Hellen*, reſeru'd to be a bleſſing beyond what moſt I could deſire. And ſo with a ſincere feruency kiſſing her hand, they both walk't towards the Pallace: where hauing ended Supper, while *Baſilius* and *Enarchus* (with the reſt) expected a Maske, prepar'd

for

for them; the Queen of *Corinth* let them know what she had heard of *Plangus* & *Erona*, together with *Plexertus* deserued end, and the death of *Artesia*. The audience greatly pitied their fortunes, especially *Pyrocles*, who much grieu'd to hear of *Plangus* his death, for the loue he bore his vertues; & was no lesse troubled at *Plexertus* his mischance, for his deare seruant *Zelmanes* sake. But the entry of the Maskers caus'd him put ouer those thoughts to more solitarines, his eie being fed with a dainty variety of representations, & his eares with most harmonious well-agreeing musick: to which the footing kept so good time, that doubtfull it was whether the musick conform'd it self to the life of their motion, or the Maskers their motion to the musicks liuelinesse. But night (mask't in these sports) crept on vndiscouer'd: & though *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* at other times would dispence with the length of the sports, yet now (in respect of the armfuls of ioy they were to expect in bed) they thought them tedious; w^ch^ once perceiu'd, their dances were sooner at an end than was intended.

Thus daies and nights past ouer, as if they had no other Spheare than delight to moue in; and the appointed time for *Amphialus* his marriage was at hand: to which *Basilius* inuited the Shepheards, both to change their daily pleasures, as also to shew *Euarchus*, that though a greater cause had mou'd him to the solitary course of life by him imbrac't; yet the wits of *Arcadia*, and the pleasantnesse of their harmelesse life, might haue drawne him to that retirednesse.

The Eclogues.

Klaydolus now minded to marry his daughter, and vncertain whether he should bestow her on the contented young *Arcadian Menalcas*, or the much-hauing, much-wanting *Thessalian Coridon*, who both were then present, hearing of this summons; puts ouer their cause to be determined by *Basilius*: And *Strephon* and *Klaius*, no lesse desirous to bring *Vrania's* name to Court, ioyned themselues to the rest. Nor was *Agelastus* wanting, who not for a Mistris but *Heraclitus*-like thinking man, was made to mourne; and repining at the vanity of greatnesse, had maintain'd a religious sorrow. No sooner was the company set, and that their silence began to proclaime their expectation, but *Strephon* who before his comming had prepar'd an *Epithalamium*, began thus to sing.

Strephon. *Sweet lincke of hearts, ioyes surest anchor-hold,*
Loues peacefull Crowne, the harbour of desires.
Hymen *approach, but thinke not* Pan *too bold,*
If to inuoke thy name our loue aspires.
Dwell here for euer, that this couple may
Renew the blessings of their marriage day.

Firme be their roote of loue, and cause a blisse
From forth this royall happy stocke to spring;
That all the world may iustly say he is
Worthy to be, and to succeed a King.
But shorten not their dayes; for 'tis decreed,
The best can be, but worthy to succeed.

Amphialus thankt *Strephon* for his hearty wishes: but he had scarce ended, when *Klaius* looking vpon him with as sower a countenance as their friendship could allow; thus said.

Klaius. *I pray thee* Strephon, *if these glorious shewes,*
Of Courts admired greatnesse, do not close

Thy

Thy minde, from former thoughts, where can thy layes,
Finde other subiect then Vrania's *praysse?*
Or dost thou fondly thinke, thou wert too blame,
To breathe among these Lords Vrania's *name?*
Or is it certaine that her flames in thee
Are quench't, that lately doubled were in me?

Strephon. *Nor so, nor thus; that Verse I last day made,*
As with my flocke I sate in Hesiar's shade:
I studied it; yet all my studie was
I vow, to strive to let Vrania *passe.*
For 'twas the only name my pen would write,
My thoughts imagine, or my lips indite.
Am I not bold, when nights vast stage is set,
And all the stars and heauenly audience met,
To speake my minde, while their bright twinkling flame
Seemes to reioyce to heare Vrania's *name?*
And shall I feare, that what the heauens approu'd,
By men (though great men) should be disallow'd?
But where you thinke that I have cheer'd mine eye,
And freed your Strephon *from their treacherie:*
O no, mine is the Gyant Tithius *maw*
That doth encrease to feele Vultur's *paw.*
No day runnes ouer, but my loues deepe sore
Renues his paine, and festers more and more.

Klaius. *No day runnes ouer but our loues deepe sore*
Renues his paine, and festers more and more.
Alas, where's pitie then? belike it flyes
The place we come too, frighted with our eyes.

Strephon. *Pitie; why friend, 'tis certaine that their eies*
Who know they can ore'come, learne to despise.
Yet Klaius *why should we repine? our Saint*
Is pleas'd sometime to heare our loues complaint.
And if mine eyes (to ease my inward paine)
Become not flatterers, she doth not disdaine.

Klaius. *Disdaine! that were a blisse, so great a weight*
Might lift our sorrowes to their vtmost height:
And then perhaps our owne despaire would mend
Our lingring hopes, that must or breake, or bend.
O no, ours is a worse calamitie;
A heedlesse care, and careleesse courtesie.

Then *Klaius* pawsing a while, with croſt armes and a down-caſt looke, beganne againe theſe following Verſes to *Strephon*, whom hee ſpake to as repreſenting the perſon of ſorrow.

Klaius. *Foule sorrow, wilt thou alway build thy nest*
In the wilde mountaines of my care-swolne breſt?

Strephon,

Strephon. *O yes, I finde it happy for my breed,*
And neare your heart whereon I vſe to feed.

Klaius. *But gentle griefe, if not for pitie, ſpare*
Me, for Vrania's ſake: ſhe hath a ſhare
In theſe my wounds, and ſhe muſt feele the ſmart
Whoſe image's caru'd ſo liuely in my heart.

Strephon. *O no, ſhe ſhares no paine, from whoſe faire eyes*
The wound did firſt, and now the cure muſt riſe.

Klaius. *why gentle griefe, thou'rt witneſſe of my loue,*
Then alway ſigh my plaints vntill you moue.

Strephon. *O no, there's too much rigour in ſuch Lawes,*
They binde a man to ſpeake againſt his cauſe.
Suppoſe I moue, this is my recompence;
Ioy muſt ſucceed, and I am baniſht hence.

Klaius. *Then muſt I dye vnpitied, no help's found*
Since you my ſpokſman doe conceale my wound.

Strephon. *O no, let not that make vs to deſpaire:*
Shee knowes we loue her, but ſhe knowes ſhe's faire.

When they ended, *Muſidorus* (in whoſe memorie their courteſie to him, had ingrauen a beholdingneſſe) forgot not to approue what they had ſaid. But the audience had little time to determine whether they deſeru'd, what the Prince thought them worthie of; when *Coridon*, who long'd to heare the debate between him and *Menalcas* (for *Kalydolus* daughter) ended, clapping him on the ſhoulder; thus ſaid.

Coridon. *Fond beardleſſe boy, now ſhall the chaſtiſement,*
(Fit for thy raſh youths vnweighed attempt)
Fall heauie on thee, but you may relent,
I'le not be cruell if you doe repent.
O no you will not, you'l be alway blinde:
That grauleſſe ſmile bewrayes thy ſcornfull minde.
Sing then, and ſhow theſe goodly dotes in thee,
With which thy brainleſſe youth can equall me.

Menalcas. *Gray bearded frenzie, what canſt thou alledge*
To ſhun my blowes, but thy age's priuiledge?
Thy tongue may ſafely ſnarle, while his offence
Is ſtill protected by that reuerence.
The doters old Dotard, I can bring to proue
My ſelfe deſerues that choice, are only loue.
A prizeleſſe Treaſure, not to be expreſt,
A gueſt too great, for thy cough-breeding breſt.

Coridon.

Coridon. *Young man, thou speak'ſt as if thy braines were wood,*
who can determine of that inward good?
I ſay I loue, and will Menalcas *griene*
That all the world ſhould Coridon *beleeue?*
But that's not it; theſe flames will ſoone decay
If they be not maintain'd ſome other way.
A thouſand ſheepe I haue, whoſe ſnow-white fleece
Doe adde a luſtre to theſe parts of Greece:
On whom as many lambes doe waite hard by,
That weare their dammes white curled liuerie.
O what a ioy will't be to her I loue,
Each morne and euen to ſee her ſheepe remoue
From field to fold, while ſhe may freely ſay
That Lambe is fat, that Lambe I'le eate to day?

Menalcas. *Blinde fortune, I'le confeſſe, hath giuen you more:*
Yet I am richer; my content's my ſtore.
A thouſand ſheep thou haſt, 'tis very like,
But thy diſeaſes want Arethmeticke.
Nature betweene our yeares a marriage made:
We'l ſoome together, and at once may fade.
But your old age is gone too farre before,
Time beates you on, and you'l returne no more.

Coridon. *Haſty young man, doe not deſpiſe the end*
To which your ſelfe, as to a centre bend.
What if I want your bodies actiue toyes?
My ſettled minde a greater good enioyes.

Menalcas. *Old man, thou ſpeak'ſt as if thy braines went wood,*
who can determine of that inward good?
Think'ſt thou will that ſweet beauty take delight
To heare thee cough a prouerbe in the night?
O no, there are ſome other ioyes in bed,
They muſt partake whom you deſire to wed.

Coridon inwardly out of countenance to heare his owne words bite ſo ſore vpon him, would haue ſhrunke away; but hoping he had found a Iudge whom the cauſe concern'd, ſtood a while to attend what *Baſilius* would haue ſaid. But the King put it ouer to *Muſidorus*, who (glad to finde an occaſion to pleaſure *Menalcas*, his firſt Maſter in the practice of a Shepheards life) thus ended it.

Coridon, ſaid he, could I as well lop away ſome of your ouer-grown years, to make your match with *Kalydolus* daughter equall, as I can adde to *Menalcas* ſtate, I would for a time ſuſpend my iudgement: for readily I know not whether of you two deſerues beſt; but in the one my power ſeconds my will, as in the other my will ouergoes my power. *Kalydolus* daughter I therfore adiudge to *Menalcas*; and I will make him worthy of her, the rather, that I know his raſh youth would impatiently beare a repulſe, where your experience (when it reflects vpon it ſelfe) with more diſcretion may conſider ſhee was but a woman. Glad was *Menalcas* to ſpeed ſo well: nor

was *Coridon* diſpleas'd, becauſe the Prince (as he conceiu'd) had entertain'd a good opinion of his wiſedome. Thus when they ended, *Pyrocles*, who mark't *Agelaſtus* his ſilent penſiueneſſe, deſir'd to heare him disburthen his minde of the thoughts that brought him to ſo deepe a ſtudie; thinking that *Agelaſtus* ſtood fixt, with the eye of his minde caſt vpon the beauty of ſome faire Miſtris: but he, who thought of nothing leſſe, thus anſwered his expectation.

Agelaſtus. *Nor fate, nor fortune, whoſe inforcing power,*
Man ſtill complaines, vpon his ſtate to lower;
Doe worke theſe changes: man himſelfe's the cauſe;
They be but wheeles that keepe their mouers lawes:
Yet alway when he ſees his fault too late,
He turnes it ouer vpon chance or fate.
Each man is borne a King, his paſsions be
The practice of his ſouereignetie:
Who though they ſtill their Souereign's good pretend
Conſpire his ruine for their priuate end.
The loue of skin-thicke beauty drawes his eye
To yeeld to lone, his reaſons Maieſtie.
His feare throwes Bugbeares in his way, his ſtate
Is ſtill infeſted by reuengefull hate.
His idle griefe, for what he might preuent,
Or might not, doth vſurpe his gouernment.
Thus he whom God ordain'd a King to be,
Obeyes his ſubiects, and is neuer free.
Beſides, whoſe ſtate's ſo firme, into whoſe way
The world flings not his ioyes iniurious ſtay?
The ſurges of the deepe, whoſe lawes deuoure
The Merchants far-fetcht hopes, the skies that poure
A ſecond deluge on the plow-mans corne,
When now his fields are ready to be ſhorne;
The ſouldiers long remote, the doubtfull chance
Of bloudy warre, the new found ordinance,
The Citie hornes, the Courts braue flatterie,
Doe force content to dwell with pouertie.

Then looking round vpon the Princes, as if by their ſuruey he were againe enabled to ſpeake, he thus ſaid:

Honour, thou ſpongie Idoll of mans minde,
That ſok'ſt content away, thou haſt confinde
Ambitious man, and not his deſtinie,
Within the bounds of forme and ceremonie.
Oh happy life of ſhepheards, whoſe content
Reſts in a ſoule that's free and innocent:
They ſtay their lodging, and remoue their roofe,
Not for their owne, but for their flocks behoofe;
While ſome (to fill the blankes of their meane ſtory)
Doe trauell in their cares, to gaine vaine-glory.
They neuer leaue the plaines, vnleſſe ſometime
To looke about them, they the mountaines climbe,

But

But dwell not there; for euen this change doth ſhow
What choiſer ſweets they doe enioy below.
Here the rough windes doe buzze about their eares,
The rockie ſteepneſſe addes vnto their ſtaires:
Here they are ready to be torne aſunder,
By malice's hateſull blaſts, and enuie's thunder.
From hence they may deſcend; but greatneſſe ſtay,
If you come downe, it muſt be th'other way:
For 'tis a bliſſe, in which your honour ſhares,
That though you would, you cannot leaue your cares.

When *Agelaſtus* ended, the company might ſee a man, who ſeemed to bee misfortunes Herald, with a rope about his necke, make towards the Queene of *Corinth*, and caſt himſelfe at her feete. They, thinking it had beene ſome Shepheardiſh inuention, expected a while the conceit of it: but approching after a time nearer to him, they might diſcerne that it was *Tenarus* the Vſurper of *Corinth*, who hearing of the Queenes welfare, and her happy marriage to *Amphialus* (finding in his owne practice for the Crowne, the *Corinthians* aptneſſe to embrace change, and conſidering the powerfulneſſe of his enemies) had come thither in the baſeſt forme of humbleneſſe, to ſet a beleeſe vpon his ſubmiſſion. Him the Queen (becauſe he was a ſutor on her marriage day) pardoned, and reſtored to his poſſeſſions, forfeited by his treaſon to the Crowne; onely ſhee cauſed his liberty to be reſtrained, vntill her going to *Corinth*: whither, after ſhee had taken leaue of *Baſilius* and the reſt of the royall company, ſhee tooke her iourney; making *Amphialus*, within a yeare after her departure, a happy father of a much-promiſing ſonne, whom they named *Haleamphilus*. *Euarchus* alſo ſoone after, with his ſonne *Pyrocles*, and *Philoclea*, and his nephew *Muſidorus*, together with *Pamela* (who was deſirous both to accompany her ſiſter, and to ſee her mother of *Theſſaly*) parted from *Mantinea*; leauing *Baſilius* and *Gynecia*, when they had accompanied them to the frontiers of *Arcadia*, to the happy quiet of their after life.

STAT. THAEB.

Tu longè ſequere & veſtigia ſemper adora
Sidnei ———

FINIS.

CERTAINE SONNETS VVRITTEN BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY: Neuer before Printed.

Since ſhunning paine, I eaſe can neuer finde:
Since baſhfull dread ſeekes where he knowes me harmed:
Since will is won, and ſtopped eares are charmed:
Since force doth faint, and ſight doth make me blind:

Since looſing long, the faſter ſtill I bind,
Since naked ſenſe can conquer reaſon armed,
Since heart in chilling feare with yce is warmed,
In fine, ſince ſtrife of thought but marres the mind,

I yeelde, O Loue, vnto thy loathed yoke,
Yet crauing law of armes, whoſe rule doth teach,
That hardly vs'd, who euer priſon brake,
In iuſtice quit, of honour made no breach:
Whereas if I a gratefull gardian haue,
Thou art my Lord, and I thy vowed ſlaue.

When Loue puſt vp with hope of hie diſdaine,
Reſolu'd to make me patterne of his might,
Like foe, whoſe wits inclin'd to deadly ſpite,
Would often kill to breed more feeling paine.

He would not arm'd with beauty, only raigne
On thoſe affects which eaſily yeeld to ſight,
But vertue ſets ſo high, that reaſons light,
For all his ſtrife can onely bondage gaine.

So that I liue to pay a mortall fee,
Dead palſie ſicke of all my chiefeſt parts:
Like thoſe whom dreames make vgly monſters ſee,
And can cry helpe with nought but grones and ſtarts:
Longing to haue, hauing no wit to wiſh,
To ſtarning windes ſuch is God Cupid's diſh.

To

To the ſame Tune.

THe Nightingale as ſoone as Aprill bringeth
Vnto her reſted ſenſe a perfect waking,
while late bare earth, proud of new clothing ſpringeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorne her ſong-booke making:
And mournfully bewayling,
Her throate in tunes expreſſeth
what griefe her breaſt oppreſſeth,
For Tereus force on her chaſte will prevailing.
O Philomela faire, O take ſome gladneſſe,
That here is iuſter cauſe of plaintfull ſadneſſe:
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth,
Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart invadeth.

Alas ſhe hath no other cauſe of anguiſh
But Tereus loue, on her by ſtrong hand wrokne,
wherein ſhe ſuffring all her ſpirits languiſh,
Full womanlike complaines her will was brokne.

But I who daily craving,
Cannot haue to content me,
Haue more cauſe to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe than too much having.
O Philomela faire, O take ſome gladneſſe,
That here is iuſter cauſe of plaintfull ſadneſſe:
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth,
Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart invadeth.

To the tune of Baſciami vita mia.

SLeep Baby mine, Deſires worſe Beautie ſingeth:
Thy cryes, O Baby, ſet my head on aking:
The Babe cryes way, thy loue doth keepe me waking.

Lully, lully, my babe, hope cradle bringeth
Vnto my children alway good reſt taking:
The Babe cryes way, thy loue doth keep me waking.

Since Baby mine, from me thy watching ſpringeth,
Sleepe then a little, pap content is making:
The Babe cryes nay, for that abide I waking.

To the tune of the Spaniſh Song, Se tu ſennora no dueles de mi.

O Faire, O ſweet, when I do looke on thee,
In whom all ioyes ſo well agree,

Heart and ſoule doe ſing in me,
This you heare is not my tongue,
Which once ſaid what I conceaned,
For it was of vſe bereaned,
With a cruell anſwer ſtrong.
No, though tongue to roofe be cleaned,
Fearing leſt he chaſtiſde be,
Heart and ſoule do ſing in me.

O faire, O ſweet, &c.
Juſt accord all muſick makes;
In thee juſt accord excelleth,
Where each part in ſuch peace dwelleth,
One of other beautie takes.
Since then truth to all mindes telleth,
That in thee lines harmonie,
Heart and ſoule doe ſing in me.

O faire, O ſweet, &c.
They that heau'n haue knowne, doe ſay
That whoſo that grace obtaineth,
To ſee what faire ſight there raigneth,
Forced are to ſing alway;
So then ſince that heauen remaineth,
In thy face I plainly ſee,
Heart and ſoule doe ſing in me.

O faire O ſweet, &c.
Sweete thinke not I am at eaſe,
For becauſe my chiefe part ſingeth,
This ſong from deaths ſorrow ſpringeth:
As to Swanne in laſt diſeaſe:
For no dumbneſſe nor death bringeth
Stay to true loues melodie;
Heart and ſoule do ſing in me.

Theſe foure following SONNETS were made when his Ladie had paine in her face.

THe ſcourge of life, and deaths extreme diſgrace,
The ſmoke of hell, the monſter called paine,
Long ſham'd to be accurſt in every place,
By them who of his rude reſort complaine,
Like crafty wretch by time and trauell taught,
His vgly euill in others good to hide,
Late harbours in her face whom nature wrought,
As treaſure-houſe where her beſt gifts do bide,
And ſo by priuiledge of ſacred ſeate.

A ſeate

A seate where beauty shines and vertue raignes,
He hopes for some small praise since she hath great,
Within her beames wrapping his cruell staines.
Ah sawcy paine leo not thy errour last,
More loning eyes she drawes, more hate thou hast.

WO, wo to me, on me returne the smart:
My burning tongue hath bred my mistresse paine,
For oft in paine to paine my painefull heart,
With her due praise did of my state complaine.
I praisde her eyes whom neuer chance doth mone,
Her breath which makes a sower answer sweet,
Her milken breasts the nurse of child-like loue,
Her legges (O legges) her ay well stepping feete.
Paine heard her praise, and full of inward fire,
(First sealing vp my heart as pray of his)
He flyes to her, and boldned with desire,
Her face (this ages praise) the theefe doth kisse,
O paine I now recant the praise I gaue,
And sweare she is not worthy thee to haue.

Thou paine the only guest of loath'd constraint,
The child of curse, mans weaknesse foster-childe,
Brother to woe, and father of complaint:
Thou paine, thou hated paine, from heau'n exilde,
How holdst thou her, whose eyes constraint doth feare,
whom curst do blesse, whose weakenesse vertues arme,
who others woes and plaints can chastly beare:
In whose sweet heau'n Angels of high thoughts swarme?
What courage strange hath caught thy caitife hart,
Fear'st not a face that oft whole hearts deuours?
Or art thou from aboue bid play this part,
And so no helpe 'gainst enuy of those powers?
If thus alas: yet while those parts haue wo,
So stay her tongue, that she no more say no.

And haue I heard her say, O cruell paine!
And doth she know what mould her beauty beares?
Mournes she in truth, and thinkes what others faine?
Feares she to feele, and feeles not others feares?
Or doth she thinke all paine the minde forbeares?
That heauie earth, not fierie sprites may plaine?
That eyes weepe more than heart in bloudy teares?
That sense feeles more than what do sense containe?
No, no, she is too wise, she knowes her face
Hath not such paine as it makes others haue:
She knowes the sicknesse of that perfect place
Hath yet such health, as it my life can saue.
But thus she thinkes, our paine her cause excuseth,
Where her who should rule paine, false paine abuseth.

Translated

Translated out of Horace, which begins Rectius vives.

YOu better ſure ſhall liue, not euermore
Trying high Seas, nor while Seas rage you flie,
Preſsing too much vpon ill harboured ſhore

The golden meane who loues, liues ſafely free
From filth of foreworne houſe, and quiet liues,
Releaſt from Court, where enuie needs muſt be.

The winde moſt oft the hugeſt Pine-tree greeues:
The ſtately towers come downe with greater fall:
The higheſt hills the bolt of thunder cleeues:

Euill happes doe fill with hope, good happes appall
With feare of change, the courage well prepar'd:
Fowle Winters as they come, away they ſhall.

Though preſent times and paſt with euills be ſnar'd,
They ſhall not laſt: with Citherne ſilent muſe,
Apollo wakes, and bow hath ſometime ſpar'd.

In hard eſtate with ſtout ſhew valour vſe,
The ſame man ſtill in whom miſedome prevailes,
In too full winde draw in thy ſwelling ſayles.

Out of Catullus.

Nulli ſe dicit mulier mea nubere malle,
Quam mihi non ſi ſe Iupiter ipſe petat,
Dicit ſed mulier Cupido quæ dicit amanti,
In vento aut rapida ſcribere oportet aqua.

VNto no body my woman ſaith ſhe had rather a wife be,
Then to my ſelfe, not though Ioue grew a ſuter of hers.
Theſe be her words, but a womans words to a loue that is eager,
In minde or waters ſtreame do require to be writ.

Qui ſcepta ſævus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes, metus in Authorem redit.

Faire ſeeke not to be fear'd, moſt lowely beloued by thy ſeruants,
For true it is, that they feare many whom many feare.

LIke as the Doue, which ſeeled vp doth flye,
Is neither freed, nor yet to ſeruice bound,
But hopes to gaine ſome helpe by mounting hie,
Till want of force doe force her fall to ground:

Right

Right ſo my mind caught by his guiding eye;
And thence taſt off, where his ſweet hurt he ſound,
Hath neuer leaue to liue, nor doome to dye,
Nor held in euill, nor ſuffered to be ſound.

But with his wings of fancies vp he goes,
To hie conceits whoſe fruits are oft but ſmall,
Till wounded, blind, and wearied ſpirit, loſe
Both force to flye and knowledge where to fall,
O happy Doue if ſhe no bondage tried:
More happy I, might I in bondage bide.

E. D.

PRometheus *when firſt from heauen hie,*
He brought downe fire, ere then on earth not ſeene,
Fond of delight, a Satyr ſtanding by,
Gaue it a kiſſe, as it like ſweet had beene.

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
Wood with the ſmart with ſhowts and ſhryking ſhrill,
He ſought his eaſe in riuer, field, and bower,
But for the time his griefe went with him ſtill.

So ſilly I with that vnwonted ſight
In humane ſhape an Angell from aboue,
Feeding mine eyes, the impreſſion there did light,
That ſince I runne and reſt as pleaſeth loue.
The difference is, the Satyrs lips, my heart,
He for a while, I euermore haue ſmart.

A Satyr once did run away for dread,
With ſound of horne, which he himſelfe did blow;
Fearing and feared thus from himſelfe he fled,
Deeming ſtrange euill in that he did not know.

Such cauſeleſſe feares when coward mindes do take,
It makes them flye that which they faine would haue:
As this poore beaſt who did his reſt forſake,
Thinking not why, but how himſelfe to ſaue.

Euen thus might I for doubts which I conceiue
Of mine owne words, mine own good hap betray,
And thus might I for feare of may be, leaue
The ſweet purſuit of my deſired prey.
Better like I thy Satyr deereſt Dyer,
who burnt his lips to kiſſe faire ſhining fire:

MY Mistresse lowres and saith I doe not loue:
I doe protest and seeke with service due,
In humble minde a constant faith to proue,
But for all this I cannot her remoue
From deepe vaine thought that I may not be true.

If othes might serue, euen by the Stygian lake,
Which Poets say, the gods themselues doe feare,
I neuer did my vowed word forsake:
For why should I, whom free choise stane doth make,
Else what in face, than in my fancie beare?

My Muse therefore, for onely thou canst tell,
Tell me the cause of this my causelesse woe,
Tell how ill thought disgrac'd my doing well:
Tell how my ioyes and hopes thus fondly fell
To so lowe ebbe that wonted were to flowe.

O this it is, the knotted straw is found:
In tender hearts, small things engender hate:
A horses worth laid waste the Troyan ground:
A three foote stoole in Greece made Trumpets sound,
An Asses shade ere now hath bred debate.

If Greekes themselues were mou'd with so small cause,
To twist those breyles, which hardly would vntwine:
Should Ladies faire be tyed to such hard lawes,
As in their moodes to take a lingring pawse?
I would it not, their mettall is too fine.

My hand doth not beare witnesse with my heart,
She saith, because I make no wofull layes,
To paint my liuing death and endlesse smart:
And so for one that felt god Cupids dart,
Shee thinkes I leade and liue too merrie dayes.

Are Poets then the onely louers true?
Whose hearts are set on measuring a Verse:
Who thinke themselues well blest, if they renew
Some good old dumpe, that Chaucers mistresse knew,
And vse but you for matters to rehearse.

Then good Apollo doe away thy bow:
Take harpe and sing in this our versing time:
And in my braine some sacred humour flowe:
That all the earth my woes, sighes, teares may know,
And see you not that I full woe to rime.

At

As for my mirth, how could I but be glad,
Whilst that me thought I iustly made my bost
That only I the only Mistresse had:
But now if ere my face with ioy be clad:
I thinke Hannibal did laugh when Carthage lost.

Sweete Lady, as for those whose sullen cheare,
Compar'd to me, made me in lightnesse found:
Who Stoick-like in cloudy hew appeare:
Who silence force to make their words more deare:
Whose eyes seeme chaste, because they looke on ground:
Beleeue them not; for Physicke true doth finde,
Choler adust is ioyed in woman-kinde.

IN wonted walkes, since wonted fancies change,
Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth rise:
For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range,
Part of my paine me seemes engraued lyes.

The Rockes which were of constant minde, the marke
In clyming steepe, now hard refusall show:
The shading woods seeme now my Sunne to darke,
And stately hils disdaine to looke so low.

The restfull Caues now restlesse visions giue,
In Dales I see each way a hard ascent:
Like late mowne meades, late cut from ioy I liue.
Alas sweet Brookes doe in my teares augment:
Rockes, woods, hils, caues, dales, meades, brooks answer me,
Infected mindes infect each thing they see.

IF I could thinke how these my thoughts to leaue,
Or thinking still my thoughts might haue good end:
If rebell sense would reasons law receiue;
Or reason foyld would not in vaine contend:
Then might I thinke what thoughts were best to thinke:
Then might I wisely swimme or gladly sinke.

If eyther you would change your cruell heart,
Or cruell (still) time did your beauty staine:
If from my soule this loue would once depart,
Or for my loue some loue I might obtaine,
Then might I hope a change or ease of minde,
By your good helpe, or in my selfe to finde.

But since my thoughts in thinking still are spent,

With reasons strife, by sences ouerthrowne,
You fairer still, and still more cruell bent,
I louing still a loue that loueth none.
I yeeld and strive, I kisse and curse the paine,
Thought, reason, sence, time, you, and I, maintaine.

A Farewell.

OFt haue I musde, but now at length I finde,
Why those that dye, men say they doe depart:
Depart, a word so gentle to my minde,
Weakely did seeme to paint deaths ougly dart.

But now the starres with their strange course doe binde
Me one to leaue, with whom I leaue my heart,
I heare a cry of spirits faint and blinde,
That parting thus my chiefest part I part.

Part of my life, the loathed part to me,
Liues to impart my weary clay-some breath.
But that good part, wherein all comforts be,
Now dead doth shew departure is a death,
Yea worse than death, death parts both woe and ioy,
From ioy I part still liuing in annoy.

FInding those beames, which I must euer loue.
To marre my minde, and with my heart to please,
I deem'd it best some absence for to proue,
If further place might further me to ease.

My eyes thence drawne, where liued all their light,
Blinded forthwith in darke despaire did lye,
Like to the Moule with want of guiding sight,
Deepe plung'd in earth, deprined of the skie.

In absence blinde, and wearied with that woe,
To greater woes by presence I returne,
Euen as the Flie, which to the flame doth goe,
Pleas'd with the light, that his small corse doth burne:
Faire choise I haue, eyther to liue or dye
A blinded Moule, or else a burned Flye.

The seuen wonders of ENGLAND.

NEere Wilton *sweete, huge heapes of stones are found,*
But so confusde, that neyther any eye

Can

Can count them iuſt, nor reaſon reaſon trye,
What force brought them to ſo vnlikely ground.

To ſtranger weights my mindes waſte ſoyle is bound,
Of paſsion hilles reaching to reaſons skie,
From fancies earth paſsing all numbers bound,
Paſsing all gheſſe, whence into me ſhould flye
So mazde a maſſe, or if in meit growes,
A ſimple ſoule ſhould bring ſo mixed woes.

The Bruetons *haue a Lake, which when the Sunne,*
Approaching warmes (not elſe) dead logges vp ſends,
From hideous depth, which tribute when it ends,
Sore ſigne it is, the Lords laſt threed is ſpun.

My lake is ſenſe, whoſe ſtill ſtreames neuer run,
But when my Sunne her ſhining twinnes there bends,
Then from his depth with force in her begunne,
Long drowned hopes to watry eyes it lends:
But when that failes, my dead hopes vp to take,
Their maiſter is faire warn'd his will to make.

We haue a fiſh, by ſtrangers much admir'd,
Which caught, to cruell ſearch yeelds his chiefe part:
(With gall cut out) clos'd vp againe by art,
Yet liues vntill his life be new requir'd.

A ſtrange fiſh, my ſelfe not yet expir'd,
Though rapt with beauties hooke, I did impart
My ſelfe vnto th' Anatomy deſir'd,
In ſtead of gall, leauing to her my hart:
Yet liue with thoughts clos'd vp, till that ſhe will
By conqueſts right in ſtead of ſearching kill.

Peake *hath a cane, whoſe narrow entries finde*
Large roomes within, where droppes diſtill amaine:
Till knit with cold, though there vnknown remaine,
Decke that poore place with Alabaſter linde.

Mine eyes the ſtreight, the roomie cane, my minde,
Whoſe cloudy thoughts, let fall an inward raine
Of ſorrowes drops till colder reaſon binde
Their running fall into a conſtant vaine
Of truth, far more than Alabaſter pure,
Which though deſpis'd, yet ſtill doth truth endure.

A field there is, where if a ſtake be preſt,
Deepe in the earth, what hath in earth receipt,
Is chang'd to ſtone in hardneſſe, cold, and weight.

The wood aboue, doth ſoone conſuming reſt.

The earth her eares: the ſtake is my requeſt:
Of which how much may pierce to that ſweet ſeate,
To honour turn'd, doth dwell in honours neſt,
Keeping that forme, though voyd of wonted heate:
But all he reſt, which feare durſt not applye,
Failing themſelues, with withered conſcience dye.

Of ſhips by ſhipwracke caſt on Albion *coaſt,*
Which rotting on the rockes their death do dye:
From wodden bones, and blond of pitch doth flye,
A bird which gets more life than ſhip hath loſt.

My ſhip, deſire, with winde of luſt long toſt,
Brake on faire cleeues of conſtant chaſtitie:
Where plagu'd for raſh attempt, giues vp his ghoſt,
So deepe in ſeas of vertue beauties lye.
But of this death flies vp a pureſt loue,
Which ſeeming leſſe, yet nobler life doth moue.

Theſe wonders England breedes, the laſt remaines,
A Lady in deſpite of nature chaſte.
On whom all loue, in whom no loue is plaſte,
Where faireneſſe yeelds to wiſedomes ſhorteſt raines.

An humble pride, a ſcorne that fauour ſtaines:
A womans mould, but like an Angell graſte,
An Angels minde, but in a woman caſte:
An heauen on earth, or earth that heauen containes:
Now thus this wonder to my ſelfe I frame,
She is the cauſe that all the reſt I am.

A Dialogue betweene two Shepheards, vttered in a paſtorall ſhew at WILTON.

Will. DIck, *ſince we cannot dance, come let a chearfull voyce*
Shew, that we do not grudge at all when others do reioyce.
Dick. *Ah* Will, *though I grudge not, I count it feeble glee*
With ſight made dimme with daily teares another's ſport to ſee.
Who euer Lambkins ſaw (yet lambkins loue to play)
To play when that their loued dammes, are ſtolne or gone aſtray?
If this in them be true, as true in men think I
A luſtleſſe ſong for ſooth thinkes he that hath more luſt to cry.
Will. *A time there is for all, my mother often ſayes,*
When ſhe with skirts tuckt very hie, with girles at ſtoolball playes.
When thou haſt minde to weeue, ſeeke out ſome ſmokie roome:
Now let thoſe lightſome ſights we ſee thy darkneſſe ouercome.

Dick.

Dick. *What ioy the ioyfull ſunne giues vnto bleared eyes:*
That comfort in theſe ſports you like, my minde his comfort tryes.
Will. *What? is thy Bagpipe broke, or are thy laules miſweut;*
Thy wallet or thy Tabaxe loſt, or thy new nayment rent?
Dick. *I would it were but thus, for thus it were not well.*
Will. *Thou ſeeſt my eares do itch at it: good Dick thy ſorrow tell.*
Dick. *Hear then and learne to ſigh; a miſtreſſe I do ſerue,*
Whoſe wages makes me beg the more, who feeds me ſtill I ſterue,
Whoſe lyuerie is ſuch, as moſt I freeze apparelled moſt,
And lookes ſo neere vnto my cure that I muſt needes be loſt.
Will. *what? theſe are riddles ſure, art thou then bound to her?*
Dick. *Bound as I neither power haue, nor would haue power to ſtir.*
Will. *who bound thee?* D. *Loue my Lord.* W. *What witneſſe to hereto?*
Dick. *Faith in my ſelfe and worth in her, which no proofe can vndoe.*
Will. *what ſeale?* D. *My heart deep grauen.* W. *who made the band ſo faſt?*
Dick. *Wonder that by two ſo blacke eyes the glittring ſtarres be paſt.*
Will. *What keepeth ſame thy band?* D. *Remembrance in the Cheſt*
Lockt faſt with knowing that ſhe is of worldly things the beſt.
Will. *Thou late of wages playnd'ſt: what wages mayſt thou haue?*
Dick. *Her heauenly lookes, which more and more do giue me cauſe to craue.*
Will. *If wages make you want, what food is that ſhe giues?*
Dick. *Teares drink, ſorrows meat, wherwith, not I, but in me my death liues.*
Will. *What lining get you then?* D. *Diſdaine; but iuſt diſdaine:*
So haue I cauſe my ſelfe to plaine, but no cauſe to complaine.
Will. *What care takes ſhe for thee?* D. *Her care is to preſerue*
My freedome with ſhow of her beames, with vertue my content.
Will. *God ſhield vs from ſuch Damas. If ſo our Dennet be ſped,*
The Shepheards will grow leane I trow, their ſheep will be ill fed.
But Dick *my counſell marke: run from the place of wo;*
The arrow being ſhot from far, doth giue the ſmaller blow.
Dick. *Good* Will, *I cannot take thy good aduice, before*
That Foxes leaue to ſteale, becauſe they finde they dye therefore.
Will. *Then* Dick *let vs go hence leſt we greet ſelues anner,*
For nothing can more tedious be, than plaint in time of ioy.
Dick. *Oh hence! O cruell word! which euen dogges do hate:*
But hence, euen hence, I muſt needs go; ſuch is my dogged fate.

TO THE TVNE OF *Wilhemus van Nassaw*, &c.

WHo hath his fancie pleased,
With fruits of happy sight,
Let here his eyes be raised
On natures sweetest light.
A light which doth dissever,
And yet vnite the eyes:
A light which dying neuer,
Is cause the looker dyes.

She neuer dyes but lasteth,
In life of louers hart,
He euer dyes that wasteth
In lone, his chiefest part.
Thus is her life still guarded,
In neuer dying faith:
Thus is his death rewarded,
Since she lines in his death.

Looke then and dye; the pleasure
Doth answer well the paine:
Small losse of mortall treasure,
who may immortall gaine.
Immortall be her graces,
Immortall is her minde:
They fit for heauenly places,
This heauen in it doth binde.

But eyes these beauties see not,
Nor sense that grace descryes:
Yet eyes depriued be not,
From sight of her faire eyes:
Which as of inward glory
They are the outward seale;
So may they liue still sory
which dye not in that weale.

But who hath fancies pleased,
With fruits of happy sight.

Let

Let here his eyes be raiſed
On natures ſweeteſt light.

The ſmokes of Melancholy.

WHo hath euer felt the change of loue,
And known thoſe pangs that the loeſers proue,
May paint my face without ſeeing me,
And write the ſtate how my fancies bee,
The lothſome buds grown on ſorrowes tree.

But who by heare-ſay ſpeakes, and hath not fully felt
What kinde of fires they be in which thoſe ſpirits melt,
Shall gheſſe, and faile, what doth diſpleaſe,
Feeling my pulſe, miſſe my diſeaſe.

O no, O no, tryall only ſhewes
The bitter iuyce of forſaken woes,
Where former bliſſe preſent euils do ſtaine,
Nay former bliſſe addes to preſent paine,
While remembrance doth both ſtates containe.

Come learners then to me, the modell of miſhap,
Engulfed in deſpaire, ſlid downe from fortunes lap:
And as you like my double lot,
Tread in my ſteps, or follow not.

For me alas I am full reſolu'd,
Thoſe bands alas ſhall not be diſſolu'd,
Nor breake my word though reward come late,
Nor faile my faith in my fayling fate,
Nor change in change, though change change my ſtate.

But alwayes one my ſelfe with eagle eyde truth to flye,
Vp to the ſunne, although the ſunne my wings do frie:
For if thoſe flames burne my deſire,
Yet ſhall I dye in Phœnix *fire.*

VVHen to my deadly pleaſure,
when to my liuely torment,
Lady mine eyes remained,
Ioyned alas to your beames.

with violence of heau'nly
Beautie tyed, to vertue,

Reason abasht retyred,
Gladly my senses yeelded.

Gladly my senses yeelding,
Thus to betray my harts fort,
Left me deuoyd of all life.

They to the beamie Sunnes went,
Where by the death of all deaths,
Finde to what harme they hastned.

Like to the silly Syluan,
Burn'd by the light he best lik'd,
When with a fire he first met.

Yet, yet, a life to their death,
Lady you haue reserued,
Lady the life of all loue.

For though my sense be from me,
And I be dead who want sense,
Yet do we both liue in you.

Turned anew by your meanes,
Vnto the flowre that ay turnes,
As you, alas, my Sunne bends.

Thus do I fall to rise thus;
Thus do I dye to liue thus,
Chang'd to a change, I change not.

Thus may I not be from you:
Thus be my senses on you:
Thus what I thinke is of you:
Thus what I seeke is in you:
All what I am it is you.

To the tune of a Neapolitan Song, which beginneth, No, no, no, no.

NO, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although with cruell fire,
First throwne on my desire,
She sackes my rendred sprite.
For so faire a flame embraces
All the places,

where

Where that heat of all heats ſpringeth,
That it bringeth
To my dying heart ſome pleaſure,
Since his treaſure
Burneth bright in faireſt light. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although, &c.
Since our lines be not immortall,
But to mortall
Fetters tyed, do wait the hower
Of deaths power,
They haue no cauſe to be ſorie
Who with glorie
End the way, where all men ſtay. No, no, no, no,

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although, &c.
No man doubts, whom beauty killeth,
Faire death feeleth.
And in whom faire death proceedeth,
Glory breedeth:
So that I in her beames dying,
Glory trying,
Though in paine, cannot complaine. No, no, no, no.

To the tune of a *Neapolitan Villanell.*

ALl my ſenſe my ſweetneſſe gained,
Thy faire haire my heart enchained,
My poore reaſon thy words moued,
So that thee like heauen I loued.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan:
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei:
While to my minde the out ſide ſtood,
For meſſenger of inward good.

Now thy ſweetneſſe ſowre is deemed,
Thy haire not worth a haire eſteemed:
Reaſon hath thy words removed,
Finding that but words they proued.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan,
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei,
For no faire ſigne can credit winne,
If that the ſubſtance faile within.

No more is thy ſweetneſſe glorie,
For thy knitting haire be ſorie:
Vſe thy words but to bewaile thee,
That no more thy beames auaile thee.
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
Lay not thy colours more to view,
Without the picture be found true.

Wo to me, alas ſhe weepeth!
Foole, in me what folly creepeth.
Was I to blaſpheme enraged,
Where my ſoule I haue engaged?
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
And wretched I muſt yeeld to this,
The fault I blame her chaſtneſſe is.

Sweetneſſe ſweetly pardon folly,
Ty me haire your captiue holly.
Words, O words of heauenly knowledge,
Know my words their faults acknowledge.
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
And all my life I will confeſſe,
The leſſe I loue, I liue the leſſe.

Tranſlated out of the *Diana* of Montemaior in Spaniſh. Where *Sireno* a ſhepheard pulling out a little of his Miſtreſſe *Diana's* hayre, wrapt about with greene ſilke, who now had vtterly forſaken him: to the haire hee thus bewayled himſelfe.

VVHat changes here, O haire,
I ſee ſince I ſaw you:
How ill fits you this greene to weare,
For hope the colour due.
Indeed I well did hope,
Though hope were mixt with feare,
No other ſhepheard ſhould haue ſcope,
Once to approach this haire.

Ah haire, how many dayes
My Diana *made me ſhew,*
With thouſand pretty childiſh playes,
If I were you or no?
Alas how oft with teares,
O teares of guileſull breaſt.

She seemed full of iealous feares;
Whereat I did but iest.

Tell me O haire of gold,
If I then faultie be,
That trust those killing eyes, I would,
Since they did warrant me.
Haue you not seene her mood,
what streames of teares she spent,
Till that I sware my faith so stood,
As her words had it bent?

Who hath such beautie seene
In one that changeth so?
Or where ones loue so constant beene,
Who euer saw such woe?
Ah haire are you not griev'd,
To come from whence you be,
Seeing how once you saw I liu'd,
To see me as you see?

On sandie banke of late,
I saw this woman sit,
Where sooner dye than change my state,
She with her finger writ;
Thus my beleefe was staid,
Behold Loues mightie hand
On things were by a woman said,
And written in the sand.

The same *Sireon* in Montemaior holding his mistresse glasse before her, looking vpon her while she viewed her selfe, thus sang:

OF this high grace with blisse conioyn'd
No further debt on me is laid,
Since that in selfe same mett all coin'd,
Sweet Ladie you remaine well paid.
For if my place giue me great pleasure,
Hauing before me Natures treasure,
In face and eyes vnmatched being,
You haue the same in my hands seeing,
What in your face mine eyes do measure.

Nor thinke the match vnew'nly made,
That of those beames in you do tarie:
The glasse to you but giues a shade,
To me mine eyes the true shape carie.

For

For such a thought most highly prized,
which euer hath loues yoke despised;
Better than one captiu'd perceiueth,
Though he the liuely forme receiueth;
The other sees it but disguised.

RIng out your belles, let mourning shewes be spread,
For Loue is dead:
All Loue is dead, infected
With plague of deepe disdaine:
Worth as nought worth reiected,
And faith faire scorne doth gaine.
From so vngratefull fancie,
From such a femall franzie,
From them that vse men thus,
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Weepe neighbours, weepe, do you not heare it said,
That Loue is dead:
His death-bed peacocks folly,
His winding sheet is shame,
His will false-seeming holy,
His sole executour blame.
From so vngratefull, &c.

Let Dirge be sung, and Trentals rightly read,
For Loue is dead:
Sir wrong his tombe ordaineth;
My Mistresse Marble-heart,
which Epitaph containeth,
Her eyes were once his dart.
From so vngratefull, &c.

Alas, I lye; rage hath this errour bred,
Loue is not dead.
Loue as not dead, but sleepeth
In her vnmatched minde;
Where she his counsell keepeth,
Till due desert she finde.
Therefore from so vile fancie,
To call such wit a franzie,
who loue can temper thus,
Good Lord deliuer vs.

THou blinde mans marke, thou fooles selfe-chosen snare,
Fond fancies scum, and dregs of scatterd thought,

Band

Band of all euils, cradle of cauſeleſſe care,
Thou web of will, whoſe end is neuer wrought.

Deſire, deſire I haue too dearly bought,
With price of mangled minde thy worthleſſe ware:
Too long, too long aſleep thou haſt me brought,
Who ſhould my minde to higher things prepare.

But yet in vaine thou haſt my ruine ſought,
In vaine thou mad'ſt me to vaine things aſpire,
In vaine thou kindleſt all thy ſmokie fire.
For vertue hath this better leſſon taught,
Within my ſelfe to ſeeke my only hire:
Deſiring nought but how to kill deſire.

LEaue me O Loue, which reacheſt but to duſt,
And thou my minde aſpire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which neuer taketh ruſt:
What euer fades but fading pleaſure brings.

Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might,
To that ſweet yoke where laſting freedomes be:
Which breakes the clouds and opens forth the light,
That doth both ſhine and giue vs ſight to ſee.

O take faſt hold, let that light be thy guide,
In this ſmall courſe which birth drawes out to death.
And thinke how euill becommeth him to ſlide,
Who ſeeketh heau'n, and comes of heau'nly breath.
Then farewell world, thy vttermoſt I ſee,
Eternall Loue maintaine thy life in me.

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

THE

THE DEFENCE OF POESIE, BY SIR *PHILIP SIDNEY* KNIGHT.

WHen the right vertuous *E.W.* and I were at the Emperors Court together, we gaue our selues to learn horsemanship of *Iohn Pietro Pugliano*, one that with great commendation had the place of an Esquire in his Stable: and he, according to the fertilnesse of the Italian wit, did not only affoord vs the demonstration of his practice, but sought to enrich our mindes with the contemplation therin, which he thought most precious. But with none I remember mine eares were at any time more loaden, than when (either angred with slow payment, or moued with our learnerlike admiration) hee exercised his speech in the praise of his facultie. He said souldiers were the noblest estate of mankind, & horsemen the noblest of souldiers. He said they were the masters of war, & ornaments of peace, speedy goers, and strong abiders, triumphers both in Camps & Courts: nay, to so vnbeleeued a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a Prince, as to be a good horse-man. Skill of gouernment was but a *Pedanteria* in comparison: Then would he adde certaine praises, by telling what a peerlesse beast the horse was, the only seruiceable Courtier without flattery, the beast of most beauty, faithfulnesse, courage, & such more, that if I had not bin a peece of a *Logician* before I came to him, I think he would haue perswaded me to haue wished my selfe a horse. But thus much at least with his no few words he draue into me, that selfe-loue is better than any guilding, to make that seem gorgeous wherin our selues be parties. Wherein if *Pugliano's* strong affection and weak arguments will not satisfie you, I giue you a nearer example of my self, who I know not by what mischance in these my not old yeares and idlest times, hauing slipt into the title of a Poet, am prouoked to say something vnto you in defence of that my vnelected vocation: which if I handle with more good will than good reasons, beare with mee, since the scholar is to be pardoned that followeth the steppes of his master. And yet I must say, that as I haue more iust cause to make a pitifull defence of poore Poetrie, which from almost the highest estimation of learning, is falne to be the laughing stocke of children; so haue I need to bring some more auaileable proofes, since the former is by no man barr'd of his deserued credit, the silly latter hath euen the names of Philosophers vsed to the defacing of it, with great danger of ciuill warre among the Muses. And first truely to all them that professing learning inueigh against Poetrie, may iustly be obiected, that they goe very neare to vngratefulnesse, to seeke to deface that which in the noblest nations & languages that are knowne, hath bin the first light giuer to ignorance, and first nurse, whose milke little and little

enabled

enabled them to feede afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will you play the Hedgehogge, that being receiued into the denne, draue out his hoste? or rather the Vipers, that with their birth kill their parents? Let learned *Greece* in any of her manifold Sciences, be able to shew me one booke before *Musæus*, *Homer* and *Hesiod*, all three nothing else but Poets. Nay, let any History bee brought, that can say any Writers were there before them, if they were not men of the same skill as *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and some other are named; who hauing beene the first of that countrey that made pennes deliuerers of their knowledge to the posterity, may iustly challenge to bee called their fathers in learning. For not onely in time they had this priority, (although in it selfe antiquity be venerable) but went before them, as causes to draw with their charming sweetnesse the wilde vnramed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as *Amphion* was said to moue stones with his Poetry, to build *Thebes*: and *Orpheus* to be listened to by beasts, indeed stonie and beastly people. So among the *Romans* were *Liuius*, *Andronicus*, and *Ennius*. So in the *Italian* language, the first that made it to aspire to be a treasure-house of Science were the Poets *Dante*, *Boccace*, and *Petrarch*. So in our *English* were *Gower* and *Chaucer*: after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others haue followed to beautifie our mother tongue, as well in the same kinde as other arts. This did so notably shew it selfe, that the Philosophers of *Greece* durst not a long time appeare to the world, but vnder the maske of Poets. So *Thales*, *Empedocles*, and *Parmenides*, sang their naturall Philosophy in verses. So did *Pythagoras* and *Phocillides* their morall Counsels. So did *Tirtæus* in warre matters, and *Solon* in matters of policie: or rather they being Poets, did exercise their delightfull veine in those points of highest knowledge, which before them lay hidden to the world. For, that wise *Solon* was directly a Poet, it is manifest, hauing written in Verse the notable Fable of the *Atlantick* Island, which was continued by *Plato*. And truely euen *Plato*, whosoeuer well considereth, shall find that in the body of his work, though the inside and strength were Philosophie, the skinne as it were and beautie depended most of Poetry. For all stands vpon Dialogues, wherin he feigns many honest Burgesses of *Athens* to speak of such matters, that if they had beene set on the racke, they would neuer haue confessed them: besides his Poeticall describing the circumstance of their meeting, as the well ordering of a Banquet, the delicacie of a Walke, with enterlacing meere Tales, as *Gyges Ring* and others, which, who knowes not to be flowers of Poetry did neuer walke into *Apollo's* Garden. And euen Historiographers, although their lippes sound of things done, & verity be written in their foreheads, haue bin glad to borrow both fashion, and perchance weight of the Poets. So *Herodotus* entituled his History by the name of the nine Muses: and both he and all the rest that followed him, either stale, or vsurped of Poetry, their passionate describing of passions, the many particularities of battels which no man could affirme; or if that be denied me, long Orations put in the mouths of great Kings & Captaines, which it is certaine, they neuer pronounced. So that truely neither *Philosopher*, nor *Historiographer* could at the first haue entred into the gates of popular iudgements, if they had not taken a great pasport of Poetry, which in all Nations at this day, where learning flourisheth not, is plaine to be seene: in all which they haue some feeling of Poetry. In *Turkie*, besides their Law-giuing Diuines, they haue no other writers but Poets. In our neighbour Countrey *Ireland*, where truely learning goes very bare, yet are their Poets held in a deuout reuerence. Euen among the most barbarous and simple *Indians*, where no writing is, yet haue they their Poets, who make and sing songs, which they call *Arentos*, both of their Ancestors deedes, and praises of their gods. A sufficient probability, that if euer learning come among them, it must bee by ha-

ning their hard dull wits softned & sharpened with the sweet delights of *Poetry*, for vntil they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge will little perswade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In *Wales*, the true remnant of the ancient *Brittons*, as there are good authorities to shew, they long time had Poets which they called *Bardes*: so through all the conquests of *Romanes*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, & *Normans*, some of whom did seeke to ruine all memory of learning from among them, yet doe their Poets euen to this day last: so as it is not more notable in the soone beginning, than in long continuing. But since the Authors of most of our Sciences, were the *Romanes*, and before them the *Greekes*, let vs a little stand vpon their authorities, but euen so far as to see what names they haue giuen vnto this now scorned skill. Among the *Romanes* a Poet was called *Vates*, which is as much as a Diuiner, Foreseer, or Prophet, as by his conioyned words *Vaticinium*, and *Vaticinari*, is manifest; so heauenly a title did that excellent people bestow vpon this heart-rauishing knowledge, and so far were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the chanceable hitting vpon of any such verses, great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of *Sortes Virgiliana*, when by sodaine opening *Virgils* booke, they lighted vpon some verse of his, as it is reported by many, whereof the Histories of the *Emperours* liues are full. As of *Albinus* the Gouernour of our Island, who in his childhood met with this Verse:

Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis.

And in his age performed it, although it were a very vaine and godlesse superstition; as also it was to think spirits were commanded by such verses, whereupon this word *Charmes* deriued of *Carmina*, commeth: so yet serueth it to shew the great reuerence those wits were held in, and altogether not without ground, since both the Oracles of *Delphos* and *Sybillas* prophesies, were wholly deliuered in Verses: for that same exquisite obseruing of number and measure in the words, and that high flying libertie of conceit proper to the Poet, did seeme to haue some diuine force in it. And may not I presume a little farther, to shew the reasonablenesse of this word *Vates*, and say that the holy *Dauids* Psalmes are a diuine *Poeme*? If I doe, I shall not doe it without the testimonie of great learned men both ancient and moderne. But euen the name of Psalmes will speake for mee, which being interpreted, is nothing but songs: then that it is fully written in meeter, as all learned *Hebritians* agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly and principally, his handling his prophecie, which is meerely Poeticall. For what else is the awaking his musicall instruments, the often and free changing of Persons, his notable *Prosopopeias*, when hee maketh you as it were see God comming in his maiestie, his telling of the beasts ioyfulnesse, and hilles leaping, but a heauenly Poesie, wherein almost he shewed himselfe a passionate louer of that vnspeakeable and euerlasting beautie to bee seene by the eyes of the minde, onely cleared by faith? But truely now hauing named him, I feare I seeme to prophane that holy name, applying it to Poetry, which is among vs throwne downe to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that with quiet iudgements will looke a little deeper into it, shall finde the end and working of it such, as being rightly applyed, deserueth not to be scourged out of the Church of God. But now let vs see how the Greekes haue named it, and how they deemed of it. The Greekes named him ποιητὴν, which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages: it commeth of this word ποιεῖν, which is to make: wherein I know not whether by lucke or wisedome, wee Englishmen haue met with the Greekes in calling him a Maker. Which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather

rather were knowne by marking the scope of other Sciences, than by anie partiall allegation. There is no Art deliuered vnto mankinde; that hath not the works of nature for his principall obiect, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become Actors and Players, as it were, of what Nature will haue set forth. So doth the *Astronomer* looke vpon the starres, and by that hee seeth set downe what order Nature hath taken therein. So doth the *Geometrician* and *Arithmetician* in their diuers sorts of quantities. So doth the *Musitian* in tunes tell you, which by Nature agree, which not. The naturall *Philosopher* thereon hath his name, and the morall *Philosopher* standeth vpon the naturall vertues, vices, or passions of man: and follow nature saith hee, therein, and thou shalt not erre. The *Lawyer* saith, what men haue determined. The *Historian*, what men haue done. The *Grammarian* speaketh onely of the rules of speech, and the *Rhetoritian* and *Logitian*, considering what in nature will sooneſt proue, and perswade, thereon giue artificiall rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The *Physitian* weigheth the nature of mans body, and the nature of things helpefull or hurtfull vnto it. And the *Metaphysicke*, though it bee in the second and abstract motions, and therefore bee counted supernaturall, yet doth hee indeede build vpon the depth of Nature. Only the Poet disdaining to bee tyed to any such subiection, lifted vp with the vigour of his owne inuention, doth grow in effect into another nature: in making things eyther better than nature bringeth forth, or quite anew, formes of such as neuer were in nature: as the *Heroes*, *Demi-gods*, *Cyclops*, *Chymeras*, *Furies*, and such like; so as hee goeth hand in hand with Nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the Zodiacke of his owne wit. Nature neuer set forth the earth in so rich Tapistry, as diuers Poets haue done, neither with so pleasant riuers, fruitfull trees, sweete-smelling flowers, nor whatsoeuer else may make the too much loued earth more louely: her world is brasen, the Poets onely deliuer a golden. But let those things alone, and goe to man, for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her vttermost cunning is imployed: and know whether shee haue brought forth so true a louer as *Theagenes*, so constant a friend as *Pylades*, so valiant a man as *Orlando*, so right a Prince as *Xenophon Cyrus*, and so excellent a man euery way, as *Virgils Æneas*. Neither let this be iestingly conceiued, because the workes of the one be essentiall, the other in imitation or fiction: euery vnderstanding knoweth the skill of each Artificer standeth in that *Idea*, or foreconceit of the worke, & not in the worke it selfe. And that the Poet hath that *Idea*, is manifest, by the deliuering them forth in such excellency as hee had imagined them: which deliuering forth also, is not wholly imaginatiue, as wee are wont to say by them that build Castles in the ayre: but so farre substantially it worketh, not onely to make a *Cyrus*, which had been but a particular excellency, as nature might haue done, but to bestow a *Cyrus* vpon the world to make many *Cyrusses*, if they will learne aright, why, and how that maker made him. Neyther let it bee deemed too sawcie a comparison, to ballance the highest point of mans wit vvith the efficacie of nature: but rather giue right honour to the heauenly maker of that maker, who hauing made man to his owne likenesse, set him beyond, and ouer all the workes of that second nature, which in nothing he sheweth so much as in Poetry, when with the force of a diuine breath, hee bringeth things forth surpassing her doings: with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of *Adam*, since our erected wit maketh vs know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth vs from reaching vnto it. But these arguments will by few bee vnderstood, and by fewer granted:

thus much I hope will be giuen mee, that the Greekes with ſome probabilitie of reaſon, gaue him the name aboue all names of learning. Now let vs goe to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be the more palpable: and ſo I hope, though wee get not ſo vnmatched a prayſe, as the *Etymologie* of his names will graunt, yet his verie deſcription, which no man will denie, ſhall not iuſtly bee barred from a principall commendation. *Poeſie* therefore is an Arte of *Imitation*: for ſo *Ariſtotle* tearmeth it in the word Μιμησις, that is to ſay, a repreſenting, counterfeiting or figuring forth: to ſpeake metaphorically, A ſpeaking *Picture*, with this end, to teach and delight. Of this haue beene three generall kindes; the chiefe both in antiquitie and excellencie, were they that did imitate the vnconceiueable excellencies of God, ſuch were *Dauid* in his Pſalmes, *Salomon* in his Song of Songs, in his *Eccleſiaſtes* and *Prouerbs*, *Moſes* and *Deborah* in their Hymnes, and the writer of *Iob*. Which, beſide other, the learned *Emanuel Tremelius*, and *Fr. Iunius* doe entitle the Poeticall part of the Scripture: againſt theſe none will ſpeake that hath the Holy Ghoſt in due holy reuerence. In this kinde, though in a wrong Diuinitie, were *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, *Homer* in his Hymnes, and many other both Greekes and Romanes. And this *Poeſie* muſt be vſed by whoſoeuer will follow Saint *Pauls* counſaile, in ſinging Pſalmes when they are merrie, and I know is vſed with the fruite of comfort by ſome, when in ſorrowfull pangs of their death-bringing ſinnes, they finde the conſolation of the neuerleauing goodneſſe. The ſecond kinde is of them that deale with matter Philoſophicall, either Morall, as *Tirteus*, *Phocilides*, *Cato*; or Naturall, as *Lucretius*, and *Virgils Georgicks*; or Aſtronomicall, as *Manilius* and *Pontanus*; or Hiſtoricall, as *Lucan*: which who miſlike, the fault is in their iudgement, quite out of taſte, not in the ſweete foode of ſweetly vttered knowledge. But becauſe this ſecond ſort is wrapped within the folde of the propoſed ſubiect, and takes not the free courſe of his owne inuention, whether they properly bee Poets or no, let *Grammarians* diſpute; and goe to the third indeede right Poets, of whom chiefly this queſtion ariſeth: betwixt whom and theſe ſecond, is ſuch a kinde of difference, as betwixt the meaner ſort of Painters, who counterfeite onely ſuch faces as are ſet before them, and the more excellent, who hauing no law but wit, beſtow that in colours vpon you, which is fitteſt for the eye to ſee, as the conſtant, though lamenting looke of *Lucretia*, when ſhee puniſhed in her ſelfe anothers fault: wherein hee painteth not *Lucretia* whom hee neuer ſaw, but painteth the outward beautie of ſuch a vertue. For theſe third bee they, which moſt properly doe imitate to teach and delight: and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath beene, or ſhall bee; but range onely, rained with learned diſcretion, into the diuine conſideration of what may be and ſhould bee. Theſe bee they, that as the firſt and moſt noble ſort, may iuſtly bee tearmed *Vates*: ſo theſe are wayted on in the excellenteſt languages and beſt vnderſtanding, with the fore-deſcribed name of *Poets*. For theſe indeede doe meerely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to moue men to take that goodneſſe in hand, which without delight they would flye as from a ſtranger; and teach to make them know that goodneſſe whereunto they are mooued: which being the nobleſt ſcope to which euer any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to barke at them. Theſe be ſubdiuided into ſundry more ſpeciall denominations. The moſt notable be the *Heroicke*, *Lyricke*, *Tragicke*, *Comicke*, *Satyricke*, *Iambicke*, *Elegiacke*, *Paſtorall*, and certaine others: ſome of theſe being tearmed according to the matter they deale with, ſome by the ſort of verſe they liked beſt to write in: for indeede the greateſt part of Poets, haue apparelled their Poeticall inuentions, in that num-

numbrous kinde of writing which is called *Verſe*. Indeed but apparelled Verſe, being but an ornament, and no cauſe to Poetrie, ſince there haue beene many moſt excellent Poets that neuer verſified, and now ſwarme many verſifiers that need neuer anſwere to the name of Poets. For *Xenophon* who did imitate ſo excellently as to giue vs *Effigiem iuſti imperij*, the portraiture of a iuſt Empire, vnder the name of *Cyrus*, as *Cicero* ſaith of him, made therein an abſolute heroicall Poeme. So did *Heliodorus* in his ſugred inuention of that picture of loue in *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, and yet both theſe wrote in Proſe: which I ſpeake to ſhew that it is not ryming and verſing that maketh a Poet, (no more than a long gowne maketh an Aduocate; who though hee pleaded in armour ſhould bee an Aduocate and no Souldier:) but it is that fayning notable images of vertues, vices, or what elſe, with that delightfull teaching, which muſt bee the right deſcribing note to know a Poet by. Although indeed the Senate of Poets haue choſen verſe as their fitteſt rayment: meaning as in matter they paſſed all in all, ſo in manner to goe beyond them: not ſpeaking table-talke faſhion, or like men in a dreame, words as they chanceable fall from the mouth, but peaſing each ſyllable of each word by iuſt proportion, according to the dignitie of the ſubiect. Now therefore it ſhall not bee amiſſe, firſt to weigh this latter ſort of Poetry by his workes, and then by his parts; and if in neyther of theſe Anatomies hee bee condemnable, I hope wee ſhall receiue a more fauourable ſentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memorie, enabling of iudgement, and inlarging of conceit, which commonly wee call learning, vnder what name ſoeuer it come foorth, or to what immediate end ſoeuer it bee directed, the finall end is to leade and drawe vs to as high a perfection, as our degenerate ſoules, made worſe by their clay lodgings, can bee capable of. This, according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impreſsions: for ſome that thought this felicitie principally to bee gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to bee ſo high or heauenly, as acquaintance with the ſtarres, gaue themſelues to *Aſtronomie:* others perſwading themſelues to bee *Demi-gods*, if they knew the cauſes of things, became naturall and ſupernaturall *Philoſophers*. Some an admirable delight drew to *Muſicke*: and ſome the certainety of demonſtration to the *Mathematickes:* but all, one and other, hauing this ſcope to know, and by knowledge to lift vp the minde from the dungeon of the body, to the enioying his owne diuine eſſence. But when by the ballance of experience it was found, that the *Aſtronomer* looking to the ſtarres might fall in a ditch: that the enquiring *Philoſopher* might bee blinde in himſelfe; and the *Mathematician* might draw forth a ſtraight line with a crooked heart: Then loe did Proofe, the ouer-ruler of opinions, make manifeſt, that all theſe are but ſeruing ſciences, which as they haue a priuate end in themſelues, ſo yet are they all directed to the higheſt end of the miſtreſſe knowledge; by the Greekes ἀρχιτεκτονική, which ſtandeth, as I thinke, in the knowledge of a mans ſelfe, in the Ethicke and Politicke conſideration, with the end of wel-doing, and not of well knowing onely. Euen as the Sadlers next end is to make a good Saddle, but his further end to ſerue a nobler facultie, which is Horſemanſhip: ſo the Horſemans to Souldierie: and the Souldier not onely to haue the skill, but to performe the practiſe of a Souldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning being vertuous action, thoſe skils that moſt ſerue to bring forth that, haue a moſt iuſt title to be Princes ouer all the reſt: wherein eaſily wee can ſhew, the Poet is worthy to haue it before any other competitors: among whom principally to challenge it, ſtep forth the morall *Philoſophers*. Whom, me thinkes, I ſee comming towards mee, with a ſullen grauitie, (as though they could not abide vice by day-light) rudely clothed, for to witneſſe out-

wardly their contempt of outward things, with bookes in their hands againſt glorie, whereto they ſet their names: ſophiſtically ſpeaking againſt ſubtiltie, and angrie with any man in whom they ſee the foule fault of anger. Theſe men caſting larges as they goe of definitions, diuiſions, and diſtinctions, with a ſcornefull interrogatiue doe ſoberly aske, whether it be poſsible to finde any path ſo readie to leade a man to vertue, as that which teacheth what vertue is, and teacheth it not onely by deliuering forth his very being, his cauſes and effects, but alſo by making knowne his enemie vice, which muſt bee deſtroyed, and his cumberſome ſeruant Paſsion, which muſt bee maſtered: by ſhewing the generalities that containe it, and by the ſpecialities that are deriued from it. Laſtly, by plaine ſetting downe how it extends it ſelfe out of the limits of a mans owne little world, to gouernement of families, and maintayning of publike ſocieties. The *Hiſtorian* ſcarcely giues leaſure to the *Moraliſt* to ſay ſo much, but that hee loaden with olde Mouſe-eaten Records, authoriſing himſelfe for the moſt part vpon other hiſtories, whoſe greateſt authorities are built vpon the notable foundation of *Heare-ſay*, hauing much adoe to accord differing writers, & to picke truth out of partialitie; better acquainted with a thouſand yeares agoe, than with the preſent age, and yet better knowing how this world goes, than how his owne wit runnes; curious for Antiquities, and inquiſitiue of Nouelties, a wonder to young folkes, and a Tyrant in table talke; denieth in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of vertue, and vertuous actions, is comparable to him. I am *Teſtis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magiſtra vitæ, nuntia vetuſtatis*. The *Philoſopher*, ſaith hee, teacheth a diſputatiue vertue, but I doe an actiue. His vertue is excellent in the dangerleſſe *Academie* of *Plato*: but mine ſheweth forth her honourable face in the battels of *Marathon*, *Pharſalia*, *Poictiers*, and *Agincourt*. Hee teacheth vertue by certtaine abſtract conſiderations: but I onely bid you follow the footing of them that haue gone before you. Old aged experience goeth beyond the fine witted *Philoſopher*: but I giue the experience of many ages. Laſtly, if hee make the ſong-booke, I put the learners hand to the Lute, and if hee bee the guide, I am the light. Then would hee alleage you innumerable examples, confirming ſtorie by ſtories, how much the wiſeſt Senators and Princes haue beene directed by the credit of Hiſtorie, as *Brutus*, *Alphonſus* of *Aragon*, (and who not if needs be?) At length, the long line of their diſputation makes a point in this, that the one giueth the precept, and the other the example. Now whom ſhall we finde, ſince the queſtion ſtandeth for the higheſt forme in the ſchoole of learning, to bee moderator? Truly as mee ſeemeth, the Poet; and if not a moderator, euen the man that ought to carie the title from them both: and much more from all other ſeruing ſciences. Therfore compare wee the *Poet* with the *Hiſtorian*, and with the morall *Philoſopher*: and if hee goe beyond them both, no other humane skill can match him. For as for the *Diuine*, with all reuerence he is euer to be excepted, not onely for hauing his ſcope as farre beyond any of theſe, as Eternitie exceedeth a Moment: but euen for paſsing each of theſe in themſelues. And for the *Lawyer*, though *Ius* be the daughter of *Iuſtice*, the chiefe of vertues; yet becauſe he ſeekes to make men good, rather *formidine pœnæ*, than *virtutis amore*: or to ſay right, doth not endeuour to make men good, but that their euil hurt not others, hauing no care ſo he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be; Therfore as our wickedneſſe maketh him neceſſarie, and neceſsitie maketh him honourable, ſo is hee not in the deepeſt truth to ſtand in ranke with theſe, who all endeuour to take naughtineſſe away, and plant goodneſſe euen in the ſecreteſt cabinet of our ſoules: and theſe foure are all that any way deale in the conſideration of mens manners, which being the ſupreame knowledge, they that beſt

breede

breede it, deserue the best commendation. The *Philosopher* therefore, and the *Historian* are they which would win the goale, the one by precept, the other by example: but both, not hauing both, doe both halt. For the *Philosopher* setting downe with thornie arguments the bare rule, is so hard of vtterance, and so mistie to be conceiued, that one that hath no other guide but him, shall wade in him till hee bee old, before hee shall finde sufficient cause to bee honest. For his knowledge standeth so vpon the abstract and generall, that happie is that man who may vnderstand him, and more happie that can applie what hee doth vnderstand. On the other side, the *Historian* wanting the precept, is so tied not to what should bee but to what is, to the particular truth of things, and not to the generall reason of things, that his example draweth no necessarie consequence, and therfore a lesse fruitfull doctrine. Now doth the peereless Poet perform both: for whatsoeuer the Philosopher saith should be done, he giues a perfect picture of it by some one, by whom hee presupposeth it was done, so as he coupleth the generall notion with the particular example. A perfect picture (I say) for hee yeeldeth to the powers of the minde an image of that whereof the Philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possesse the sight of the soule so much, as that other doth. For as in outward things to a man that had neuer seene an *Elephant*, or a *Rhinoceros*, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shape, colour, bignesse and particular markes, or of a gorgeous palace in *Architecture*, who declaring the full beauties, might wel make the hearer able to repeat as it were by roat all he heard, yet should neuer satisfie his inward conceit, with being witnes to it selfe of a true liuing knowledge: but the same man, assoone as hee might see those beasts well painted, or that house well in modell, should straightwaies grow without neede of any description to a iudicall comprehending of them, so (no doubt) the *Philosopher* with his learned definitions, bee it of vertues or vices, matters of publike policie or priuate gouernement, replenisheth the memorie with many infallible grounds of wisdome, which notwithstanding lye darke before the imaginatiue and iudging power, if they bee not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of *Poesie*. *Tully* taketh much paines, and many times not without Poeticall helpes, to make vs knowe the force loue of our countrey hath in vs: Let vs but heare olde *Anchises*, speaking in the middest of *Troyes* flames, or see *Vlysses* in the fulnesse of all *Calipsoes* delights, bewayle his absence from barraine and beggarly *Ithaca*: Anger (the *Stoicks* said) was a short madnesse: let but *Sophocles* bring you *Ajax* on a stage, killing or whipping sheepe and oxen, thinking them the Armie of Greekes, with their chieftaines *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*: & tell me if you haue not a more familiar insight into Anger, than finding in the schoolemen his *Genus* and *Difference*. See whether wisdom and temperance in *Vlysses* and *Diomedes*, valure in *Achilles*, friendship in *Nisus* and *Eurialus*, euen to an ignorant man, carie not an apparant shining: and contrarily, the remorce of conscience in *Oedipus*; the soone repenting pride in *Agamemnon*; the selfe deuouring crueltie in his father *Atreus*; the violence of ambition in the two *Theban* brothers; the sowre sweetnesse of reuenge in *Medea*; and to fall lower, the *Terentian Gnatho*, and our *Chaucers Pandar*, so expresst, that wee now vse their names, to signifie their Trades: And finally, all vertues, vices, and passions, so in their owne naturall states, laid to view, that wee seeme not to heare of them, but cleerely to see through them. But euen in the most excellent determination of goodnesse; what *Philosophers* counsell can so readily direct a Prince, as the faigned *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*? or a vertuous man in all fortunes, as *Aeneas* in *Virgil*? or a whole Commonwealth, as the Way of Sir Thomas Moores *Eutopia*? I say the Way, because where

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Sir *Thomas Moore* erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the Poet: for that Way of patterning a Common wealth, was most absolute, though hee perchance hath not so absolutely performed it. For the question is, whether the fained image of Poetrie, or the regular instruction of Philosophie, hath the more force in reaching. Wherein if the *Philosophers* haue more rightly shewed themselues *Philosophers*, then the *Poets* haue attained to the high toppe of their profession (as in trueth *mediocribus esse Poetis, non Dij, non homines, non concessere columnæ*) it is (I say againe) not the fault of the Art, but that by few men that Art can bee accomplished. Certainely, euen our Sauiour Christ could as well haue giuen the morall common places of vncharitableness, and humblenesse, as the diuine narration of *Dives* and *Lazarus*, or of disobedience, and mercie, as that heauenly discourse of the lost childe and the gratious father, but that his thorough searching wisedome, knew the estate of *Dives* burning in Hell, and of *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* bosome, would more constantly as it were, inhabit both the memory and iudgement. Truly for my selfe (me seemes) I see before mine eyes, the lost childes disdainefull prodigalitie turned to enuie a Swines dinner: which by the learned *Diuines* are thought not historicall acts, but instructing parables. For conclusion, say the *Philosopher* teacheth, but hee teacheth obscurely, so as the learned onely can vnderstand him, that is to say, he teacheth them that are alreadie taught. But the Poet is the food for the tendrest stomacks, the Poet is indeed the right popular *Philosopher*. Whereof *Esops* tales giues good proof, whose pretty allegorics stealing vnder the formal tales of beastes, make many more beastly than beasts, beginne to heare the sound of vertue from those dumbe speakers. But now may it bee alleaged, that if this imagining of matters be so fit for the imagination, then must the *Historian* needs surpasse, who brings you images of true matters, such as indeede were done, not such as fantastically or falsly may be suggested to haue bin done. Truly *Aristotle* himselfe in his discourse of *Poesie*, plainly determins this question, saying that *Poetrie* is φιλοσοφώτερον and σπουδαιότερον, that is to say, it is more Philosophicall, and more ingenious than history. His reason is, because *Poesie* dealeth with καθόλου, that is to say, with the vniuersall consideration, & the historie with καθ' ἕκαστον, the particular. Now, saith he, the vniuersall waies what is fit to be said or done, either is likelihood or necessity, w^ch^ the *Poesie* considereth in his imposed names: & the particular only markes whether *Alcibiades* did or suffered this or that. Thus far *Aristotle*. Which reason of his, as all his, is most full of reason. For indeed if the question were, whether it were better to haue a particular act truly or falsly set down, there is no doubt w^ch^ is to be chosen, no more than whether you had rather haue *Vespasians* picture right as he was, or at the painters pleasure nothing resembling. But if the question be for your own vse & learning, whether it be better to haue it set down as it shold be, or as it was; then certainly is more doctrinable the fained *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, than the true *Cyrus* in *Iustin*: and the fained *Aeneas* in *Virgil*, than the right *Aeneas* in *Dares Phrygius*: as to a Ladie that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a Painter should more benefit her to portrait a most sweete face, writing *Canidia* vpon it, than to paint *Canidia* as shee was, who *Horace* sweareth was full ill fauoured. If the *Poet* doe his part aright, hee will shew you in *Tantalus*, *Atreus*, and such like, nothing that is not to bee shunned in *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, *Vlysses*, each thing to bee followed: were the *Historian* bound to tell things as things were, cannot bee liberall, without hee will bee Poeticall of a perfect patterne, but as in *Alexander* or *Scipio* himselfe, shew doings, some to bee liked, some to bee misliked; and then how will you discerne what to follow, but by your owne discretion, which you had without reading *Quintus Curtius*? And whereas a man may say, though in vniuersall

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consideration of doctrine, the *Poet* preuaileth, yet that the Historie in his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that hee shall follow. The answere is manifest, that if hee stand vpon that was, as if hee should argue, Because it rained yesterday, therefore it should raine to day; then indeede hath it some aduantage to a grosse conceit. But if hee know an example onely enformes a coniectured likelihood, and so goe by reason, the *Poet* doth so farre exceed him, as hee is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable, bee it in warlike, politick, or priuate matters; where the *Historian* in his bare, Was, hath many times that which wee call fortune, to ouer-rule the best wisdome. Many times hee must tell euents; whereof hee can yeelde no cause, or if hee doe, it must bee poetically. For that a fained example hath as much force to teach, as a true example (for as for to moue, it is cleare, since the fained may be tuned to the highest key of passion) let vs take one example wherein an *Historian* and a *Poet* did concurre. *Herodotus* and *Iustine* doe both testifie, that *Zopirus*, King *Darius* faithfull seruant, seeing his master long resisted by the rebellious *Babylonians*, fained himselfe in extreame disgrace of his King, for verifying of which, hee caused his owne nose and eares to bee cut off, and so flying to the *Babylonians* was receiued, and for his knowne valure so farre credited, that hee did finde meanes to deliuer them ouer to *Darius*. Much like matter doth *Liuy* record of *Tarquinius* and his sonne. *Xenophon* excellently fained such another stratagem, performed by *Abradates* in *Cyrus* behalfe. Now would I faine know, if occasion bee presented vnto you, to serue your Prince by such an honest dissimulation, why you doe not as well learne it of *Xenophons* fictions as of the others veritie: and truely so much the better, as you shall saue your nose by the bargaine. For *Abradates* did not counterfeit so farre. So then the best of the *Historian* is subiect to the *Poet*: for whatsoeuer action or faction, whatsoeuer counsell, policie, or warre stratagem the *Historian* is bound to recite, that may the *Poet* if hee list with his imitation make his owne: beautifying it both for further teaching, and more delighting, as it please him: hauing all from *Dante* his heauen to his hell, vnder the authoritie of his pen. Which if I bee asked what *Poets* haue done so? as I might well name some, so yet say I, and say againe, I speake of the Art and not of the Artificer. Now to that which commonly is attributed to the praise of Historie, in respect of the notable learning is got by marking the successe, as though therein a man should see vertue exalted and vice punished: truly that commendation is peculiar to Poetrie, and farre off from Historie; for indeed Poetrie euer sets vertue so out in her best colours, making fortune her wel-waiting handmaid, that one must needes be enamoured of her. Well may you see *Vlysses* in a storme and in other hard plights, but they are but exercises of patience and magnanimitie, to make them shine the more in the neare following prosperitie. And of the contrarie part, if euill men come to the stage, they euer goe out (as the Tragedie writer answered to one that misliked the shew of such persons) so manacled, as they little animate folkes to follow them. But the History being captiued to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terrour from well-doing, and an encouragement to vnbridled wickednesse. For see we not valiant *Miltiades* rot in his fetters? The iust *Phocion* and the accomplished *Socrates* put to death like traitors? The cruel *Seuerus* liue prosperously? The excellent *Seuerus* miserably murthered? *Sylla* & *Marius* dying in their beds? *Pompey* & *Cicero* slaine then when they would haue thought exile a happinesse? See we not vertuous *Cato* driuen to kill himselfe, and rebell *Cæsar* so aduanced, that his name, yet after a thousand six hundred yeares, lasteth in the highest honour? And marke but euen *Cæsars* owne wordes of the forenamed *Sylla*, (who in that onely did honestly, to

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put downe his diſhoneſt tyranny) *Literas neſcinit*: as if want of learning cauſed him to doe well. Hee meant it not by Poetrie, which, not content with earthly plagues, deuiſeth new puniſhments in hell for tyrants: nor yet by Philoſophie, which teacheth *Occidentes eſſe*, but no doubt by skill in Hiſtorie, for that indeede can afford you *Cipſelus*, *Periander*, *Phalaris*, *Dionyſius*, and I know not how many moe of the ſame kennell, that ſped well enough in their abhominable iniuſtice of vſurpation. I conclude therefore, that he excelleth hiſtorie, not only in furniſhing the minde with knowledge, but in ſetting it forward to that which deſerues to bee called and accounted good: which ſetting forward and mouing to well-doing, indeede ſetteth the Laurell crowne vpon the *Poets* as victorious, not only of the *Hiſtorian*, but ouer the *Philoſopher*, howſoever in teaching, it may be queſtionable. For ſuppoſe it be graunted, that which I ſuppoſe with great reaſon may be denied, that the *Philoſopher* in reſpect of his methodicall proceeding, teach more perfectly than the *Poet*, yet doe I thinke, that no man is ſo much φιλοπόνηρος as to compare the *Philoſopher* in mouing with the *Poet*. And that mouing is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appeare, that it is well nigh both the cauſe and effect of teaching. For who will be taught, if he be not moued with deſire to be taught? And what ſo much good doth that teaching bring forth, (I ſpeake ſtill of morall doctrine) as that it moueth one to doe that which it doth teach? For as *Ariſtotle* ſaith, it is not γνῶσις but πρᾶξις muſt be the fruit: and how πρᾶξις can be without beeing moued to practiſe, it is no hard matter to conſider. The *Philoſopher* ſheweth you the way, hee informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediouſneſſe of the way, and of the pleaſant lodging you ſhall haue when your iourney is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may diuert you from your way. But this is to no man but to him that will reade him, and reade him with attentiue ſtudious painefulneſſe, which conſtant deſire whoſoeuer hath in him, hath already paſt halfe the hardneſſe of the way: and therefore is beholding to the *Philoſopher* but for the other halfe. Nay truly learned men haue learnedly thought, that where once reaſon hath ſo much ouer-maſtered paſſion, as that the minde hath a free deſire to doe well, the inward light each minde hath in it ſelfe, is as good as a *Philoſophers* booke, ſince in Nature wee know it is well, to doe well, and what is well and what is euill, although not in the words of Art which *Philoſophers* beſtow vpon vs: for out of naturall conceit the *Philoſophers* drew it; but to bee moued to doe that which wee know, or to bee moued with deſire to know, *Hoc opus, hic labor eſt*. Now therein of all Sciences (I ſpeake ſtill of humane, and according to the humane conceit) is our *Poet* the *Monarch*. For hee doth not onely ſhew the way, but giueth ſo ſweete a proſpect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it: Nay hee doth as if your iourney ſhould lye through a faire vineyard, at the very firſt, giue you a cluſter of grapes, that full of that taſt, you may long to paſſe further. Hee beginneth not with obſcure definitions, which muſt blurre the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulneſs: but he commeth to you with wordes ſet in delightfull proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well enchaunting skill of *Muſicke*, & with a tale (forſooth) he commeth vnto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the Chimney corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the minde from wickedneſſe to vertue; euen as the child is often brought to take moſt wholſom things by hiding them in ſuch other as haue a pleaſant taſte: which if one ſhould begin to tell them the nature of the *Aloes* or *Rhubarbarum* they ſhould receiue, would ſooner take their phyſicke at their eares than at their mouth, ſo is it in men (moſt of which are childiſh in the beſt things, till they bee cradled in their graues) glad they will

will be to heare the tales of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, and hearing them, must needes heare the right description of wisedome, valour, and iustice; which if they had been barely (that is to say Philosophically) set out, they would sweare they be brought to schoole againe; that imitation whereof *Poetry* is, hath the most conueniencie to Nature of all other: insomuch that, as *Aristotle* saith, those things which in themselues are horrible, as cruell battels, vnnaturall monsters, are made in poeticall imitation, delightfull. Truly I haue knowne men, that euen with reading *Amadis de Gaule*, which God knowes, wanteth much of a perfect *Poesie*, haue found their hearts moued to the exercise of courtesie, liberalitie, and especially courage. Who readeth *Aeneas* carying old *Anchises* on his backe, that wisheth not it were his fortune to performe so excellent an Act? Whom doe not those words of *Turnus* moue, (the tale of *Turnus* hauing planted his image in the imagination) *fugientem haec terra videbit? Vsque adeone mori miserum est?* Where the *Philosophers* (as they thinke) scorne to delight, so much they be content little to moue; hauing wrangling whether *Virtus* be the chiefe or the onely good; whether the contemplatiue or the actiue life doe excell; which *Plato* & *Boetius* well knew: and therfore made mistresse *Philosophie* very often borrow the masking rayment of *Poesie*. For euen those hard hearted euill men, who think vertue a schoole name: and know no other good but *indulgere genio*, and therfore despise the austere admonitions of the *Philosopher*, and feele not the inward reason they stand vpon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good fellow *Poet* seemes to promise; and so steale to see the forme of goodnesse, (which seene, they cannot but loue) ere themselues be aware, as if they tooke a medicine of Cherries. Infinite proofes of the strange effects of this Poeticall inuention might be alleaged: onely two shall serue, which are so often remembred, as I thinke all men know them. The one of *Menenius Agrippa*, who, when the whole people of *Rome* had resolutely diuided themselues from the *Senate*, with apparant shew of vtter ruine, though hee were for that time an excellent Orator, came not among them vpon trust either of figuratiue speeches, or cunning insinuations, and much lesse with farre fet *Maximes* of *Philosophie*, which especially if they were *Platonicke*, they must haue learned *Geometrie* before they could well haue conceiued: but forsooth, he behaueth himselfe like a homely and familier *Poet*. Hee telleth them a tale, that there was a time, when all the parts of the bodie made a mutinous conspiracie against the belly, which they thought deuoured the fruites of each others labour: they concluded they would let so vnprofitable a spender starue. In the end, to bee short, for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale, with punishing the belly they plagued themselues; this applied by him, wrought such effect in the people, as I neuer reade that onely wordes brought forth, but then, so sudden and so good an alteration: for vpon reasonable conditions, a perfect reconcilement ensued. The other is of *Nathan* the Prophet, who when the holy *David* had so farre forsaken God, as to confirme adultery with murther, when he was to doe the tendrest office of a friend, in laying his owne shame before his eyes; sent by God to call againe so chosen a seruant, how doth hee it, but by telling of a man whose beloued lambe was vngratefully taken from his bosome? The application most diuinely true, but the discourse it selfe fained; which made *David* (I speake of the second & instrumental cause) as in a glasse see his owne filthinesse, as that heauenly Psalme of mercie well testifieth. By these therefore examples and reasons, I thinke it may be manifest, that the *Poet* with that same hand of delight, doth draw the minde more effectually than any other Art doth. And so a conclusion not vnfitly ensue, That as vertue is the most excellent resting place for all worldy learning to make his end of; so *Poetrie* being the

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most familiar to teach it, & most Princely to moue towards it, in the most excellent worke, is the most excellent workeman. But I am content not onely to decipher him by his workes (although workes in commendation and dispraise, must euer hold a high authoritie) but more narrowly will examine his parts, so that (as in a man) though altogether may cary a presence full of maiestie and beautie, perchance in some one defectuous peece we may finde blemish: Now in his parts, kindes or *species*, as you list to terme them, it is to bee noted, that some *Poesies* haue coupled together two or three kindes, as the *Tragicall* and *Comicall*, whereupon is risen the *Tragicomicall*; some in the manner haue mingled Prose and Verse, as *Sanazara* and *Boetius*; some haue mingled matters *Heroicall* and *Pastroall*. but that commeth all to one in this question, for if seuered they be good, the coniunction cannot be hurtfull: therefore perchance forgetting some, and leauing some as needlesse to bee remembred. It shall not be amisse, in a word to cite the speciall kindes, to see what faults may be found in the right vse of them. Is it then the Pastorall *Poeme* which is misliked? (For perchance where the hedge is lowest they will soonest leap ouer) is the poore pipe disdained, which sometimes out of *Melibeus* mouth, can shew the miserie of people, vnder hard Lords and rauening Souldiers? And againe by *Titerus*, what blessednesse is deriued to them that lye lowest, from the goodnesse of them that sit highest? Sometimes vnder the pretty tales of Wolues and Sheep, can include the whole considerations of wrong doing & patience; sometimes shew that contentions for trifles, can get but a trifling victorie, where perchance a man may see, that euen *Alexander* and *Darius*, when they straue who should bee Cocke of this worlds dunghill, the benefit they got, was, that the after liuers may say, *Hec meminit, & victum frustra contendere Thirsim. Ex illo Coridon, Coridon est tempore nobis.* Or is it the lamenting *Elegiacke*, which in a kinde heart would moue rather pitie than blame, who bewayleth with the great Philosopher *Heraclitus*, the weaknesse of mankinde, and the wretchednesse of the world: who surely is to be praised either for compassionate accompanying iust causes of lamentations, or for rightly painting out how weake be the pasions of wofulnesse? Is it the bitter but wholesome *Iambicke*, who rubbes the galled minde, making shame the Trumpet of villanie, with bold and open crying out against naughtinesse? Or the *Satyricke*, who *Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit amico*, who sportingly neuer leaueth, till he make a man laugh at folly; and at length ashamed, to laugh at himselfe; which hee cannot auoyde, without auoyding the folly? who while *Circumpracordia ludit*, giueth vs to feele how many headaches a pasionate life bringeth vs to? Who when all is done, *Est vlubris animus si nos non deficit aquus*. No, perchance it is the *Comicke*, whom naughty play-makers and stage-keepers, haue iustly made odious. To the arguments of abuse, I wil after answer; only thus much now is to be said, That the *Comedy* is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornefull fort that may be: so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to bee such a one. Now as in *Geometrie*, the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in *Arithmeticke*, the odde as well as the euen, so in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthinesse of cuill, wanteth a great foile to perceiue the beauty of vertue. This doth the Comœdie handle so in our priuate and domesticall matters, as with hearing it, wee get as it were an experience what is to be looked for of a niggarly *Demea*, of a crafty *Dauus*, of a flattering *Gnatho*, of a vaine-glorious *Thraso*; and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge giuen them by the *Comœdient*. And little reason hath any man to say, that men learne the euill by seeing it so set out; since, as I said before, there is no man liuing, but by the force truth hath in nature,

ture, no ſooner ſeeth theſe men play their parts, but wiſheth them in *Piſtrinum*, although perchance the ſacke of his owne faults lie ſo behind his backe, that he ſeeth not himſelfe to dance the ſame meaſure: whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes, than to ſee his owne actions contemptibly ſet forth. So that the right vſe of *Comœdie*, will, I thinke, by no bodie bee blamed; and much leſſe of the high and excellent *Tragedie*, that openeth the greateſt wounds, aad ſheweth forth the *Vlcers* that are couered with *Tiſſue*, that maketh Kings feare to bee Tyrants, and Tyrants manifeſt their tyrannicall humors, that with ſtirring the effects of *Admiration* and *Commiſeration*, teacheth the vncertainty of this world, & vpon how weake foundations guilden roofes are builded, that maketh vs know, *Qui ſceptra ſæuus duro imperio regit, Timet timentes, metus in autorum redit*. But how much it can moue, *Plutarch* yeeldeth a notable teſtimonie of the abhominable Tyrant *Alexander Pheræus*, from whoſe eyes a *Tragedie* well made and repreſented, drew abundance of teares, who with out all pitie had murthered infinite numbers, & ſome of his owne blood: ſo as hee that was not aſhamed to make matters for *Tragedies*, yet could not reſiſt the ſweet violence of a *Tragedie*. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was, that hee in deſpite of himſelfe, withdrew himſelfe from hearkening to that which might mollifie his hardned heart. But it is not the *Tragedie* they doe miſlike: for it were too abſurde to caſt out ſo excellent a repreſentation of whatſoeuer is moſt worthy to bee learned. Is it the *Lyricke* that moſt diſpleaſeth, who with his tuned *Lyre*, & well accorded voice, giueth praiſe, the reward of vertue to vertuous acts? who giueth morall precepts and naturall Problemes, who ſometime raiſeth vp his voyce to the height of the heauens, in ſinging the laudes of the immortall God? Certainely I muſt confeſſe mine owne barbarouſneſſe, I neuer heard the old Song of *Percie & Douglas*, that I found not my heart moued more than with a trumpet: and yet is ſung but by ſome blinde Crowder, with no rougher voyce, than rude ſtile; which being ſo euill apparelled in the duſt and Cobweb of that vnciuill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of *Pindare*? In *Hungarie* I haue ſeene in the manner of all feaſtes and other ſuch like meetings, to haue ſongs of their anceſtors valure, which that right ſouldierlike nation, thinke one of the chiefeſt kindlers of braue courage. The incomparable *Lacedæmonians* did not onely carrie that kind of *Muſick* euer with them to the field; but euen at home, as ſuch ſongs were made, ſo were they all content to bee ſingers of them: when the luſtie men were to tell what they did, the old men what they haue done, and the young what they would doe. And where a man may ſay, that *Pindare* many times praiſeth highly victories of ſmall moment, rather matters of ſport than vertue, as it may he anſwered, it was the fault of the *Poet*, & not of the *Poetry*, ſo indeed the chiefe fault was in the time & cuſtome of the *Greeks*, who ſet thoſe toyes at ſo high a price, that *Philip* of *Macedon* reckoned a horſe-race won at *Olympus*, among his three fearfull felicities. But as the vnimitable *Pindare* often did, ſo is that kinde moſt capable and moſt fit to awake the thoughts from the ſleepe of idleneſſe, to imbrace honourable enterpriſes. There reſts the *Heroicall*, whoſe very name I think ſhould daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue bee directed to ſpeake euill of that which draweth with him no leſſe champions than *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, *Turnus* *Tydeus*, *Rinaldo*, who doth not only teach and moue to a truth, but teacheth and moueth to the moſt high and excellent truth: who maketh magnanimitie and iuſtice, ſhine through all miſtie fearefulneſſe and foggie deſires. Who if the ſaying of *Plato* and *Tully* be true, that who could ſee vertue, would bee wonderfully rauiſhed with the loue of hir beautie; this man ſetteth her out to make her more louely in her holiday apparell, to the eye of any that will daigne, not to diſdaine vntill they

vnderstand. But if any thing be already said in the defence of sweete *Poetry*, all concurre to the maintaining the *Heroicall*, which is not onely a kinde, but the best and most accomplished kinde of *Poetry*. For as the image of each Action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies, most inflameth the minde vvith desire to be worthy: and enformes with counsaile how to bee worthy. Only let *Æneas* bee worne in the Tablet of your memory, how he gouerneth himselfe in the ruine of his Country, in the preseruing his old Father, and carrying away his religious Ceremonies, in obeying Gods Commandement to leaue *Dido*, though not only all passionate kindnesse, but euen the humane consideration of vertuous gratefulnesse would haue craued other of him: how in stormes, how in sports, how in vvarre, how in peace, how a fugitiue, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to Allies, how to enemies, how to his owne. Lastly, how in his inward selfe, and how in his outward gouernement, and I thinke in a minde most preiudiced with a preiudicating humour, hee will bee found in excellency fruitfull. Yea as *Horace* saith, *Melius Chrisippo & Crantore*: but truely, I imagine it falleth out with these Poet-whippers, as with some good vvomen, who often are sicke, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of *Poetrie* is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neyther the summe that containes him, nor the particularities descending from him, giue any fast handle to their carping dispraise. Since then *Poetrie* is of all humane learnings the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from vvhence other learnings haue taken their beginnings; Since it is so vniuersall, that no learned Nation doth despise it, nor barbarous Nation is without it. Since both *Romane* and *Greeke* gaue such diuine names vnto it, the one of propheſying, the other of making; and that indeede that name of making is fit for him, considering, that vvhere all other Arts retaine themselues within their subiect, and receiue as it were their being from it; The Poet onely, onely bringeth his owne stuffe, and doth not learne a Conceit out of a matter, but maketh matter for a Conceit. Since neither his description, nor end containeth any euill, the thing described cannot bee euill; since his effects bee so good as to teach goodnesse, and delight the learners of it; since therein (namely in morall doctrine the chiefe of all knowledges) hee doth not onely farre passe the *Historian*, but for instructing is well nigh comparable to the *Philosopher*, for mouing, leaueth him behind him. Since the holy Scripture (wherein there is no vncleanenesse) hath whole parts in it Poeticall, and that euen our Sauiour Christ vouchsafed to vse the flowers of it: since all his kindnesses are not onely in their vnited formes, but in their seuered dissections fully commendable, I thinke, (and thinke I thinke rightly) the Laurell Crowne appointed for triumphant Captaines, doth worthily of all other learnings, honour the *Poets* triumph. But because wee haue eares as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may bee, will seeme to waigh greatly, if nothing bee put in the counterballance, let vs heare, and as well as wee can, ponder what obiections be made against this Art, which may bee worthy eyther of yeelding or answering. First, truly I note, not onely in these μισόμουσοι, Poet-harers, but in all that kinde of people who seeke a praise, by dispraising others, that they do prodigally spend a great many wandring words in quips and scoffes, carping and taunting at each thing, which by stirring the spleene, may stay the braine from a through beholding the worthinesse of the subiect. Those kinde of obiections, as they are full of a very idle easinesse, since there is nothing of so sacred a maiesty, but that an itching tongue may rub it selfe vpon it, so deserue they no other answer, but in stead of laughing at the ieast, to laugh at the ieaster. Wee know a playing wit can praise the discretion

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of an Asse, the comfortablenesse of being in debt, and the iolly commodities of being sicke of the plague. So of the contrary side, if we will turne *Ouids* verse, *Vt latent vitijs proxima virtutis malis*, that good lies hid in neerenesse of the euill, *Agrippa* will be as merry in the shewing the vanitie of Science, as *Erasmus* was in the commending of folly: neither shall any man or matter, escape some touch of these smiling Railers. But for *Erasmus* and *Agrippa*, they had an other foundation than the superficiall part would promise. Many these other pleasant fault-finders, who will correct the *Verb* before they vnderstand the *Noune*, and confute others knowledge before they confirme their owne, I would haue them onely remember, that scoffing commeth not of wisedome; so as the best title in true English they get with their merryments, is to bee called good fooles: for so haue our graue forefathers euer learned that humorous kind of iesters. But that which giueth greatest scope to their scorning humor, is rymming and versing. It is already said, (and as I thinke truly said) it is not rymming and versing that maketh *Poesie*: One may bee a *Poet* without versing, and a versifier without *Poetrie*. But yet presuppose it were inseparable, as indeede it seemeth *Scaliger* iudgeth truly, it were an inseparable commendation. For if *Oratio*, next to *Ratio*, Speech next to Reason, bee the greatest gift bestowed vpon *Mortalitie*, that cannot bee prayseles which doth most polish that blessing of speech; which considereth each word, not only as a man may say by his forcible qualitie, but by his best measured quantitie, carying euen in themselues a *Harmonie*; without perchaunce number, measure, order, proportion bee in our time growne odious. But lay aside the iust prayse it hath by being the onely fit speech for *Musick* (*Musicke* I say, the most diuine striker of the senses,) Thus much is vndoubtedly true, that if reading bee foolish without remembring, Memory being the onely treasure of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memory, are likewise most conuenient for knowledge. Now that Verse farre exceedeth Prose, in the knitting vp of the memorie, the reason is manifest, the words (besides their delight, which hath a great affinitie to memory) being so set as one cannot bee lost, but the whole worke failes: which accusing it selfe, calleth the remembrance backe to it selfe, & so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides one word, so as it were begetting another, as be it in rime or measured verse, by the former a man shall haue a neere gheesse to the follower. Lastly, euen they that haue taught the Art of memorie, haue shewed nothing so apt for it, as a certaine roome diuided into many places, well and throughly knowne: Now that hath the verse in effect perfectly, euery word hauing his naturall seat, which seat must needs make the word remembred. But what needes more in a thing so knowne to all men? Who is it that euer was scholler, that doth not carrie away some verses of *Virgill*, *Horace*, or *Cato*, which in his youth hee learned, and euen to his olde age serue him for hourely lessons; as, *Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est. Dum sibi quisque placet credula turba sumus*. But the fitnesse it hath for memorie, is notably proued by all deliuerie of Arts, wherein for the most part, from *Grammar* to *Logicke*, *Mathematicke*, *Physicke*, and the rest, the Rules chiefly necessarie to bee borne away, are compiled in verses. So that verse being in it selfe sweete and orderly, and being best for memorie, the onely handle of knowledge, it must bee in iest that any man can speake against it. Now then goe wee to the most important imputations laid to the poore *Poets*; for ought I can yet learne, they are these: First, that there beeing many other more fruitfull knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them, than in this. Secondly, that it is the mother of lies. Thirdly, that it is the nurse of abuse, infecting vs with many pestilent de-

sires, with a *Syrene* sweetenesse, drawing the minde to the Serpents taile of sinfull fancies; and herein especially *Comedies* giue the largest field to eare, as *Chaucer* saith, how both in other nations and ours, before *Poets* did soften vs, wee were full of courage, giuen to martiall exercises, the pillars of manlike libertie, and not lulled asleepe in shadie idlenesse with *Poets* pastimes. And lastly and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth, as if they had ouer-shot *Robinhood*, that *Plato* banished them out of his Common-wealth. Truly, this is much, if there bee much truth in it. First to the first. That a man might better spend his time, is a reason indeede: but it doth as they say, but *Petere principium*. For if it bee, as I affirme, that no learning is so good, as that which teacheth and moueth to vertue, and that none can both teach and moue thereto so much as *Poesie*, then is the conclusion manifest; that inke and paper cannot bee to a more profitable purpose imployed. And certainely though a man should grant their first assumption, it should follow (mee thinke) very vnwillingly, that good is not good, because better is better. But I still and vtterly deny, that there is sprung out of earth a more fruitfull knowledge. To the second therefore, that they should bee the principall lyars, I answer *Paradoxically*, but truely, I thinke truely: that of all writers vnder the Sunne, the *Poet* is the least lyar: and though he would, as a *Poet*, can scarcely bee a lyar. The *Astronomer* with his cousin the *Geometrician* can hardly escape, when they take vpon them to measure the height of the starres. How often thinke you doe the *Physitians* lye, when they auerre things good for sicknesses, which afterwards send *Charon* a great number of soules drowned in a potion, before they come to his Ferrie? And no lesse of the rest, which take vpon them to affirme. Now for the *Poet*, hee nothing affirmeth, and therefore neuer lyeth: for as I take it, to lye, is to affirme that to bee true, which is false. So as the other *Artistes*, & especially the *Historian*, affirming many things, can in the cloudy knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from many lyes. But the *Poet*, as I said before, neuer affirmeth, the *Poet* neuer maketh any Circles about your imagination, to coniure you to beleeue for true, what he writeth: he citeth not authorities of other histories, but euen for his entrie, calleth the sweete *Muses* to inspire into him a good inuention. In troth not labouring to tell you what is, or is not, but what should, or should not bee. And therefore though hee recount things not true, yet because hee telleth them not for true, he lyeth not: without wee will say, that *Nathan* lyed in his speech before alledged to *Dauid*, which as a wicked man durst scarce say, so thinke I none so simple, would say, that *Esope* lyed in the tales of his beasts: for who thinketh that *Esope* wrote it for actually true, were well worthy to haue his name Chronicled among the beasts he writeth of. What child is there, that comming to a play and seeing *Thebes* written in great letters vpon an olde doore, doth beleeue that it is *Thebes*? If then a man can arriue to the childes age, to know that the *Poets* persons and doings, are but pictures what should bee, & not stories what haue been, they will neuer giue the lye to things not affirmatiuely, but allegorically and figuratiuely written; and therefore as in history looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falshood: So in *Poesie*, looking but for fiction, they shall vse the narration but as an imaginatiue ground-plat of a profitable inuention. But hereto is replied, that the *Poets* giue names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actuall truth, and so not being true, proueth falsehood. And doth the *Lawyer* lye then, when vnder the names of *Iohn* of the *Stile*, and *Iohn* of the *Nokes*, he putteth his Case? But that is easily answered, their naming of men, is but to make their picture the more liuely, and not to build any Historie. Painting men, they cannot leaue men nameless. Wee see we cannot play at Chesse,

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but that we muſt giue names to our Cheſſemen, and yet me thinkes hee were a verie partiall Champion of truth, that would ſay wee lyed, for giuing a peece of wood the reuerend title of a Biſhop. The Poet nameth *Cyrus* and *Æneas*, no other way, than to ſhew what men of their times, fortunes, and eſtates, ſhould doe. Their third is, how much it abuſeth mens wits, trayning it to wanton ſinfulneſſe, and luſtfull loue. For indeede that is the principall, if not the onely abuſe I can heare alledged. They ſay, the *Comedies* rather teach than reprehend amorous conceits. They ſay the *Lyricke* is larded with paſſionate *Sonnets*, the *Elegiacke* weepes the want of his Miſtreſſe, and that euen to the *Heroicall*, *Cupid* hath ambitiouſly climed. Alas Loue, I would thou couldeſt as well defend thy ſelfe, as thou canſt offend others: I would thoſe on whom thou doeſt attend, could eyther put thee away, or yeeld good reaſon why they keepe thee. But grant loue of beauty to bee a beaſtly fault, although it bee very hard, ſince onely man and no beaſt hath that gift to diſcerne beautie; grant that louely name of Loue to deſerue all hatefull reproches, although euen ſome of my maſters, the *Philoſophers*, ſpent a good deale of their Lamp-oyle in ſetting forth the excellency of it, grant I ſay, what they will haue granted, that not onely loue, but luſt, but vanity; but if they liſt, ſcurrilitie poſſeſſe many leaues of the *Poets* bookes, yet thinke I, when this is granted, they will finde their ſentence may with good manners put the laſt words formoſt; and not ſay, that *Poetry* abuſeth mans wit, but that mans wit abuſeth *Poetry*. For I will not denie, but that mans wit may make *Poeſie*, which ſhould bee ποιησις, which ſome learned haue defined figuring forth good things, to bee φαντασια, which doth contrariwiſe infect the fancie with vnworthy obiects, as the Painter ſhould giue to the eye either ſome excellent perſpectiue, or ſome fine picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it ſome notable example, as *Abraham* ſacrificing his ſonne *Iſaac*, *Iudith* killing *Holofernes*, *Dauid* fighting with *Goliah*, may leaue thoſe, & pleaſe an ill pleaſed eye with wanton ſhewes of better hidden matters. But what, ſhall the abuſe of a thing make the right vſe odious? Nay truly: though I yeeld that *Poeſie* may not onely be abuſed, but that being abuſed, by the reaſon of his ſweete charming force, it can do more hurt than any other armie of words, yet ſhall it bee ſo farre from concluding, that the abuſe ſhould giue reproach to the abuſed, that contrariwiſe, it is a good reaſon, that whatſoeuer being abuſed, doth much harme, being rightly vſed (and vpon the right vſe, each thing receiues his title) doth moſt good. Doe wee not ſee skill of Phyſicke, the beſt rampier to our often aſſaulted bodies, being abuſed, teach poyſon the moſt violent deſtroyer? Doth not knowledge of Law, whoſe end is to euen and right all things, being abuſed, grow the crooked foſterer of horrible iniuries? Doth not (to goe in the higheſt) Gods Word abuſed, breede hereſie; and his Name abuſed, become blaſphemie? Truly, a Needle cannot doe much hurt, and as truly (with leaue of Ladies bee it ſpoken) it cannot doe much good. With a ſword thou mayeſt kill thy Father, and with a ſword thou mayeſt defend thy Prince and Countrey: ſo that, as in their calling *Poets*, fathers of lyes, they ſaid nothing, ſo in this their argument of abuſe, they proue the commendation. They alledge herewith, that before *Poets* beganne to bee in price, our Nation had ſet their hearts delight vpon action, and not imagination, rather doing things worthy to bee written, than writing things fit to be done. What that before time was, I thinke ſcarcely *Sphinx* can tell: ſince no memory is ſo ancient, that hath not the precedence of *Poetrie*. And certaine it is, that in our plaineſt homelineſſe, yet neuer was the *Albion* Nation without *Poetrie*. Mary, this argument, though it be leuelled againſt *Poetry*, yet is it indeed a chain-ſhot againſt all learning or bookiſhneſſe, as they commonly terme it.

Of such minde were certaine *Gothes*, of whom it is written, that hauing in the spoile of a famous Citie, taken a faire Library, one hangman belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murthered a great number of bodies, would haue set fire in it. No said another very grauely, take heed what you do, for while they are busie about those toyes, we shall with more leisure conquer their Countries. This indeed is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many words sometimes I haue heard spent in it: but because this reason is generally against all learning, as well as *Poetry*, or rather all learning but *Poetrie*, because it were too large a digression to handle it, or at least too superfluous, since it is manifest, that all gouernement of action is to bee gotten by knowledge, and knowledge best, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I onely with *Horace*, to him that is of that opinion, *Iubeo stultum esse libenter*: for as for *Poetrie* it selfe, it is the freest from this obiection: for *Poetry* is the Companion of Camps. I dare vndertake, that *Orlando furioso*, or honest king *Arthur*, will neuer displease a souldier: but the quidditie of *Ens* and *prima materia*, will hardly agree with a Corselet. And therefore, as I said in the beginning, euen *Turkes* and *Tartares* are delighted with *Poets*. *Homer* a *Greeke*, flourished before *Greece* flourished: and if to a sleight coniecture, a coniecture may bee opposed, truly it may seeme, that as by him their learned men tooke almost their first light of knowledge, so their actiue men receiued their first motions of courage. Onely *Alexanders* example may serue, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of such vertue, that fortune was not his guide, but his foot-stoole, whose Acts speake for him, though *Plutarch* did not: indeed the *Phœnix* of warrelike Princes. This *Alexander*, left his Schoolemaster liuing *Aristotle* behinde him, but tooke dead *Homer* with him. Hee put the Philosopher *Calisthenes* to death, for his seeming Philosophicall, indeed mutinous stubbornesse: but the chiefe thing he was euer heard to wish for, was, that *Homer* had beene aliue. Hee well found he receiued more brauery of minde by the patterne of *Achilles*, than by hearing the definition of Fortitude. And therefore if *Cato* misliked *Fulvius* for carrying *Ennius* with him to the field, it may bee answered, that if *Cato* misliked it, the noble *Fulvius* liked it, or else he had not done it; for it was not the excellent *Cato Vticensis*, whose authoritie I would much more haue reuerenced: but it was the former, in truth a bitter punisher of faults, but else a man that had neuer sacrificed to the *Graces*. He misliked & cryed out against all Greeke learning, & yet being fourescore yeares old, began to learne it, belike fearing that *Pluto* vnderstood not Latine: Indeede the *Romane* lawes allowed no person to be carried to the wars, but he that was in the souldiers role. And therfore though *Cato* misliked his vnmustred person, he misliked not his work. And if he had, *Scipio Nasica* (iudged by cõmon consent the best *Romane*) loued him: both the other *Scipio* brothers, who had by their vertues no lesse surnames than of *Asia* & *Affrick*, so loued him, that they caused his body to be buried in their sepulture. So as *Cato's* authority being but against his person, & that answered with so far greater than himself, is herein of no validity. But now indeed my burthen is great, that *Plato* his name is laid vpon mee, whom I must confesse of all *Philosophers*, I haue euer esteemed most worthy of reuerence; & with good reason, since of all *Philosophers* he is the most *Poeticall*: yet if he will defile the fountaine out of which his flowing streames haue proceeded, let vs boldly examine with what reason hee did it. First, truly a man might maliciously obiect, that *Plato* being a *Philosopher*, was a naturall enemy of *Poets*. For indeed after the *Philosophers* had picked out of the sweet mysteries of *Poetry*, the right discerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith putting it in method, & making a schoole Art of that which the *Poets* did onely teach by a diuine delightfulnesse, beginning to spurne at their guides, like vngrateful prentizes, were not content to set vp shop for themselues,

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but ſought by all meanes to diſcredit their maſters: which by the force of delight being barred them, the leſſe they could ouerthrow them, the more they hated them. For indeed they found, for *Homers* ſeuen cities ſtraue who ſhould haue him for their Citizen, where many cities baniſhed *Philoſophers*, as not fit members to liue among them. For onely repeating certaine of *Euripides* verſes, many *Athenians* had their liues ſaued of the *Syracuſans*, where the *Athenians* themſelues thought manie *Philoſophers* vnworthy to liue. Certaine *Poets*, as *Symonides* & *Pindarus*, had ſo preuailed with *Hero* the firſt, that of a tyrant they made him a iuſt King: where *Plato* could doe ſo little with *Dyoniſius*, that hee himſelfe of a *Philoſopher*, was made a ſlaue. But who ſhould do thus, I confeſſe ſhould requite the obiections made againſt *Poets*, with like cauellations againſt *Philoſophers*: as likewiſe one ſhould do that ſhould bid one reade *Phædrus* or *Sympoſium* in *Plato*, or the diſcourſe of loue in *Plutarch*, and ſee whether any *Poet* do authorize abominable filthineſſe as they doe. Againe, a man might aske, out of what cõmon-wealth *Plato* doth baniſh them, in ſooth, thence where hee himſelfe alloweth community of women. So as belike this baniſhment grew not for effeminate wantonnes, ſince little ſhould poetical *Sonnets* be hurtful, when a man might haue what woman he liſted. But I honour Philoſophicall inſtructions, & bleſſe the wits which bred them: ſo as they be not abuſed, which is likewiſe ſtretched to *Poetrie*. Saint *Paul* himſelfe ſets a watch-word vpon *Philoſophie*, indeed vpon the abuſe. So doth *Plato* vpon the abuſe, not vpon *Poetry*. *Plato* found fault that the *Poets* of his time, fild the world with wrong opinions of the gods, making light tales of that vnſpotted eſſence; & therfore would not haue the youth depraued with ſuch opinions: herein may much bee ſaid; let this ſuffice. The *Poets* did not induce ſuch opinions; but did imitate thoſe opinions already induced. For all the *Greeke* ſtories can well teſtifie, that the very religion of that time, ſtood vpon many, & many faſhioned gods: not taught ſo by *Poets*, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who liſt may reade in *Plutarch*, the diſcourſes of *Iſis* and *Oſiris*, of the cauſe why Oracles ceaſed, of the diuine Prouidence, and ſee whether the *Theologie* of that Nation ſtood not vpon ſuch dreams which the *Poets* indeed ſuperſtitiouſly obſerued; & truly ſince they had not the light of Chriſt did much better in it than the *Philoſophers*, who ſhaking off ſuperſtition brought in *Atheiſme*. *Plato* therefore whoſe authoritie I had much rather iuſtly conſtrue than vniuſtly reſiſt, meant not in generall of *Poets*, in thoſe words of which *Iulius Scaliger* ſaith; *Qua authoritate barbari quidam atque inſipidi abuti velint ad Poëtas è Republica exigendos*; But onely meant to driue out thoſe wrong opinions of the Deity: whereof now without further law, *Chriſtianity* hath taken away all the hurtfull beleefe, perchance as he thought, nouriſhed by then eſteemed *Poets*. And a man need goe no further than to *Plato* himſelfe to know his meaning: who in his Dialogue called *Ion*, giueth high, & rightly diuine commendations vnto *Poetry*. So as *Plato* baniſhing the abuſe, not the thing, not baniſhing it, but giuing due honour to it, ſhall be our Patron, & not our aduerſary. For indeede, I had rather, ſince truely I may doe it, ſhew their miſtaking of *Plato*, vnder whoſe Lyons skinne they would make an Aſſe-like braying againſt *Poeſie*, than goe about to ouerthrow his authority; whom the wiſer a man is, the more iuſt cauſe hee ſhall finde to haue in admiration: eſpecially ſince he attributeth vnto *Poeſie* more than my ſelfe doe; namely to bee a very inſpiring of a diuine force, farre aboue mans wit, as in the forenamed Dialogue is apparant. Of the other ſide, who would ſhew the honours haue beene by the beſt ſort of iudgements granted them, a whole ſea of examples would preſent themſelues; *Alexanders*, *Cæſars*, *Scipio's*, all fauourers of *Poets*. *Lælius*, called the Romane *Socrates* himſelfe a *Poet*; ſo as part of *Heautontimorumenon* in *Terence*, was ſuppoſed to bee made by him. And euen the *Greeke Socrates*, whom

whom *Apollo* confirmed to be the onely wiſe man, is ſaid to haue ſpent part of his old time in putting *Eſops* Fables into Verſes. And therefore full euill ſhould it become his ſcholler *Plato*, to put ſuch words in his maſters mouth againſt *Poets*. But what needes more? *Ariſtotle* writes the Art of *Poeſie*: and why, if it ſhould not be written? *Plutarch* teacheth the vſe to be gathered of them: and how, if they ſhould not bee read? And who reades *Plutarchs* either Hiſtorie or *Philoſophie*, ſhall finde hee trimmeth both their garments with guards of *Poeſie*. But I liſt not to defend *Poeſie* with the helpe of his vnderling *Hiſtoriographie*. Let it ſuffice to haue ſhewed, it is a fit ſoile for praiſe to dwell vpon: and what diſpraiſe may ſet vpon it, is either eaſily ouercome, or transformed into iuſt commendations. So that ſince the excellencies of it may bee ſo eaſily and ſo iuſtly confirmed, and the low-creeping obiections ſo ſoone trodden downe, it not being an Art of lyes, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateneſſe, but of notable ſtirring of courage; not of abuſing mans wit, but of ſtrengthning mans wit; not baniſhed, but honoured by *Plato*; let vs rather plant more Laurels for to ingarland the *Poets* heads (which honour of being Laureate, as beſides them, onely triumphant Captaines were, is a ſufficient authority to ſhew the price they ought to be held in) than ſuffer the ill ſauoured breath of ſuch wrong ſpeakers, once to blow vpon the cleare ſprings of *Poeſie*. But ſince I haue runne ſo long a Carreer in this matter, mee thinkes, before I giue my penne a full ſtoppe, it ſhall bee but a little more loſt time, to inquire why England, the mother of excellent mindes, ſhould bee growne ſo hard a ſtep-mother to *Poets*, who certainely in wit ought to paſſe all others, ſince all onely proceeds from their wit, being indeed makers of themſelues, not takers of others. How can I but exclaime, *Muſa mihi cauſas memora quo numine laſo*. Sweete *Poeſie*, that hath anciently had Kings, Emperours, Senators, great Captaines, ſuch as beſides a thouſand others, *Dauid*, *Adrian*, *Sophocles*, *Germanicus*, not onely to fauour *Poets*, but to bee *Poets*: and of our nearer times, can preſent for her Patrons, a *Robert* King of *Sicill*, the great King *Francis* of *France*, King *Iames* of *Scotland*, ſuch Cardinals as *Bembus*, and *Bibiena*; ſuch famous preachers and teachers, as *Beza* and *Melanchton*, ſo learned *Philoſophers*, as *Fracaſterius*, and *Scaliger*, ſo great Orators, as *Pontanus*, and *Muretus*; ſo piercing wits, as *George Buchanan*; ſo graue Counſellours, as beſides manie, but before all, that *Hoſpitall* of *France*; than whom I thinke that Realme neuer brought forth a more accompliſhed iudgement, more firmely builded vpon vertue: I ſay, theſe with numbers of others, not onely to reade others *Poeſies*, but to *Poetiſe* for others reading; that *Poeſie* thus embraced in all other places, ſhould onely finde in our time a hard welcome in England, I thinke the very earth laments it, and therefore deckes our ſoile with fewer Laurels than it was accuſtomed. For heretofore, *Poets* haue in England alſo flouriſhed: and which is to be noted, euen in thoſe times when the Trumpet of *Mars* did ſound lowdeſt. And now that an ouer-faint quietneſſe ſhould ſeeme to ſtrow the houſe for *Poets*, they are almoſt in as good reputation, as the *Mountebankes* at *Venice*. Truly euen that, as of the one ſide it giueth great praiſe to *Poeſie*, which like *Venus* (but to better purpoſe) had rather bee troubled in the net with *Mars*, than enioy the homely quiet *Vulcan*: So ſerues it for a peece of a reaſon, why they are leſſe gratefull to idle *England*, which now can ſcarce endure the paine of a penne. Vpon this neceſſarily followeth, that baſe men with ſeruile wits vndertake it, who thinke it enough if they can bee rewarded of the Printer: and ſo as *Epaminondas* is ſaid with the honour of his vertue to haue made an office, by his exerciſing it, which before was contemptible, to become highly reſpected: ſo theſe men no more but ſetting their names to it, by their owne diſgracefulneſſe, diſgrace the moſt gracefull *Poeſie*. For now, as if all the *Muſes* were got with childe,

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to bring forth baſtard Poets: without any commiſſion they doe poaſt ouer the bankes of *Helicon*, till they make the Readers more wearie than poaſt-horſes; while in the meane time, they *Queis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan*, are better content to ſuppreſſe the out-flowings of their wit, than by publiſhing them, to bee accounted Knights of the ſame order. But I, that before euer I durſt aſpire vnto the dignitie, am admitted into the company of the *Paper-blurrers*, doe finde the very true cauſe of our wanting eſtimation is want of deſert, taking vpon vs to bee *Poets* in deſpite of *Pallas*. Now wherein wee want deſert, were a thanke-worthy labour to expreſſe. But if I knew, I ſhould haue mended my ſelfe: but as I neuer deſired the title, ſo haue I neglected the meanes to come by it, onely ouer-mastered by ſome thoughts, I yeelded an inkie tribute vnto them. Marry they that delight in *Poeſie* it ſelfe, ſhould ſeeke to know what they doe: and how they doe eſpecially looke themſelues in an vnflattering glaſſe of reaſon, if they bee inclinable vnto it. For *Poeſie* muſt not bee drawne by the eares, it muſt be gently led, or rather it muſt lead, which was partly the cauſe that made the ancient learned affirme, it was a diuine gift and no humane skill, ſince all other knowledges lye readie for any that haue ſtrength of wit: A *Poet* no induſtrie can make, if his owne *Genius* bee not carried into it. And therefore is an olde prouerbe, *Orator fit, Poeta naſcitur*. Yet confeſſe alwayes, that as the fertileſt ground muſt bee manured, ſo muſt the higheſt flying wit haue a *Dedalus*, to guide him. That *Dedalus* they ſay both in this and in other, hath three wings to beare it ſelfe vp into the ayre of due commendation: that is, Art, Imitation and Exerciſe. But theſe neither Artificiall Rules, nor imitatiue patternes wee much cumber our ſelues withall. Exerciſe indeede wee doe, but that very fore-backwardly, for where we ſhould exerciſe to know, wee exerciſe as hauing knowne: and ſo is our braine deliuered of much matter, which neuer was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principall parts, Matter to be expreſſed by words, and wordes to expreſſe the matter: In neither, we vſe Art or Imitation rightly. Our matter is, *Quodlibet*, indeede although wrongly performing *Ouids* Verſe:

Quicquid conabor dicere, Verſus erit.

Neuer marſhalling it into any aſſured ranke, that almoſt the Readers cannot tell where to finde themſelues. *Chaucer* vndoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus & Creſcid*: of whom truly I know not whether to maruell more, either that he in that myſtie time could ſee ſo clearely, or that wee in this cleare age, goe ſo ſtumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiuen in ſo reuerent an Antiquitie. I account the Mirrour of Magiſtrates, meetely furniſhed of beautifull parts. And in the Earle of *Surry's Lyrickes*, many things taſting of a noble birth, and worthie of a noble minde. The Shepheards Kalender hath much *Poetry* in his Eclogues, indeed worthy the reading, if I be not deceiued. That ſame framing of his ſtile to an olde ruſticke languague, I dare not allow: ſince neither *Theocritus* in Greeke, *Virgil* in Latine, nor *Sanazara* in Italian did affect it. Beſides theſe, I do not remember to haue ſeene but few (to ſpeake boldly) printed that haue Poeticall ſinewes in them. For proofe whereof, let but moſt of the Verſes be put in Proſe, and then aske the meaning, and it will bee found, that one Verſe did but beget another, without ordering at the firſt, what ſhould bee at the laſt, which becomes a confuſed maſſe of words, with a tingling ſound of ryme, barely accompanied with reaſon. Our Tragedies and Comedies, not without cauſe cried out againſt, obſeruing rules neither of honeſt ciuilitie, nor skilfull *Poetrie*. Excepting *Gorboduck* (againe I ſay of thoſe that I haue ſeene) which notwithſtanding, as it is full of ſtately ſpeeches: and well ſounding phraſes climing to the height of *Seneca* his ſtile, and as full of notable

table moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtaine the very end of *Poesie*. Yet in truth, it is very defectuous in the circumstances, which grieues me, because it might not remaine as an exact modell of all Tragedies. For it is faultie both in place and time, the two necessarie companions of all corporall actions. For where the stage should alway represent but one place; and the vttermost time presupposed in it should bee both by *Aristotles* precept, and common reason, but one day; there are both many dayes and many places inartificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gorboduck*, how much more in all the rest? where you shall haue *Asia* of the one side, and *Affricke* of the other, and so many other vnder-kingdomes, that the Player when hee comes in, must euer begin with telling where hee is, or else the tale will not be conceiued. Now shall you haue three Ladies walke to gather flowers, and then wee must beleeue the stage to be a garden. By and by wee heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, then wee are to blame if we accept it not for a rocke. Vpon the backe of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a caue: while in the meane time two armies flie in, represented with foure swordes and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receiue it for a pitched field? Now of time they are much more liberall. For ordinarie it is, that two yoong Princes fall in loue, after many trauerses shee is got with childe, deliuered of a faire boy, hee is lost, groweth a man, falleth in loue, and is readie to get another childe; and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sense, euen sense may imagine: and Art hath taught, and all auncient examples iustified, and at this day the ordinary Players in *Italy* will not erre in. Yet will some bring in an example of *Eunuch* in *Terence*, that containeth matter of two dayes, yet farre short of twentie yeares. True it is, and so was it to bee played in two dayes, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And although *Plautus* haue in one place done amisse, let vs hit it with him, and not misse with him. But they will say, how then shall wee set forth a storie, which containes both many places, and many times? And doe they not know that a Tragedie is tyed to the lawes of Poesie, and not of Historie: not bound to follow the storie, but hauing libertie either to fayne a quite new matter, or to frame the Historie to the most tragicall conueniencie? Againe, many things may bee told, which cannot bee shewed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speake, though I am heere, of *Peru*, and in speech digresse from that, to the description of *Calecut*: but in action I cannot represent it without *Pacolets* horse. And so was the manner the auncients tooke, by some *Nuntius* to recount things done in former time or other place. Lastly, if they will represent an Historie, they must not (as *Horace* saith) begin *ab ouo*, but they must come to the principall point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed. I haue a storie of young *Polydorus*, deliuered for safeties sake with great riches by his father *Priamus*, to *Polimnester* king of *Thrace*, in the *Troian* warre time. Hee after some yeares, hearing of the ouerthrow of *Priamus*, for to make the treasure his owne, murthereth the childe; the bodie of the childe is taken vp, *Hecuba*, shee the same day findeth a slight to bee reuenged most cruelly of the Tyrant. Where now would one of our Tragedie-writers begin, but with the deliuerie of the childe? Then should one saile ouer into *Thrace*, and so spend I know not how many yeares, and trauaile numbers of places. But where doth *Euripides*? euen with the finding of the bodie, the rest leauing to bee tolde by the spirit of *Polydorus*. This needes no further to bee enlarged, the dullest wit may conceiue it. But besides these grosse absurdities, how all their Playes bee neither right Tragedies, nor right Comedies, mingling Kings and Clownes,

no

not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the Clowne by head and shoulders to play a part in Maiesticall matters, with neither decencie nor discretion: so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulnesse, is by their mongrell Tragicomedie obtained. I know *Apuleius* did somewhat so; but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment: and I know the Ancients haue one or two examples of Tragicomedies, as *Plautus* hath *Amphitrio*. But if we matke them well, we shall finde that they neuer or very daintily match horne-pipes and funerals. So falleth it out, that hauing indeede no right Comedie in that Comicall part of our Tragedie, we haue nothing but scurrilitie, vnworthy of any chaste eares, or some extreme shew of doltishnesse, indeede fit to lift vp a lowd laughter and nothing else: where the vvhole tract of a Comedy should be full of delight, as the Tragedy should bee still maintained in a well raised admiration. But our Comedients thinke there is no delight without laughter, vvhich is very wrong: for though laughter may come with delight, yet commeth it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter: but well may one thing breede both together. Nay in themselues, they haue as it were a kinde of contrariety: For delight we scarcely doe, but in things that haue a conueniencie to our selues, or to the generall nature. Laughter almost euer commeth of things most disproportioned to our selues & nature. Delight hath a ioy in it eyther permanent or present. Laughter hath only a scornefull tickling. For example; wee are rauished with delight to see a faire vvoman, and yet are far from being moued to laughter. Wee laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainely we cannot delight. Wee delight in good chances: wee laugh at mischances. Wee delight to heare the happinesse of our friends and Countrey, at vvhich he were vvorthy to be laughed at that would laugh: we shall contrarily sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, & goe downe the hill against the byas, in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorry he cannot choose but laugh, and so is rather pained, than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not, but that they may goe well together: for as in *Alexanders* picture well set out, we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad Antickes wee laugh without delight: So in *Hercules* painted with his great beard and furious countenance in a womans attyre, spinning at *Omphales* commandement, it breedes both delight and laughter: for the representing of so strange a power in Loue, procures delight, & the scornfulnesse of the action stirreth laughter. But I speake to this purpose, that all the end of the Comicall part, be not vpon such scornfull matters as stirre laughter only, but mixe with it that delightfull teaching, which is the end of *Poesie*. And the great fault euen in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by *Aristotle*, is, that they stirre laughter in sinfull things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous: or in miserable, which are rather to bee pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar, and a beggarly Clowne: or against law of hospitality, to iest at strangers, because they speak not English so well as we do? what do we learn, since it is certaine; *Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in se, Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit*. But rather a busie louing Courtier, and a heartlesse threatning *Thraso*; a selfe-wise seeming Schoolemaster, a vvrie transformed Trauailer: these if we saw vvalke in stage names, which wee play naturally, therein were delightfull laughter, and teaching delightfulnesse, as in the other the Tragedies of *Buchanan* doe iustly bring forth a diuine admiration. But I haue lanished out too many words of this play-matter; I do it, because as they are excelling parts of *Poesie*, so is there none so much vsed in *England*, & none can bee more pitifully abused: which like an vnmannerly daughter, shewing a bad education, causeth her mother *Poesies* honesty to bee

called

called in queſtion. Other ſorts of *Poetry* almoſt haue we none, but that *Lyricall* kinde of ſongs and Sonnets, which, Lord, if he gaue vs ſo good mindes, how well it might be employed, and with how heauenly fruits, both priuate and publike, in ſinging the praiſes of the immortall beauty, the immortall goodneſſe of that God, who giueth vs hands to write, and wits to conceiue? of which we might well want words, but neuer matter: of which wee could turne our eyes to nothing, but wee ſhould euer haue new budding occaſions. But truely, many of ſuch writings as come vnder the banner of vnreſiſtable loue, if I were a miſtreſſe, would neuer perſwade mee they were in loue: ſo coldly they apply fiery ſpeeches, as men that had rather reade louers writings, & ſo caught vp certaine ſwelling phraſes, which hang together, like a man that once told me the wind was at Northweſt and by South, becauſe hee would bee ſure to name winds enow, than that in truth they feele thoſe paſſions, which eaſily, as I thinke, may be bewrayed by that ſame forcibleneſſe or *Energia* (as the Greekes call it) of the writer. But let this be a ſufficient, though ſhort note, that wee miſſe the right vſe of the materiall point of *Poeſie*. Now for the outſide of it, which is words, or (as I may terme it) *Diction*, it is euen well worſe: ſo is that hony-flowing matron *Eloquence* apparrelled, or rather diſguiſed in a curtiſan-like painted affectation. One time with ſo farre-fetched words, that many ſeem monſters, but moſt ſeeme ſtrangers to any poore Engliſhman: another time with courſing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a Dictionary: another time with figures and flowers, extremely vvinter-ſtarued. But I would this fault were onely peculiar to Verſifiers, and had not as large poſſeſſion among Proſe-Printers: and which is to be maruelled among many Schollers, and which is to bee pitied among ſome Preachers. Truly, I could wiſh, if at leaſt I might be ſo bold to wiſh, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity, the diligent imitators of *Tully* and *Demoſthenes*, moſt worthy to be imitated, did not ſo much keep *Nizolian* paper-books of their figures & phraſes, as by attentiue tranſlation, as it were, deuoure them whole, & make them wholly theirs. For now they caſt ſugar and ſpice vpon euery diſh that is ſerued at the table: like thoſe *Indians*, not content to weare eare-rings at the fit and naturall place of the eares, but they will thruſt iewels through their noſe and lippes, becauſe they will be ſure to be fine. *Tully* when he was to driue out *Cateline*, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often vſeth the figure of repetition, as *vinit & vincit, imo in ſenatum venit, imo in ſenatum venit, &c.* Indeede inflamed, with a well grounded rage, he would haue his words (as it were) double out of his mouth, & ſo do that artificially, which wee ſee men in choler do naturally. And we hauing noted the grace of thoſe words, hale them in ſometimes to a familiar Epiſtle, when it were too much choler to bee chollericke. How well ſtore of *Similiter Cadenſes* doth ſound with the grauity of the Pulpit, I would not inuoke *Demoſthenes* ſoule to tell, vvho with a rare daintineſſe vſeth them. Truely they haue made me thinke of the *Sophiſter*, that with too much ſubtilty would proue two Egges three, & though hee might be counted a *Sophiſter*, had none for his labour. So theſe men bringing in ſuch a kind of eloquence, well may they obtaine an opinion of a ſeeming fineneſſe, but perſwade few, which ſhould be the end of their finenes. Now for ſimilitudes in certain printed diſcourſes, I think all Herberiſts, all ſtories of beaſts, fowles & fiſhes, are rifled vp, that they may come in multitudes to wait vpon any of our conceits, which certainly is as abſurd a ſurfet to the eares as is poſſible. For the force of a ſimilitude not being to proue any thing to a contrary diſputer, but onely to explaine to a willing hearer, when that is done, the reſt is a moſt tedious prattling, rather ouer-ſwaying the memory from the purpoſe whereto they were applied, than any whit enforming the iudgement alreadie either ſatisfied, or by ſimilitudes not to be ſatisfied. For my part, I do not doubt,

when

when *Antonius* & *Crassus*, the great forefathers of *Cicero* in eloquence, the one (as *Cicero* testifieth of them) pretended not to know Art, the other not to set by it (because with a plaine sensiblenesse they might win credit of popular eares, which credite is the neerest step to perswasion, which perswasion is the chiefe marke of Oratorie) I doe not doubt, I say, but that they vsed these knackes very sparingly, which who doth generally vse, any man may see, doth daunce to his own musicke, and so to be noted by the audience, more carefull to speake curiously than truly. Vndoubtedly (at least to my opinion vndoubtedly) I haue found in diuers final learned courtiers a more sound stile, than in some possessors of learning, of which I can ghesse no other cause, but that the Courtier following that, which by practice hee findeth fittest to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to Art, though not by Art: where the other vsing Art to shew Art, and not hide Art (as in these cases hee should doe) flieth from nature, and indeede abuseth art. But what? me thinkes I deserue to be pounded for straying from *Poetrie* to *Oratorie*: but both haue such an affinitie in the wordish consideration, that I think this digression will make my meaning receiue the fuller vnderstanding: which is not to take vpon me to teach *Poets* how they should doe, but only, finding my selfe sicke among the rest, to shew some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of writers; that acknowledging our selues somewhat awry, we may bend to the right vse both of matter and manner. Whereto our language giueth vs great occasion, beeing indeed capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say, it is a mingled language: and why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say, it wanteth Grammar. Nay truely it hath that praise, that it wants not Grammar; for Grammar it might haue, but needs it not, being so easie in it selfe, & so voyd of those combersome differences of *Cases*, *Genders*, *Moodes*, & *Tenses*, w^ch I think was a piece of the tower of *Babylons* curse, that a man should be put to schoole to learne his mother tongue. But for the vttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world: and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, neer the Greeke, far beyond the Latine, which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language. Now of versifying, there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other moderne: the ancient marked the quantitie of each syllable, and according to that framed his verse: the moderne, obseruing only number, with some regard of the accent; the chiefe life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we cal Ryme. Whether of these be the more excellent, would beare many speeches, the ancient no doubt more fit for Musicke, both words & time obseruing quantitie, and more fit liuely to expresse diuers passions by the low or loftie sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter likewise with his ryme striketh a certaine musicke to the eare: & in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the same purpose, there being in either sweetnesse, & wanting in neither Maiestie. Truly the English before any vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts: for, for the ancient, the *Italian* is so ful of vowels, that it must euer be cumbred with *Elisions*. The *Dutch* so of the other side with Consonants, that they cannot yeeld the sweet sliding, fit for a Verse. The *French* in his whole language hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable saue two, called *Antepenultima*; and little more hath the *Spanish*, and therfore very graceles may they vse *Dactiles*. The *English* is subiect to none of these defects. Now for Rime, though we do not obserue quantitie, yet we obserue the accent verie precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely. That *Cæsura*, or breathing place in the midst of the Verse, neither *Italian*

lian nor *Spanish* haue: the *French* and we neuer almost faile of. Lastly, euen the verie Rime it selfe the *Italian* cannot put in the last syllable, by the *French* named the *Masculine* Rime, but still in the next to the last, which the *French* call the *Female*, or the next before that, which the *Italian Sdrucciola*: the example of the former, is *Buono, Suono*; of the *Sdrucciola*, is *Femina, Semina*. The *French* on the other side hath both the Male, as *Bon, Son*; and the Female, as *Plaise, Taise*; but the *Sdrucciola* hee hath not; where the *English* hath all three, as *Due, True, Father, Rather*; *Motion, Potion*, with much more which might be said, but that alreadie I finde the triflings of this discourse is much too much enlarged. So that since the euer-praise-worthy *Poesie* is ful of vertue, breeding delightfulnesse, & void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning, since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble, since the cause why it is not esteemed in *England*, is the fault of Poet-apes, not Poets; since lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour *Poesie*, & to be honoured by *Poesie*, I coniure you all that haue had the euill lucke to reade this inke-wasting toy of mine, euen in the name of the nine Muses, no more to scorne the sacred mysteries of *Poesie*: no more to laugh at the name of *Poets*, as though they were next inheritors to fooles; no more to iest at the reuerent title of a rimer, but to beleeue with *Aristotle*, that they were the ancient Treasurers of the Grecians diuinitie; to beleeue with *Bembus*, that they were first bringers in of all ciuilitie; to beleeue with *Scaliger*, that no *Philosophers* precepts can sooner make you an honest man, than the reading of *Virgil*; to beleeue with *Clauserus*, the Translator of *Cornutus*, that it pleased the heauenly deitie by *Hesiod* & *Homer*, vnder the vaile of fables to giue vs all knowledge, *Logicke, Rhetoricke, Philosophy* naturall and morall, and *Quid non*? To beleeue with me, that there are manie mysteries contained in *Poetry*, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused: to beleeue with *Landin*, that they are so beloued of the gods, that *whatsoeuer* they write, proceeds out of a diuine furie. Lastly, to beleeue themselues when they tell you they will make you immortall by their verses. Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the Printers shops: thus doing, you shalbe of kinne to many a Poetical Preface: thus doing, you shall be most faire, most rich, most wise, most all: you shall dwel vpon superlatiues: thus doing, though you be *Libertino patre natus*, you shall suddenly grow *Herculea proles, Si quid mea carmina possunt*. Thus doing, your soule shall be placed with *Dantes Beatrix*, or *Virgils Anchises*. But if (fie of such a But) you be borne so neare the dul-making *Cataract* of *Nilus*, that you cannot heare the Planet-like musick of *Poetry*; if you haue so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift it selfe vp to look to the skies of *Poetry*, or rather by a certaine rusticall disdain will become such a mome, as to be a *Momus* of *Poetry*: then though I will not wish vnto you the Asses eares of *Midas*, nor to be driuen by a Poets verse as *Bubonax* was to hang himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in *Ireland*; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all *Poets*, that while you liue, your liue in loue, and neuer get fauour, for lacking skill of a Sonnet, and when you die, your memorie die from the earth for want of an Epitaph.

ASTROPHEL
AND
STELLA;
WRITTEN BY THE NOBLE KNIGHT
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

1



Louing in truth, and faine in verſe my loue to ſhow,
That ſhe (deare ſhe) might take ſome pleaſure of my paine:
Pleaſure might cauſe her reade, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtaine,

I ſought fit words to paint the blackeſt face of woe,
Studying inuentions fine, her wits to entertaine:
Oft turning others leaues, to ſee if thence would flow
Some freſh and fruitfull ſhowers vpon my ſun-burn'd braine.

But words came halting forth, wanting inuention ſtay:
Inuention, Natures childe, fled ſtep-dame Studies blowes,
And others feet ſtill ſeem'd but ſtrangers in my way.

Thus great with childe to ſpeake, and helpleſſe in my throwes,
Biting my trewand pen, beating my ſelfe for ſpite,
Foole, ſaid my Muſe to me, looke in thy heart and write.

2

Not at the firſt ſight, nor yet with a dribbed ſhot
Loue gaue the wound, which while I breathe will bleed:
But knowne worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till by degrees it had full conqueſt got.

I ſaw and liked, I liked but loued not,
I loued, but ſtraight did not what *Loue* decreed;
At length to *Loues* decrees, I forc'd, agreed,
Yet with repining at ſo partiall lot.

Now euen that footſtep of loſt libertie
Is gone, and now like ſlaue-borne *Muſcouite*,
I call it praiſe to ſuffer *Tyrannie*;

And now employ the remnant of my wit,
To make my ſelfe beleeue, that all is well,
While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

3

Let dainty wits cry on the Sisters nine,
That brauely maskt, their fancies may be told:
Or *Pindar's* Apes, flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enam'ling with pide flowers their thoughts of gold:

Or else let them in stately glory shine,
Ennobling new found Tropes with problemes old:
Or with strange similes enrich each line,
Of herbes or beasts, which *Inde* or *Afrike* hold.

For me in sooth, no Muse but one I know:
Phrases and Problemes from my reach do grow,
And strange things cost too deare for my poore sprites.

How then? euen thus: in *Stella's* face I reed,
What Loue and Beauty be, then all my deed
But Copying is, what in her Nature writes.

4

Vertue alas, now let me take some rest,
Thou sentst a baite between my will and wit,
If vaine loue haue my simple soule oppresst:
Leaue what thou likest not, deale thou not with it.

Thy scepter vse in some old *Cato's* brest,
Churches or Schooles are for thy seate more fit:
I doe confesse, pardon a fault confest:
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.

But if that needes thou wilt vsurping be,
The little reason that is left in me,
And still th' effect of thy perswasions proue:

I sweare, my heart such one shall shew to thee,
That shrines in flesh so true a Deitie,
That *Vertue*, thou thy selfe shalt be in loue.

5

It is most true, that eyes are form'd to serue
The inward light: and that the heauenly part
Ought to be King, from whose rules who doe swerue,
Rebels to Nature striue for their owne smart.

It is most true, what we call *Cupids* dart
An image is, which for our selues we carue;
And, fooles, adore in temple of our hart,
Till that good God make Church and Churchman starue.

True, that true Beauty Vertue is indeed,
Whereof this Beauty can be but a shade,
Which elements with mortall mixture breed:

True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soule vp to our countrey moue:
True, and yet true that I must *Stella* loue.

Some

6

Some Louers ſpeake when they their Muſes entertaine,
Of hopes begot by feare, of wot not what deſires:
Of force of heau'nly beames, infuſing helliſh paine:
Of liuing deaths, deare wounds, faire ſtormes and freezing fires:

Some one his ſong in *Ioue*, and *Ioues* ſtrange tales attires,
Bordred with Buls and Swans, powdred with golden raine:
Another humbler wit to ſhepheards pipe retires,
Yet hiding royall bloud full oft in rurall vaine.

To ſome a ſweeteſt plaint, a ſweeteſt ſtile affords,
While tears poure out his inke, and ſighes breathe out his words:
His paper pale deſpaire, and paine his pen doth moue.

I can ſpeake what I feele, and feele as much as they,
But thinke that all the Map of my ſtate I diſplay,
When trembling voice brings forth that I doe *Stella* loue.

7

When nature made her chiefe worke, *Stella's* eyes,
In colour blacke, why wrapt ſhe beames ſo bright?
Would ſhe in beamie blacke, like painter wiſe,
Frame daintieſt luſtre, mixt of ſhades and light?

Or did ſhe elſe that ſober hue deuiſe,
In obiect beſt to knit and ſtrength our ſight,
Leaſt if no vaile theſe braue gleames did diſguiſe,
They ſun-like ſhould more dazle than delight?

Or would ſhe her miraculous power ſhow,
That whereas blacke ſeemes beauties contrary,
She euen in blacke doth make all beauties flow?

Both ſo and thus, ſhe minding loue ſhould be
Placed euer there, gaue him this mourning weed,
To honour all their deaths, who for her bleed.

8

Loue borne in *Greece*, of late fled from his native place,
Forc't by tedious proofe, that Turkiſh hardned hart,
Is no fit marke to pierce with his fine pointed dart:
And pleas'd with our ſoft pace, ſtayd here his flying race.

But finding theſe North clymes doe coldly him embrace,
Not vs'd to frozen clips, he ſtraue to finde ſome part,
Where with moſt eaſe and warmth he might employ his art:
At length he perch'd himſelfe in *Stella's* ioyfull face,

Whoſe faire skin, beamie eyes like morning Sun or Snow,
Deceiu'd the waking boy, who thought from ſo pure light,
Effects of liuely heat, muſt needs in nature grow.

But ſhe moſt faire, moſt cold, made him thence take his flight
To my cloſe heart, where while ſome firebrands he did lay,
Burnt vnawares his wings, and cannot flie away.

9

Queen *Vertues* court, which ſome call *Stella's* face,
Prepar'd by Natures choyſeſt furniture,
Hath his front built of Alablaſter pure;
Gold is the couering of that ſtately place.

The doore by which ſometimes comes forth her Grace,
Red Porphir is, which locke of pearle makes ſure:
Whoſe porches rich (which name of cheekes endure)
Marble mixt red and white do enterlace.

The windowes now through which this heau'nly gueſt
Lookes ouer the world, and can finde nothing ſuch,
Which dare claime from thoſe lights the name of beſt.

Of touch they are that without touch doth touch,
Which *Cupids* ſelfe from Beauties mind did draw:
Of touch they are; and poore I, am their ſtraw.

10

Reaſon, in faith thou art well ſeru'd, that ſtill
Wouldſt brabbling be with ſenſe and loue in me:
I rather wiſht thee climbe the Muſes hill,
Or reach the fruit of Natures choiſeſt tree,

Or ſeeke heau'ns courſe, or heau'ns inſide to ſee:
Why ſhouldſt thou toyle our thornie ſoile to till?
Leaue ſenſe, and thoſe which ſenſes obiects be:
Deale thou with powers of thoughts, leaue loue to will.

But thou wouldſt needs fight both with loue and ſenſe,
With ſword of wit, giuing wounds of diſpraiſe,
Till down-right blowes did foyle thy cunning fence:

For ſoone as they ſtrake thee with *Stella's* rayes,
Reaſon thou kneel'dſt, and offeredſt ſtraight to proue
By reaſon good, good reaſon her to loue.

11

In truth, O Loue, with what a boyiſh kinde
Thou doeſt proceede in thy moſt ſerious waies?
That when the heau'n to thee his beſt diſplayes,
Yet of that beſt thou leau'ſt the beſt behinde.

For like a childe that ſome faire booke doth find,
With gilded leaues or coloured Velume playes,
Or at the moſt on ſome fine picture ſtayes,
But neuer heeds the fruit of writers mind:

So when thou ſaw'ſt in Natures cabinet
Stella, thou ſtraight lookſt babies in her eyes,
In her cheekes pit thou didſt thy pit-fould ſet:

And in her breaſt bo-peep or couching lies,
Playing and ſhining in each outward part:
But, foole, ſeekſt not to get into her heart.

12

Cupid, becauſe thou ſhin'ſt in *Stella's* eyes,
That from her lockes, thy daunces none ſcapes free,
That thoſe lips ſweld, ſo full of thee they bee,
That her ſweet breath makes oft thy flames to riſe,

That in her breaſt thy pap well ſugred lyes,
That her Grace gracious makes thy wrongs, that ſhe
What words ſo ere ſhe ſpeake perſwades for thee,
That her cleare voyce lifts thy fame to the skies;

Thou counteſt *Stella* thine, like thoſe whoſe powers
Hauing got vp a breach by fighting well,
Cry, victorie, this faire day all is ours.

O no, her heart is ſuch a Cittadell,
So fortified with wit, ſtor'd with diſdaine,
That to win it, is all the skill and paine.

13

Phœbus was iudge betweene *Ioue*, *Mars* and *Loue*,
Of thoſe three Gods, whoſe armes the faireſt were:
Ioues golden ſhield did Eagle ſables beare,
Whoſe talons held young *Ganimed* aboue:

But in Vertfield *Mars* bare a golden ſpeare,
Which through a bleeding heart his point did ſhoue:
Each had his creſt, *Mars* carried *Venus* gloue,
Ioue on his helme the thunderbolt did reare.

Cupid then ſmiles, for on his creſt there lyes
Stella's faire haire, her face he makes his ſhield,
Where Roſes gueuls are borne in ſiluer field.

Phœbus drew wide the curtaines of the skies,
To blaze theſe laſt, and ſware deuoutly then,
The firſt, thus matcht, were ſcantly Gentlemen.

14

Alas haue I not paine enough my friend,
Vpon whoſe breaſt a fiercer Gripe doth tire
Than did on him who firſt ſtale downe the fire,
While *Loue* on me doth all his quiuer ſpend,

But with your Rubarb words ye muſt contend,
To grieue me worſe, in ſaying that Deſire
Doth plunge my wel-form'd ſoule euen in the mire
Of ſinfull thoughts, which do in ruine end?

If that be ſinne which doth the manners frame,
Well ſtaid with truth in word and faith of deed,
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but ſhame:

If that be ſin which in fixt hearts doth breed
A loathing of all looſe vnchaſtity,
Then Loue is ſin, and let me ſinfull be.

You

15

You that do ſearch for euery purling ſpring,
Which from the ribs of old *Parnaſſus* flowes,
And euery flower not ſweet perhaps, which growes
Neare thereabouts, into your Poeſie wring.

You that do Dictionaries method bring
Into your rimes, running in rattling rowes:
You that poore *Petrarch's* long deceaſed woes,
With new-borne ſighes and denifend wit do ſing.

You take wrong waies: thoſe far-fet helpes be ſuch,
As do bewray a want of inward tuch:
And ſure at length ſtolne goods do come to light.

But if (both for your loue and skill) your name
You ſeeke to nurſe at fulleſt breaſts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to indite.

16

In nature, apt to like, when I did ſee
Beauties, which were of many Carrets fine,
My boyling ſpirits did thither ſoone incline,
And, Loue, I thought that I was full of thee:

But finding not thoſe reſtleſſe flames in me,
Which others ſaid did make their ſoules to pine:
I ſought thoſe babes of ſome pinnes hurt did whine,
By my ſoule iudging what Loues paine might be.

But while I (foole) thus with this Lyon plaid,
Mine eyes (ſhall I ſay curſt or bleſt) beheld
Stella, now ſhe is nam'd, need more be ſaid?

In her ſight I a leſſon new haue ſpeld,
I now haue learn'd Loue right, and learn'd euen ſo,
As who by being poyſon'd doth poiſon know.

17

His mother deare *Cupid* offended late,
Becauſe that *Mars* growne ſlacker in her loue,
With pricking ſhot he did not throughly moue,
To keep the pace of their firſt louing ſtate.

The boy refus'd for feare of *Marſes* hate,
Who threatned ſtripes, if he his wrath did proue:
But ſhe in chafe him from her lap did ſhoue,
Brake bow, brake ſhafts, while *Cupid* weeping ſate:

Till that his grandame *Nature* pitying it,
Of *Stella's* browes made him two better bowes,
And in her eyes of arrowes infinit.

O how for ioy he leapes, O how he crowes!
And ſtraight therewith like wags new got to play,
Fals to ſhrewd turnes, and I was in his way.

With

18

With what sharpe checkes I in my selfe am shent,
When into Reasons audite I doe goe:
And by iust counts my selfe a bankrout know
Of all those goods, which heau'n to me hath lent:
Vnable quite to pay euen Natures rent,
Which vnto it by birth-right I do ow:
And which is worse, no good excuse can show,
But that my wealth I haue most idly spent.
My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toyes,
My wit doth striue those passions to defend,
Which for reward spoyle it with vaine annoyes.
I see my course to lose my selfe doth bend:
I see and yet no greater sorrow take,
Than that I lose no more for *Stella's* sake.

19

On *Cupids* bow how are my heart-strings bent,
That see my wracke, and yet embrace the same:
When most I glory, then I feele most shame:
I willing run, yet while I run, repent.
My best wits still their owne disgrace inuent:
My very inke turnes straight to *Stella's* name;
And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,
Aduise themselues that they are vainely spent.
For though she passe all things, yet what is all
That vnto me, who fare like him that holds
Lookes to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall?
O let me prop my minde yet in his growth,
And not in Nature, for best fruits vnfit:
Scholler, saith *Loue*, bend hitherward your wit.

20

Fly, flie, my friends, I haue my deaths wound; flie,
See there that boy, that murthring boy I say,
Who like a theefe, hid in darke bush, doth lie,
Till bloudy bullet get him wrongfull prey.
So Tyrant he, no fitter place could spie,
Nor so faire leuell in so secret stay,
As that sweet blacke which vailes the heau'nly eye:
There himselfe with his shot he close doth lay.
Poore passenger, passe now thereby I did,
And staid, pleas'd with the prospect of the place,
While that blacke hue from me the bad guest hid:
But straight I saw motions of lightning grace,
And then descri'd the glistring of his dart:
But ere I could flie thence, it pierc'd my heart.

21

Your words my friend (right healthfull cauſticks) blame
My young minde marde, whom *Loue* doth windlas ſo,
That mine owne writings like bad ſeruants ſhow
My wits, quicke in vaine thoughts, in vertue lame:

That *Plato* I read for nought, but if he tame
Such coltiſh yeares, that to my birth I owe
Nobler deſires, leſt elſe that friendly foe,
Great expectation, weare a traine of ſhame.

For ſince mad March great promiſe made of me,
If now the May of my yeares much decline,
What can be hoped my harueſt time will be?

Sure you ſay well, your wiſedomes golden mine,
Dig deepe with learnings ſpade, now tell me this,
Hath this world ought ſo faire as *Stella* is?

22

In higheſt way of heau'n the Sunne did ride,
Progreſſing then from faire twinnes gold'n place:
Hauing no ſcarfe of clouds before his face,
But ſhining forth of heate in his chiefe pride;

When ſome faire Ladies by hard promiſe tide,
On horſebacke met him in his furious race,
Yet each prepar'd with fannes well ſhading grace,
From that foes wounds their tender skins to hide.

Stella alone with face vnarmed marcht,
Eyther to doe like him which open ſhone,
Or careleſſe of the wealth becauſe her owne:

Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parcht,
Her daintieſt bare went free; the cauſe was this,
The Sunne which others burn'd, did her but kiſſe.

23

The curious wits ſeeing dull penſiueneſſe
Bewray it ſelfe in my long ſettled eyes,
Whence thoſe ſame fumes of melancholy riſe,
With idle paines, and miſſing ayme, doe gheſſe.

Some that know how my ſpring I did addreſſe,
Deeme that my Muſe ſome fruit of knowledge plies:
Others, becauſe the Prince my ſeruice tryes,
Thinke that I thinke State errours to redreſſe.

But harder Iudges iudge ambitions rage,
Scourge of it ſelfe, ſtill climing ſlipperie place,
Holds my young braine captiu'd in golden cage.

O fooles, or ouer-wiſe, alas the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither ſtop nor ſtart,
But onely *Stella's* eyes, and *Stella's* hart.

24

Rich fooles there be, whose base and filthy heart
Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow:
And damning their owne selues to *Tantals* smart,
Wealth breeding want, more blist, more wretched grow.

Yet to those fooles heau'n such wit doth impart,
As what their hands do hold, their heads do know,
And knowing loue, and louing lay apart,
As sacred things, far from all dangers show.

But that rich foole who by blinde Fortunes lot,
The richest gemme of Loue and life enioyes,
And can with foule abuse such beauties blot;

Let him, depriu'd of sweet but vnfelt ioyes,
(Exil'd for ay from those high treasures, which
He knowes not) grow in only folly rich.

25

The wisest scholler of the wight most wise,
By *Phœbus* doome, with sugred sentence sayes,
That Vertue if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of *Loue* it in our soules would raise.

But for that man with paine this truth descries,
Whiles he each thing in senses ballance wayes,
And so nor will, nor can behold those skies,
Which inward Sun to *Hero*'s mind displaies.

Vertue of late with vertuous care to ster
Loue of her selfe, tooke *Stella*'s shape, that she
To mortal eyes might sweetly shine in her.

It is most true, for since I her did see,
Vertues great beautie in that face I proue,
And finde th' effect, for I do burne in loue.

26

Though dustie wits dare scorne Astrologie,
And fooles can thinke those Lampes of purest light,
Whose numbers weighes greatnesse eternitie,
Promising wonders, wonder do inuite:

To haue for no cause birthright in the skie,
But for to spangle the blacke weeds of night:
Or for some brawle, which in the chamber hie,
They should still daunce to please a gazers sight.

For me, I do Nature vnidle know,
And know great causes, great effects procure:
And know those Bodies high raine on the low.

And if these rules did faile, proofe makes me sure,
Who oft foreiudge my after-following race,
By only those two starres in *Stella*'s face.

Because

27

Because I oft in darke abstracted guise,
Seeme most alone in greatest companie:
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise;

They deeme, and of their doome the rumour flies,
That poyson foule of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawne on my selfe, and others do despise:

Yet pride I thinke doth not my soule possesse,
Which lookes too oft in his vnflattering glasse:
But one worse fault *Ambition* I confesse,

That makes me oft my best friends ouerpasse,
Vnseene, vnheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, euen vnto *Stella's* grace.

28

You that with allegories curious frame,
Of others children changelings vse to make,
With me those paines for Gods sake do not take:
I list not dig so deep for brasen fame.

When I say *Stella*, I do meane the same
Princesse of Beautie, for whose only sake,
The raines of *Loue* I loue, though neuer slake,
And ioy therein, though Nations count it shame.

I begge no subiect to vse eloquence,
Nor in hid waies do guide Philosophie:
Looke at my hands for no such quintessence;

But know that I in pure simplicitie,
Breathe out the flames which burne within my heart,
Loue only reading vnto me this art.

29

Like some weake Lords, neighbord by mightie Kings,
To keep themselues and their chiefe cities free,
Do easly yeeld, that all their coasts may bee
Readie to store their campes of needfull things:

So *Stella's* heart finding what power *Loue* brings,
To keep it selfe in life and libertie,
Doth willing grant, that in the frontiers he
Vse all to helpe his other conquerings:

And thus her heart escapes, but thus her eyes
Serue him with shot, her lips his heralds are:
Her breasts his tents, legs his triumphall carre:

Her flesh his food, her skin his armour braue,
And I, but for because my prospect lies
Vpon that coast, am giu'n vp for a slaue.

Whether

30

Whether the Turkish new-moone minded be
To fill his hornes this yeare on Christian coast;
How *Poles* right king meanes without leaue of hoast,
To warme with ill-made fire cold *Moscouy*.

If French can yet three parts in one agree,
What now the Dutch in their full dyets boast,
How *Holland* hearts, now so good townes be lost,
Trust in the shade of pleasing *Orange* tree.

How *Vlsher* likes of that same golden bit,
Where with my father once made it halfe tame,
If in the *Scotch* Court be no weltring yet.

These questions busie wits to me do frame;
I cumbred with good manners, answer doe,
But know not how, for still I thinke of you.

31

With how sad steps, O Moone, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wanne a face,
What may it be that euen in heav'nly place
That busie archer his sharpe arrowes tries?

Sure if that long with *Loue* acquainted eyes
Can iudge of *Loue*, thou fell'st a Louers case,
I reade it in thy lookes, thy languisht grace
To me that feele the like, thy state descries.

Then ev'n of fellowship, O Moone, tell me
Is constant *Loue* deem'd there but want of wit?
Are Beauties there as proud as here they be?

Doe they aboue loue to be lov'd, and yet
Those Louers scorne whom that *Loue* doth possesse?
Doe they call *Vertue* there vngratefulnesse?

32

Morpheus the liuely sonne of deadly sleepe,
Witnesse of life to them that liuing die:
A Prophet oft, and oft an historie,
A Poet eke, as humours flie or creepe:

Since thou in me so sure a power dost keepe,
That neuer I with close vp sense doe lye,
But by thy worke (my *Stella*) I descrie,
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weepe.

Vouchsafe of all acquaintance this to tell:
Whence hast thou Ivorie, Rubies, pearle and gold,
To shew her skin, lips, teeth and head so well?

Foole, answers he, no *Indes* such treasures hold,
But from thy heart, while my fire charmeth thee,
Sweet *Stellas* image I doe steale to mee.

33

I might, vnhappy word, O me, I might,
And then would not, or could not ſee my bliſſe:
Till now wrapt in a moſt infernall night,
I find how heav'nly day wretch I did miſſe.

Hart rent thy ſelfe, thou doſt thy ſelfe but right,
No louely *Paris* made thy *Helen* his:
No force, no fraud, robd thee of thy delight.
Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is:

But to my ſelfe my ſelfe did giue the blow,
While too much wit (forſooth) ſo troubled me,
That I reſpects for both our ſakes muſt ſhow:

And yet could not by riſing Morne foreſee
How faire a day was neare, O puniſht eyes
That I had beene more fooliſh or more wiſe.

34

Come let me write, and to what end? to eaſe
A burthened hcart, how can words eaſe, which are
The glaſſes of thy daily vexing care?
Oft cruell fights well pictured forth do pleaſe.

Art not aſham'd to publiſh thy diſeaſe?
Nay, that may breed my fame, it is ſo rare:
But will not wiſe men thinke thy words fond ware?
Then be they cloſe and ſo none ſhall diſpleaſe.

What idler thing, then ſpeake and not be hard?
What harder thing then ſmart, and not to ſpeake?
Peace fooliſh wit, with wit my wit is mard.

Thus write I while I doubt to write, and wreake
My harmes on Inkes poore loſſe, perhaps ſome find
Stellas great powrs, that ſo confuſe my mind.

35

What may words ſay, or what may words not ſay,
Where truth it ſelfe muſt ſpeake like flaterie?
Within what bounds can one his liking ſtay,
Where Nature doth with infinite agree?

What *Neſtors* councell can my flames alay,
Since Reaſon ſelfe doth blow the coale in me?
And ah what hope, that hope ſhould once ſee day,
Where *Cupid* is ſworne page to Chaſtitie?

Honour is honour'd, that thou doeſt poſſeſſe
Him as thy ſlaue, and now long needy Fame
Doth euen grow rich, naming my *Stellas* name.

Wit learnes in thee perfection to expreſſe,
Not thou by praiſe, but praiſe in thee is raiſde:
It is a praiſe to praiſe, when thou art praiſde.

36

Stella, whence doth this new aſſault ariſe,
A conquered golden heart to win?
Whereto long ſince through my long battred eyes,
Whole armies of thy beauties entred in.

And there long ſince, *Loue* thy Lieutenant lies,
My forces razde, thy banners raiſd within:
Of conqueſt, doe not theſe effects ſuffice,
But wilt now warre vpon thine owne begin?

With ſo ſweet voyce, and by ſweet Nature ſo
In ſweeteſt ſtrength, ſo ſweetly skild withall,
In all ſweet ſtratagems, ſweet Art can ſhow,

That not my ſoule, which at thy foot did fall,
Long ſince forc'd by thy beames, but ſtone nor tree
By Sences priuiledge, can ſcape from thee.

37

My mouth doth water, and my breaſt doth ſwell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be:
Liſten then Lordings with good eare to me:
For of my life I muſt a riddle tell.

Toward *Auroras* Court a Nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which mans eye can ſee:
Beauties ſo farre from reach of words, that we
Abaſe her praiſe, ſaying ſhe doth excell:

Rich in the treaſure of deſerv'd renowne,
Rich in the riches of a royall hart,
Rich in thoſe gifts which giue th' eternall crowne;

Who though moſt rich in theſe and euery part,
Which make the patents of true worldly bliſſe,
Hath no misfortune, but that Rich ſhe is.

38

This night while ſleepe begins with heauie wings
To hatch mine eyes, and that vnbitted thought
Doth fall to ſtray, and my chiefe powres are brought
To leaue the ſcepter of all ſubiect things,

The firſt that ſtraight my fancies error brings
Vnto my mind, is *Stellas* image, wrought
By *Loues* owne ſelfe, but with ſo curious drought,
That ſhe, me thinkes, not onely ſhines but ſings.

I ſtart, looke, hearke, but what incloſde vp ſence
Was held, in opend ſenſe it flies away,
Leauing me nought but wayling eloquence:

I ſeeing better ſights in ſights decay,
Cald it a new, and wooed ſleepe againe:
But him her hoſt that vnkind gueſt had ſlaine.

39

Come ſleepe, O ſleepe, the certaine knot of peace,
The bayting place of wit, the balme of woe,
The poore mans wealth, the priſoners releaſe,
Th' indifferent Iudge betweene the high and low;

With ſhield of proofe ſhield me from out the preaſe
Of thoſe fierce darts, deſpaire at me doth throw.
O make in me thoſe ciuill warres to ceaſe;
I will good tribute pay if thou do ſo.

Take thou of me ſmooth pillowes, ſweeteſt bed,
A chamber deafe to noiſe, and blinde to light:
A roſie garland, and a wearie head:

And if theſe things, as being thine by right,
Moue not thy heauie grace, thou ſhalt in me
Liuelier then elſe-where *Stellas* image ſee.

40

As good to write as for to lie and grone.
O *Stella* deare, how much thy power hath wrought,
Thou haſt my minde, none of the baſeſt, brought
By ſtill kept courſe, while other ſleepe, to mone.

Alas, if from the height of Vertues throne,
Thou canſt vouchſafe the influence of a thought
Vpon a wretch, that long thy grace hath ſought;
Weigh then how I by thee am ouerthrowne.

And then, thinke thus, although thy beautie be
Made manifeſt by ſuch a victorie,
Yet nobleſt Conquerours doe wreckes auoid.

Since then thou haſt ſo farre ſubdued me,
That in my heart I offer ſtill to thee,
O do not let thy Temple be deſtroyed.

41

Hauing this day my horſe, my hand, my lance
Guided ſo well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the iudgement of the *Engliſh* eies,
And of ſome ſent from that ſweet enemie *France*;

Horſemen my skill in horſemanſhip aduance:
Towne-folkes my ſtrength, a daintier Iudge applies
His praiſe to ſleight, which from good vſe doth riſe:
Some luckie wits impute it but to chance:

Others becauſe, of both ſides I doe take
My bloud from them, who did excell in this,
Thinke Nature me a man of armes did make.

How farre they ſhot awry? the true cauſe is,
Stella lookt on, and from her heav'nly face
Sent forth the beames, which made ſo faire my race.

42

O eyes, which doe the Spheares of beautie moue,
Whoſe beames be ioyes, whoſe ioyes all vertues be,
Who while they make *Loue* conquer, conquer *Loue*,
The Schooles where *Venus* hath learn'd Chaſtitie.

O eyes, where humble lookes moſt glorious proue,
Onely lov'd Tyrants, iuſt in crueltie,
Doe not, O doe not from poore me remoue,
Keepe ſtill my Zenith, euer ſhine on me.

For though I neuer ſee them, but ſtraight wayes
My life forgets to nouriſh languiſht ſprites;
Yet ſtill on me, O eyes, dart downe your rayes:

And if from Maieſtie of ſacred lights,
Oppreſſing mortall ſenſe, my death proceed,
Wrackes Triumphs be, which *Loue* (high ſet) doth breed.

43

Faire eyes, ſweet lips, deare heart, that fooliſh I
Could hope by *Cupids* helpe on you to pray;
Since to himſelfe he doth your gifts apply,
As his maine force, choiſe ſport, and eaſe full ſtay.

For when he will ſee who dare him gain-ſay,
Then with thoſe eyes he lookes, lo by and by
Each ſoule doth at *Loues* feet his weapons lay,
Glad if for her he giue them leaue to die.

When he will play, then in her lips he is,
Where bluſhing red, that *Loues* ſelfe them doth loue,
With either lip he doth the other kiſſe:

But when he will for quiets ſake remoue
From all the world, her heart is then his rome,
Where well he knowes, no man to him can come.

44

My words I know doe well ſet forth my mind,
My mind bemones his ſenſe of inward ſmart,
Such ſmart may pitie claime of any hart,
Her heart, ſweet heart, is of no Tygres kind:

And yet ſhe heares, and yet no pitie I finde;
But more I cry, leſſe grace ſhe doth impart.
Alas, what cauſe is there ſo overthwart,
That Nobleneſſe it ſelfe makes thus vnkind?

I much doe gheſſe, yet finde no truth ſaue this,
That when the breath of my complaints doth tuch
Thoſe daintie dores vnto the Court of bliſſe,

The heav'nly nature of that place is ſuch,
That once come there, the ſobs of mine annoyes
Are metamorphos'd ſtraight to tunes of ioyes.

45

Stella oft ſees the very face of woe
Painted in my beclowded ſtormie face:
But cannot skill to pitie my diſgrace,
Not though thereof the cauſe her ſelfe ſhe knowe:

Yet hearing late a fable, which did ſhow
Of Louers neuer knowne, a grieuous caſe,
Pitie thereof gate in her breaſt ſuch place,
That from that Sea deriv'd teares ſpring did flow.

Alas, if fancie drawne by imag'd things,
Though falſe, yet with free ſcope more grace doth breed
Then ſeruants wrack, where new doubts honor brings;

Then thinke my deare, that you in me do reed
Of Louers ruine ſome ſad Tragedie:
I am not I, pitie the tale of me.

46

I curſt thee oft, I pitie now thy caſe,
Blind-hitting boy, ſince ſhe that thee and me
Rules with a becke, ſo tyrannizeth thee,
That thou muſt want or food, or dwelling place.

For ſhe proteſts to baniſh thee her face.
Her face? O *Loue*, a Rogue thou then ſhouldſt be!
If *Loue* learne not alone to loue and ſee,
Without deſire to feed of further grace.

Alas poore wag, that now a ſcholler art
To ſuch a ſchoole-miſtreſſe, whoſe leſſons new
Thou needs muſt miſſe, and ſo thou needs muſt ſmart.

Yet Deare, let me his pardon get of you,
So long (though he from booke myche to deſire)
Till without tewell you can make hot fire.

47

What haue I thus betrayed my libertie?
Can thoſe blacke beames ſuch burning markes engraue
In my free ſide? or am I borne a ſlaue,
Whoſe necke becomes ſuch yoke of tyrannie?

Or want I ſenſe to feele my miſerie?
Or ſprite, diſdaine of ſuch diſdaine to haue?
Who for long faith, tho daily helpe I craue,
May get no almes but ſcorne of beggerie.

Vertue awake, Beautie but beautie is,
I may, I muſt, I can, I will, I do
Leaue following that, which it is gaine to miſſe.

Let her do: ſoft, but here ſhe comes, go to,
Vnkind, I loue you not: O me, that eye
Doth make my heart to giue my tongue the lie.

Soules

48

Soules ioy, bend not those morning ſtarres from me,
Where Vertue is made ſtrong by Beauties might,
Where *Loue* is chaſteneſſe, Paine doth learne delight,
And humbleneſſe growes one with Maieſtie.

What euer may enſue, O let me be
Copartner of the riches of that ſight:
Let not mine eyes be hell-driv'n from that light:
O looke, O ſhine, O let me die and ſee.

For though I oft my ſelfe of them bemone,
That through my heart their beamie darts be gone,
Whoſe cureleſſe wounds euen now moſt freſhly bleed:

Yet ſince my death-wound is alreadie got,
Deare Killer, ſpare not thy ſweet cruell ſhot:
A kind of grace it is to ſlay with ſpeed.

49

I on my horſe, and *Loue* on me doth try
Our horſemanſhips, while by ſtrange worke I proue
A horſeman to my horſe, a horſe to *Loue*;
And now mans wrongs in me poore beaſt deſcrie.

The raines wherewith my Rider doth me tie,
Are humbled thoughts, which bit of Reuerence moue,
Curb'd in with feare, but with guilt boſſe aboue
Of hope, which makes it ſeeme faire to the eye.

The Wand is Will, thou Fancie Saddle art,
Girt faſt by Memorie, and while I ſpurre
My horſe, he ſpurres with ſharpe deſire my hart:

He ſits me faſt, how euer I doe ſturre:
And now hath made me to his hand ſo right,
That in the Manage my ſelfe takes delight.

50

Stella, the fulneſſe of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be ſtaid within my panting breaſt,
But they doe ſwell and ſtruggle forth of me,
Till that in words thy figure be expreſt.

And yet as ſoone as they ſo formed be,
According to my Lord *Loues* owne beheſt
With ſad eyes I their weake proportion ſee,
To portrait that which in this world is beſt.

So that I cannot chuſe but write my mind,
And cannot chuſe but put out what I write,
While theſe poore babes their death in birth doe find:

And now my pen theſe lines had daſhed quite,
But that they ſtopt his furie from the ſame,
Becauſe their forefront bare ſweet *Stellas* name.

Pardon

51

Pardon mine eares, both I and they doe pray,
So may your tongue ſtill fluently proceed,
To them that doe ſuch entertainment need,
So may you ſtill haue ſomewhat new to ſay.

On ſilly me doe not the burthen lay,
Of all the graue conceits your braine doth breed;
But find ſome *Hercules* to beare, in ſteed
Of *Atlas* tyr'd, your wiſedomes heav'nly ſway.

For me while you diſcourſe of courtly tides,
Of cunning fiſhers in moſt troubled ſtreames,
Of ſtraying wayes, when valiant errour guides:

Meane while my heart confers my *Stellas* beames,
And is euen irkt that ſo ſweet Comedie,
By ſuch vnſuted ſpeech ſhould hindred be.

52

A ſtrife is growne betweene *Vertue* and *Loue*.
While each pretends that *Stella* muſt be his:
Her eyes, her lips, her all ſaith *Loue* doe this,
Since they doe weare his badge, moſt firmely proue.

But *Vertue* thus that title doth diſproue,
That *Stella* (O deare name) that *Stella* is
That vertuous ſoule, ſure heire of heav'nly bliſſe:
Not this faire outſide, which our hearts doth moue.

And therefore, though her beautie and her grace
Be *Loues* indeed, in *Stellas* ſelfe he may
By no pretence claime any manner place.

Well *Loue*, ſince this demurre our ſuit doth ſtay,
Let *Vertue* haue that *Stellas* ſelfe; yet thus,
That *Vertue*, but that bodie graunt to vs.

53

In Martiall ſports I had my cunning tride,
And yet to breake more ſtaues did me addreſſe:
While with the peoples ſhouts I muſt confeſſe,
Youth, lucke, and praiſe, euen fild my veines with pride.

When *Cupid* hauing me his ſlaue deſcride,
In *Marſes* liuery, prauncing in the preſſe:
What now ſir foole, ſaid he, I would no leſſe,
Looke here, I ſay. I look'd and *Stella* ſpide:

Who hard by made a window ſend forth light.
My heart then quak'd, then dazled were mine eyes,
One hand forgat to rule, th' other to fight.

Nor Trumpets ſound I heard, nor friendly cryes,
My Foe came on, and beat the aire for me,
Till that her bluſh taught me my ſhame to ſee.

Becauſe

54

Becauſe I breath not loue to euery one,
Nor do not vſe ſet colours for to weare,
Nor nouriſh ſpeciall locks of vowed haire,
Nor giue each ſpeech a full point of a grone:

The courtly Nymphs acquainted with the mone
Of them, who in their lips *Loues* ſtandard beare;
What he? ſay they of me, now I dare ſweare,
He cannot loue: no, no, let him alone.

And thinke ſo ſtill, ſo *Stella* knowe my minde,
Profeſſe indeede I do not *Cupids* art;
But you faire maides, at length this true ſhall finde,

That his right badge is but worne in the hart:
Dumbe Swannes, not chattring Pies, do Louers proue,
They loue indeede, who quake to ſay they loue.

55

Muſes, I oft inuoke your holy ayde,
With choiſeſt flowers my ſpeech t'engarland ſo;
That it deſpiſde in true but naked ſhew,
Might winne ſome grace in your ſweete grace arraid.

And oft whole troupes; of ſaddeſt wordes I ſtayd,
Striuing abroad a foraging to goe;
Vntill by your inſpiring I might knowe,
How their blacke banner might be beſt diſplayd.

But now I meane no more your helpe to try,
Nor other ſugring of my ſpeech to proue,
But on her name inceſſantly to cry:

For let me but name her whom I do loue,
So ſweete ſound ſtraight mine eare and heart doth hit,
That I well finde no eloquence like it.

56

Fy ſchoole of Patience, Fy, your leſſon is
Farre farre too long to learne it without booke:
What, a whole weeke without one peece of looke,
And thinke I ſhould not your large precepts miſſe?

When I might reade thoſe letters faire of bliſſe,
Which in her face teach vertue, I could brooke
Somwhat thy lead'n counſels, which I tooke,
As of a friend that meant not much amiſſe,

But now that I alas doe want her ſight,
What, doſt thou thinke that I can euer take
In thy cold ſtuffe a flegmatike delight?

No patience, if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come, and heare with patience my deſire,
And then with patience bid me beare my fire.

Wo,

57

Wo, hauing made with many fightes his owne
Each ſence of mine, each gift, each power of mind,
Growne now his ſlaues, he forc't them out to find
The thoroweſt words, fit for woes ſelfe to grone,

Hoping that when they might finde *Stella* alone,
Before ſhe could prepare to be vnkind,
Her ſoule arm'd but with ſuch a daintie rind,
Should ſoone be pierc'd with ſharpeneſſe of the mone.

She heard my plaints, and did not onely beare,
But them (ſo ſweet as ſhe) moſt ſweetly ſing,
With that faire breaſt, making woes darkeneſſe cleare:

A pretie caſe I hoped her to bring
To ſeele my griefes, and ſhe with face and voyce,
So ſweets my paines, that my paines me reioyce.

58

Doubt there hath beene when with his golden chaine,
The Orator ſo farre mens hearts doth bind,
That no pace elſe their guided ſteps can find,
But as he them more ſhort or ſlacke doth raine.

Whether with words this ſoueraigntie he gaine,
Cloth'd with fine tropes, with ſtrongeſt reaſons lin'd,
Or elſe pronouncing grace, where with his mind
Prints his owne liuely forme in rudeſt braine:

Now iudge by this, in piercing phraſes late,
The Anatomie of all my woes I wrate,
Stellas ſweet breath the ſame to me did reed.

O voyce, O face, maugre my ſpeeches might,
Which woed wo, moſt rauiſhing delight,
Euen thoſe ſad words, euen in ſad me did breed.

59

Deare, why make you more of a dog then me?
If he doe loue, I burne, I burne in loue:
If he waite well, I neuer thence would moue:
If he be faire, yet but a dog can be.

Little he is, ſo little worth is he;
He barks, my ſongs thine owne voyce oft doth proue:
Bidd'n perhaps he fetcheth thee a gloue,
But I vnbid, fetch euen my ſoule to thee.

Yet while I languiſh, him that boſome clips,
That lap doth lap, nay lets, in ſpite of ſpite,
This ſowre-breath'd mate-taſte of thoſe ſugred lips.

Alas, if you graunt onely ſuch delight
To witleſſe things, then *Loue*, I hope (ſince wit
Becomes a clog) will ſoone eaſe me of it.

When

60

When my good Angel guides me to the place,
Where all my good I do in *Stella* see,
That heav'n of ioyes throwes onely downe on me
Thundred disdaines and lightnings of disgrace:

But when the rugged'st step of Fortunes face
Makes me fall from her sight, then sweetly she
With words, wherein the Muses treasures be,
Shewes loue and pittie to my absent case.

Now I wit-beaten long by hardest Fate,
So dull am, that I cannot looke into
The ground of this fierce *Loue* and louely hate:

Then some good bodie tell me how I doe,
Whose presence, absence, absence presence is;
Blist in my curse, and cursed in my blisse.

61

Oft with true sighes, oft with vncalled teares,
Now with slow words, now with dumbe eloquence
I *Stellas* eyes assaid, inuade her eares;
But this at last is her sweet breath'd defence:

That who indeed infelt affection beares,
So captiues to his Saint both soule and sence,
That wholy hers, all selfenesse he forbeares,
Then his desires he learnes his liues course thence.

Now since her chaste mind hates this loue in me,
With chastened mind, I straight must shew that she
Shall quickly me from what she hates remoue:

O Doctor *Cupid*, thou for me reply,
Driv'n else to graunt by Angels sophistrie,
That I loue not, without I leaue to loue.

62

Late tyr'd with woe, euen readie for to pine
With rage of *Loue*, I call'd my Loue vnkind;
She in whose eyes *Loue* though vnfelt doth shine,
Sweet said that I true loue in her should find,

I ioyed, but straight thus watred was my wine,
That loue she did, but loued a Loue not blind,
Which would not let me, whom she loued, decline
From no bler course, fit for my birth and mind:

And therefore by her Loues authoritie,
Wild me these tempests of vaine loue to flie,
And anchor fast my selfe on *Vertues* shore.

Alas, if this the only metall be
Of *Loue*, new-coind to helpe my beggery,
Deare, loue me not, that ye may loue me more.

63

O Grammer rules, O now your vertues show,
So children still reade you with awfull eyes,
As my young Doue may in your precepts wise
Her graunt to me, by her owne vertue know.

For late with heart most high, with eyes most low,
I crav'd the thing which euer she denies:
She lightning *Loue*, displaying *Venus* skies,
Lest once should not be heard, twise said, No, No.

Sing then my Muse, now *Io Pean* sing,
Heav'ns enuy not at my high triumphing:
But Grammers force with sweet successe confirme:

For Grammer sayes (O this deare *Stella* say)
For Grammer sayes (to Grammer who sayes nay)
That in one speech two Negatiues affirme.

First Song.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes entendeth,
Which now my breast o'echarg'd to Musicke lendeth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely in you, my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marrie state with pleasure,
Who keepes the key of Natures chiefest treasure:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Onely for you the heav'n forgate all measure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in faireneſſe raigneth,
Who womankind at once both deckes and staineth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely by you Cupid *his crowne maintaineth.*

Who hath the feet, whose step of sweetneſſe planteht,
Who else for whom Fame *worthy trumpets wanteth?*
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely to you her Scepter Venus *granteth.*

Who hath the breast, whose milke doth passions nourish,
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish,
To you, to you all song of praise is due,
Onely through you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which without stroke subdueth,
Who long dead beautie with encreaſe reneweth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Onely at you all enuie hopeleſſe rueth.

Who

Who hath the haire which looſeſt faſteſt tieth,
Who makes a man liue then glad when he dieth:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely of you the flaterer neuer lieth.

Who hath the voyce, which ſoule from ſences ſunders,
Whoſe force but yours the bals of beautie thunders:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due
Onely with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muſe theſe notes entendeth,
Which now my breaſt orecharg'd to Muſicke lendeth:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely in you, my ſong begins and endeth.

64

No more, my deare, no more theſe counſels trie,
O giue my paſſions leaue to run their race:
Let Fortune lay on me her worſt diſgrace,
Let folke ore charg'd with braine againſt me crie.

Let clouds bedimme my face, breake in mine eye,
Let me no ſteps but of loſt labour trace:
Let all the earth with ſcorne recount my caſe,
But doe not will me from my *Loue* to flie.

I doe not enuie *Ariſtotles* wit,
Nor do aſpire to *Ceſars* bleeding fame;
Nor ought doe care, though ſome aboue me ſit:

Nor hope, nor with another courſe to frame,
But which once may win thy cruell hart:
Thou art my Wit, and thou my Vertue art.

65

Loue by ſure proofe I may call thee vnkind,
That giv'ſt no better care to my iuſt cries:
Thou whom to me ſuch my good turues ſhould bind,
As I may well recount, but none can prize:

For when nak'd boy thou couldſt no harbour find
In this old world, growne now ſo too too wiſe:
I lodg'd thee in my heart, and being blind
By Nature borne, I gaue to thee mine eyes.

Mine eyes, my light, my heart, my life, alas,
If ſo great ſeruices may ſcorned be:
Yet let this thought thy Tygriſh courage paſſe,

That I perhaps am ſomewhat kinne to thee;
Since in thine armes, if learnd fame truth hath ſpread,
Thou bear'ſt the arrow, I the arrow head.

66

And doe I see some cause a hope to feede,
Or doth the tedious burden of long wo
In weakned mindes, quicke apprehending breed,
Of euery Image, which may comfort show?

I cannot brag of word, much lesse of deed,
Fortunes wheeles still with me in one sort flow,
My wealth no more, and no whit lesse my need,
Desire still on the stilts of feare doth go.

And yet amid all feares a hope there is,
Stolne to my heart since last faire night, nay day,
Stellas eyes sent to me the beames of blisse,

Looking on me, while I lookt other way:
But when mine eyes backe to their heav'n did moue,
They fled with blush, which guiltie seem'd of loue.

67

Hope, art thou true, or doest thou flatter me?
Doth *Stella* now begin with pitious eye,
The ruines of her conqueſt to espie:
Will she take time before all wracked be?

Her eyes-speech is translated thus by thee:
But failst thou not in phrase so heav'nly hie?
Looke on againe, the faire text better trie:
What blushing notes dost thou in margine see?

What sighes stolne out, or kild before full borne:
Hast thou found such and such like arguments?
Or art thou else to comfort me forsworne?

Well, how-so thou interpret the contents,
I am resolv'd thy errour to maintaine,
Rather then by more truth to get more paine.

68

Stella, the onely Planet of my light,
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Chiefe good, where to my hope doth only aspire,
World of my wealth, and heav'n of my delight.

Why doest thou spend the treasures of my sprite,
With voyce more fit to wed *Amphions* lyre,
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,
Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy sight?

And all in vaine, for while thy breath most sweet,
With choisest words, thy words with reasons rare,
Thy reasons firmely set on *Vertues* feet,

Labour to kill in me this killing care:
O thinke I then, what paradise of ioy
It is, so faire a Vertue to enioy.

69

O ioy, too high for my low ſtile to ſhow:
O bliſſe, fit for a nobler ſtate then me:
Enuie, put out thine eyes leſt thou do ſee
What Oceans of delight in me do flow.

My friend, that oft ſaw through all maskes my wo,
Come, come, and let me powre my ſelfe on thee;
Gone is the winter of my miſerie,
My ſpring appeares, O ſee what here doth grow.

For *Stella* hath with words where faith doth ſhine,
Of her high heart giv'n me the monarchie:
I, I, O I may ſay that ſhe is mine.

And though ſhe giue but thus conditionly
This realme of bliſſe, while vertuous courſe I take,
No kings be crown'd, but they ſome couenants make.

70

My Muſe may well grudge at my heav'nly ioy,
If ſtill I force her in ſad rimes to creepe:
She oft hath drunke my teares, now hopes t' enioy
Nectar of Mirth, ſince I *Ioues* cup do keepe.

Sonets be not bound prentiſe to annoy:
Trebles ſing high, as well as baſes deepe:
Griefe but *Loues* winter liuerie is, the Boy
Hath cheekes to ſmile, as well as eyes to weepe.

Come then my Muſe, ſhew thou height of delight
In well raiſde notes, my pen the beſt it may
Shall paint out ioy, though but in blacke and white.

Ceaſe eager Muſe, peace pen, for my ſake ſtay,
I giue you here my hand for truth of this,
Wiſe ſilence is beſt muſicke vnto bliſſe.

71

Who will in fayreſt booke of Nature know,
How Vertue may beſt lodg'd in beautie be,
Let him but learne of *Loue* to reade in thee
Stella, thoſe faire lines, which true goodneſſe ſhow.

There ſhall he find all vices ouerthrow,
Not by rude force, but ſweeteſt ſoueraingntie
Of reaſon, from whoſe light thoſe night-birds flie;
That inward ſunne in thine eyes ſhineth ſo.

And not content to be Perfections heire
Thy ſelfe, doeſt ſtriue all minds that way to moue:
Who marke in thee what is in thee moſt faire.

So while thy beautie drawes the heart to loue,
As faſt thy Vertue bends that loue to good:
But ah, Deſire ſtill cryes, giue me ſome food.

72

Deſire though thou my old companion art,
And oft ſo clings to my pure Loue, that I
One from the other ſcarcely can deſcrie,
While each doth blowe the fier of my heart;

Now from thy fellowſhip I needs muſt part,
Venus is taugt with *Dians* wings to flie:
I muſt no more in thy ſweet paſſions lie;
Vertues gold now muſt head my *Cupids* dart.

Seruice and Honour, wonder with delight,
Feare to offend, will worthie to appeare,
Care ſhining in mine eyes, faith in my ſprite.

Theſe things are left me by my only Deare;
But thou Deſire, becauſe thou wouldſt haue all,
Now baniſht art, but yet alas how ſhall?

Second Song.

Haue I caught my heav'nly iewell,
Teaching ſleepe moſt faire to be?
Now will I teach her that ſhe
When ſhe wakes, is too too cruell.

Since ſweet ſleepe her eyes hath charmed,
The two only darts of Loue:
Now will I with that boy prone
Some play, while he is diſarmed.

Her tongue waking ſtill refuſeth,
Giuing frankly niggard No:
Now will I attempt to know,
What No her tongue ſleeping vſeth.

See the hand which waking gardeth,
Sleeping grants a free reſort:
Now will I inuade the fort;
Cowards Loue *with loſſe rewardeth.*

But O foole, thinke of the danger,
Of her iuſt and high diſdaine:
Now will I alas refraine,
Loue *feares nothing elſe but anger.*

Yet thoſe lips ſo ſweetly ſwelling,
Doe inuite a ſtealing kiſſe:
Now will I but venture this,
Who will reade muſt firſt learne ſpelling.

Oh ſweet kiſſe, but ah ſhe is waking,
Lowring beautie chaſtens me:
Now will I away hence flee:
Foole, more foole, for no more taking.

Loue

73

Loue ſtill a boy, and oft a wanton is,
School'd onely by his mothers tender eye:
What wonder then if he his leſſon miſſe,
When for ſo oft a rodde deare play he trye?

And yet my Starre, becauſe a ſugred kiſſe
In ſport I ſuckt, while ſhe aſleepe did lie,
Doth lowre, nay, chide, nay, threat for only this:
Sweet, it was ſaucie *Loue*, not humble I.

But no ſcuſe ſerues, ſhe makes her wrath appeare
In Beauties Throne, ſee now who dares come neare
Thoſe ſcarlet Iudges, threatning bloudie paine?

O heav'nly foole, thy moſt kiſſe-worthy face,
Anger inveſt with ſuch a louely grace,
That Angers ſelfe I needs muſt kiſſe againe.

74

I neuer dranke of *Aganippe* well,
Nor euer did in ſhade of *Tempe* ſit:
And Muſes ſcorne with vulgar braines to dwell,
Poore Layman I, for ſacred rites vnfit.

Some doe I heare of Poets furie tell,
But (God wot) wot not what they meane by it:
And this I ſweare by blackeſt brooke of hell,
I am no pick-purſe of anothers wit.

How falles it then, that with ſo ſmooth an eaſe
My thoughts I ſpeake, and what I ſpeake doth flow
In verſe, and that my verſe beſt wits doth pleaſe?

Gheſſe we the cauſe, what is it thus? fie no:
Or ſo? much leſſe: how then? ſure thus it is:
My lips are ſweet, inſpired with *Stellas* kiſſe.

75

Of all the Kings that euer here did raigne,
Edward named fourth, as firſt in praiſe I name,
Not for his faire outſide, nor well lined braine;
Although leſſe gifts impe feathers oft on Fame:

Nor that he could young-wiſe, wiſe-valiant frame
His Sires reuenge, ioyn'd with a Kingdomes gaine:
And gain'd by *Mars*, could yet, mad *Mars* ſo tame,
That Balance weigh'd what ſword did late obtaine.

Nor that he made the Floure-deluce ſo fraid,
Though ſtrongly hedg'd of bloudie Lyons pawes,
That wittie *Lewis* to him a tribute paid.

Nor this, nor that, nor any ſuch ſmall cauſe,
But onely for this worthy Knight durſt proue
To loſe his Crowne, rather then faile his Loue.

76

She comes, and streight therewith her shining twins do moue
Their rayes to me, who in her tedious absence lay
Benighted in cold wo, but now appeares my day,
The onely light of ioy, the only warmth of *Loue*.

She comes with light and warmth, which like *Aurora* proue
Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play
With such a cosie morne, whose beames most freshly gay,
Scorch not, but onely do darke chilling sprites remoue.

But lo, while I doe speake, it groweth noone with me;
Her flamie glistring lights increase with time and place;
My heart cryes ah, it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be:

No wind, no shade can coole: what helpe then in my case,
But with short breath, long looks, staid feet & walking hed,
Pray that my sunne go down with meeker beames to bed?

77

Those lookes, whose beames be ioy, whose motion is delight,
That face whose lecture shewes what perfect beautie is:
That presence, which doth giue darke hearts a liuing light
That grace, which *Venus* weeps that she her selfe doth misse:

That hand, which without touch holds more then *Atlas* might;
Those lips, which make deaths pay a meane price for a kisse:
That skin, whose passe-praise hue scornes this poore terme of white:
Those words, which doe sublime the quintessence of blisse:

That voyce, which makes the soule plant himselfe in the eares:
That conuersation sweet, where such high comforts be,
As conserd in true speech, the name of heav'n it beares,

Makes me in my best thoughts and quietst iudgement see,
That in no more but these I might be fully blest:
Yet ah, my Mayd'n Muse doth blush to tell the best.

78

O how the pleasant ayres of true loue be
Infected by those vapours, which arise
From out that noysome gulfe, which gaping lies
Betweene the iawes of hellish Iealousie!

A monster, others harme, selfe-miserie,
Beauties plague, Vertues scourge, succour of lies:
Who his owne ioy to his owne hurt applies,
And onely cherish doth with iniurie.

Who since he hath by Natures speciall grace,
So piercing pawes, as spoyle when they embrace,
So nimble feet, as stirre still though on thornes:

So many eyes ay seeking their owne woe,
So ample eares as neuer good newes know:
Is it not euill that such a Diuell wants hornes?

Sweet

79

Sweet kiſſe, thy ſweets I faine would ſweetly endite,
Which euen of ſweetneſſe ſweeteſt ſweetner art:
Pleaſingſt conſort, where each ſence holds a part,
Which coupling Doues guides *Venus* chariot right.

Beſt charge, and braueſt retrait in *Cupids* fight,
A double key, which opens to the heart,
Moſt rich, when moſt his riches it impart:
Neaſt of young ioyes, ſchoolmaſter of delight,

Teaching the meane, at once to take and giue
The friendly fray, where blowes both wound and heale
The prettie death, while each in other liue.

Poore hopes firſt wealth, oſtage of promiſt weale,
Breake faſt of *Loue*, but lo, lo, where ſhe is,
Ceaſe we to praiſe, now pray we for a kiſſe.

80

Sweet ſwelling lip, well maiſt thou ſwell in pride,
Since beſt wits thinke it wit thee to admire;
Natures praiſe, vertues ſtall, *Cupids* cold fire,
Whence words, not words, but heau'nly graces ſlide.

The new *Pernaſſus*, where the Muſes bide,
Sweetner of muſicke, wiſedomes beautifier:
Breather of life, and faſtner of deſire,
Where Beauties bluſh in Honours graine is dide.

Thus much my heart compeld my mouth to ſay,
But now ſpite of my heart my mouth will ſtay,
Loathing all lies, doubting this Flaterie is:

And no ſpurre can his reſtie race renew,
Without how farre this praiſe is ſhort of you,
Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one ſweet kiſſe.

81

O kiſſe, which doeſt thoſe ruddie gemmes impart,
Or gemmes, or fruits of new-found *Paradiſe*,
Breathing all bliſſe and ſweetning to the heart,
Teaching dumbe lips a nobler exerciſe.

O kiſſe, which ſoules, euen ſoules together tyes
By linkes of *Loue*, and only Natures art:
How faine would I paint thee to all mens eyes,
Or of thy gifts at leaſt ſhade out ſome part.

But ſhe forbids, with bluſhing words, ſhe ſayes,
She builds her fame on higher ſeated praiſe:
But my heart burnes, I cannot ſilent be.

Then ſince (deare life) you faine would haue me peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to ceaſe,
Stop you my mouth with ſtill ſtill kiſſing me.

Nymph

82

Nymph of the garden, where all beauties be:
Beauties which do in excellency paſſe:
His who till death lookt in a watry glaſſe,
Or hers whom nak'd the *Troian* boy did ſee.

Sweet garden Nymph, which keeps the Cherrie tree,
Whoſe fruit doth farre th' *Eſperian* taſte ſurpaſſe:
Moſt ſweet-faire, moſt faire-ſweet, do not alas,
From comming neare thoſe Cherries, baniſh me:

For though full of deſire, emptie, of wit,
Admitted late by your beſt-graced grace,
I caught at one of them a hungry bit;

Pardon that fault, once more grant me the place,
And I doe ſweare euen by the ſame delight,
I will but kiſſe, I neuer more will bite.

83

Good brother *Philip*, I haue borne you long,
I was content you ſhould in fauour creepe,
While craftily you ſeem'd your cut to keepe,
As though that faire ſoft hand did you great wrong.

I bare (with Enuie) yet I bare your ſong,
When in her necke you did *Loue* ditties peepe;
Nay, more foole I, oft ſuffered you to ſleepe
In Lillies neaſt, where *Loues* ſelfe lies along.

What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
Is ſawcineſſe reward of curteſie?
Cannot ſuch grace your ſilly ſelfe content,

But you muſt needs with thoſe lips billing be?
And through thoſe lips drinke Nectar from that toong;
Leaue that ſir *Phip*, leſt off your necke be wroong.

Third Song.

If Orpheus *voyce had force to breathe ſuch muſicks loue*
Through porres of ſenceleſſe trees, as it could make them moue:
If ſtones good meaſure daunc'd, the Theban *walls to build,*
To cadence of the tunes, which Amphions *lyre did yeeld,*
More cauſe a like effect at leaſt wiſe bringeth:
O ſtones, O trees, learne hearing, Stella *ſingeth.*

If Loue might ſweet'n ſo a boy of ſhepheard brood,
To make a Lyzard dull to taſte Loues dainty food:
If Eagle fierce could ſo in Grecian *Mayd delight,*
As his light was her eyes, her death his endleſſe night:
Earth gaue that Loue, heau'n I trow Loue refineth:
O beaſt, O birds looke, Loue, lo, Stella *ſhineth.*

The

The birds, beasts, stones and trees feele this, and feeling Loue:
And if the trees nor stones stirre not the same to proue,
Nor beast, nor birds doe come vnto this blessed gaze,
Know, that small Loue is quicke, and great Loue doth amaze:
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
O eyes, O eares of men, how are you charm'd!

84

High way since you my chiefe *Parnassus* be,
And that my Muse to some eares not vnsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses feet,
More oft then to a chambers melodie.

Now blessed you, beare onward blessed me
To her, where I my heart safe left shall meet,
My Muse and I must you of dutie greet
With thankes and wishes, wishing thankfully.

Be you still faire, honour by publike heed,
By no encrochment wrongd, nor time forgot:
Nor blam'd for bloud, nor sham'd for sinfull deed.

And that you know, I enuie you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much blisse,
Hundreds of yeares you *Stellas* feet may kisse.

85

I see the house, my heart thy selfe containe,
Beware full sayles drowne not thy tottring barge:
Least ioy by Nature apt sprites to enlarge,
Thee to thy wracke beyond thy limits straine.

Nor doe like Lords, whose weake confused braine,
Not pointing to fit folkes each vndercharge,
While euery office themselues will discharge,
With doing all, leaue nothing done but paine.

But giue apt seruing their due place, let eyes
See Beauties totall summe summ'd in her face:
Let eares heare speech, which wit to wonder ties.

Let breath sucke vp those sweetes, let armes embrace
The globe of weale, lips *Loues* indentures make:
Thou but of all the kingly Tribute take.

Fourth Song:

Onely ioy, now here you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care:
Let my whispring voyce obtaine,
Sweet reward for sharpest paine:
Take me to thee, and thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Night

Night hath cloſde all in her cloke,
Twinkling ſtarres Loue-thoughts prouoke:
Danger hence good care doth keepe,
Iealouſie it ſelfe doth ſleepe.
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No,no,no,no,my Deare,let be.

Better place no wit can find,
Cupids yoke to looſe or bind:
Theſe ſweet flowers on fine bed too,
Vs in their beſt language woo:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No,no,no,no,my Deare,let be.

This ſmall light the Moone beſtowes,
Serues thy beames but to diſcloſe,
So to raiſe my hap more hie;
Feare not elſe,none can vs ſpie:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No,no,no,no,my Deare let be.

That you heard was but a Mouſe,
Dumbe ſleepe holdeth all the houſe:
Yet a ſleepe, me thinkes they ſay,
Yong folkes, take time while you may:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No,no,no,no,my Deare,let be.

Niggard Time threats, if we miſſe
This large offer of our bliſſe:
Long ſtay ere he graunt the ſame:
Sweet then,while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee,and thee to me.
No,no,no,no,my Deare, let be.

Your faire mother is a bed,
Candles out, and Curtaines ſpread:
She thinkes you doe letters write:
Write, but let me firſt endite:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No,no,no,no,my Deare, let be.

Sweet alas why ſtriue you thus?
Concord better fitteth vs:
Leaue to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beautie ſtands:
Take thee to me, and me to thee.
No,no,no,no,my Deare,let be.

Woe to me, and doe you ſweare
Me to hate, but I forbeare,
Curſed be my deſtinies all,
That brought me ſo high to fall:
Soone with my death I will pleaſe thee,
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

86

Alas, whence came this change of lookes? if I
Haue chang'd deſert, let mine owne conſcience be
A ſtill felt plague, to ſelfe condemning me:
Let wo gripe on my heart, ſhame loade mine eye.

But if all faith, like ſpotleſſe Ermine lye
Safe in my ſoule, which onely doth to thee
(As his ſole obiect of felicitie)
With wings of *Loue* in aire of wonder flie,

O eaſe your hand, treat not ſo hard your ſlaue:
In iuſtice paines come not till faults do call,
Or if I needs (ſweet Iudge) muſt torments haue,

Vſe ſomething elſe to chaſt'n me withall,
Then thoſe bleſt eyes, where all my hopes do dwell,
No doome ſhould make once heav'n become his hell.

Fift Song.

While fauour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought,
Thought waited on delight, and ſpeech did follow thought:
Then grew my tongue and pen records Vnto thy glory:
I thought all words were loſt, that were not ſpent of thee:
I thought each place was darke but where thy light would be,
And all eares worſe then deafe, that heard not out thy ſtorie.

I ſaid, thou wert moſt faire, and ſo indeed thou art:
I ſaid, thou art moſt ſweet, ſweet poyſon to my heart:
I ſaid, my ſoule was thine (O that I then had lyed)
I ſaid, thine eyes were ſtarres, thy breaſts the milk'n way,
Thy fingers Cupids *ſhafts, thy voyce the Angels lay:*
And all I ſaid ſo well, as no man it denied.

But now that hope is loſt, vnkindneſſe kils delight,
Yet thought and ſpeech doe liue, though metamorphoſd quite:
For rage now rules the raines, which guided were by Pleaſure.
I thinke now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praiſe,
That ſpeech fals now to blame, which did thy honour raiſe,
The ſame key op'n can, which can lock vp a treaſure.

Then

Thou then whom partiall heauens conſpir'd in one to frame,
The proofe of Beautie worth, th'enheritrix of fame,
The manſion ſeat of bliſſe, and iuſt excuſe of Louers;
See now thoſe feathers pluckt, wherewith thou flew moſt high:
See what cloudes of reproch ſhall darke thy honours skie,
Whoſe owne fault caſts him downe, hardly high ſeat recouers.

And O my Muſe, though oft you lulde her in your lap,
And then a heav'nly childe gaue her Ambroſian pap:
And to that braine of hers your kindeſt gifts infuſed,
Since ſhe diſdayning me, doth you in me diſdaine:
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we ſuffer paine:
Princes in ſubiects wrong, muſt deeme themſelues abuſed.

Your Client poore my ſelfe, ſhall Stella *handle ſo?*
Reuenge, reuenge, my Muſe. Defiance trumpet blow:
Threat'n what may be done, yet do more then you threat'n.
Ah, my ſute graunted is, I feele my breaſt doth ſwell:
Now child, a leſſon new you ſhall begin to ſpell:
Sweet babes muſt babies haue, but ſhrewd gyrles muſt be beat'n.

Thinke now no more to heare of warme fine odourd ſnow,
Nor bluſhing Lilies, nor pearles ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden Sea whoſe waues in curles are brok'n:
But of thy ſoule, ſo fraught with ſuch vngratefulneſſe,
As where thou ſoone might'ſt helpe, moſt faith doth moſt oppreſſe,
Vngratefull who is cald, the worſt of euils is ſpok'n:

Yet worſe then worſt, I ſay thou art a theefe: a theefe?
Now God forbid. A theefe, and of worſt theeues the cheefe:
Theeues ſteale for need, & ſteale but goods, which paine recouers,
But thou rich in all ioyes, doeſt rob my ioyes from me,
Which cannot be reſtor'd by time nor induſtry:
Of foes the ſpoile is euill, far worſe of conſtant louers.

Yet gentle Engliſh theeues doe rob, but will not ſlay;
Thou Engliſh murdring theefe, wilt haue harts for thy pray:
The name of murderer now on thy faire forehead ſitteth:
And euen while I doe ſpeake, my death wounds bleeding be:
Which (I proteſt) proceed from only Cruell thee,
Who may and will not ſaue, murder in truth committeth.

But murder priuate fault ſeemes but a toy to thee,
I lay then to thy charge vniuſteſt Tyrannie,
If Rule by force without all claime a Tyrant ſheweth,
For thou doeſt lord my heart, who am not borne thy ſlaue,
And which is worſe, makes me moſt guiltleſſe torments haue,
A rightfull Prince by vnright deeds a Tyrant groweth.

Lo you grow proud with this, for tyrants make folkes bow:
Of soule rebellion then I doe appeach thee now;
Rebell by natures law, Rebell by law of Reason.
Thou sweetest subiect wert borne in the Realme of Love,
And yet against thy Prince thy force dost daily prove:
No vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of Treason.

But valiant Rebels oft in fooles mouthes purchase fame:
I now then staine thy white with vagabunding shame,
Both Rebell to the sonne, and vagrant from the mother;
For wearing Venus badge, in euery part of thee,
Vnto Diana's traine thou, Run-away, didst flye:
Who faileth one, is false, though trusty to another.

What, is not this enough? nay, far worse commeth here;
A witch I say thou art, though thou so faire appeare;
For I protest, my sight neuer thy face enioyeth,
But I in me am chang'd, I am aliue and dead:
My feete are turn'd to rootes, my heart becommeth lead,
No witchcraft is so euill, as which mans mind destroyeth.

Yet Witches may repent, thou art farre worse than they,
Alas, that I am forc't such euill of thee to say,
I say thou art a Diuell though cloth'd in Angels shining:
For thy face tempts my soule to leaue the heau'n for thee,
And thy words of refuse, do powre euen hell on me:
Who tempt, and tempted plague, are Diuels in true defining.

You then vngratefull thiefe, you murdring Tyrant you,
You Rebell run-away, to Lord and Lady vntrue,
You Witch, you Diuell (alas) you still of me Beloued,
You see what I can say; mend yet your froward minde,
And such skill in my Muse you reconcil'd shall finde,
That all these cruell words, your praises shall be proued.

Sixt Song.

O you that heare this voyce,
O you that see this face,
Say whether of the choyce
Deserues the former place:
Feare not to iudge this bate,
For it is voyde of hate.

This side doth beautie take,
For that doth Musicke speake,
Fit Orators to make
The strongest iudgements weake:
The barre to plead their right,
Is only true delight.

Thus doth the voyce and face,
These gentle Lawyers wage,
Like louing brothers case,
For Fathers heritage:
That each while each contends,
It selfe to other lends.

For beautie beautifies,
With heauenly hue and grace,
The heauenly harmonies;
And in this faultlesse face,
The perfect beauties be
A perfect harmonie.

Musicke more loftly swels
In speeches nobly placed:
Beauty as far excels,
In action aptly graced:
A friend each partie drawes,
To countenance his cause.

Loue more affected seemes,
To beauties lonely light,
And wonder more esteemes
Of Musicke wondrous might:
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

Musicke doth witnesse call
The eare, his truth to trie:
Beautie brings to the hall,
Eye-iudgement of the eye,
Both in their obiects such,
As no exceptions tuch.

The common sense, which might
Be Arbiter of this,
To be forsooth vpright,
To both sides partiall is:
He layes on this chiefe praise,
Chiefe praise on that he layes.

Then reason Princesse hie,
Whose throne is in the minde,
Which musicke can in skie
And hidden beauties finde,
Say whether thou wilt crowne
With limitlesse renowne.

Seuenth Song.

Whose senses in so euill consort, their stepdame Nature laies,
That rauishing delight in them most sweet tunes doe not raise;
Or if they doe delight therein, yet are so clos'd with wit,
As with sententious lips to set a little vaine on it:
O let them heare these sacred tunes, and learne in wonders schools,
To be in things past bounds of wit, fooles if they be not fooles.

We haue so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet beauties snow,
Or seeing, haue so wodden wits, as not that worth to know;
Or knowing, haue so muddy mindes, as not to be in loue;
Or louing, haue so frothy thoughts, as easly thence to mone:
O let them see these heauenly beames, and in faire letters reed
A lesson fit, both sight and skill, loue, and firme loue to breed.

Heare then, but then with wonder heare; see, but adoring see,
No mortall gifts, no earthly fruits, now here descended be:
See, doe you see this face? a face? nay image of the skies,
Of which the two life-giuing lights are figured in her eyes:
Heare you this soule-inuading voice, and count it but a voice?
The very essence of their tunes, when Angels do reioyce.

Eighth Song.

In a grone most rich of shade,
where birds wanton musicke made,
May *then yong his py'd weeds showing,*
New perfum'd with flowers fresh growing,

Astrophel *with* Stella *sweet,*
Did for mutuall comfort meet,
Both within themselues oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoke bare,
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had, alas the while,
But now teares themselues did smile,
While their eyes by loue directed,
Enterchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighes of woes were glad sighes mixt,
With armes crost, yet testifying
Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.

Their eares hungry of each word,
Which the deere tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrain'd from walking,
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speake,
Loue it selfe did silence breake;
Loue did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speake in loue and wonder:

Stella, soueraigne of my ioy,
Faire triumpher of annoy,
Stella, starre of heauenly fire,
Stella, load-starre of desire.

Stella, in whose shining eyes,
Are the lights of Cupids skies,
Whose beams where they once are darted,
Loue therewith is straight imparted.

Stella, whose voice when it speakes,
Senses all asunder breakes;
Stella, whose voice when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of blisse,
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Saue thy minde which yet surpasseth.

Grant, O grant, but speech alas,
Failes me, fearing on to passe,
Grant, O me, what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying.

Grant, O deare, on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
That not I, but since I loue you,
Time and place for me may moue you.

Neuer season was more fit,
Neuer roome more apt for it;
Smiling ayre allowes my reason,
These birds sing; now vse the season.

This small winde which so sweet is,
See how it the leaues doth kisse,
Each tree in his best attyring,
Sense of loue to loue inspiring.

Loue makes earth the water drinke,
Loue to earth makes water sinke;
And if dumbe things be so wittie,
Shall a heauenly grace want pittie?

There his hands in their speech, faine
Would haue made tongues language plaine;
But her hands his hands repelling,
Gaue repulse all grace excelling.

Then she spake; her speech was such,
As no eares but heart did tuch:
While such wise she loue denied,
As yet loue she signified.

Astrophel, said she, my loue
Cease in these effects to proue:
Now be still, yet still beleeue me,
Thy griefe more than death would grieue me.

If that any thought in me,
Can tast comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Ioylesse, hopelesse, endlesse, languish.

If those eyes you praised, be
Halfe so deare as you to me,
Let me home returne, starke blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.

If to secret of my hart,
I do any wish impart,
Where thou art not formost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced.

If more may be said, I say,
All my blisse in thee I lay;
If thou loue, my loue content thee,
For all loue, all faith is meant thee.

Trust me while I thee deny,
In my selfe the smart I try,
Tyran honour doth thus vse thee,
Stella's selfe might not refuse thee.

Therefore, Deere, this no more moue,
Least though I leaue not thy loue,
Which too deepe in me is framed,
I should bluſh when thou art named.

Therewithall away ſhe went,
Leauing him to paſsion rent,
With what ſhe had done and ſpoken,
That therewith my ſong is broken.

Ninth Song.

Go my flocke, goe get you hence,
Seek a better place of feeding,
Where you may haue ſome defence
Fro the ſtormes in my breaſt breeding,
And ſhowres from mine eyes proceeding.

Leaue a wretch, in whom all woe
Can abide to keep no meaſure,
Merry flocke, ſuch one forgo,
Vnto whom mirth is diſpleaſure,
Only rich in miſchiefes treaſure.

Yet alas before you go,
Heare your wofull maſters ſtorie,
Which to ſtones I elſe would ſhow:
Sorrow only then hath glorie,
When tis excellently ſorie.

Stella *fierceſt ſhepheardeſſe,*
Fierceſt, but yet faireſt euer;
Stella *whom O heauens do bleſſe,*
Tho againſt me ſhe perſeuer,
Tho I bliſſe inherit neuer.

Stella *hath refuſed me,*
Stella *who more loue hath proued,*
In this caitife heart to be,
Than can in good eawes be moued,
Toward Lamkins *beſt beloued.*

Stella *hath refuſed me,*
Aſtrophel *that ſo well ſerued,*
In this pleaſant ſpring muſt ſee
While in pride flow'rs be preſerued,
Himſelfe only winter-ſterued.

Why alas doth ſhe then ſweare,
That ſhe loueth me ſo dearly,
Seeing me ſo long to beare
Coles of loue that burne ſo clearly;
And yet leaue me helpleſſe meerly?

Is that loue? forsooth I trow,
If I saw my good dog grieued,
And a helpe for him did know,
My loue should not be beleeued,
But he were by me releeued.

No, she hates me, well away,
Fayning loue, somewhat to please me:
For she knowes, if she display
All her hate, death soone would seaze me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then adieu deare flocke adieu:
But alas, if in your straying
Heauenly Stella *meet with you*
Tell her in your piteous blaying,
Her poore slaues vniust decaying.

87

When I was forc't from *Stella* euer deere,
Stella food of my thoughts, heart of my hart,
Stella whose eyes make all my tempests cleere,
By iron lawes of duty to depart:

Alas I found, that she with me did smart,
I saw that teares did in her eyes appeare:
I saw that sighes her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words my saddest sense did heare.

For me, I wept to see pearles scattered so,
I sigh'd her sighes, and wailed for her wo,
Yet swam in ioy, such loue in her was seene.

Thus while th' effect most bitter was to me,
And nothing than the cause more sweet could be,
I had been vext, if vext I had not beene.

88

Out traytour absence, darest thou counsell me,
From my deare Captainnesse to run away;
Because in braue array here marcheth she,
That to win me, oft shewes a present pay?

Is faith so weake? or is such force in thee?
When Sun is hid, can stars such beames display?
Cannot heau'ns food once felt, keepe stomackes free
From base desire on earthly cares to pray.

Tush absence while thy mistresse eclipse that light,
My Orphan sense flies to the inward sight,
Where memorie sets forth the beames of loue.

That

That where before heart lou'd and eyes did ſee,
In heart both ſight and loue now coupled be,
Vnited powers make each the ſtronger proue.

89

Now that of abſence the moſt irkſome night,
With darkeſt ſhade doth ouercome my day;
Since *Stella's* eyes wont to giue me my day,
Leauing my Hemiſphere, leaue me in night,

Each day ſeemes long, and longs for long-ſtaid night,
The night as tedious, woo's th' approach of day;
Tyr'd with the duſtie toyles of buſie day,
Languiſht with horrors of the ſilent night;

Suffering the euils both of day and night,
While no night is more darke than is my day,
Nor no day hath leſſe quiet than my night:

With ſuch bad mixture of my night and day,
That liuing thus in blackeſt Winter night,
I feele the flames of hotteſt ſummer day.

90

Stella thinke not that I by Verſe ſeek fame,
Who ſeek, who hope, who loue, who liue but thee;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine hiſtorie:
If thou praiſe not, all other praiſe is ſhame.

Nor ſo ambitious am I, as to frame
A neſt for my young praiſe in Laurell tree:
In truth I ſweare, I wiſh not there ſhould bee
Grau'd in mine Epitaph a Poets name:

Ne if I would, I could iuſt title make,
That any laud to me thereof ſhould grow,
Without my plumes from others wings I take.

For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beautie doth endite,
And loue doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

91

Stella, while now by honours cruell might,
I am from you, light of my life miſ-led,
And that faire you my Sunne thus ouerſpred,
With abſence Vaile, I liue in Sorrowes night.

If this darke place yet ſhew like candle light,
Some beauties peece, as amber colourd head,
Milke hands, roſe cheekes, or lips more ſweet, more red,
Or ſeeing gets blacke, but in blackneſſe bright.

They

They pleaſe I doe confeſſe, they pleaſe mine eyes,
But why? becauſe of you they models be,
Models ſuch be wood-globes of gliſtring skies.

Deare, therefore be not iealous ouer me,
If you heare that they ſeeme my heart to moue,
Not them, O no, but you in them I loue.

52

Be your words made (good Sir) of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by ſo ſmall rate?
Or doe you curted Spartans imitate,
Or doe you meane my tender eares to ſpare?

That to my queſtions you ſo totall are,
When I demand of *Phenix Stella's* ſtate,
You ſay (forſooth) you left her well of late,
O God, thinke you that ſatisfies my care?

I would know whether ſhe ſit or walke,
How cloth'd, how waited on, ſigh'd ſhe or ſmilde,
Whereof, with whom, how often did ſhe talke,

With what paſtime times iourney ſhe beguilde,
If her lips daign'd to ſweeten my poore name,
Say all, and all, well ſaid, ſtill ſay the ſame.

Tenth Song.

O deare life, when ſhall it be,
That mine eyes thine eyes may ſee;
And in them thy minde diſcouer,
Whether abſence haue had force
Thy remembrance to diuorce,
From the image of thy louer?

Or if I my ſelfe finde not,
After parting ought forgot,
Nor debar'd from beauties treaſure,
Let no tongue aſpire to tell,
In what high ioyes I ſhall dwell,
Onely thought aymes at the pleaſure.

Thought therefore I will ſend thee
To take vp the place for me;
Long I will not after tarry.
There vnſeene thou maiſt be bold,
Thoſe faire wonders to beholde,
Which in them my hopes doe tarry.

Thought see thou no place forbeare,
Enter bravely every where,
Seaze on all to her belonging;
But if thou wouldst guarded be,
Fearing her beames, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Thinke of that most gratefull time,
When thy leaping heart will climbe,
In my lips to haue his biding.
There those roses for to kisse,
Which doe breath a sugred blisse,
Opening rubies, pearles dividing.

Thinke of my most Princely power,
When I blessed shall devoure,
With my greedy licorous senses,
Beauty, musicke, sweetnesse, love,
While she doth against me proue
Her strong darts but weake defences.

Thinke, thinke of those dallyings,
When with Doue like murmurings,
With glad moning passed anguish,
We change eyes, and heart for heart,
Each to other doe depaint,
Ioying till ioy make vs languish.

O my thought, my thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increase,
My life melts with too much thinking;
Thinke no more but dye in me,
Till thou shalt reuiued be,
At her lips my Nectar drinking.

53

O faire, O fault, O curse, childe of my blisse,
What sobs can giue words grace my griefe to show?
What inke is blacke enough to paint my woe?
Through me, wretch me, euen *Stella* vexed is.

Yet truth (if Caitifs breath may call thee) this
Witnesse with me, that my foule stumbling so,
From careles nesse did in no manner grow,
But wit confus'd with too much care did misse.

And doe I then my selfe this vaine scuse giue?
I haue (liue I and know this) harmed thee,
Though words quit mee, shall I my selfe forgiue?

Onely

Only with paines my paines thus eaſed be,
That all thy hurts in my hearts wracke I reede.
I cry thy ſighes; my deere, thy teares I bleede.

94

Griefe finde the words, for thou haſt made my braine
So darke with miſtie vapors, which ariſe
From out thy heauie mould, that inbent eyes
Can ſcarce diſcerne the ſhape of mine own paine.

Doe thou then (for thou canſt) do thou complaine,
For my poore ſoule, which now that ſickneſſe tries,
Which euen to ſenſe, ſenſe of it ſelfe denies,
Though harbenger of death lodge there his traine.

Or if thy loue of plaint yet mine forbeares,
As of a caitife worthie ſo to dye,
Yet waile thy ſelfe, and waile with cauſefull teares,

That though in wretchedneſſe thy life doth lye,
Yet grow'ſt more wretched than thy nature beares,
By being plac'd in ſuch a wretch as I.

95

Yet ſighes, deare ſighes, indeed true friends you are,
That do not leaue your left friend at the wurſt,
But as you with my breaſt I oft haue nurſt,
So gratefull now you wait vpon my care.

Faint coward ioy no longer tarry dare,
Seeing hope yeeld when this wo ſtrake him furſt:
Delight proteſts h'is not for thee accurſt,
Though oft himſelfe my mate in armes he ſware.

Nay, ſorrow comes with ſuch maine rage, that he
Kils his own children, teares finding that they
By loue were made apt to conſort with me.

Onely true ſighes, you doe not goe away,
Thanke may you haue for ſuch a thankefull part,
Thanke-worthieſt yet when you ſhall breake my hart.

96

Though with good cauſe thou lik'ſt ſo well the night,
Since kind or chance giues both one liuerie,
Both ſadly black, both blackly darkned be,
Night bard from Sun, thou from thy own Suns light;

Silence in both diſplaies his ſullen might,
Slow heauineſſe in both holds one degree,
That full of doubts, thou of perplexitie;
Thy teares expreſſe nights natiue moiſture right.

In both a mazefull ſolitarineſſe:
In night of ſprites the gaſtly powers to ſtur,
In thee or ſprites or ſprited gaſtlineſſe:

But but (alas) nights ſide the oddes hath fur,
For that at length yet doth inuite ſome teſt,
Thou though ſtill tyr'd, yet ſtill doſt it deteſt.

97

Dian that faine would cheare her friend the Night,
Shewes her oft, at the full, her faireſt face,
Bringing with her thoſe ſtarry Nymphs, whoſe chace
From heauenly ſtanding hits each mortall wight.

But ah poore Night in loue with *Phœbus* light,
And endleſly deſpairing of his grace,
Her ſelfe (to ſhew no other ioy hath place)
Silent and ſad in mourning weedes doth dight:

Euen ſo (alas) a Ladie *Dians* peere,
With choice delights and rareſt companie,
Would faine driue cloudes from out my heauie cheere.

But wo is me, though ioy it ſelfe were ſhe,
She could not ſhew my blind braine waies of ioy,
While I deſpaire my Sunnes ſight to enioy.

98

Ah bed, the field where ioyes peace ſome do ſee,
The field where all my thoughts to warre be traind,
How is thy grace by my ſtrange fortune ſtaind!
How thy lee ſhores by my ſighes ſtormed me!

With ſweet ſoft ſhades thou oft inuiteſt me
To ſteale ſome reſt, but wretch I am conſtraind
(Spurd with loues ſpur, though gald and ſhortly raind
With cares hard hand) to turne and toſſe in thee.

While the blacke horrors of the ſilent night
Paint woes blacke face ſo liuely to my ſight,
That tedious leaſure markes each wrinkled line:

But when *Aurora* leades out *Phœbus* daunce,
Mine eyes then only winke, for ſpite perchance,
That wormes ſhould haue their Sun, and I want mine.

99

When far ſpent night perſwades each mortall eye,
To whom nor art nor nature granteth light,
To lay his then marke wanting ſhafts of ſight,
Clos'd with their quiuers in ſleepes armory,

With

With windowes ope then moſt my minde doth lie,
Viewing the ſhape of darkneſſe and delight,
Takes in that ſad hue, which with th'inward night,
Of his mazde powers keepes perfit harmonie:

But when birds charme, and that ſweet ayre, which is
Mornes meſſenger, with roſe enamel'd skies,
Cals each wight to ſalute the floure of bliſſe;

In tombe of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forc't by their Lord, who is aſham'd to finde
Such light in ſenſe, with ſuch a darkned minde.

100

O teares, no teares, but raine from beauties skies,
Making thoſe Lillies and thoſe Roſes grow,
Which ay moſt faire, now more than moſt faire ſhow,
While gracefull pity beautie beautifies.

O honied ſighes, which from that breaſt doe riſe,
Whoſe pants do make vnſpilling creame to flow,
Wing'd with whoſe breath, ſo pleaſing *Zephires* blow,
As can refreſh the hell where my ſoule fries.

O pants conſeru'd in ſuch a ſugred phraſe,
That eloquence it ſelfe enuies your praiſe,
While ſobd, our words a perfect Muſicke giue.

Such teares, ſighes, plaints, no ſorrow is, but ioy:
Or if ſuch heauenly ſignes muſt proue annoy,
All mirth farewell, let me in ſorrow liue.

101

Stella is ſicke, and in that ſicke bed lies
Sweetneſſe, which breathes and pants as oft as ſhe:
And grace ſicke too, ſuch fine concluſions tries,
That ſickneſſe brags it ſelfe beſt graces to be.

Beauty is ſicke, but ſicke in ſo faire guiſe,
That in that paleneſſe beauties white we ſee,
And ioy which is inſeparate from thoſe eyes:
Stella now learnes (ſtrange caſe) to weepe in thee.

Loue moues thy paine, and like a faithfull page
As thy lookes ſtirre, comes vp and downe to make
All folkes preſt at thy will, thy paine to aſſwage.

Nature with care ſweates for her darlings ſake,
Knowing worlds paſſe, ere ſhe enough can finde
Of ſuch heauen ſtuffe, to cloath ſo heauenly a minde.

102

Where be thoſe Roſes gone, which ſweetned ſo our eyes?
Where thoſe red cheekes, which oft with faire encreaſe doth frame
The height of honour in the kindly badge of ſhame?
Who hath the crimſon weeds ſtolne from my morning skies?

How doth the colour vade of thoſe Vermillion dies,
Which Nature ſelfe did make, and ſelf engrain'd the ſame?
I would know by what right this paleneſſe ouercame
That hue, whoſe force my heart ſtill vnto thraldome ties?

Galens adoptiue ſonnes, who by a beaten way
Their iudgements hackney on, the fault on ſickneſſe lay,
But feeling proofe makes me (ſay they) miſtake it furre:

It is but loue which makes this paper perfit white,
To write therein more freſh the ſtory of delight,
While beauties reddeſt inke *Venus* for him doth ſturre.

103

O happy Thames, that didſt my *Stella* beare,
I ſaw thy ſelfe with many a ſmiling line
Vpon thy chearefull face ioyes liuery weare:
While thoſe faire planets on thy ſtreames did ſhine.

The boate for ioy could not to dance forbeare,
While wanton windes with beauties ſo diuine
Rauiſht, ſtaid not, till in her golden haire
They did themſelues (O ſweeteſt priſon) twine.

And faine thoſe *Æols* youth there would their ſtay
Haue made, but forc't by Nature ſtill to flie,
Firſt did with puffing kiſſe thoſe lockes diſplay:

Shee ſo diſheueld, bluſht; from window I
With ſight thereof cried out; O faire diſgrace,
Let honour ſelfe to thee grant higheſt place.

104

Enuious wits, what hath beene mine offence
That with ſuch poyſonous care my lookes you marke,
That to each word, nay ſigh of mine you harke,
As grudging me my ſorrowes eloquence?

Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence,
Thence, ſo farre thence, that ſcarcely any ſparke
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon darke,
Where rigours exile lockes vp all my ſenſe?

But if I by a happy window paſſe,
If I but ſtarres vpon mine armour beare,
Sicke, thirſty, glad (though but of empty glaſſe:)

Your mortall notes ſtraight my hid meaning teare,
From out my ribs, and puffing proues that I
Doe *Stella* loue, fooles, who doth it deny?

Eleuenth

Eleuenth Song.

Who is it that this darke night,
Vnderneath my window playneth?
It is one who from thy sight,
Being (ah) exil'd, disdaineth
Euery other vulgar light.

Why alas, and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies changed?
Deere, when you finde change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruine be.

Well in absence this will dye,
Leaue to see, and leaue to wonder:
Absence sure will helpe, if I
Can learne, how my selfe to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will these thoughts remoue:
Time doth worke what no man knoweth,
Time doth as the subiect proue,
With time still affection groweth
In the faithfull Turtle doue.

What if ye new beauties see,
Will not they stirre new affection?
I will thinke they pictures be,
(Image like of Saints perfection)
Poorely counterfeyting thee.

But your reasons purest light,
Bids you leaue such mindes to nourish.
Deere, doe reason no such spite,
Neuer doth thy beauty flourish
More, than in my reasons sight.

But the wrongs loue beares, will make
Loue at length leaue vndertaking:
No, the more fooles it doth shake,
In a ground of so firme making,
Deeper still they driue the stake.

Peace, I thinke that some giue eare:
Come no more, lest I get anger:
Blisse, I will my blisse forbeare,
Fearing (sweet) you to endanger,
But my soule shall harbour there.

well, be gone; be gone I say,
Least that Argus *eyes perceiue you,*
O vniust fortunes sway,
which can make me thus to leaue you,
And from lowts to run away.

105

Vnhappy sight, and hath she vanisht by
So neare, in so good time, so free a place?
Dead glasse, dost thou thy obiect so embrace,
As what my heart still sees thou canst not spie?

I sweare by her I loue and lacke, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazling race
Onely vnto the heau'n of *Stella's* face,
Counting but dust what in the way did lie.

But cease mine eyes, your teares do witnesse well,
That you guiltlesse thereof, your Nectar mist:
Curst be the page from whence the bad torch fell,

Curst be the night which did your strife resist,
Curst be the Coach-man which did driue so fast,
Which no worse curse than absence makes me tast.

106

O absent presence, *Stella* is not here;
False flattering hope, that with so faire a face
Bare me in hand, that in this Orphane place,
Stella, I say, my *Stella* should appeare.

What saist thou now, where is that dainty cheere,
Thou toldst mine eyes should helpe their famisht case?
But thou art gone now that selfe felt disgrace,
Doth make me most to wish thy comfort neere.

But here I doe store of faire Ladies meete,
Who may with charme of conuersation sweete,
Make in my heauie mould new thoughts to grow:

Sure they preuaile as much with me, as he
That bad his friend but then new maim'd, to be
Merry with him, and not thinke of his woe.

107

Stella, since thou so right a Princesse art
Of all the powers which life bestowes on me,
That ere by them ought vndertaken be,
They first resort vnto that soueraigne part;

Sweet

Sweet for a while giue respite to my hart,
Which pants as though it still should leap to thee:
And on my thoughts giue thy Lieftenancie
To this great cause, which needes both vse & art.

And as a Queene, who from her presence sends
Whom she employes, dismisse from thee my wit,
Till it haue wrought what thy own will attends.

On seruants shame oft Masters blame doth sit;
O let not fooles in me thy workes reproue,
And scorning say, see what it is to loue.

108

When sorrow (vsing mine owne fiers might)
Melts down his lead into my boyling breast,
Through that darke fornace to my heart oppreast,
There shines a ioy from thee my only light:

But soone as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my yong soule flutters to thee his nest,
Most rude despaire my daily vnbidden guest,
Clips straight my wings, straight wraps me in his night,

And makes me then bow down my head, and say,
Ah what doth *Phœbus* gold that wretch auaile,
Whom iron doores do keep from vse of day?

So strangely (alas) thy workes in me preuaile,
That in my woes for thee thou art my ioy,
And in my ioyes for thee my only annoy.

The end of Astrophel and Stella.

Her moſt excellent Maieſtie walking in Wanſted Garden, as ſhee paſſed downe into the groue, there came ſuddenly among the traine, one apparrelled like an honeſt mans wife of the countrey; where crying out for iuſtice, and deſiring all the Lords and Gentlemen to ſpeake a good word for her, ſhee was brought to the preſence of her Maieſtie, to whom vpon her knees ſhee offered a ſupplication, and vſed this ſpeech.

THE SVITER.

MOſt faire Ladie, for as for other your titles of ſtate ſtatelier perſons ſhall giue you, and thus much mine own eyes are witneſſes of, take here the complaint of me poor wretch, as deeply plunged in miſery, as I wiſh to you the higheſt point of happineſſe.

Onely one Daughter I haue, in whom I had placed all the hopes of my good hap, ſo well had ſhe with her good parts recompenced my paine of bearing her, and care of bringing her vp: but now alas that ſhe is come to the time I ſhould reape my full comfort of her, ſo is ſhe troubled with that notable matter, which we in the Country call Matrimony, as I cannot chuſe but feare the loſſe of her wits, at leaſt of her honeſtie. Other women thinke they may bee vnhappily combred with one maſter husband, my poor daughter is oppreſſed with two, both louing her, both equally liked of her, both ſtriuing to deſerue her. But now laſtly (as this iealouſie forſooth is a vile matter) each haue brought their partakers with them, and are at this preſent, without your Preſence redreſſe it, in ſome bloudie controuerſie: now ſweet Lade help, your own way guides you to the place where they encomber her. I dare ſtay here no longer, for our men ſay in the Country, the ſight of you is infectious.

And with that ſhe went away a good pace, leauing the ſupplication with her Maieſtie, which very formally containeth this.

Supplication.

Moſt gracious Soueraigne,
To one whoſe ſtate is raiſed ouer all,
Whoſe face doth oft the braueſt ſort enchaunt,
Whoſe mind is ſuch as wiſeſt mindes appall,
Who in one ſelfe theſe diuers gifts can plant;
How dare I wretch ſeeke there my woes to reſt,
Where eares be burnt, eyes dazled, hearts oppreſt?

Your ſtate is great, your greatneſſe is our ſhield,
Your face hurts oft, but ſtill it doth delight,
Your minde is wiſe, your wiſedome makes you milde,
Such planted gifts enrich euen beggars ſight:
So dare I wretch, my baſhfull feare ſubdue,
And feed mine eares, mine eyes, my heart in you.

Herewith

Herewith the woman-suiter being gone, there was heard in the wood a confused noyse, and forthwith there came out sixe shepheards, with as many fosters, haling & pulling to whether side they should draw the Lady of May, who seemed to incline neither to the one nor other side. Among them was master *Rombus* a Schoole-master of a village there by, who being fully perswaded of his own learned wisdome, came thither, with his authoritie to part their fray; where for answer hee receiued many vnlearned blowes. But the Queene comming to the place where shee was seene of them, though they knew not her estate, yet something there was which made them startle aside and gaze vpon her: till old father *Lelus* stepped forth (one of the substantialleſt shepheards) and making a legge or two, said these few words.

Lelus the old Shepheard.

May it please your dignitie to giue a little superfluous intelligence to that, which with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth shall deliuer vnto you. So it is right worshipfull audience, that a certaine shee creature, which we shepheards call a woman, of a minsicall countenance, but (by my white Lambe) not three quarters so beauteous as yore selfe, hath disanulled the braine pan of two of our featiouſt yong men. And wil you wot how? by my mother *Kits* soule, with a certaine franfical maladie they call Loue; when I was a young man they called it flat folly. But here is a substantial Schoole-master can better disnounce the whole foundation of the matter, although in sooth for all his loquence our young men were nothing dutious to his clarkeship: Come on, come on master schoole-master, be not so bashfull; we say, that the faireſt are euer the gentleſt: tell the whole case, for you can much better vent the points of it than I.

Then came forward Master Rombus, *and with many speciall graces made this learned Oration.*

Now the thunder-thumping *ione* transfund his dotes into your exeellent formositie, which haue with your resplendent beames thus segregated the emnity of these rurall animals: I am *Potentissima Domina*, a Schoole-master, that is to say, a Pedagogue, one not a little versed in the disciplinating of the iuuenall frie, wherin (to my laud I say it) I vse such geometricall proportion, as neither wanted manſuetude nor correction, for so it is described.

Parcere Subiectos, & debellire Superbos.

Yet hath not the pulchritude of my vertues protected me from the contaminating hands of these Plebeians; for cõming *solummodo*, to haue parted their sanguinolent fray, they yeelded me no more reuerence, than if I had been some *Pecorum Asinus*. I, euen I, that am, who am I? *Dixi verbus sapiento satum est*. But what said that Troian *Æneas*, when he soiourned in the surging sulkes of the sandiferous seas, *Hæc olim memonasse iuuebit*. Well, well, *ad propesitos reuertebo*, the puritie of the verity is, that a certaine *Pulchra puella profecto*, elected and constituted by the integrated determination of all this topographicall region, as the soueraigne Ladie of this Dame Maies month, hath beene *quodammodo* hunted, as you would say, pursued by two, a brace, a couple, a cast of young men, to whom the crafty coward *Cupid* had *inquam* deliuered his dire-dolorous dart.

But here the May-Lady interrupted his speech, saying to him:

Away away you tedious foole, your eyes are not worthy to looke to yonder Princely sight, much lesse your foolish tongue to trouble her wise eares.

At which Maſter Rombus *in a great chafe cried out :*

O Tempori, O Moribus ! in profeſſion a childe, in dignitie a woman, in yeares a Ladie, *in ceteris* a maide, ſhould thus turpifie the reputation of my doctrine, with the ſuperſcription of a foole, *O Tempori, O Moribus* !

But here againe the May Ladie ſaying to him,

Leaue off good Latine Foole, and let me ſatisfie the long deſire I haue had to feed mine eies with the only ſight this age hath granted to the world.

The poor Schoole-maſter went his way backe, and the Lady kneeling down, ſaid in this manner :

Do not thinke (ſweet and gallant Ladie) that I do abaſe my ſelfe thus much vnto you becauſe of your gay apparrell, for what is ſo braue as the naturall beauty of the flowers? nor becauſe a certaine Gentleman hereby ſeekes to do you all the honour he can in his houſe ; that is not the matter, he is but our neighbour, and theſe be our own groues; nor yet becauſe of your great eſtate, ſince no eſtate can be compared to be the Ladie of the whole moneth of May as I am. So that ſince both this place and this time are my ſeruants, you may be ſure I would look for reuerence at your hands if I did not ſee ſomething in your face which makes me yeelde to you; the troth is, you excell me in that wherein I deſire moſt to excell, and that makes me giue this homage vnto you, as to the beautifulleſt Ladie theſe woods haue euer receiued. But now as old father *Lalus* directed me, I wil tel you my fortune, that you may be iudge of my miſhaps & others worthineſſe. Indeed ſo it is, that I am a faire wench or elſe I am deceiued, & therefore by the conſent of all our neighbours haue beene choſen for the abſolute Ladie of this merrie moneth: with me haue been (alas I am aſhamed to tell it) two yong men, the one a forreſter named *Therion*, the other *Eſpilus* a ſhepheard verie long euen in loue forſooth. I like them both, and loue neither, *Eſpilus* is the richer, but *Therion* the liueliet : *Therion* doth me many pleaſures, as ſtealing me veniſon out of theſe forreſts, and many other ſuch like prettie and prettier ſeruices, but withall he growes to ſuch rages, that ſometimes hee ſtrikes me, ſometimes hee railes at me. This ſhepheard *Eſpilus* of a milde diſpoſition, as his fortune hath not been to do me great ſeruice, ſo hath hee neuer done me any wrong, but feeding his ſheepe, ſitting vnder ſome ſweet buſh, ſometimes they ſay he records my name in doleful verſes. Now the queſtion I am to aske you, faire Ladie, is, whether the many deſerts and many faults of *Therion*, or the verie ſmall deſerts, and no faults of *Eſpilus*, be to be preferred. But before you giue your iudgement (moſt excellent Ladie) you ſhall heare what each of them can ſay for themſelues in their rurall ſongs.

Thereupon Therion challenged Eſpilus to ſing with him, ſpeaking theſe ſixe verſes :

Therion.

Come Eſpilus, *come now declare thy skill,*
Shew how thou canſt deſerue ſo braue deſire,
Warme well thy wits, if thou wilt win her will,
For water cold did neuer promiſe fire :
Great ſure is ſhe, on whom our hopes do liue,
Greater is ſhe who muſt the iudgement giue.

But

But *Eſpilus*, as if he had beene inſpired with the Muſes, beganne forthwith to ſing, whereto his fellow Shepheards ſet in with their Recorders, which they bare in their bags like pipes; and ſo of *Therions* ſide did the Forreſters, with the Cornets they wore about their neckes like hunting hornes in baudrikes.

Eſpilus.

Tune vp my voice, a higher note I yeeld,
To high conceipts the ſong muſt needs be high,
More high than ſtars, more firme than flinty field
Are all my thoughts, in which I liue or die:
Sweet ſoule, to whom I vowed am a ſlaue,
Let not wilde woods ſo great a treaſure haue.

Therion.

The higheſt note comes oft from baſeſt minde,
As ſhallow brookes doe yeeld the greateſt ſound,
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to finde;
Thy ſtars be fall'n, plowed is thy flinty ground:
Sweet ſoule, let not a wretch that ſerueth ſheepe,
Among his flocke ſo ſweet a treaſure keepe.

Eſpilus.

Two thouſand ſheepe I haue as white as milke,
Though not ſo white as is thy louely face,
The paſture rich, the wool as ſoft as ſilke;
All thus I giue, let me poſſeſſe thy grace:
But ſtill take heede leſt thou thy ſelfe ſubmit
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.

Therion.

Two thouſand Deere in wildeſt woods I haue,
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold:
He is not poore, who can his freedome ſaue,
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would:
But take this beaſt, if beaſts you feare to miſſe,
For of his beaſts the greateſt beaſt he is.

Eſpilus *kneeling to the Queene.*

Iudge you to whom all beauties force is lent.

Therion.

Iudge you of Loue, to whom all Loue is bent.

But as they waited for the iudgement her Maieſty ſhould giue of their deſerts, the Shepheards and Forreſters grew to a great contention, whether of their fellowes had ſung better, and ſo whether the eſtate of Shepheards or Forreſters were the more worſhipfull. The ſpeakers were *Dorcas* an old Shepheard, and *Rixus* a young Foſter, betweene whom the Schoole-maſter *Rombus* came in as a moderator.

Dorcas the Shepheard.

Now all the bleſſings of mine old grandam (ſilly *Eſpilus*) light vpon thy ſhoulders for this honicombe ſinging of thine; now of my honeſty, all the bells in the towne could

could not haue ſung better: if the proud heart of the harlotry lye not downe to thee now, the ſheepes rot catch her, to teach her, that a faire woman hath not her faire-neſſe to let it grow ruſtiſh.

Rixus the Foſter.

O Midas, why art thou not aliue now to lend thine eares to this driuill, by the precious bones of a huntſ-man, he knowes not the bleaying of a Calfe from the ſong of a Nightingale; but if yonder great Gentlewoman be as wiſe as ſhe is faire, *Therion* thou ſhalt haue the prize, and thou old *Dorcas*, with younug maſter *Eſpilus*, ſhall remaine tame fooles, as you be.

Dorcas. And with cap and knee be it ſpoken, is it your pleaſure neighbour *Rixus* to be a wilde foole?

Rixus. Rather than a ſheepiſh dolt.

Dorcas. It is much refreſhing to my bowels, you haue made your choiſe, for my ſhare, I will beſtow your leauings vpon one of your fellowes.

Rixus. And art not thou aſhamed (old foole) to liken *Eſpilus* a ſhepheard to *Therion* of the noble vocation of huntſ-men, in the preſence of ſuch a one as euen with her eye onely can giue the cruell puniſhment?

Dorcas. Hold thy peace, I will neyther meddle with her nor her eyes, they ſaine in our towne they are dangerous both; neither will I liken *Therion* to my boy *Eſpilus*, ſince one is a theeuiſh proller, and the other is as quiet as a lambe that new came from ſucking.

Rombus the Schoole-maſter.

Heu, Ehem, Hei, Inſipidum, Incitium vulgorum & populorum. Why you brute Nebulons, haue you had my *Corpuſculum* ſo long among you, and cannot yet tell how to edifie an argument? Attend and throw your eares to mee, for I am grauidated with childe, till I haue endoctrinated your plumbeous cerebroſities. Firſt, you muſt diuiſionate your point, *quaſi* you ſhould cut a cheeſe into two particles; for thus muſt I vniforme my ſpeech to your obtuſe conceptions: for *prius diuidendum oratio antequam definiendum; exemplum gratia*, eyther *Therion* muſt conquer this Dame *Mayas* Nymph, or *Eſpilus* muſt ouerthrow her, and that *ſecundum* their dignitie, which muſt alſo bee ſubdiuiſionated into three equall *ſpecies*, either according to the penetrancie of their ſinging, or the meliority of their functions, or laſtly the ſuperancie of their merits *De* ſinging *ſatis. Nunc* are you to argumentate of the qualifying of their eſtate firſt, and then whether hath more infernally, I meane deeply deſerued.

Dorcas. O poore *Dorcas*, poore *Dorcas*, that I was not ſet in my young dayes to ſchoole, that I might haue purchaſed the vnderſtanding of maſter *Rombus* myſterious ſpeeches. But yet thus much I concerne of them, that I muſt euen giue vp what my conſcience doth finde in the behalfe of ſhepheards. O ſweet hony milken Loms, and is there any ſo flinty a heart, that can find about him to ſpeake againſt them, that haue the charge of ſuch good ſoules as you be, among whom there is no enuie, and all obedience, where it is lawfull for a man to be good if he liſt, and hath no outward cauſe to withdraw him from it, where the eie may be buſied in conſidering the works of nature, and the heart quietly reioyced in the honeſt vſing them? If templation, as Clarks ſay, be the moſt excellent, which is ſo fit a life for Templers as this is, neither ſubiect to violent oppreſſion, nor ſeruile flattery? how many Courtiers thinke you haue I heard vnder our field in buſhes make their wofull complaints, ſome of the greatnes of their Miſtreſſe eſtate, which dazled their eyes, & yet burned their hearts;

ſome

ſome of the extremity of her beauty mixed with extreme cruelty, ſome of her too much wit, which made all their louing labours folly. O how often haue I heard one name ſound in many mouthes, making our vales witneſſes of her dolefull agonies! So that with long oft labour finding their thoughts bare no other wool but deſpaire, of yong Courtiers they grew old ſhepheards. Well, ſweete Lams, I will end with you as I begin, hee that can open his mouth againſt ſuch innocent ſoules, let him be hated as much as a filthy fox, let the taſte of him be worſe than muſty cheeſe, the ſound of him more dreadfull than the howling of a wolfe, his ſight more odible than a toade in mes porrage.

Rixus. Your life indeed hath ſome goodneſſe.

Rombus the Schoole-maſter.

O tace, tace, or all the fat will be ignified, firſt let me dilucidate the very intrinſicall maribone of the matter. He doth vſe a certaine rhetoricall inuaſion into the point, as if indeed he had conference with his Lambs, but the troth is, he doth equitate you in the meane time maſter *Rixus*: for thus hee ſaith, that ſheepe are good, *ergo* the ſhepheard is good, An *Enthimeme à loco contingentibus*, as my finger and my thumbe are *Contingentes*: againe hee ſaith, who liueth well is likewiſe good, but ſhepheards liue well, *ergo* they are good; *Silleoiſme* in *Darius* king of *Perſia* a *Coniugatis*; as you would ſay, a man coupled to his wife, two bodies but one ſoule: but do you but acquieſcate to my exhortation, and you ſhall extinguiſh him. Tell him his maior is a knaue, his minor is a foole, and his concluſion both, *Et ecce homo blanceatus quaſi lilium.*

Rixus. I was ſaying the ſhepheards life had ſome goodneſſe in it, becauſe it borrowed of the country quietneſſe ſomething like ours, but that is not all; for ours, beſides that quiet part, doth both ſtrengthen the body, and raiſe vp the minde with this gallant ſort of actiuity. O ſweete contentation to ſee the long life of the hurtleſſe trees, to ſee how in ſtreight growing vp, though neuer ſo high, they hinder not their fellowes, they onely enuiouſly trouble, which are crookedly bent. What life is to be compared to ours, where the very growing things are enſamples of goodneſſe? wee haue no hopes, but we may quickly goe about them, & going about them, we ſoone obtaine them; not like thoſe that haue long followed one (in troth) moſt excellent chace, doe now at length perceiue ſhe could neuer be taken: but that if ſhee ſtayed at any time neare the purſuers, it was neuer meant to tarry with them, but only to take breath to flie further from them. He therefore that doubts that our life doth not farre excell all others, let him alſo doubt, that the wel deſeruing and painfull *Therion* is not to be preferred before the idle *Eſpilus*, which is euen as much to ſay, as that the Roes are not ſwifter than Sheepe, nor the Stags more goodly than Goates.

Rombus. Bene, bene, nunc de queſtione propoſitas, that is as much to ſay, as well, well, now of the propoſed queſtion, that was, whether the many great ſeruices, and many great faults of *Therion*, or the few ſmall ſeruices, and no faults of *Eſpilus*, bee to bee preferred, incepted or accepted the former.

The May Ladie.

No, no, your ordinary braines ſhall not deale in that matter, I haue already ſubmitted it to one, whoſe ſweet ſpirit hath paſſed through greater difficulties, neyther will I that your blockheads lye in her way.

Therfore, O Lady, worthy to ſee the accompliſhment of your deſires, ſince all your deſires be moſt worthy of you, vouchſafe our eares ſuch happineſſe, & me that particular fauour, as that you will iudge whether of theſe two be more worthy of me, or whether I be worthy of them: and this I will ſay, that in iudging mee, you iudge more than me in it.

This

This being ſaid, it pleaſed her Maieſty to iudge that *Eſpilus* did the better deſerue her: but what words, what reaſons ſhe vſed for it, this paper, which carrieth ſo baſe names, is not worthy to containe. Sufficeth it, that vpon the iudgement giuen, the Shepheards & Forreſters made a full conſort of their Cornets & Recorders, and then did *Eſpilus* ſing this ſong, rending to the greatneſſe of his owne ioy, and yet to the comfort of the other ſide, ſince they were ouerthrowne by a moſt worthy aduerſary. The ſong contained two ſhort tales; and thus it vas.

Siluanus long in loue, and long in vaine,
At length obtain'd the paint of his deſire,
When being aſkt, now that he did obtaine
His wiſhed mate, what more he could require:
Nothing, ſaid he, for moſt I ioy in this,
That Goddeſſe mine my bleſſed being ſees.

When wanton Pan, *deceiu'd with Lions skin,*
Came to the bed, where wound for kiſſe he got,
To woe and ſhame the wretch did enter in,
Till this he tooke for comfort of his lot:
Poore Pan *(he ſaid) although thou beaten be,*
It is no ſhame, ſince Hercules *was he.*

Thus ioyfully in choſen tunes reioyce,
That ſuch a one is witneſſe of my heart,
Whoſe cleareſt eyes I bleſſe, and ſweeteſt voyce,
That ſee my good, and iudge it my deſert.
Thus woefull I in woe this ſalue doe finde,
My foule miſhap came yet from faireſt minde.

The Muſicke fully ended, the May Lady tooke her leaue in this ſort.

Lady, your faults, for other titles doe rather diminiſh than adde vnto you, I and my little company muſt now leaue you, I ſhould doe you wrong to beſeech you to take our follies well, ſince your bounty is ſuch, as to pardon greater faults. Therefore I will wiſh you good night, praying to God, according to the title I poſſeſſe, that as hitherto it hath excellently done, ſo hence forward the flouriſhing of May, may long remaine in you and with you.

(*.*)

FINIS.